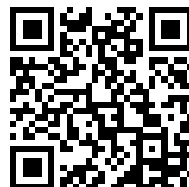

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BALLOU'S

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XVI.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1862.



BOSTON:

**OFFICE OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND THE WEEKLY NOVELETTE.
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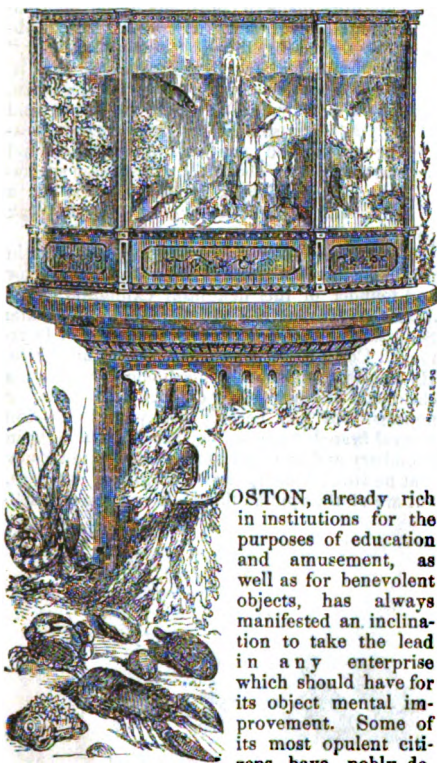
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BOSTON, JULY, 1862.

WHOLE No. 91.

BOSTON AQUARIAL AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



BOSTON, already rich in institutions for the purposes of education and amusement, as well as for benevolent objects, has always manifested an inclination to take the lead in any enterprise which should have for its object mental improvement. Some of its most opulent citizens have nobly devoted portions of the wealth derived from commercial pursuits to the advancement of knowledge; while others have given the labors of their lives for the sake of founding museums, libraries, and lecture-ships. The latest, and by far the most important contribution to science of modern times is the remarkable institution of which we propose in this article to give a brief account. It is one of which Boston may well be proud. Of course, nothing but a personal visit, or perhaps a series of visits, can enable any one to fully appreciate the "world of wonders" it presents to the eye and mind; but we hope, with the aid of the artist,

to convey such general and correct ideas of this marvellous exhibition as to leave only those unsatisfied, who have not themselves actually seen it. There is nothing new, says Solomon, under the sun. Many of our modern inventions and scientific appliances are known to have been familiar, at least in principle, to the ancients, who were not quite so ignorant as we sometimes suppose them to have been. A regularly ground glass lens was found at Nineveh, probably the simple microscope of some philosopher of the times of the Pharaohs, and one of the Roman emperors was so fond of fish that he had an aquarium. As in our case, so in his, this devotion to pisciculture was a matter of taste, with the slight difference of the one being of a sensual and the other of an intellectual nature. The "noble Roman" stocked his private tanks with fish, for which the seas, rivers and lakes of the world were ransacked, in order that his table might be well supplied, occasionally fattening them with a slave or two, such articles being held cheaper than salmon or sturgeon in those good old times. In our days, we keep the finny tribe for the purpose of learning new chapters in natural history, and of beholding in all its wondrous beauty and rarity, life beneath the waters.

Towards the close of the last century, Doctor Priestly suggested that it might be as easy and interesting to study the habits of fishes as of birds. In 1789 Ingelhausa expressed a similar opinion, but that was all. Doctor Danberry wrote an article on the subject in 1833, and in 1837 Mr. Ward, the inventor of Ward's Cases for plants, took up the subject. In 1842 Doctor Johnston made some experiments in pisciculture, but only partially succeeded. Doctor Lankester and Mr. Warrington followed in the same track in 1849 and 1850, with more success, and demonstrated the possibility of the pursuit. But it was reserved for Mr. Philip Gosse to overcome all difficulties in 1852, and so to perfect the aquarium, as at once to make it as popular as the aviary. In a very short time after the publication of Mr. Gosse's book on the subject, aquaria were almost as often to be found in drawing-rooms as were bird cages. The old-fashioned glass globe was discarded, and elegant tanks, stocked with fishes and flowers of the sea, took their places. Before proceeding further, it may be as well to state what an aquarium is. In keeping gold-fish in globes, it was necessary fre-



DEER FROM THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.
(Living Specimens at the Aquarial Gardens.)

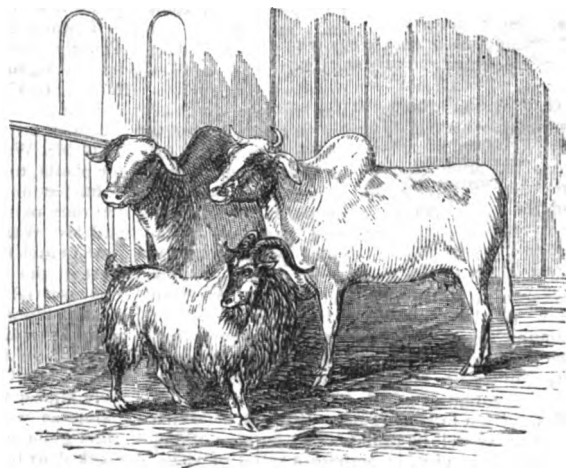
quently to change the water, because it lost its vitalizing power. Now, in the aquarium, the water is not changed at all, but vitalized over and over again, in a manner which will be by-and-by explained. In all other aquaria than those at these Gardens, the water is vitalized by vegetable action. It must be remembered that animal life absorbs oxygen, and throws off carbonic acid gas. Vegetable life, on the contrary, absorbs carbonic acid gas, and throws off oxygen. What one rejects the other needs. The vegetable furnishes oxygen to the fishes, and the latter in its turn, carbonic acid gas to the plants, so that the animal and vegetable are mutually dependent on each other. In the Aquarial Gardens, however, a new process for aerating the water is used, and no aquatic plants whatever are required for any other purpose than that of ornament. An aquarium, then, is a receptacle for aquatic animal life in fresh or in salt water, which need never be changed.

Having given this brief introduction, we will now proceed to give some account of the rise, progress, and present condition of the BOSTON AQUARIAL AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. For some time previous to the year 1859, Mr. James A. Cutting had revolved in his mind the idea of founding in Boston an aquarium on a grand scale. Until then the collections of fishes, and aquatic wonders generally, had been made in small tanks, and were little better than pretty scientific toys. No one had, as yet, turned the idea to practical purposes, the elegant,

miniature fish-ponds were comparatively useless. Mr. Cutting, on being satisfied that the principle of the aquarium had been fully established, determined to develop it to its fullest extent. If, he reasoned, a minnow can be kept alive and healthy in its native element, why not a monster of the deep? If a shrimp, why not a shark? Satisfied of the justness of his conclusions, in spite of dismal prophecies of failure from some, and incredulous smiles from others, he worked persistently, and on the sixth day of April, 1859, the sanguine and successful natural historian boldly ventured before the public. The announcement of the opening of the Aquarial Gardens in Bromfield Street, fairly took Boston by surprise. People were not prepared for the idea that fish could be exhibited like birds and beasts—their habits studied at pleasure, and their countless varieties and peculiarities made to contribute to our information and amusement. For once, that much-to-be-wished-for thing, "something new," was found, and everybody rushed to see it. What was the surprise of the gazers, when, for the first time, they beheld corallines and polyps, water-soldiers and hermit-crabs, sea-cucumbers and starfish, water-beetles and sea mice; and above all, the strange spectacles of a stickleback building his nest like a bird, and of actinise, whose delicate pink

petals rivalled the roses of earth!

Before proceeding further, it may be proper in this place to say a word in regard to the projector and founder of this delightful exhibition. Mr. James A. Cutting is a native of the old Granite State, having been born under the shadow of Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire. He was by profession a mechanic, but from his childhood had not only "dabbled" in scientific matters, but had become pretty well versed in several branches pertaining thereto, especially in chemistry and natural history. We do not know that he studied under any recognized teachers, but are of the opinion that he is essentially a self-



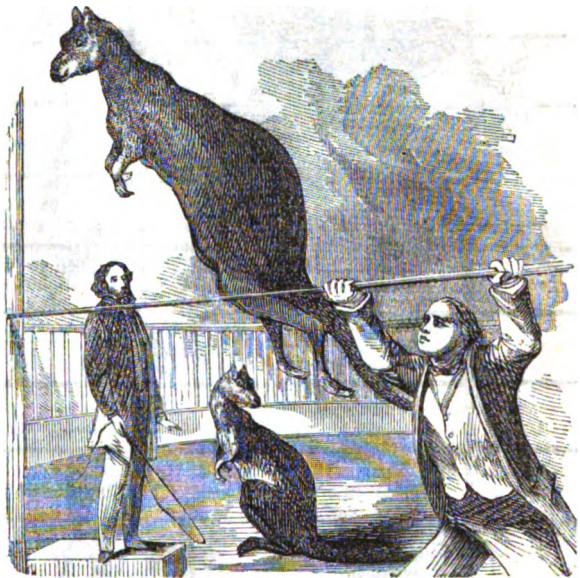
SACRED BULL AND COW OF THE HINDOOS.
(Living Specimens at the Aquarial Gardens.)

made man. A few years since, Mr. Cutting gave his attention to the production of sun-pictures, and to him we are indebted for the invention of the ambrotype, photography and photolithography, which he patented, disposing of the right for \$40,000. Afterwards he became interested in the aquarium, and having received the generous encouragement of Professor Agassiz, who warmly approved of the scheme, built up the "Gardens," and placed before the public the first and greatest exhibition of the kind in the world; for though there are large aquaria in London, Dublin, Paris and other great cities, not one of them can for a moment compare with the present splendid collection in Central Court. As in all novel enterprises of the kind, in starting this one Mr. Cutting had many and serious difficulties to encounter at almost every step of his progress. Among these, that of properly constructing

tanks was not the least formidable. This obstacle surmounted, came the vast trouble and expense of stocking them with rare specimens, which had to be collected from many sources. And this also accomplished, the difficulties were by no means at an end, for it was far more troublesome to preserve the specimens when obtained, than to procure them. Few who now behold the exquisitely clear tanks, and their healthy contents, can imagine what untiring energy, and scrupulous care it takes to keep them in so beautiful a condition. It may with strict truth be said, that from the smallest to the largest fish in the collection, there is not one which does not require, and does not receive daily, and some hourly attention, and which would not inevitably perish for the want of it. Interesting as the exhibition appeared at its commencement, it was, as compared with what it is at present, meagre enough. Mr. Cutting opened with a few tanks, constructed on the original idea of a natural aquarium, by which is meant one in which the water is supplied with the oxygen necessary to keep the fish alive, from aquatic vegetation. This process was attended by many and serious difficulties, not the least of which was the turbid state of the water caused by partially decomposing vegetable matter, thus destroying half the beauty of the spectacle, just as a landscape is dimmed by being seen through a dirty window-pane. Only by employing a little army of scavenger snails, which devoured the decayed particles of the plants, could anything like clearness be obtained. Mr. Cutting determined, if possible, to do without these scavengers, who performed their work slowly, and by no means completely after all. The result of Mr. Cutting's investigations and experiments, was the present entirely satisfactory process of aerating the water, by bringing it through the medium of a peculiar arrangement, at once in contact with the vitalizing element. Visitors to the Gardens will ob-

serve that through the water in every tank, rises a column of air bubbles continually. Every little bubble contains oxygen gas, a portion of which it transmits to the water, which is thus charged with the gas absolutely necessary to the existence of the fish. It is, in fact, a life stream, which, did it cease to flow, would leave the water a poison-pool for the pretty creatures that swim therein. This process has been patented by Mr. Cutting, and must be considered as the greatest of aquarial improvements, inasmuch as it entirely does away with the necessity of using encumbering vegetables, and thus secures health and beauty to the creatures exhibited.

We have heard much about taming—lion-taming, horse-taming, and even industrial flea-taming—but from the "Taming of the Shrew" even until now, we fancy the greatest curiosity in this line to be seal-taming. Who, when looking at



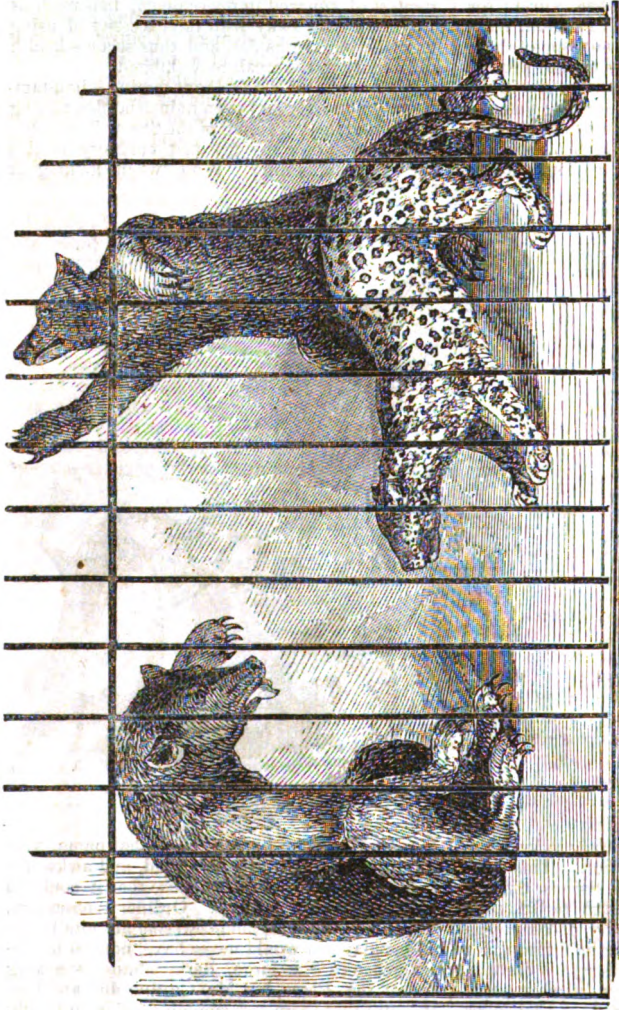
THE KANGAROO.
(Living Specimens at the Aquarial Gardens.)

the queerly-shaped creature of that name, with its strange body, dog-like head, and awkward-seeming flippers, would suppose that it could be made as docile as a dog? Ordinary observers, or seers (for *seeing* and *observing* are totally different matters) would never have noticed the intelligence in the large, dark, almost speaking eye of the *Phoca*, but Mr. Cutting did, and feeling sure that there was something akin to intelligence in the big brain behind them, he proceeded to half-civilize a pair of seals which he soon exhibited as "learned" individuals who had graduated at an amphibious university. And, certainly, the queer pupils did credit to the enthusiastic and ingenious professor, for they played on a hand-organ, turning the crank with their fore-flippers, made bows to the gentlemen, threw kisses to the ladies, and seemed to do everything but speak. Never had there been such an attraction in Boston before, and to see the "learned

seals," Fanny and Ned, strings of carriages daily disgorged their contents at the foot of the long staircase in Bromfield Street. One of the seals (the other died, possibly from too intense application to intellectual pursuits,) "still lives," and daily holds a levee in Central Court, furnishing his own music, and giving testimonials of his talent "under his own hand and seal!" This *Phoca*-lization, as it may be termed, was not the

There were always crowds around the cage containing the "happy family," as the curious collection was called, in which dogs did not "delight to bark and bite," but conducted themselves with canine decorum, and cats almost persuaded us that it was not "their nature to" pounce upon predatory mice, or favorite canaries. It was quite a millennium in miniature, and "took" surprisingly.

The Bromfield Street exhibition having been now fairly started, and eminently successful, its proprietor, determined to spare no pains to still further improve it, travelled, with assistants, to Florida, a region particularly rich in rare animals, reptiles and fishes, in order to procure supplies for the Gardens. It was an anxious, expensive and laborious undertaking, but success crowned it, and Mr. Cutting returned to Boston laden with piscatory and other treasures, among which were some exquisitely lovely angel-fish, the first ever brought alive so far north. To the attractions of the gallery were, about this time, added several fine microscopes, furnished with living and dead objects, in which the circulations of the blood, and of the sap, could be leisurely studied. These were placed under the superintendence of Mr. S. N. Chamberlain, whose skilful manipulation was highly appreciated by the delighted visitors. Mr. Chamberlain is still an active and valued employee at the



PANTHER AND BEARS.
(Living Specimens at the Aquarial Gardens.)

only strange feature in the Bromfield Street exhibition, for the public were treated to the odd spectacle, not only of "birds of a feather not flocking together," but of cats and mice, hawks and sparrows, ferrets and rats, eagles and rabbits, and of all sorts of animals of antagonistic natures, living in harmony and happiness together. It was the queerest specimen of a tenant-house ever seen, and somewhat reminded one of the great ark-assemblage of Noah's time.

Gardens. Determined not to confine his exhibition to carp, trout, pickerel, and "such small deer," Mr. Cutting resolved to have a "Triton among the minnows" in the shape of a shark, and having commissioned some fishermen to procure one, he built a large central tank for its reception. The savage fish, six feet in length, was soon captured, and placed in his new quarters, where he swam in sea water, daily brought for the purpose, from the harbor. His sharkship

caused a great sensation as he swam round and round his crystal prison, exhibiting his cold, cruel eye, savage mouth, and long dorsal fin to the gazers around. It was the first domesticated shark on record, and many a horrible "fish story" was brought to the minds of the half-fearful people who stood round his tank. So great was the attendance daily at the rooms, that Mr. Cutting now began to think of enlarging his bounds. He had encountered many obstacles, and had mastered them, but his premises were not elastic, and so he could not stretch them, in order to afford accommodations to the daily increasing crowds of visitors. Besides, as he had succeeded with the shark, he wished to fly at higher game, and "bag" a bigger fish still. We read of some one, who certainly was about the greatest of anglers, for it is said of him:

"His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale!"

Now Mr. Cutting did not aim at such a monster-catching process, but he determined to add a whale to his exhibition, and with him to decide was to do. But when the whale was caught where could he be put? The question suggested the expediency of erecting a building specially for aquarial exhibition purposes, and with characteristic energy Mr. Cutting began the search for a suitable site. After due consideration, the present one in Central Court was fixed upon, as more than any other combining all the peculiar requirements for such a purpose. The necessary arrangements were soon made, and the present beautiful edifice was erected by Mr. Andrews, under the general superintendence of Mr. Cutting, who paid the most minute attention to every detail. A more complete and commodious structure for a special purpose cannot anywhere be found. Its erection involved an outlay of \$50,000. The building is divided into an upper and a lower hall, in the former of which is a deep gallery, and connected with it a spacious stage, on which occasional scientific lectures are delivered, and scientific exhibitions conducted, as for instance, the stereophan, which is now being shown at the Gardens, and attracting vast audiences to behold gigantic stereoscopic views of foreign and domestic scenes, statuary, etc., displayed on 800 feet of brilliantly illuminated canvass. In the lower hall is a splendid collection of fine living zoological specimens, and a ring for the performance of trained animals. On entering the main hall, the object which first strikes the eye, and elicits the wonder and admiration of the visitor, is the great central tank. This magnificent reservoir, or "miniature ocean," as it has been not inaptly called, is a perfect triumph of aquarial architecture. Some idea of its general appearance, though not of its magnitude, may be gathered from the vignette at the commencement of this article. Its framework is constructed of beautiful marbleized slate, and is divided into 18 compartments or panels, each of which is filled with a single monster pane of plate-glass of one inch in thickness. The glass was made for this

special purpose in Europe, and imported to this country at an expense of six thousand dollars. The tank is no less than thirty feet in diameter, and six feet deep. It contains upwards of twenty-two thousand gallons of water. To fill this huge receptacle with fresh water, would have been easy enough, but as Mr. Cutting intended to place a whale in it, and as whales do not generally live in Cochituate fluid, it became necessary to devise some means, not only of furnishing the tank with salt water, but of procuring a constant supply of the briny element. Central Court is situated three fourths of a mile from Boston Harbor at the nearest available point. It was certain that the whale could not be taken thither to enjoy his daily change of fluid, therefore it was decided, as Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain should come to Mahomet. To speak without trope or metaphor, as the whale could not visit the sea, the sea should rush to the residence of the whale. Fresh water could be conveyed long distances in pipes, and so then could salt water; accordingly, iron pipes, carefully lined inside and outside with cement, were laid down under the streets, from the harbor at the foot of Summer Street, to the building at Central Court, a work involving no small labor and expense, \$10,000 at least, having been expended on this item alone. At the harbor terminus of the pipe, a steam-engine of twenty-horse power was erected to pump up the water, and send it along the underground channel. Another steam engine of twelve-horse power was



THE SPHYNX.
(Living Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

put up at the Gardens; this latter forces the sea water into the great reservoir on the roof, which supplies the tank, and the fountain in its centre. By means of these appliances, fresh sea water, to the amount of eight hundred and sixty thousand gallons, passes daily through the central and smaller tanks, of which there are about sixty-five in numbers, all beautifully formed of marbleized slate, and the sides of the clearest plate glass.

the advancement of natural science." No more fitting orator could possibly have appeared on such an interesting occasion, for Professor Agassiz has made ichthyology his *specialité*, and as a lecturer, he is one of the most fascinating, as well as the most profound living. We regret that our limits forbid even an abstract of his brilliant address.

When Mr. Cutting avowed his intention of



THE SPYING RIDING THE RING AT THE AQUARIAL GARDENS.

On the fourth day of October, 1840, the new building was opened to the public. It was most felicitously inaugurated by Professor Agassiz, who, as we have already stated, so warmly interested himself in the success of the undertaking. The audience consisted of the *élite* of Boston and its vicinity, who listened delightedly while the professor delivered a charming *viva voce* address on "the advantages of such an establishment for

introducing a living whale into his great tank, he met in many quarters with ridicule and skepticism. "Very like a whale," was quoted as a sneer; but what cared he? It *could* be done, and done it *should* be. And before long the marvelous feat was accomplished, in a manner which deserves to be particularly noted.

Mrs. Glasse, in her cookery-book, when giving directions how to cook a hare, says—"first catch

your hare" The aquarial skeptic surveying the big tank, said to Mr. Cutting—"first catch your whale!" Mr. C. took the advice, which happened to chime in with his own notions, and proceeded to capture one. Not in the old-fashioned harpoon manner, but in a whale trap, as will presently be seen. He was sanguine on the subject, and this ensured success.

There is a species of whale well known to frequent the Gulf of St. Lawrence at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of following and feeding on the immense shoals of a small fish called the capelin, that abound in those seas. These whales, in the act of catching, are often themselves caught in weirs constructed for the purpose, from which, when they once enter there, they can only with great difficulty emerge. They are taken for the sake of their oil and skins. The patent right to take these whales belongs to Charles Tett, Esq., of Canada, and to this gentleman Mr. Cutting travelled, and applied for permission to procure a whale for his Aquarial Gardens. Mr. Tett was mightily amused at this proposal, and combated its feasibility; but Mr. Cutting was not thus to be diverted from the object he had in view. At length Mr. Tett promised that at the next high tides, if a whale got into the weirs, Mr. Cutting should have it; but as for taking it alive to Boston, so great a distance, the thing was too ridiculous to be thought of.

Well, Mr. Cutting returned to Boston, and not long afterwards came to him a telegram announcing that a whale was in the weirs. Flashed back the announcement over the wires that Mr. Cutting would be after him. After him, with assistants, he went; and on his arrival at the gulf shores, sure enough, there was the monster—a white whale, full of health and vigor.

The next thing to be done, was to convey him overland to Boston. In order to do this, a wooden tank rather longer than the whale, and deep enough to hold him, coffin-wise, was made. This was partially filled and lined with seaweed, laid on its side, and about fifty men rolled the whale into it—not, however, without his protesting against such liberty by sundry lashings of his powerful tail. Once in the box, he was well packed with weed, and placed on a truck on which he was carted twelve miles to the nearest railroad point. Here Mr. Cutting had chartered a special engine and truck, on which latter the whale in his box was placed, and away went the train with its novel freight (now approximating to the flying fish) to Quebec, and from thence on the Grand Trunk Railway to Portland, Maine, and finally to Boston, where the whale, having had water thrown over him every now and then, during his long journey, arrived safely and in excellent condition—being the first living whale that had ever travelled on a rail.

In anticipation of the monster's arrival, a derrick had been raised over the great tank, and the wooden box being lifted to its edge, the whale was tumbled into its new residence, where it is now "quite at home." It must have been a proud moment for Mr. Cutting when he saw his labors thus crowned with success, and his prize safely deposited in the crystal reservoir which had been built for him.

The following letter will, in connection with this subject, be perused with interest. It was addressed to the editor of the Boston Journal:

Cambridge, May 25, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—It gives me pleasure to comply with your request to furnish you with some information respecting the White Whale now in the aquarium of Mr. Cutting, in Boston. This animal is an inhabitant of the northern seas, its lowest range being the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



THE WALRUS.
(Stuffed Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

Martens, in his journey to Greenland and Spitzbergen in 1871, was the first to give an accurate account of this species, under the name of "Weissfish" (white fish), the name of fish being applied in earlier days to all marine animals. Like the Sperm Whale, the Right Whale, and the Porpoise, however, it belongs to the class of mammals, and not to that of fishes. The first systematic name it received was "*Balaena albicans*" (the Whitefish Whale), so called by Klein, a contemporary of Linnæus, on account of its whitish color. But since the family of whales embraces a number of distinct genera, it was afterward called "*Delphinapterus*," by Lacépède; and still later, "*Beluga*," by Gray. Accounts of its habits, more or less extensive, may be found in the works of the Arctic voyagers, especially in Grant, Eggede, and Scoresby, and scientific descriptions in Fabricius, Shaw, Cuvier, etc. I congratulate Mr. Cutting heartily



PORTRAIT OF MR. CUTTING.

upon having succeeded in bringing to Boston, alive, so interesting a specimen. Indeed, it is no mean achievement to have brought into a populous city a living whale, and to have put it up for exhibition in a glass tank—even though that whale be neither the right whale nor the sperm whale, but a smaller species, rarely exceeding twenty feet in length, though specimens forty feet long have been captured. It has already afforded me the means of much valuable information, and I trust it may afford as much pleasure to others, to see it turning round and round in its large tank, and now and then coming to the surface to breathe, or blow, as is the phrase with the cetaceans.

Very respectfully yours,

L. AGASSIZ.

It may easily be imagined that so vast a creature consumes a large quantity of food. Sixty pounds of live eels are disposed of in three meals daily, and he seems to thrive finely.

The next acquisition to the Gardens was a superb dolphin, ten feet long—not the common dolphin, but the fish described by Professor Agassiz as the most intelligent creature next to man. Possessed of this splendid creature, Mr. Cutting became poetical as well as practical, and resolved to realize the poet's dream. "To this intent" he had a lovely fairy boat constructed (by one of our first Boston boat-builders) in the shape of a Nautilus-shell, to which he intended

to harness the dolphin, which should be driven by a young lady, fittingly attired, round the great tank. The harness was constructed, and the trial was made—it succeeded a *merveille*, but before the novel exhibition was made public, the dolphin died of dyspepsia, it having injudiciously swallowed a number of iron nails that lay at the bottom of the tank. This was a damper, but why not harness the *whale*? The question was considered, and the monster was measured for collar and traces. He took to them both kindly, and a piquant little piece having been written, the services of Neptune and Triton were enlisted, and Mademoiselle Leone, a charming young lady of Boston, boldly entered her boat, and drove the whale as deftly as if he had been the tamest of ponies. The success was at once very great, and the attraction continues unimpaired to the present time of writing. The idea of harnessing and driving a whale was a bold one. No one but a live Yankee would have dreamed of such a thing, or carried it out to a successful issue.*

To vary the attractions, and gratify ethnological students, five Africans—a Hottentot, Bushman, Fingo, Zulu and Kaffir—were retained for some months

at the Gardens. They attracted great attention.

Near the great tank is the stuffed skin of an enormous walrus, or sea horse—the only one ever exhibited. Mr. Cutting hopes before long to have a living specimen of this interesting creature in the Gardens. Even as a *stuffed* specimen, this is unique.

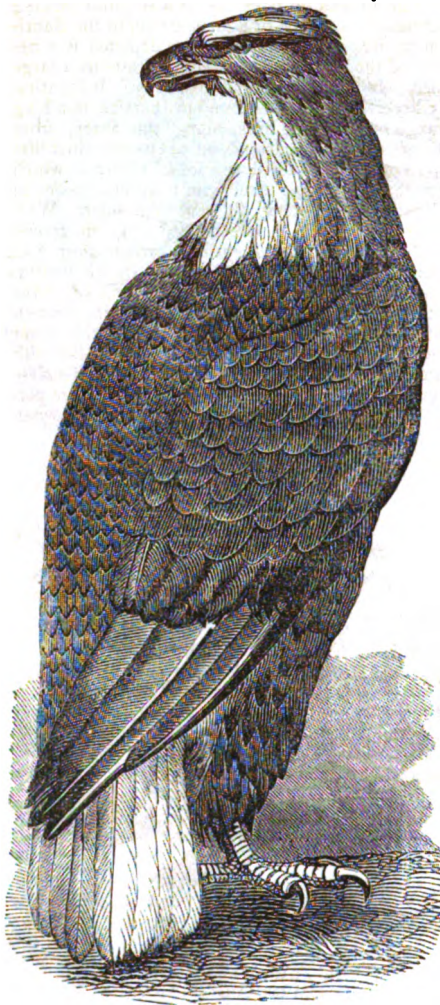
Around the great tank are about sixty-five smaller tanks, all filled with "the treasures of the deep." There is not one of these receptacles which might not furnish material for hours—indeed days of study. Neither books, lectures, nor plates, however correct, can convey a tithe of the instruction which a mere stroll through the Gardens may impart, and which no other establishment of its kind in the world can provide.

Leaving the upper, we descend a broad and handsome flight of stairs to the lower hall, which is devoted to the Zoological Department. On the floor of this apartment is the great seal tank, where *Ned* disports, and a spacious ring in which the famous horse Abdallah goes through his very pleasing and extraordinary performances, in connection with that remarkable animal of the Simian tribe—the "sphinx." This rare variety of the baboon species is supposed to be identical with that worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, and color is given to this sur-

* Mr. Cutting procured several other whales, but they all died. The one now on exhibition is the only animal of the kind that has ever been successfully exhibited.

MADENOISELLE LEONS DRIVING THE WHALE, AT THE AQUARIAL GARDENS.





THE AMERICAN EAGLE.
(Living Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

mise by the fact that a very strong resemblance is traceable between it and some of the hieroglyphical designs to be found on Egyptian sculptured tablets, especially when the animal is in repose, which, however, is not often the case.

Dr. U. W. Sears, under whose very able superintendence the animals are placed, is well known as one of the most skilful brute trainers in the world. He seems to exert almost a supernatural power over them, and subdues them to his will without any apparent effort. His mastery of Abdallah is worthy of Rarey himself, and the entire command he has over the sphynx is perfectly surprising. We well remember the latter when it first arrived at the Gardens—a dull, obstinate, seemingly unteachable brute. Now, however, he is one of the great cards of the institution. Nothing can be more amusing than his

equestrian feats, whether he appears as a volunteer, flag in hand, or as a fast young man on a hired horse. Then his other performances in the ring are infinitely grotesque. He wheels a barrow, personifies laziness to the life, feigns insensibility, carries a heavy log, mounts a pole, and travels around the ring on the hand rail. In short, he is a laughable burlesque on humanity in a cocked hat and breeches.

The kangaroos also exhibit their long hind and short fore legs, and their thick tails in the ring, where they take prodigious leaps and bounds; and the young moose from the State of Maine also trots around, leaps over a cross bar, and shows his ungainly proportions. All these Dr. Sears seems to do what he likes with—as he does, indeed, with all the animals, the great cinnamon bear and the fierce panther not excepted. To him they are docile as kittens, but woe to the visitor who carelessly ventures to insert a hand between the bars of their cages.

Recently a pair of elephants performed some amazing feats at the Gardens. We hear that they will at no distant period again make their appearance, for it is the aim of Mr. Cutting to produce a constant series of novelties.

One of the most attractive animals in the Zoological Department is the zebu or Indian cow, with the bull calf. The male of this species is the Sacred Bull of the Hindoos, and so much is it revered by them, that it is death to destroy one. Even when one of them lies down in a crowded thoroughfare, rather than disturb it, the richest rajah will walk out of its way. The cow here exhibited, is of a delicate silver gray hue, with large, soft eyes, and is a great pet of the lady visitor.

Many of our readers will remember the recent offer of the King of Siam to send some elephants to the President of the United States. The present was declined, just because the animals would have been of no possible use for breeding, in this climate. The president, perhaps unconsciously, avoided a dilemma into which the mayor of a certain English city fell. Thus goes the story:

The Mayor of B—, anxious to be on good terms with his brother civic-magnates, used annually to send to the Lord Mayor of London the first fine salmon caught in the river Severn. In receipt of a certain superb salmon, his lordship of London returned his thanks, and intimated that he would "send an equivalent."

"My dear," exclaimed the Mayor of B— to his wife—"what do you think! The lord mayor is so pleased with the salmon I sent him, that he is going to send me an elephant." The lord mayor's calligraphy was crooked, and the Mayor of B— was not an expert. So the mayor built a very expensive house for the huge animal, but just as he had finished it, a friend discovered the civic mistake. "Phancy his feelinks!"

Now, although the president did not require to "see the elephants," Mr. Cutting, in the spirit of the enterprise, did, and he forwarded the following letter to the sable sovereign of Siam. It was splendidly written on vellum, enclosed in a sandal wood case, duly sealed, and with it were sent splendidly drawn views of all the wonders of the Aquarial Gardens. If Mr. Cutting does not receive that rarest of regal gifts, a pair of

white elephants, we shall be disappointed. That will be an equivalent indeed.

To his Majesty and great Ruler, the King of Siam.

Your majesty's letter to the President of the United States, accompanied by the noble gifts bestowed upon him, has been printed and sent among his people. By it they have learned of the generous offer made by your majesty to send elephants to be "let loose, to increase and multiply" in his dominions. His people have also read his reply declining the offer; they regret that because of the climate the elephant cannot increase in our country, nor be made useful; and that thereby they cannot be permitted to see these wonderful quadrupeds, natives of your domains. Very many of the people here have never seen such animals, and do truly "run by thousands to gaze upon them," when by chance a specimen has been obtained, which is indeed of great rarity.

Now, the undersigned, most respectfully, would represent to your majesty that he has erected a large building in the city of Boston, and in the State of Massachusetts, U. S. A., for the purpose of gratifying the thousands of people, by collecting animals from all countries, including birds, fishes and plants, wherein he has constructed apartments for the various kinds, cages for the beasts and birds, as well as tanks for the fishes, the latter being constantly supplied with water from the sea, pumped up from the harbor, through pipes laid under the streets, to the quantity of 800,000 gallons per day. He has so far succeeded as to place in one of the tanks, now alive and healthy, a *whale*, weighing over 1200 pounds, and measuring sixteen feet in length; he has also, by great patience and perseverance accomplished the extraordinary feat of harnessing the whale and driving him around the great glass tank, of which a truthful picture is transmitted herewith. The surrounding tanks contain a large variety of fish, submerged vegetation etc., obtained from far and near, while in a hall below he has collected a great many specimens of rare foreign as well as domestic animals. The design of the whole institution being intended for the advancement of the sublime study of natural history, and for the purpose of affording to the people, old and young, a place of resort blending instruction with amusement.

In view of the above facts and the munificent offer of your majesty to our chief ruler (the president), the undersigned would respectfully request that your majesty will place upon some ship for the purpose above named, one pair of young elephants, male and female, the expense of transportation to be incurred by him. And in conclusion, while expressing in behalf of the public his gratitude for your majesty's condescension, he would take equal pleasure in exchanging for exhibition in your majesty's kingdom, such animals indigenous to our country as would be a source of wonder to the people of Siam.

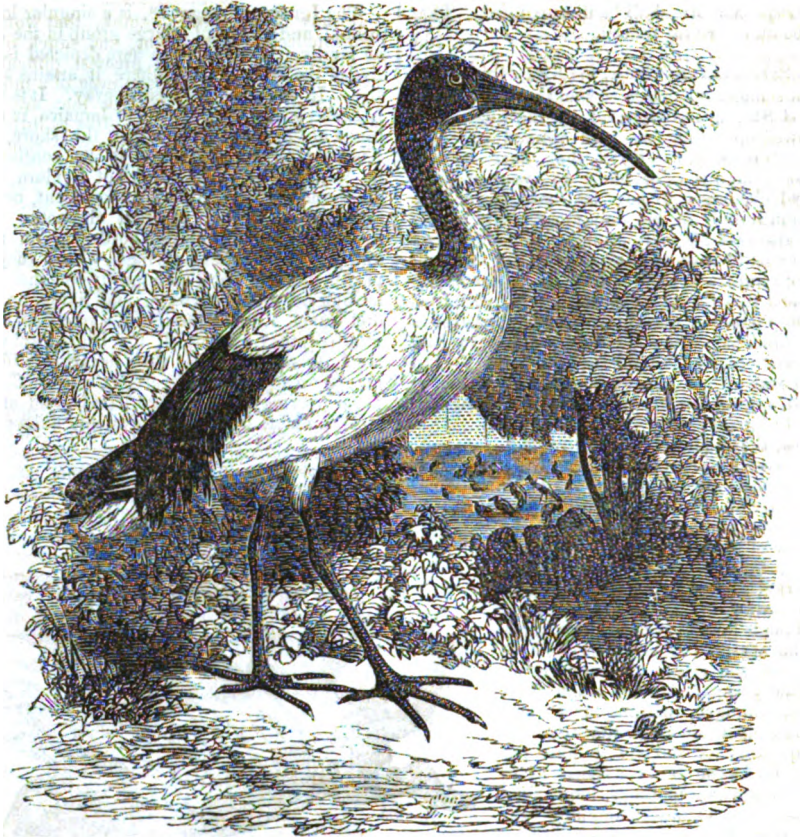
J. A. CUTTINE.

The Iguana on page 18, is a singular looking animal, and a type of a large group in the Saurian family. The specimen here depicted is a native of the West Indies, where it attains a large size. In color it is a greenish gray. It is entirely herbivorous. It is found in Jamaica, in a long range of limestone hills, along the shore, from Kingston to Goat Island on to its continuation in Vere. The allied species of *Cyclura* which are found on the American continent, occur in situations of a very different character. With us they are found in forests bordering on rivers, and the woods around springs, where they live partly on the trees, and partly in the water, feeding on young herbage, and living on fruits and leaves. Lazily stretched along the branch of a tree, they devour all the fruit within their reach, seeming to enjoy their luxurious life with an epicurean zest. They are perfectly inoffensive, never preying upon kindred lizards, and are perfectly amiable in their deportment, unless when



THE ARMADILLO.
(Living Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

crowded on. Then they are excessively belligerent, and, using their formidable serrated tails as a weapon of defence, cut about with the ferocity of dragons. These reptiles are thus characterized by Cuvier; body and tail covered with small imbricated scales; the edge of the back garnished with a row of spines, or rather of elevated, compressed and pointed scales; under the throat, a compressed and depending dewlap, the end of which is attached to a cartilaginous appendage of the hyoid bone. Their thighs are provided with a similar arrangement of porous tubercles with the true lizards, and their heads are covered with scaly plates. Each jaw is furnished with a row of compressed triangular teeth, having their cutting edges serrated; there are also two small rows on the posterior part of the palate. There are many specimens described by naturalists, most of which are natives of tropical America. The female deposits her eggs, which are about the size of a pigeon's egg, in the sand.



THE SACRED IBIS.
(Living Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

Many of the species are considered as great culinary delicacies by the natives of the country in which they are found. It is caught by the means of a noose attached to the end of a stick. It is very active, though when it has taken refuge in a tree, it appears to depend on the security of its situation, and permits itself to be taken by its pursuers.

The last picture in our series shows a view of Gore Hall, Cambridge, Mass., as seen in the stereophan at the Aquarial Gardens. It is an edifice well known to all residents in this vicinity. It is built entirely of granite, and contains a choice library of 90,000 volumes. This building has been much admired for its architectural elegance.

But time would fail us to tell half of the attractions at this delightful place of instruction and amusement. We have often visited it, and hope to do so many times more, for it always has something fresh to present to the eye and the mind. A few weeks since, Professor Agassiz delivered a series of six lectures on natural history illustrated by living animals in the establishment, in the course of which he said that he "never visited the Aquarial Gardens without learning something;" and if such be the admission of the first natural philosopher of his age, we may be

quite certain that for us there is a wonderful store of instruction to be found there. It is an exhibition to which no one can go without being wiser and better for the visit. There amusement goes hand in hand with information of the most useful and attractive kind, causing the Gardens to be invaluable, even in an educational sense. There the old may indulge a calm recreation, and the young be greatly delighted. And there all, as they gaze on the various works of Him "without whom nothing was created," may "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and exclaim: "In wisdom hast thou made them all."

A TRUTH.

With what a scornful disregard of wealth, and the position of the moment, Almighty God scatters the priceless gifts of genius among his children! The great poet, the illustrious statesman, the eloquent orator, is as likely to go forth from the brown-faced laborer's cottage over the way, as from the sumptuous palaces of the capital. The future ruler of an empire may be unconsciously digging in yonder field; and this very school may be, under God, the appointed means of revealing his unsuspected destiny to him and the world.—*Professor Felton.*

ANTICIPATION OF THE FUTURE.

It is an elevating and spiritualizing exercise of the mind. It tends to carry the soul a little way towards its proper region. It tends to lessen the false importance of the things of this world, and to slacken their hold. It contributes to obviate that unnatural and pernicious estrangement and dissociation between our present and future state. It tends to habituate the spirit to seek and find the grand importance of its existence in its hereafter. It tends to awake a lively and a sacred curiosity, which is surely a right and worthy state of feeling with which to go towards another world, and to go into it. It may help to turn to valuable account the varieties in the present system of our existence—the facts in surrounding nature—the immediate circumstances of our own being—by prompting, on each particular, the thought and the question, "What corresponding to this—what is contrariety to this—what instead of this—may there be in that other world?" It may aid to keep us associated with those who are gone thither. It may give new emphasis to our impression of the evil of sin, and the excellence of all wisdom, holiness and piety, by the thought, "What manner of effect is this or this, adapted to result in, in that future state?"

—Foster.

GIPSEYS' FEAR OF DEATH.

If a funeral procession happens to pass before their house, if twelve o'clock has not yet struck, the family will go out upon the threshold of the door and say the usual prayers; but if it is afternoon they make haste to shut the doors and windows, and no one will go out till the next morning. The sight of a drop of blood draws from the gipsy horrible cries, as if he were being assassinated. If, while he is preparing a meal, a malevolent hand lays beside him a dead dog or cat, he will immediately throw his dinner on the dunghill, from fear of witchcraft. As soon as a gipsy feels his death pangs begin, he asks to be carried into the open air; for if it happens that he dies in his home, his family must put all the furniture into the street before they can carry out the corpse. In short, the dread they have of the dead is such that a corregidor of Cordova, wishing to rid the city of the gipseys of the Sierra Morena, gave orders that they should be employed at interments. "Rather robbers than grave-diggers!" was the cry of the gipseys, and they all returned to their mountains.—*Baron Dembinski.*

There is more sunshine than rain, more joy than pain, more love than hate, more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary, we would not choose for our friends.

MARRIAGE.

It may be observed, I think, that women of high intellectual endowment, and much dignity of deportment, have the greatest difficulty in marrying, and stand most in need of a mother's help. And this is not because they are themselves fastidious, for they are often as little so as any, but because men are not humble enough to wish to have their superiors for their wives. Great wealth in a woman tends to keep at a distance both the proud and the humble, leaving the unhappy live bait to be snapped at by the hardy and the greedy. If the wealthy father of an only daughter could be gifted with a knowledge of what parental care and kindness really is, it is my assured belief that he would disinherit her. If he leaves her his wealth, the best thing for her to do is to marry the most respectable man she can find of the class of men who marry for money. An heiress, remaining unmarried, is a prey to all manner of extortion and imposition, and with the best intentions, becomes—through a bounty—a corruption to her neighborhood, and a curse to the poor; or, if experience shall put her on her guard, she will lead a life of suspicion and resistance, to the injury of her own mind and nature.—*Taylor's Notes on Life.*

To find poets and authors devoting themselves to letters, while all about is tumult and carnage, reminds one of the lark, which soars and sings over the battlefield as well as over the cornfield.

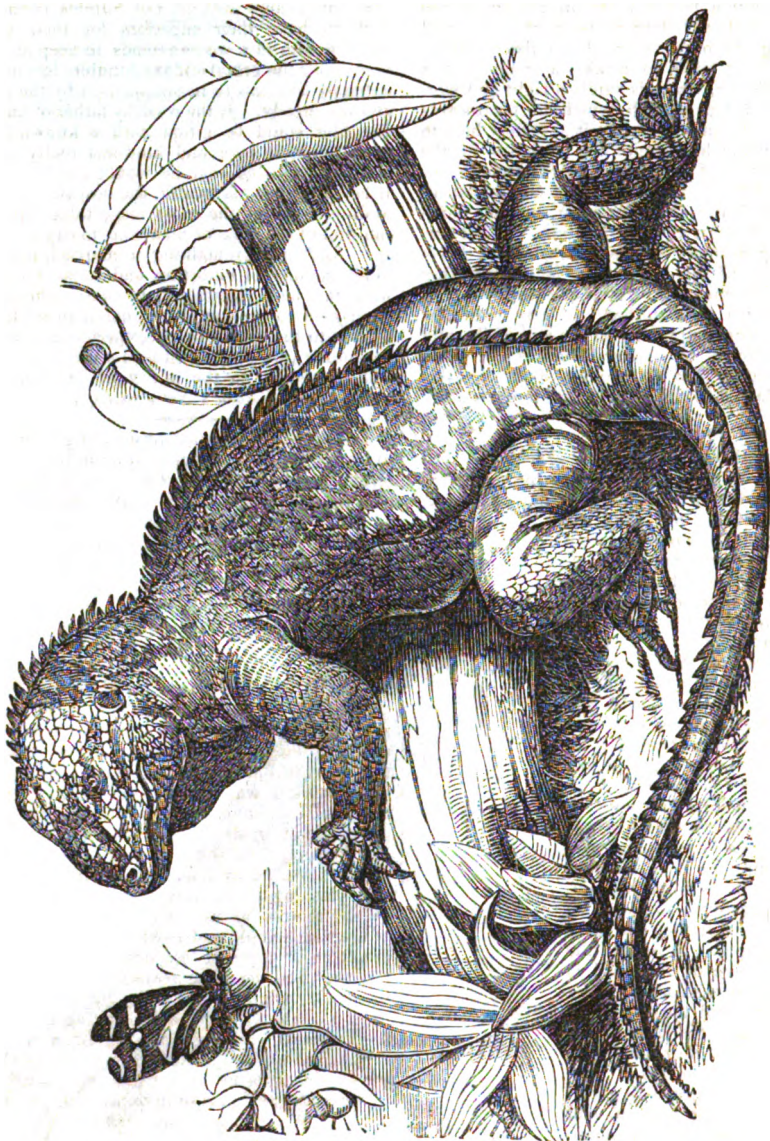


THE HAWK OWL.
(Living Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

THREESCORE AND TEN.

When I was a boy I used to think threescore and ten years a very sufficient spell of this world. I wondered how anybody could grumble at so liberal an allowance of life; and indeed, for my own share, I would no more have hesitated to

ites very well when they were wandering in the wilderness; but I am decidedly of opinion that Moses, when stating the limit, in his prayer printed in the Book of Psalms, made no allusion to us. In fact, the period in itself is objectionable, inasmuch as it is not a period at all, but



THE IGUANA.
(Living Specimen at the Aquarial Gardens.)

give up my claim to the odd ten years than the gold-sellers do at the diggings to throw the odd ounces into the bargain. That, I say, was in my boyhood, when I was too far off from what I was dealing so generously with to be able to understand anything about it. I know better now. Threescore and ten might have suited the Israel-

more like a semicoion. It is not even an even number—which is odd; resembling more a half-way house than a final resting-place. It makes me uncomfortable to hear people talking of threescore and ten, as if they thought it improper to fly in the face of Moses.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Miscellany.*

DOCTRINE AND MORALITY.

The true reason that doctrinal sermons are derided by some of the ministers is, that they afford no opportunity for them to introduce perhaps some style or course of reading that they may have adopted. True scriptural teaching calls for sound argument and substantial treatises upon the word, and is a strong test of mental capacity; whereas such sermons as are but too frequently delivered, rest upon miscellaneous themes, that were more properly left for newspaper or magazine articles, and are of a school of composition that a shallow brain may become a proficient in. This call of preachers should remember that the people now-a-days are supposed to know as much of Demosthenes and Cicero, the Forum at Rome, or of most any portion of profane history, ancient or modern, as the preacher himself; and the less said in the way of display relating to these stereotyped phrases and themes, the better. We are forcibly reminded, in this connection, of the words of a certain English bishop, who was travelling in this country a few years since, and who made the remark, that ministers here take a text from the Bible and preach about railroads, astronomy, statuary and paintings; but in his country they not only select their texts from the Bible, but they make its doctrines and principles the subject of their discourses. That wise old divine, Jeremy Taylor, found it necessary in his day to chide these fashionable preachers. "They entertain their hearers," said he, "with gaudy tulips and useless daffodils; and not with the bread of life and medicinal plants growing on the margins of the fountains of salvation." The true doctrine of the Scriptures is the very fountain-head of all morality; and those who talk so much about preaching moral sermons, and avoiding doctrinal ones, should pause and consider well their own inconsistency. The principles are synonymous, as we think will be evident to every candid reader. That was excellent advice given to a pious son, by Rowland Hill, to preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but Jesus Christ. —*Life of Hosea Ballou.*

A CUNNING TRICK.

Dr. Willcott, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him by letter a life annuity of £200. The doctor learning that the publisher was very anxious to purchase demanded £300. In reply the latter appointed a day on which he would call on the doctor and talk the matter over. At the day assigned the doctor received him in entire dishabille, even to the nightcap; and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this the crafty author assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and make a rich man's heir crazy with joy. The publisher, however, refused giving more than £200, till suddenly the doctor broke out into a violent fit of cough-

ing which produced an offer of £250. This the doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized, almost instantly, with another even more frightful and longer protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him—when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards.—*Biographical Scraps.*

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

There is now in the possession of, and manufactured by, Mr. Collins, silversmith, of Gloucester, England, a most ingenious piece of mechanism—an eight day clock, with dead beat escapement maintaining power, chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three tunes in twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows:—One, once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a month; one, once a year. It shows the moon's age, the time of rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low water, half ebb and half flood; and by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the water, which rises and falls, lifting the ships at high water tide as if it were in motion, and as it recedes leaves these little automaton ships dry on the sand. It shows the twelve signs of the zodiac; it strikes or not, chimes or not, as you wish it; it has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock is of beautiful workmanship, and performs most accurately the many different objects which are called into action by the ingenious proprietor, who is most willing to describe all its various achievements to any one who may feel a pleasure in paying him a visit.—*London Paper.*

CLEARNESS OF NORTHERN SEAS.

Nothing can be more surprising and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the northern seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which was here in general of white sand, was clearly visible from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the immense recesses of the ocean, unruffled by the slightest breeze, the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbing it. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of esterise, echmi, and even the smallest shells, appeared at the greatest depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed in some measure, to have a magnifying power, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us, and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance, to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf as we passed gently over the point of it, seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down the precipice; the illusion, from the clearness of the deep, producing a sudden start.—*Records of the North.*

Time has a doomsday book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names.

THE MODEL WIDOW.

She wouldn't wear her veil up on any account. Thinks her complexion fairer than ever, in contrast with her sables. Sends back her new dress because the fold of crape on the skirt isn't deep mourning enough. Steadily refuses to look in the direction of a dress coat for—one week. Wonders if that handsome Tompkins who passes her window every day, is insane enough to think

man to give him so much candy and so many bon bons. His mama begins to admit certain little alleviations of her sorrow, in the shape of protracted conversations, rides, walks, etc. She cries a little when Tommy asks her if she has not forgotten to plant the flowers in a certain cemetery. Tompkins comes in and thinks her lovelier than ever, smiling through her tears. Tommy is sent out into the garden to make



VIEW OF GORN HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
(As seen in the Stereophan, exhibited at the Aquarial Gardens.)

that she will ever marry again! Is very fond of drawing off her glove and resting her little white hand on her black bonnet, thinking that it may be suggestive of an early application for the same. Concludes to give up housekeeping and try boarding at a hotel. Accepts Tompkins's invitation to "attend the children's concert," just to please little Tommy! Tommy is delighted, and thinks Mr. Tompkins is a very kind gentle-

"pretty dirt pies" (to the utter demolition of a new frock and trousers), and returns very unexpectedly to find his mama's cheeks very rosy, and to be tossed up into the air by Mr. Tompkins, who declares himself to be his "new, new papa!"—*Newbern Progress.*

Poverty is like a panther; look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

[ORIGINAL.]

COUSIN LUCY.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

Under the snow she is sleeping
In a long, unbroken rest,
With her white hands folded meekly
Upon her quiet breast!

Her glossy hair lies smoothly
Upon her marble brow;
And the long lashes cast a shadow
On her cheek, so colorless now.

Bright buds and spotless blossoms
Rest on her pulseless heart;
Sweet flower, cut down by the Reaper,
How beautiful thou art!

Our cherished plants that withered,
Will awake and bloom in spring,
And the birds that forsook us in autumn,
Will return on buoyant wing;

But the flowers of hope that perished,
When she wearily whispered "Adieu!"
No springtime, or glorious summer,
Will ever again renew.

The song that gushed so sweetly
From those pale lips under the snow,
Now softly swell by the River of Life,
To be heard no more below.

Under the snow she is sleeping,
With flowers on her passionless breast;
And the wild winds sing a mournful dirge
Above her place of rest.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE NAME ON THE DOORPLATE.

BY MRS CAROLINE A. SOULE.

SHE was dying of starvation, literally dying, and that too in the heart of a great city, where the crumbs which fell from a single rich man's table would have fed her abundantly. It was now the second day since food had touched her white lips, and weak and tremulous, she tottered along in the gathering darkness.

Again and again she had gone down into dim areas, and knocked at basement doors, and again and again been rudely repulsed by the answering servants. Had she been a brown, wrinkled old hag, bread would have been freely given her, and perhaps a seat by the blazing range, but because she was a fair, lovely young girl, she was looked upon with suspicion, and with harsh words sent out again into the cheerless street.

"I will try the front doors," she murmured softly, as the shadows of twilight deepened. "Some woman's heart will perhaps feel for me enough to give me a crust. It cannot be that I am to die for want of food—I who never turned the meanest beggar from the house without supplying him abundantly. Let me see." And by the brilliant gaslight, she scanned the houses in the block that she was passing.

They were stately, brown-fronted mansions, with carved doors and balcony windows. She felt, as by intuition, that the proud ladies who dwelt there would hardly spend time to hear a beggar's plaint, and with a smothered sigh, she hurried on to a quarter of less pretensions. A row of old-fashioned, substantial-looking houses arrested her footsteps.

"I will try these." And she ascended the well-worn marble steps, and pulled the bell. A respectable, middle-aged servant man appeared.

"Is the lady of the house in?"

"No, ma'am," was the respectful answer.

"The gentleman?"

"No, ma'am—they are both out of town—will the lady leave her name?"

"No, it is of no consequence." And with tears blinding her eyes, she groped her way to the pavement.

Two or three other houses were passed before she gathered courage to stop again. Snow flakes fluttering on her face warned her she must seek a shelter soon, and she at length ventured to ascend the marble stoop beside which she had stood for many moments in a clinging posture. The light from a street lamp flashed directly on the door, and was reflected in the highly polished trimmings. It was easy to read the large Roman letters so deeply cut in the long, old-fashioned brass doorplate—a child could have spelled them out—the young girl pronounced the name at once, "Karl Ruthven."

"Karl Ruthven," speaking it a second time, and with a passionate earnestness, too, "my little brother's name—her last words—can it be?"

It sometimes happens that the mystery of years is solved for us in a second. A glance of the eye, a word carelessly dropped, a scrap of writing, a name lightly spoken, "trifles light as air," will have wondrous meaning in them, and become a revelation to us. It was so now with Edith Alhynn. That name, glistening before her in the lamplight, was a clue by which she unravelled in a moment a secret which she thought had been forever sealed to her.

"It must be," she exclaimed, clasping her thin, white fingers to her heart, "else why came

she here—why ever call the baby so?—why speak it with her dying breath? Yes, it must, it must be, and I am saved."

She sat down a few moments on the broad, cold step, and seemed to be trying to collect her wandering thoughts, and to calm her restless nerves. The winter wind swept cheerlessly about her, bringing fresh shivers with every gust, and the pangs of hunger gnawed and clutched at her faint vitals, till a stupor of death seemed creeping over her.

"It will not do to wait," she said, hurriedly, "I am too nearly starved and frozen. I will go in. If it be *he*, I will crave charity in *her* name; if not, I can only crawl away somewhere out of the storm and wait my time."

She rose up and pulled the bell. "Is the gentleman of the house in?" She spoke with a firmness that surprised herself.

"He is, ma'am. Will you please to walk in?" And the gray-haired servant ushered her into the front parlor, drew a chair towards the blazing grate, turned on the gas to a brighter flame, and then said, respectfully, "What name, ma'am?"

"Miss Alhyn."

As he closed the door after him, she rose quickly and lifted the chair towards the centre of the room. She was stiff with cold, but the sudden change from the wintry weather outside to that almost summer heat, brought on a distressing faintness. She sat down again a moment, but the heat was yet too intense, and she rose to go to a sofa that stood in a distant corner. As she did so, her glance fell casually upon a portrait that hung above the mantel. She clasped her hands together, and exclaiming fervently, "It is he, and I am saved!" she sank into her chair in a sort of trance that was half ecstasy, half fear.

Three times did the servant address her before she seemed to hear.

"My master is not well enough to come down; will the lady walk up stairs?"

She followed him without a word. At the head of the first flight, he ushered her into a spacious room, whose rich adornings contrasted strangely with the antique character of the house and furniture below. Upon one side were deep alcoves of carved rosewood, hang with crimson drapery, which, as it was here and there caught up in graceful arches by pearl-white arms, revealed a wondrous wealth of literature in the most costly bindings. Opposite, was a balcony window, also hung with crimson curtains, but relieved by masses of snowy lace. An odor, as from a southern garden, stole in and out the deep

recess, and as you passed it, you had a glimpse of china vases and green branches, and white and purple and flame-colored blossoms. On either side of the window were niches, crowned with marble busts, and holding in their half-shaded depths statues of Italian thought. Rare paintings hung between them, in massive oval frames, and beneath each was a mosaic table of fairy size, upon which lay scattered such costly trifles as travellers gather up in foreign lands. At the further end of the apartment was a low mantel of pure white marble, and above it a mirror that reached quite to the frescoed ceiling, which by illusion opened to the beholder another room as spacious and as elegant. A brilliant coal fire burned silently in the tiny grate, giving a double richness to the crimson lounges that were drawn up on either side, and pervading the whole atmosphere with the subdued warmth of an autumnal noonday. A centre table stood at a little distance from the fire, strewn with uncut pamphlets and fresh newspapers, while the silver salver, with a wineglass, spoon and cordial bottle seemed to betoken slight illness or early convalescence in the gentleman, who sat beside it, half buried in the depths of a softly cushioned easy chair.

A man's steps could hardly have been heard as they sunk into the hearts of those fair lilies and bright roses which were so deftly woven in that velvet carpet, and it was no wonder, therefore, that the young girl's light footfalls were as snowflakes, as with slow, tremulous paces, she crossed the room. She was beside Mr. Ruthven and gazing earnestly at him, before he knew it. The rustle of her dress betrayed her presence first, as he looked up wonderingly, for the name the servant had brought up was a new one to him; he was startled both at the whiteness and the beauty of the face that met his sight. Bowing, he would have spoken, when there burst from her lips the cry:

"It is not he, and I must die!"

To the young man, her strange words seemed a prophecy with fulfilment of electric speed, for hardly had the voice died away, when she sank upon the floor, with the pallor of death upon every feature. It was the work of an instant to lift the delicate form to a lounge, and untie the ribbons about her neck. A slender comb of jet fell to the carpet as he removed the bonnet, and after it a cluster of ringlets, damp and tangled, but which, as his hand lightly trailed over them, he found like a mass of unwrought silk, soft and glossy, and he saw too it was of that peculiar tint which has the richness of purple blended with the darkness of ebony.

She is very young, was his first thought; his second, how wondrously beautiful she is. The delicate lines of her profile were as perfect and almost as fair as the most finely cut cameo, and though her cheeks were now snowy, her lips pale, and her eyes closed, it was easy to vision out the glory of her face, when the crimson hues of life should blend with its whiteness, when the drooping lashes should be lifted, and the sunshine of the soul beam forth.

There was an almost infantile helplessness in the aspect of her slender figure as it lay there in the stillness of that fit, and as the young man gazed upon her, a subtle tenderness seemed to pervade his whole heart, a new emotion to fill his soul. But it was no time for thought, no time for wonder. Life and death were struggling in those breathless lungs. He rang the bell quickly, and to the servant who hurried to obey the summons, exclaimed:

"Send the housekeeper here immediately, the lady has fainted!"

"Who is it, Master Harrie?" said the woman as she came in, with camphor and ammonia in her hands.

"I have no idea. William brought up her name as Miss Allyn. It is no one I have ever seen. I think, though, she must have mistaken me for my uncle." And he repeated her words, "It is not he, and I must die."

"Likely enough, likely enough. One of his poor pensioners, perhaps. What a sweet face she has though. There, there, you hold the smelling bottle to her nose, while I bathe her forehead. Dear me, what long curls! Coming to yet? Yes, yes. Lift her head, while I moisten her lips with your cordial. There, she breathed then. Chafe her hands—they are cold as death."

A low, weird sigh, the echo it seemed of a broken heart, fluttered from the lips. Then the eyelids slowly opened, and a mystical look wandered hopelessly from the depths of the brown orbs. Words seemed quivering on the white lips. The housekeeper bent her ear closely to them, and distinguished these, "It is not he. O, mother!" And then they closed, and the fit came on again.

"You had better send in for Dr. Grayson. He's most always home at this time. Tell him to come quick, too. She'll have to be bled, I'm afraid, though she don't look as though there was any blood in her to spare. Pour camphor in the hollow of her hand; there, let it run over her wrist just where the pulse is. Dear me, but I'm getting frightened."

Like a mother, the kind-hearted woman moved

about the young stranger, doing everything that her years of experience could suggest; but no sign of life returned, and in despair she was wringing her hands, when the steps of the physician was heard at the door.

It was a strange sight to him, a young girl in a fainting fit there, in the library of his young neighbor, whose character had so far been peerless, but he stopped not to ask a question, for his keen professional eye warned him the sands of life were fitting fast in that pale form. Baring her arm, he applied his lancet. A single crimson drop oozed slowly from the opened veins. He watched it carefully, shaking his head at the long interval that passed before another followed it. It did seem hours instead of minutes to the anxious watchers before a tiny stream trickled over the cold flesh; but no sooner had it dripped into the basin than that same weird sigh fluttered from the lips, and after it the murmured words, "Cold, hungry!" a shiver running over her at the same time.

"It is a case of inanition," said the physician. "Have you gruel made, or broth?" to the housekeeper.

"Plenty of broth." And she flew to the kitchen and soon returned with a bowlful.

"Lift her head, Mrs. Mann. You sit down, Harrie, or I shall have you on my hands again. Mrs. Mann is abler than you to hold her. There, that's right. Now if I can only get her to swallow some, she'll live yet."

He placed the spoon upon the under lip and gently drew down the chin. As the warm liquid touched the tongue, she gasped convulsively, and then, to the great joy of them all, swallowed. As the spoon was withdrawn, she said, faintly:

"More, mother, more."

"Poor starved child," said the doctor, pitifully, "you shall have all you want, but not to-night." Yet he continued feeding her till the bowl was empty. With every spoonful, new strength seemed to come to her, till at last she sat alone.

"You are very kind," she said, in a low, sweet voice. "I ought to tell you who I am and where I came from; but my head aches so, and my thoughts are so confused I can hardly remember anything clearly. I came to see Mr. Ruthven; but this gentleman is not the one, and yet,"—and she rubbed her forehead, and seemed rather to speak to herself than those about her, "that face in the parlor was the very same— Is there more mystery?" She bowed her head, and tears streamed down her cheeks. By-and-by she looked up. "I have no friend no earth to care for me—I must die if you turn me out! O,"

falling on her knees and clasping her hand, "be merciful, and shelter me for this night at least! I spent the last one in the street, crouching in a dark area. O, it was dreadful, the cold, the darkness, the fear—I almost died—I cannot live through another! You won't bid me go?"

"No, no," said Dr. Greyson, kindly, lifting her to the lounge. "You shall have shelter and food, and whatever else you need, only you must keep quiet. There, not a word of thanks, not one. To-morrow we will hear what you have to say. You must to bed now. Come, Mrs. Mann, lead the way to your own cosy room." And half leading, half carrying the young girl, he followed the kind housekeeper. "There," placing her in a large easy chair, "I leave her to your care to-night. You may give her a cup of weak tea, mind you, weak, and a thin slice of toast, and to-morrow morning she may have one of your nice oyster stews, or a bit of broiled chicken, or most anything she thinks will relish, only not too much, and I'll come in bright and early and see her again. Well, Harrie," as he re-entered the young man's apartment, "what is this mystery? Who is she?"

"I haven't the least idea, doctor. I only know she sent up her name as Miss Allynn, and I think she mistook me for my uncle; at least I cannot otherwise account for her singular words, and extreme agitation when she came to see me."

"Well, I don't know as we've done just right in keeping her over night, it may cause a bit of scandal; but I don't care if it does," stamping his foot vehemently, "I believe she's worthy of all we've done for her. I am a good deal skilled in reading human faces, and if hers is not that of one pure as an angel, then I have not seen it fairly. I only wish your uncle was at home. The world is so used to his queer acts of charity that it would not be surprised at anything he should do. But never mind, I'll risk the consequences of this night's deed, be they what they may. And now let me feel your pulse. Pahaw, man, why it's up to fever, nearly. Come, you must to bed right off, or I'll have you on my hands again. Not a word, I rule to-night." And he followed the young man to his chamber. "There," when he had seen him safe under blankets, and administered a soothing draught, "keep quiet and get asleep as quick as you can, and mind you, Harrie, keep out of the housekeeper's room while that pretty bird is caged there. Tut, man," as he saw the indignant flash of his blue eyes, "don't be angry. I mean well; she is delicately situated at present—a pensioner on a young man's bounty—and a little

thing would scare her off. Good-night! Dream of her as you please, but don't lose your heart to her quite till your good uncle has returned and ascertained her former whereabouts."

The young man did dream of her. Her fair face and sweet voice blended with every vision of the night, and he could hardly wait for morning to come, so anxious was he to know more of her. His first words to the housekeeper, when they met at breakfast, were of the young stranger.

"I have sent in for the doctor, Master Harrie, she is in a high fever and delirious too. Poor young thing! My heart warmed to her the moment I set eyes on her white face, and somehow I've learned to love her already. But, hark, that's the doctor's ring—I should know it out of a thousand—I'll leave William to wait on you, and go with him to see her."

Doctor Greyson shook his head as he gazed on her.

"It's a sad case. She's a very sick child; but she's going to be worse before she's better. What say you, Mrs. Mann, shall we have her carried off to the hospital this morning? She'll be too sick to move in a few hours."

"The hospital, doctor! And do you think I would let anybody be carried from this house to a hospital while I had strength to nurse them? No, indeed! And if I were willing, do you think Uncle Karl wouldn't have a word to say, when he comes back? Why, doctor, I wouldn't dare look him in the face. I have never forgotten how near our old cook was losing her place once, because she fretted about having to tend our little black boy. No, no. She must stay here. Do you tell me what to do and I'll nurse her as tenderly as though she were my own daughter."

And, indeed, the two seemed to strive with each other in ministering to the young girl. Night and day they cared for her, leaving nothing undone which their years of skill and experience could suggest. Yet she grew worse and worse, the fever seeming to turn every drop of blood to a red-hot coal, and the delirium her brain to madness. She talked incessantly, and her low-spoken words brought many a tear to her watchful listeners. Now she seemed moaning over the grave of a baby brother, then bidding adieu to a dying mother; now pleading with some stern man for a little work, and then with an angry servant for a bit of bread. Little by little they gathered up the fragments of her story, and wove them into a continuous tale, and then they thanked God she had come to them, for they knew her to be, though a child of pov-

erty, an angel of purity. A packet of pawn-broker's duplicates, which Mrs. Mann found in the pocket of her dress, confirmed her touching story. The doctor hastened to redeem them, and by their dates, and the nature of the articles pledged, you could trace the gradual decline from comfort to pressing necessity. From the black silk dress, so carefully preserved, to the warm merino cloak, and the well-worn prayer-book and Bible, the sad chain was complete.

On the third day of her illness, a plain, but heavy gold ring slipped from one of her wasted fingers. Mrs. Mann picked it up carefully. On the inside, were traced the letters "K. R. to E. S." She put it quietly away, but noticed afterward that the sick girl felt often of the finger that had worn the ring, as though she missed something, and once she murmured :

"I would not lose it for the world ; he gave it to her—I know he did."

Mrs. Mann also found about her neck a very delicate gold chain of most exquisite workmanship, and suspended to it a locket on which were traced the same initials as on the ring. Some persons would not have hesitated to open it at once ; but she only laid it carefully away, and whatever thoughts might have passed through her mind, she forbore to utter them.

On the ninth day the elder Mr. Ruthven returned, and was immediately made acquainted by his nephew with what had transpired in his absence.

"Have we done right, uncle ?"

"Of course you have, Harrie. If our guest be the friendless, innocent girl you all seem to imagine her, it would have been a deed of more than heathen barbarity to have turned her into the street. If, on the other hand, she be one whose frailty has brought her to this distress, all the more need of our Christian charity. Yet I trust, for her sake, as well as your own, Harrie, you have left her entirely in the charge of Mrs. Mann and the doctor."

"I have not seen her, uncle, since the night she came."

"Good boy," said Mr. Ruthven, patting his head kindly, "good boy—one out of a thousand to be trusted. My age warrants me in going to her at once, and to tell the truth, I feel curious to see one who seems to have bewitched you all." And bidding Mrs. Mann lead the way, he followed her on tip-toe.

It was fortunate for the young girl's life, that years of habitual self-control enabled him to repress the exclamation that rushed to his lips, as he glanced at the pale face. As it was, he clenched his hands together and drove them pas-

sionately against his heart, and hastened from the room. Reaching his own, he hurried in, and locking the door, remained shut up for hours.

Toward nightfall he went again on tip-toe to the sick room, and waving Mrs. Mann away, he stood for many minutes beside the bed. Then pressing the lightest of kisses on the white brow, he knelt down beside her in silent prayer. On going out, he said to the housekeeper :

"Did you tell me to-night was the crisis, and that both you and the doctor, and an experienced nurse would watch ?"

"Yes, sir, and if she lives till morning, she may recover, he says."

"Tell him to spare nothing that money can buy. If she lives, I will reward him as never yet physician was paid. I too will watch."

Mrs. Mann bowed, and put her hand in her pocket to take out the little box in which she had secured the ring and locket ; but a glance at his agitated face restrained her, and murmuring to herself, "He has seen enough for to-day," she returned to her anxious vigils.

"Harrie," said Mr. Ruthven, as he sat down beside his nephew, "I should never, never have forgiven you had you driven that young stranger from our door. She is the daughter of Edith Selwyn."

"Uncle, are you sure ?"

"I cannot be mistaken. Two faces could not be so much alike, were they not those of mother and child. Just as she looks now, save that she is too thin, just so looked my Edith, when her father spoke those cruel words that severed us forever. But I cannot talk of it to-night. God grant she may live through this fearful illness. She shall be to me dearer than was ever daughter or wife to other man. O, what might not life have been to me, but for the gold that stood between me and my idol !"

"And now, Edith, darling, tell us all you can remember of your past life ; nay, not all, but of that which led you to guess your poor mother had a secret in her heart."

The young stranger, still pale and weak, but beautiful as a white rosebud, was cosily ensconced in the self-same easy chair in which Karl Ruthven had reposed the evening when she came in so tired, and cold, and hungry. Tears trembled in her dark eyes as she looked up from the ring which she was toying with, and her lips quivered as she said :

"I have been trying all day to get courage to tell you of the past—a sad, sad story. My memory goes back to a very early period in my life, and yet even then, child as I was, I used to pity

my poor mother. She went about with such a pale face, and had such a frightened look in her large, mournful eyes. I loved her with a depth and strength which is seldom seen in one so young, and for years her whole heart's affection seemed centred upon me. As I grew older, I became aware that my father was her aversion. She never smiled when he was by, she never spoke to him except in answer to some question he had uttered, and she always gave a sigh of relief when the front door closed upon him. Yet she was as dutiful a wife as ever a man had. She presided with grace and dignity over his spacious mansion, and so trained every servant, that all things, even the most trivial, were in perfect order. But with all the wealth which surrounded her, she always went about in the simplest costume. Two colors only, black and white, did she ever wear. In winter, a plain silk, in summer a plain mull. He brought her case after case of ornaments, but she never took them from her drawer. This ring," and she took it from her finger and laid it in Mr. Ruthven's hand, "and this chain and locket," and she lifted the golden links over her head, and placed them too in his now white, trembling hand, were all the jewelry she ever wore. Once, I remember it well, it was but a few days before my little brother's birth, he taunted her in words I cannot speak, with wearing them.

"I told you, Robert Allyn," she said, solemnly, "that my heart could never go with the hand you took. That was given before ever I saw or thought of you, and a heart once truly given cannot be taken back. When I gave it, he put that ring upon my finger, and hung that chain about my neck, and I shall wear them till I die."

"When my little brother was five weeks old, my father came into the chamber where I sat beside my mother, who, bolstered up in an easy chair, was holding the babe upon her knees. He took it from her, and with proud looks walked to and fro. It was what he had been yearning for, through all those seventeen years' married life—an heir to inherit his land and gold. He had never loved me, and I have heard my old nurse say I was six months old before he would look at me.

"My little Robert Augustus," said he, as he gently placed it in my mother's arms.

"She looked him in the face, and said, with a firmness that surprised me, for she had seemed so weak before :

"You may call it so, but to me he is little Karl—Karl Ruthven."

"My father swore an oath too terrible to be

repeated. My mother only pressed the babe closer and closer to her heart, saying in her sweetest tones :

"My little Karl ; my baby Karl !"

"And she always called him so, though my father had him christened Robert Augustus. He lived only a year, and his death seemed to break the hearts of both my parents. My father did not leave the house for three months, and then he was so changed that his nearest friends hardly recognised him. He had previously been known as one of the most careful of business men, but now he plunged into the most reckless speculations, and his shattered mind, unable to foresee, and thus ward off the dangers which in consequence attended his commercial credit, the result was a total loss of all his immense possessions. He survived it but a few days. A brain fever set in at once, and soon carried him to the grave.

"My mother had been in a gentle lunacy ever since the death of the baby, doing nothing all day long but fold and unfold his little clothes, singing all the time the lullabies with which she was wont to cradle him to sleep. But my father's illness seemed to turn her thoughts at once, and no husband had ever a more faithful nurse than was she during that fearful time. I dreaded the re-action after the funeral, but she still maintained the same firmness and fortitude, giving up everything to the clamorous creditors. It was a weary work, settling with them all, and before the last was paid, not only our furniture, but the most of our clothing was sacrificed. When all was over, and we had taken refuge in the humble home of my old nurse, my mother packed a small trunk, with barely a change of garments for us, and disposing of the rest, pawning some and selling others, came to this city with me. When I asked her why she left our old home and friends to go amongst strangers with our poverty, she said, briefly :

"You shall know all, Edith, before long. I go to seek one, who if yet living, will be more than father and mother to you. Ask me no more."

"But she had over-estimated her strength. She was taken ill while yet a day's journey from here ; but she refused to give up till she had reached a hotel in this city. She tried many times on the first hour of our arrival to write a note, but she was too feeble, and saying :

"It will do as well in the morning, I shall be rested then," she yielded to my persuasions, and lay down—lay down never to rise again.

"I called in the best physician that I could hear of, and employed an experienced nurse, but

she lived only a fortnight, and much of the time was too low to even whisper. There seemed something on her mind that she was struggling to tell me, but the words would only quiver on her lips, and die away in her throat. Once she had strength to point to the ring on her finger, and the chain about her neck, and murmur:

"Keep them always. Die, but don't part with them."

"In her dying moments she knew me, and once called me her darling. Another name she seemed trying to speak—I put my ear to her lips—she breathed these words, 'Karl Ruthven,' and passed away." The young stranger covered her face with her hands, and silent tears trickled through her wasted fingers.

"Do not tell us more to-night," said the younger Karl, gently. "You are trying your strength too much."

"Let me finish now," she replied, after a few moments, "for I cannot bear to think of that which followed after. My mother's illness and funeral expenses drained my last penny. The sale of a few ornaments which I still retained as birthday gifts from her, secured me humble lodgings in the house of a sister of one of the female servants who had waited on me. But sickness soon used up the trifling sum, and though I sought work eagerly, the times were too hard in this great city for a stranger like me to secure any but the coarsest kind of sewing, and my meagre pay barely paid the rent of my bedroom, and supplied me with firewood. Then I began to pawn my clothes—but I had only a few to spare—the black silk dress I had worn at my mother's funeral went first, then my travelling cloak, then my Bible and prayer-book, and then, ashamed to accept the hospitality of those poor as myself, I went out to beg of ether and richer ones. But O, it was so hard to ask of the passers-by! I tried it once, and the jeers and taunts of the old man whom I first addressed, and the young girl to whom I spoke last, linger yet in my ears. I went two days without food, then Providence led me here. Your name upon the doorplate seemed a revelation to me, and when I stood in the parlor, and saw your portrait over the mantel, I felt that I was saved."

"Yes, darling," said the old man, tenderly, "and now listen to me. You have doubtless seen the letters in the inside of this ring, 'K. R. to E. S.' They were inscribed there at my request, and the ring was placed by my hand on your mother's finger in the hour of our betrothal. You have seen, too, the face pictured in this locket, and the braid of hair just opposite—a tress of purple blackness crossed by one of

eburn—the chain and locket was my gift to her on my return from a brief journey. I was her father's clerk, and receiving a good salary, and being conscious of talents that would ultimately bring me wealth, I felt myself at liberty to love my master's daughter. Her mother encouraged my addresses and sanctioned my suit. But her father had in his heart portioned her to one who was already more than his equal in wealth and"—his voice faltered—"he broke up the match, for neither Edith nor I would wed with a curse upon us. She resisted for three years her father's importunities to marry my rival, and acceded only when he had forged a story which led her to believe that a felon's cell would be his doom if she resisted longer. Her after story you know better than I. As for myself, though tempted strongly at first to throw away my life, as a useless gift, I became in time, if not reconciled, inured to my loneliness. I went into business, and the wealth that I craved no longer flowed in upon me from every quarter. I became rich while yet in the meridian of life. I made me a home here, amongst neighbors old-fashioned as myself, and when my brother's widow died, I adopted her boy into my heart, and made him my heir. We have travelled far and wide since then, and finally come back to the old homestead, I to spend my days in those deeds of charity for which I believe my money was given to me, and Karl to hunt him up a wife and settle down for life."

He paused awhile, then said very gently, "God has been very good to me, and for no providence do I thank him more than that which led the daughter of the only woman I ever loved, to my home and heart. Edith, darling, look up and tell me you will stay—be my own child."

She did not speak, but she rose up in her weakness, and encircled his neck with her arms, and laid her cheek reverently against his own. He folded her to his bosom, and the rite of adoption was confirmed with tears and kisses.

"I suspect," said Doctor Greyson cheerily, one evening when nearly a year had passed, "I suspect that in spite of your long bachelorship, I shall yet dance at your wedding, Uncle Karl. Am I not right?"

"We pluck not cherries in autumn time," said the old man, quietly. "Yet if so inclined, you may dance at a wedding ere many nights, and in this old house too. It is not fitting that he who loved the mother should wed the child. I am content with what God has given me, a son in my brother's boy, and a daughter in my Edith's darling. Hark!" as the refrain of a sweet

hymn drifted down the stairway, "just so she used to sing. When I sit alone and hear that music now, I fall into a dream which carries me far back in life, and makes me young again. When I awaken, it is not to murmur, but to give my Father thanks, that though my youth was desolate, my old age is full of joy."

"Then Karl the younger marries Edith?"

"Yes, and it suits me well, for I can live with both at the same time."

"And the wedding—"

"Comes off a fortnight from to-night, on the anniversary of the evening she came to us."

"I well remember it, and that old doorplate will be an heirloom in the family hereafter."

"Ay, doctor. But whist, here come the twain. Are they not a well-matched couple?"

"For he was bravest of the brave,
She, fairest of the fair."

The doctor's song brought blushes to the cheeks of Edith, but he was a privileged person in that house, for they all felt that but for his tender care, their darling had not lived.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS IN FRANCE.

The production of rose-bushes is in France a positive trade. Their exportation, which commenced in 1770, has gone on increasing ever since. The environs of Paris alone produce a million of francs' worth. Four million of francs of flowers of all sorts are sold every year at the various flower-markets, independently of those taken by the government for its official festivities. Paris pays two million a year for its strawberries; and 1250 acres of the surrounding country are devoted to their culture. Epernay, near St. Denis, is now sending every day to England five hundred francs' worth of asparagus. Harfleur, on the coast, furnished a million of francs' worth of melons, last season, to the city of London alone. Horticulture is becoming such an important branch of national industry, that the two Parisian societies—*La Nationale* and *La Centrale*—exert themselves zealously to bring the gardener's art to still greater perfection.—*Floral Magazine*.

THE WOMEN OF A NATION.

I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent.—*De Tocqueville*.

THE PARISIAN WORKMAN.

We generally think of the workmen of Paris as an organized mob, with little intelligence or nobility of character, but always ready for rioting and plunder. Like popular notions generally, it has a basis of truth, mingled with great injustice, as may be seen from the following description by Professor St. Hilaire, who knows them well:

"I hasten to say of the workman of Paris all the evil that I know of him. He has fine and noble characteristics; so that, even when blaming him, one cannot help loving him. I learned to know him well during the trying time of the cholera in 1849. I visited at that period the faubourg St. Marceau, that terrible Twelfth Ward, so notorious in the time of the *émeute*. The scourge raged in those low, unhealthy streets, inhabited chiefly by rag-gatherers, the fathers of all the trades in Paris. It was after the days of June. Thus, thanks to the fear which they inspired, they had been left almost without aid. There was only one doctor for the whole quarter, a man fortunately of heart. There was neither money, nor linen nor mattress. Every effort of public or private charity had been expended upon other districts. But, abandoned by the whole world, these workmen had not abandoned each other; they tended one another, succored one another, and waited, with a sombre resignation which struck me much, their turn to lay themselves down to die. I saw a woman who had just been in childbirth at the side of a dead body. There were no priests, no doctors—only a few sheets lent by Sisters of Charity. A coffin stood before each door—a dead body lay upon each pallet; for time and means of carriage failed to take them away quickly enough—and all this in the midst of accumulated hateful smells, of corruption, of tatters, in fact, which no one could ever imagine unless they had seen them with their eyes.

It was there that I studied for the first time the Parisian workman on the field of battle and of suffering. It was there that I saw him wrestle, body to body, with misery untold, without aid from on High, without help from the world; and he was not conquered. He is a born soldier; he loves the struggle; it is his strength, and it is also his weakness. This is true of the peasant, as of the workman; it is one of the few points at which they approach each other. Every man of the common people has courage in France. It is not a virtue; it is an instinct. To fight is a necessity, as much as elsewhere to eat and to drink. When they cannot fight for a good cause, they will fight for a bad one; it matters but little, provided that they fight. I do not flatter the French workman, you see; and yet I ask all those who have known him whether it is possible to know him without loving him. In the habitual intercourse of life, this lover of fight is the most pleasant of men, the most easy to manage; never quarrelsome, never insolent, and always ready with his joke, even when in the midst of the struggle. And finally, by the side of so many faults, he has a noble gift, the gift of sympathy, which makes us pardon France for so many irregularities.

This is a shameful thing for a man to lie.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SODGER'S PLEADING.

BY FUZ.

"Say, Jennie, lassie, do ye mind
The Lallard lad ye gie
The promise o' your heart amang
The bonnie saughs o' Cree?

"How, when the pibroch summoned Scots
To gae ayont the sea,
I was a chaffie lad, and you
A sonsie lass aae wee?

"How, in my suit of tartan plaid,
My claymore by my side,
Ye promised me when I came hame,
To be the sodger's bride?

"Weel, Jennie, see the lad's cam back,
Alake! wi' monie a scar;
He's tried the sodger's comfort sair,
And seen the murderer, War!

"And gin ye mind your promise, laas,
Amang the saughs o' Cree,
The guidman's word I hae, and you
My bonie bride shall be.

"Nae gowd na stiffer hae I, laas,
Na single foot o' lan';
This hae I still—it's a' my aught:
The honestie o' man."

And Jennie blushed as lassie should,
And hung her bonie head;
I winna, downa tell you a'
The laigh words Jennie said.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MYSTERIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

THE nature of my profession brings me in contact with every description of person. I have formed through its agency many pleasant acquaintanceships, to which my memory often reverts with pleasure. Some years ago I became acquainted with a Mr. Norval, a wealthy merchant, who resided in West Fourteenth Street. He was a widower, and the only persons living with him were two in number, a niece and an only son.

Mary Norval, his niece, was a beautiful girl, about twenty years of age when I first became acquainted with her. She was tall and gracefully formed. Her hair was a dark brown, and her eyes a heavenly blue, shrouded with long eyelashes which gave a dreamy expression to her

lovely, oval face. Her complexion was white as the driven snow, and her form was gracefully rounded. Her neck and shoulders might have served for a model for a sculptor, they were so exquisitely chiselled. When she moved it was with that undulating grace so charming in the other sex.

Such was Mary Norval when I first knew her. Had I not been married and possessed of the best wife in the world, she would have been just the woman I would have chosen for a wife, for her natural disposition, the cultivation of her mind, and the amiability of her character fully equalled her physical beauty. She had so won upon her uncle's heart that he loved her better than he did his own son. This, however, might be accounted for, from the fact that Charles Norval was a most dissipated young man. He had long ago exhausted his father's affection for him by a dissolute life, and was only permitted by sufferance to be an inmate of his house.

One day Mr. George Norval invited me to dine with him. I accepted the invitation, and we passed a very agreeable hour together at the social meal. After dinner, being something of an invalid, my host excused himself for half an hour while he went to lie down. I amused myself in the meantime examining some illustrated works placed on the drawing-room table. The apartment in which I was seated was only separated from an adjoining one by folding doors. I should have stated that Miss Norval had also excused herself, under the plea of having some letters to write. Left alone to my reflections I fell into a reverie, which I suppose ended in a doze, for I was suddenly awakened to consciousness by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. The evening was somewhat advanced, consequently the noises in the street had almost entirely ceased. Owing to this fact I heard distinctly every word that was said. It was Mr. Norval's son Charles's voice that had awakened me.

"Mary, listen to me," he exclaimed, with a peculiar thick utterance which showed that he had been drinking; "you know I love you. Yes, dear girl, I adore the very ground you walk on. Your beauty is so transcendent that you appear more like a fairy creature of the brain than a human being."

"Have done with your senseless compliments, Charles," returned Mary. "Why do you persecute me so? I have already made known my decision to you. It is irrevocable."

"Dear girl, do not say that. O, if you did but know how deeply your image is engraven on my heart! My every thought is for you; every

pulse of my heart beats for you—angel—smile on me!"

"Charles, you are intoxicated. How dare you address yourself to me in this manner?"

"Dearest cousin, I adore you, and by Heaven, you shall be mine!"

"I pity your condition, and I beg, sir, you will leave my presence."

"Never, my charming cousin, until you say that you love me. I would sell my soul for one kiss from those ruby lips. I could sit all day and gaze wonderingly into those glorious orbs. Dearest—darling—lovely Mary, be mine—be mine!"

It was evident the young man was working himself into a passionate frenzy.

"Mr. Norval, unless you leave the room I will call for assistance."

"No, you shall not. It is true you have supplanted me in my father's love. It is true he has left you the bulk of his fortune, while he has only bestowed a miserable pittance on me. Not content with having effected all this, you despise my love—but by the great heavens above us you shall be mine."

I could hear the rustling of a silk dress, by which I knew that Mary had risen from her chair, doubtless to ring the bell.

"Mary, you shall not escape me thus," continued the young man. "I repeat it, you shall be mine. Dearest girl, come to my heart—let me fold you to my breast."

A half-suppressed scream now reached my ears, and I heard the infatuated young man rush towards her. I thought it was high time to interfere. I ran to the folding doors, threw them wide open, and just saw the inebriate seize the shrinking girl in his grasp. When he saw me, he loosened his hold, a demoniacal expression lighted up his features, and he hurried from the room, shaking his fist in my face as he made his exit. I caught the fainting girl in my arms and conveyed her to a sofa. A few simple restoratives restored her to consciousness, but it was some time before I could make her believe that the danger was past.

I thought it my duty to acquaint Mr. Norval with the whole transaction, that proper means might be adopted to prevent a recurrence of this persecution. Charles Norval was forbidden the house. About a month after this occurrence, business took me to a southern city, where I was detained a week. The very night I returned to New York, I received a visit from Mr. M——, the famous attorney.

"Brampton," said he, when he entered the room, "I have been here to see you a dozen

times to-day. Thank God, you have come home at last!"

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. M——?"

"I am in great trouble, and I want you to help me out. You knew Mr. Norval, I believe?"

"Certainly, I know him well—he is a particular friend of mine, but why do you use the past tense?"

"Are you not aware that he is dead?"

"Dead! is it possible?"

"Yes, he died yesterday."

"Is there any suspicion connected with his death?"

"None at all, he has been ailing for some time. He died of disease of the heart. A postmortem examination has settled that question satisfactorily. You are aware, perhaps, that I was his lawyer; and you also know the terms on which he lived with his son. About three months ago Mr. Norval sent for me to make his will. As I have before said, he had been in failing health for some time past, and did not know how soon he might be called away from this earthly scene. I drew up his will as he requested; by its provisions Mary was made an heiress, a small pension payable at certain intervals being only left to his son. This will was properly signed and attested."

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said I, "but was Mr. Charles Norval cognizant of the provisions of his father's will?"

"Not that I am aware of, but now you come to mention it, I distinctly remember at the time of witnessing it, a sudden rustling was heard at one end of the apartment, and a door opening into an adjoining room was heard to close, but no notice was taken of the circumstance at the time."

"Exactly, that must have been the young man who was listening, for I have reason to know that he was aware of the contents of his father's will."

And I then related the conversation I had overheard between Mary and Charles Norval.

"This may be very important," said M——, as soon as I had concluded; "but let me conclude what I have to say. The will I had drawn up was confided to my care. I placed it in an envelope and locked it up in my private desk. The moment I heard of his death, I opened my desk and took out the envelope in which I had placed the will. Judge of my surprise and horror when I found it contained only a blank sheet of paper!"

"A blank sheet of paper! The will had been abstracted, then?"

"Exactly. When I made the discovery I

was completely thunderstruck. I could neither speak nor act. I sank down into a seat utterly prostrated both in body and mind. After a little time I somewhat recovered my faculties, and then began to turn over in my own mind the best course for me to pursue under the circumstances. Fortunately I was alone."

"Do you suspect no one?"

"I don't know whom to suspect. But from the conversation you have related to me, it is very probable that Charles Norval has something to do with it. But still it is utterly impossible that he could have obtained access to my private office and desk."

"How many clerks have you?" I asked.

"I have three clerks, and they all enjoy my most implicit confidence. In the first place none of them knew the will was there. They have been with me many years, and I cannot entertain the slightest suspicion against them. Long intercourse with the world has taught me, however, to be cautious, and I determined to keep my own counsel, so I have not mentioned the fact to them at all. I closed and locked my desk again, and went about my business as usual."

"You did quite right. Did the desk show any evidence of having been looked into?"

"Not the least in the world. Whoever entered it must have possessed a duplicate key."

"And you have discovered no reason to suspect your clerks since?"

"No—when they entered I watched them narrowly, but could not detect any evidence of guilt in their manner. I then determined that I would apply to you, Brampton. I assure you I have eaten nothing since the fatal discovery. The thought that Mary Norval will be reduced to penury is horrible to me."

"Leave the matter in my hands, I will do what I can. If the will is not already destroyed, I trust I shall be able to restore it to you."

M—— took his leave. I then threw myself back in my easy chair and tortured my mind for some means to discover the missing will. I formed half a dozen different plans, but was at a loss to know which to adopt, for the case was involved in much difficulty. While I was thus engaged, my eye fell upon a copy of the New York Herald which lay on my desk. I mechanically took it up, without, however, intending to read it. My eyes rested on a column of advertisements. Suddenly they were arrested by the following, under the head of "Personal:"

"A strong will can overcome every obstacle. Eight o'clock to-night. Love and joy await you!"

I started from my chair like one bereft of his senses. A sentiment which I can never explain

told me that I had found a clue. The mysterious advertisement seemed to me as plain as daylight. "A strong WILL can overcome every obstacle," evidently referred to the missing document. "Eight o'clock to-night," was the time appointed for a rendezvous. "Love and joy await you," meant that the place of meeting was to be Lovejoy's hotel.

I was very much pleased with this discovery, for, besides my wish to oblige M——, I really felt great esteem for Mary Norval, while on the other hand I knew her cousin to be a worthless young man. I felt perfectly certain that he was at the bottom of the conspiracy, and that he had in all probability bribed one of M——'s clerks. I almost fancied that I had the will again in my possession, and pictured to myself M——'s joy at recovering it again from my hands. My mind was immediately made up what to do. I determined that I would visit Lovejoy's hotel, and be present at the interview.

I sat watching the clock until the hour should arrive. How slowly the time passed! At last the hour pointed to half-past seven. I rose up, put on my overcoat, and departed on my errand. It was a bitter cold winter's night. The snow was drifting directly in my face, but still I pressed on. I soon reached the hotel and entered one of the private supper rooms. These rooms, as every frequenter of Lovejoy's knows, are divided only by a thin partition from each other, so that a conversation carried on in the adjoining apartments can, by attentive listeners, be overheard. I ordered my supper, and while pretending to eat I kept my ears open. Some time passed and no sound reached me. At last I heard the sound of a door shutting, and one person entered the room on my right; a few minutes more elapsed, and again the door shut. The first person had been joined by another. I crept cautiously up to the partition and fixed my ear to it.

"Mr. Norval," exclaimed a voice which I did not recognize, "I am glad to see you."

"And I assure you, Mr. Mills, I am more pleased to see you. I saw your advertisement in to-day's Herald, and am here in consequence."

I knew Mr. Mills was M——'s confidential clerk. The other speaker was of course Charles Norval.

"Yes, I worded it as agreed," continued the clerk. "I was almost afraid, however, you might have forgotten it, and feared it would be too obscure. But it was necessary, you know, to blind others' eyes."

"O, yes, I understand all about that. When did you get hold of the precious document?"

"Only yesterday. You know he has left the will in his private desk, and it was only by chance that I obtained the key. The moment I did so I seized the document, and put in its place a piece of blank paper."

"Do you think he has discovered the loss yet?"

"O, no, I am certain he has not. I have watched him well all day."

"Well, then, now to business," said young Norval. "How much do you want for the will?"

"It is a very valuable paper, Mr. Norval," replied the villainous clerk. "I suppose you know its provisions?"

"O, yes, I overheard M—— read it over after he had drawn it up. I know father has left my cousin Mary everything, while on me, his lawful heir, he has only settled a miserable pension. When that document is burned I will bring her haughty spirit down. She will cringe and fawn on me then. But come, what am I to give you for it?"

"You shall give me your note of hand for \$5000, payable when you come into the property."

"Agreed—agreed! Here, I will write it on the spot."

I could hear them arranging some papers on the table. I cautiously left the apartment, and crept noiselessly to the door of the room where this worthy pair were seated. I applied my eye to the key hole and saw that Norval was in the act of writing a promissory note. This done, he handed it to my clerk, who, after examining it, placed it carefully in his pocket-book. He then drew out the will and handed it to Norval. The latter eagerly perused it, a smile of gratification overspreading his features.

"Now," said he, "my fair cousin, Mary, you are in my power—and, by heavens, I will teach you how to love me. So, so, you are a beggar, now! and I am the wealthy Mr. Norval. They say money can buy anything. I will see if it cannot buy your smiles. But I will not marry you! that idea has passed. To the fire, then, I commit the only thing between me and my rightful property."

So saying, he placed his hands on the will in order to cast it into the flames, but at that moment I burst into the room and pinned the legal document to the table with my hand. My motion was so rapid that the two conspirators must have thought that it was something supernatural.

"Hold!" I exclaimed in a loud voice; "your villainy is not yet perpetrated."

I shall never forget the look of horror revealed on the countenances of the two villains. I quietly folded up the will and transferred it to my pocket. M——'s clerk rushed from the room,

and from that day to this I have not seen him. I have heard, however, that he is in Australia. Young Norval was completely crest-fallen, and left my presence without uttering a word. That same night I restored the will to Mr. M——'s possession, and the delight with which he received it was beyond all bounds.

Mary Norval had no difficulty whatever in proving her right to the property, in fact there was no one to dispute it. It was her desire that her cousin should not be prosecuted for the part he had taken in the nefarious transaction. She increased his allowance to double the amount that had been left him by his father. He did not live long, however, to enjoy it, for he died of delirium tremens a year after his father's death. Mary was soon after married to a wealthy Bostonian; I had the pleasure to be at her wedding. She is now the mother of a happy family, and beloved by all who know her in her new home. M—— was so much delighted with my share in the transaction, that he became a staunch friend of mine, and materially increased my business by recommending me to all in want of the services of a detective officer.

THE FIRST INFANT SCHOOL.

Mr. Wilderspin, the originator of infant schools, gives an amusing account of his first attempt at managing a school full of infants. He and his wife dreaded the day of opening, and they found it truly dreadful. "When the mothers were gone, it was arduous work to keep the little things entertained and beguiled at all. At last one child cried aloud; two or three more caught up the lamentation, which spread, by infection, till every infant of the whole crowd was roaring as loud as it could roar. After vain attempts to pacify them, in utter despair about the children, and horror at the effect upon the whole neighborhood, the worthy couple rushed from the school-room into the next chamber, when the wife sank in tears upon the bed. Her husband was no less wretched; this din of woe was maddening; something must be done—but what? In the freakishness of despair, he seized a pole, and put on the top of it a cap of his wife's which was drying from the wash-tub. He rushed back into the school-room, waving his new apparatus of instruction—giving, as he found, his first lesson on objects. The effect which ensued was his lesson. In a minute not a child was crying. All eyes were fixed upon the cap; all tears stood still and dried up on all cheeks. The wife now joined him; and they kept the children amused, and the neighbors from storming the doors, till the clock struck twelve. A momentary joy entered the hearts of the Wilderspines at the sound; but it died away as they sunk down exhausted, and asked each other, with faces of dismay, whether they were to go through this again in the afternoon, and every day." They soon, however, reduced the thing to a system, and their task became first endurable, and at length agreeable.—*Homes Journal*.

[ORIGINAL.]

A FLORAL LESSON.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

I walked in the garden one summer-time,
And talked with the blossoms there;
The roses blushed with a shy, sweet grace,
And their breath was in all the air.
The lily flaunted her banner forth,
So snowy, and soft, and light,
And said to the pansies in purple and gold,
"My dears, you should dress in white!"

The columbine lifted its spires and cells,
The tulips were all a-flame,
And the delicate bloom of the apple-boughs
Fitfully went and came.
And after them came the king-cup, and phlox,
And asters, and London pride:
Ye comfort the hearts that had sadly watched
While the others had faded and died.

And each had some charmed grace of its own—
Or leaflet, or soft perfume,
Or sweetness, or grace, or gorgeousness,
Or delicate-tinted bloom,
Save one, an awkward and homely flower,
In a niche of the rugged wall,
That had sprung from some chance-sown seed, and
grown
Till it overtopped them all.

Its form was gaunt, and its broad coarse leaves
Made a scant and uncouth gown;
And its face, that was set in pale gold hair,
Was tanned to a dusky brown.
Yet, patient and steadfast, it worshipped alone
All day by the tangled hedge,
And looked in the eye of the sun, till it stole
Its beautiful golden edge!

O emblem of faith! with a steadfast eye,
That never falters or errs,
Would we follow our Sun as unblenchingly
As the sun-flower followeth here;
And e'en as she prisoneth in her face
The glow of the golden hours,
O, so may the sun, and the dew of heaven,
Transfigure and brighten ours!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE HAUNTED MAN.

A SINGULAR STORY.

BY A. C. B.

In the spring of 1842, I chanced to be in Messina, a seaport of Sicily; and while there I was invited to visit the extensive vintage of D—i & M—zo. Their location was in a pleasant valley

some three miles back from the city, and beneath a portion of their grounds was extended a large wine vault, embracing an area of nearly two acres. After accompanying M—zo, the junior partner, through the long vine-arbors and orange groves, we descended to the vault, and after passing nearly half the length of one of the pipe tiers, we came to a desk where a man was writing.

"There is one of your own countrymen," said M—zo, "and he will accompany you through the vaults."

My conductor called to the man, who, quickly dropping his pen, stepped down from the stool and came forward. He was employed as clerk in the exporting department, for the purpose of filling up bills, invoices, etc., for the American and English merchants.

"You will find him a strange sort of a man," whispered M—zo, "but he is, notwithstanding, a good fellow."

H—, for so my companion had called him, was a tall, well-made man, apparently on the better side of forty, and he had a pleasing, intelligent look. His hair, which was quite luxurious, was almost white, and about his countenance there were evident marks of suffering. His eyes, when he first gazed on me—which was with a furtive, trembling glance—had an inexpressible look of wildness in them, and a cold, fearful shudder seemed to run through his frame. Gradually he grew more composed, and as he showed me around among the pipe-flanked avenues, casting his huge lantern here and there to show me the ages of the various wines, he began to talk with considerable freedom, though he yet betrayed a strangeness of manner, a sort of flaring of voice and gesture, that could not fail of exciting my curiosity. A casual observer, who might have judged only from his appearance, would have thought him slightly insane; and even I felt a conviction that his mind was not exactly *comme il faut*, or at any rate, not *comme je fus*.

"Do you reside in New York?" he asked, as we stopped for a moment at the extremity of the vault.

I told him that I did not belong there, though I had spent part of the winter and the spring of 1841 and '42, in that city.

"I have a wife in that State somewhere, and perhaps a child, but I have not heard from them for a long time."

I noticed that he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his linen jacket as he spoke, and he turned away, as though to hide an emotion that might be thought unmanly.

"Does she not write to you?" I asked.

"She knows not where I am."

"Do you not write?"

"Me?" he uttered, with a sudden start, a cold tremor shaking his frame the while, "Ah, sir, I dare not trust my superscription, nor my autograph, in—"

He hesitated—looked at me wildly for an instant, and then starting on, he began to enlarge on the different ages, qualities and vintages of the wine. Twice I tried to bring him back to the subject he had so abruptly left, but it was of no avail. At length we came around to the steps that led up to the surface of terra firma. The sun had already set, and the stars were beginning to sparkle in the blue arch above us. H—— remarked that he had no idea it was so late, and added, with the happiest smile I had yet seen him express, that he supposed it was because he had had such pleasant company, at the same time assuring me that I was the only American with whom he had held a social converse for over a year. As he was about to close the vault for the night, I proposed he should accompany me to my *café*, take supper with me, and then walk with me about the city. It was some time before he would consent to this arrangement; and while he was considering upon it, I could see that there was an internal struggle of no small moment. He appeared to me not unlike a man who is debating whether he shall attack a den of angry rattlesnakes. After a while, however, he consented to go, though there was a marked reluctance in his manner. He extinguished the light in his lantern, gazed up and down the long avenues to see that no spark of fire had accidentally been dropped, and then he followed me up the broad stone steps, and having secured the doors, he signified that he was at my service. The direct way to my *café*, which was on the broad quay, lay through the heart of the city; but my companion insisted upon taking a more circuitous route, and as he led the way, he took me through the narrowest and darkest streets and passages he could find.

"Mr. C——," said he, as we were emerging from one of these dark passages, "there was an American merchantman arrived yesterday from New York, and I know not who may have come in her. It is for this reason that I avoid the public places."

In an instant the idea flashed upon me that my companion was a convict, or, at least a criminal, who had been guilty of some heinous crime in his native country, and was consequently afraid of detection. The more I thought of it, the more I became convinced that such was the fact, and I could now account for his strange conduct in this fear, and in the gnawings of a

guilt-burdened conscience. Yet, he was a welcome companion for all that, and I felt sure that repentance had been full and ample.

H—— gazed furtively about as we entered the *café*; and, at his request, I ordered supper in a private room. He laughed and chatted freely, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. After we had finished our meal we started on the proposed walk. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we thought of returning, and as we were passing the small church of St. Joseph, I noticed that the doors were open, and that in the centre of the church there was a sable bier, around which were burning a number of wax tapers. I proposed that we should enter and look for a moment at the corpse. H—— made no objections. In one of the confessionals near the door sat an old monk, and very naturally I asked of him who it was that rested upon the bier, knowing that most of the interments from this church were in behalf of charity.

The monk informed me that it was the body of a man who had come on shore from the American ship that came in the day before. He had been very sick and weak when he left the ship, but he was determined to land, and no persuasion of the crew could alter him in his determination. He had reached the quay, but he lived not to cross it. The kind monks of St. Joseph had taken charge of the body.

We slowly, reverently approached the sombre scene. Upon the breast of the deceased were the various articles that had been found in his possession, consisting of an apparently well-filled purse, a pocket comb, a watch, and a heavy double-barrelled pistol, the latter of which the monk informed us had been loaded with extraordinary charges of powder, balls and buckshot. I gazed upon the face of the dead, and even in its sunken, marble-like rigidity, there was a startling expression of intense resolution, as though some fell purpose which even death had not subdued, still dwelt in the hushed bosom. As I still gazed I heard a quick, stifled cry at my side, and on turning I was half-frightened by the expression of my companion's countenance. His eye-balls seemed actually starting from their sockets, his mouth was half open and fixed, his hands, which were extended towards the corse, trembled like vibrating harp-strings, and his very hair seemed fretful. He moved nearer towards the head of the dead man—looked another moment into that pallid face, and then sinking upon his knees, he clasped his hands towards heaven.

"Great God, I thank thee, I thank thee! thanks! thanks! thanks!" he ejaculated, in frantic tones, and then he arose and looked once

more upon the features of the come. Then his eyes wandered to the heavy pistol that lay upon the sable pall, and while a cold shudder passed through his frame he took me by the arm.

"Come, come," said he, "come with me to your *café*, and I will tell you a strange story."

Without heeding the mute astonishment of the monk, I followed H— from the church, and ere long we were seated upon a balcony that overlooked the beautiful Straits of Messina. My companion's nerves had become somewhat composed, and I could see that there was an intense satisfaction depicted in every lineament of his countenance.

"Mr. C—," he commenced, "I can tell you my story in a few words. Nearly twenty years ago, I fell in with a young girl in the city of New York. On my part the acquaintance soon ripened into a love of the warmest and most ardent kind—and it was as pure as it was ardent; and she professed the same feeling towards me. I was then well-to-do in the world, being a clerk in a heavy mercantile house, and ere long it was arranged that we should be married. About a week previous to the time set for this ceremony, I accidentally heard my affianced bride use some most obscene and profane language in company with one of her female acquaintances. You can judge of my feelings under these circumstances much better than I can describe them. I turned away sick at heart, and on the very next day I received indubitable proofs of the utter infidelity of the object of my affections, and I at once broke off the engagement. Upon being questioned by some of my companions as to the cause of my course, I unguardedly, and perhaps foolishly, revealed to them the whole secret. The story, as having come from me, got wings, and it soon spread among the lady's friends and acquaintances.

"A few days afterwards a young man about my own age, called into the store and came up to the desk where I was writing. His hands were nervously clasped together, and his face was livid with rage. He told me I had forever blasted the reputation of his sister—that I had faithlessly deserted her, and left her broken-hearted. I attempted to reason with him, but I might as well have reasoned with a lightning bolt. He demanded instant satisfaction, and proposed that I should accompany him over on to the Long Island side and fight him. My natural timidity would have prevented me from complying with such a request; but I had also higher scruples, and of course I refused. Then he called me a base coward, and swore that he would have my life. I complained of him before a justice; he

was apprehended, publicly tried, fined, and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

"After that I met him in Broadway. He stopped me and whispered in my ear. He swore by the most fearful oath a man could take, that he would have my life, and that he would hunt me through the world till he had accomplished his purpose. I knew that he meant just what he had said, and fear began to take possession of my bosom. Many times I discovered that he was dogging me about, but I always managed to keep among a crowd as I walked along the streets. I dared not bring him to trial again, for I might fail to make out a case, and it could only tend to incense my enemy still more. At length I feared to walk the streets, for one night, as I was passing a dark alley near the head of Cherry Street, I heard the report of a pistol close to me, and a bullet passed through my hat. I knew who fired that pistol, but I had no evidence! I felt that my life was not safe in that city, and secretly I moved to a small town in the western part of Massachusetts, where I engaged with a dry goods dealer. Here I took to myself a wife; but I had not been married over a month, when I saw my enemy pass the door of the store and look in. He saw me, and he pointed his finger at me. The cold sweat stood in huge drops upon my brow, and my fears came back more powerfully than ever. At night I contrived to get my employer to go home with me, and on the way I heard low, stealthy steps behind me. I knew that I was dogged! '*You are mine!*' I heard a voice pronounce, as I turned into my yard; and as I turned, I saw a dusky figure moving off beneath the shade of the roadside trees. The next day I sent word to my employer that I was sick, and I kept the house all day. I explained all to my wife, and she agreed to go with me wherever I wished. Several times during that day I saw my sworn murderer pass the house and gaze intently up at the windows, but he did not see me.

"I got a boy to go to the stable and procure a horse and wagon, and, after dark, to take it around to a back road, nearly a mile from the house. My wife and myself tied up such articles of clothing as we could carry, and taking all my money with me, we stole out through the back garden, and gained the cross road in safety. The wagon was there, and having entered it, the boy drove us off at a good speed. Just at daylight we reached a tavern where a stage coach was almost ready to start, and the boy returned, having first promised to keep inviolate the secret of my flight. The stage was bound to Lenox, which place we reached before dark. From

thence I went to Hudson, crossed the North River, and made my way to the western part of New York, where I bought me a small cottage.

"In less than a year my enemy found me again, and I saw him standing in front of my house. He looked wild and haggard, but I could see that there was an iron determination upon his features. One night I heard a grating against one of my windows, and on the next moment my dog, a powerful Newfoundland, had sprung from his kennel. I dared not go down, for I knew too well the cause of the disturbance. The noise soon ceased, however, and on the next morning, I found my dog lying beneath the window—dead! The villain had been afraid, probably, that the noise might have disturbed the neighbors, and he had for the present desisted from his murderous intent. I made arrangements with my wife to keep the house, and taking a small sum of money with me, I fled from my home!

"I went to New Orleans, and there my enemy at length followed me! For three years I skulked from place to place, the very embodiment of terror and weakening fear; but go where I would, that man was sure to haunt me. Six different times he fired at me with his pistol, and twice he wounded me. Our two lives seemed now to have but one end and aim. His was to take mine, and mine to escape his fell revenge! I became almost a walking skeleton—the falling of a leaf would startle me. At length I got a chance to go to England. I was in London, standing one day at the door of an ale house, when—O God!—I saw my life-hunter pass. He was as pale and sunken as myself—restless and nervous; but his black eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He did not see me. I hurried down to the Thames, took a lighter as far as Gravesend, and there I was fortunate enough to find a barque bound directly for the Mediterranean. I got a passage in her, and was at length landed in this city, where I have been ever since. I have regained somewhat of my former health and spirits, though that same dread fear has not failed to haunt me.

"My enemy must have found me out, even here; but, thank God, he has passed from the power to harm me more. A hand mightier than his has stricken him down. *That was his cold, powerless corpse that we saw to-night in the church!* If my wife still lives, I shall see her again."

* * * * *

H— did meet his wife again, for I saw them both at the White Mountains when I was last there. It was some time before I could recognize, in the portly gentleman who accosted me,

the poor haunted man I had met in Messina; but when I realized the truth, I grasped him warmly by the hand, received an introduction to his wife, and soon we three were straying away along the banks of the beautiful Ammonocoosuc.

HOW TO MAKE A READER.

Mr. Cobden, once said in a speech, "If you put into the hands of the rural peasant treatises on sciences, extracts from history, or books of travel, they will afford no stimulus or excitement to such people, and they either will not read them at all, or they will very soon fall asleep over them. Follow him to the village green or to the public house, and you will find that their conversation does not turn upon the wonderful Falls of Niagara, or the Vale of Chamouni, or the exploits of Alexander, but you will hear him say this: 'When did Tim Giles kill his pig?' —(laughter)—or, 'How many quarters to the acre does Farmer Smith get from such a field of wheat?' Or if he travels at all from his own village, it is only in the case of some great accident, or that of a bridge being swept away by some great flood. These are the topics that excite his sympathies, and to make him become a reader at all, you must encourage cheap local newspapers. Every market town should have its local sheet, containing all the local news of the neighborhood, reports of accidents, the news of the petty and quarter sessions and county courts. These would excite his sympathies; these would make him a reader. When you have succeeded in this, you may then give him something more enlarged and comprehensive and wise."—*English paper.*

THE HUNTING SPIDERS.

Amongst the spiders called the hunters, and the vagrants, some seize their prey like the lion, or the tiger, with the aid of few or no toils, by jumping upon them when they come within their reach. I have often observed a white or yellowish species of crab-spider—a tribe so called because their motions resemble those of crabs—which lies in wait for her prey in the blossoms of unbelliferous and other white-blossomed plants, and can scarcely be distinguished from them; which, when a fly or other insect alights upon the flower, darts upon it before she is perceived. There is a very common black and white spider amongst the vagrants, which may also be seen in summer on sunny rails, window-sills, etc. When one of these spiders, which are always on the watch, spies a fly or a gnat at the distance, he approaches softly, step by step, and seems to measure the interval that separates him from it with his eye; and, if he judges that he is within reach, first fixing a thread to the spot on which he is stationed by means of his forefeet, which are much longer than the others, he darts upon his victim with such rapidity, and so true an aim, that he seldom misses it. Whether his station is vertical or horizontal, is of little consequence—he can leap equally well from either, and in all directions.—*Kirby.*

He that too much refines his delicacy, will always endanger his quiet.

[ORIGINAL.]

BASIL'S GRAVE.

BY J. C. HARRIS.

[Basil Saugeneese accompanied the gallant explorer, Captain Fremont, on his first, second and third expedition, in the last of which he with two others was killed by the Indians at night. The next morning Fremont's party carried their remains onward for a short distance, and finding it impossible to proceed with them, they laid the bodies down upon the ground, and covered them with sticks and fragments of logs.]

Beside the sweet waters of calm Lake Hamath
We laid him upon the bare ground;
The logs and the fragments that lay in our path
We gathered, and built up around.

No grave with its deep and its horrible gloom
Opened up to receive the bequest;
But upon the green earth mid the beauty and bloom
Of sweet nature we laid him to rest.

Ah, there in each joyous return, when the spring
Shall awaken Dame Nature again,
The birds gathering o'er him with low-drooping
wing,

In sorrowful notes will complain.

In the silence of midnight how sweetly he'll sleep!
Not confined in the tomb's narrow bound;
And the dews of the night gently o'er him shall
creep,
As the night-zephyrs sigh all around.

And the moon will look down with a calm, placid
eye

Upon the lone spot where he lies,
And the stars through the depth of the blue evening
sky

Will cast down their bright, twinkling eyes.

And calm Lake Hamath mid the mountains doth
rest,

Concealed from the rough, boisterous gale,
Like an infant asleep on its mother's warm breast,
And seems in its stillness to wail.

O, sweet to lie down and repose in such bowers!
Here Death half his terrors must lose,
Where spring decks our bed with the choicest of
flowers,
And autumn his laurels profess!

[ORIGINAL.]

LEILA.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"AND so, Carl, you are going to give lessons to this little gipsy-looking girl whom I have seen hanging about the hall and stairs leading to your studio?"

"I am. The girl exhibits such decided marks

of genius that I should not forgive myself if I did not furnish her with all the opportunities in my power. Her taste for drawing is exquisite, and the manner in which she has executed several heads, with only charcoal, or at best a few broken crayons, is really wonderful. She is already a true artist, although she does not know anything of the art, except these rough but truthful representations."

"But do you know, Carl, that no woman has ever become a great painter?"

"Do you know, that until recently, there has been no great poet among women? And do you know that it is no longer a problem, but a fixed fact?"

"No. I do know there are no Shakespeares, no Miltons, no—"

"Nor is it necessary that there should be, to establish the fact. Only one man in an age is a wonder of genius; but it would be hard to deny that there are real poets among men, who yet never have sought to strike out a path like those you mention."

"True, Carl; I give that up."

"Well, in process of time, a woman may rise to as true excellence as man. Her thoughts may not express themselves on canvass, nor on paper, precisely as man's thoughts, but they may be as truly excellent, after all."

The door opened softly, and a young girl came in with a slow, quiet tread, as if she feared to disturb the silence which usually reigned there. She advanced half way across the room before she perceived that there was another figure there than the one she sought. Then Friedrich Rosener saw that she was the same whom he had called the gipsy; and if the dark, flashing eyes, black hair, and a deep hue of olive, was the test, she might well be said to belong to the tribe of the "dark Zingari."

She was dressed in a long, loose robe of coarse dark cloth, fastened with a leathern belt around her waist, and closely concealing her neck. At the throat it was fastened by a steel pin, somewhat like those worn at the present time for thick shawls. A similar one passed through the front of her dress, and a small chain confined the two together. Her dress was so long as to completely hide the feet, which by the stealing sound they made on the floor, Friedrich imagined were bare, as was really the case. Loose sleeves shaded, but did not conceal the arms, which were dark, but like the hands, exquisitely shaped. Her hair was knotted closely behind, except two long, large curls which fell over her neck, black and lustrous. She was small, but, from her face, might have been sixteen years old.

Herself a model for a sculptor, or a subject for a painter, she united a passion for each of these arts with the most exquisite skill in music. Carl told him that he had often heard her sing snatches of melody such as he had never heard from trained lips.

Carl rose when she came near, and drew a chair for her with as much *empressment* in his manner as he would have done to his most distinguished sitter. He then drew a curtain from the easel, which had been hastily thrown over it, and showed the face of the girl, perfect and beautiful in its resemblance, and only needing a few touches to complete it.

"And how does Heinrich get on with the bust, Leila?" asked Carl, as he prepared to go to his work.

"Quite well," she answered, in a voice which startled Friedrich by its depth and sweetness. "I have only to sit once more."

"Then he will bring it here this evening, I hope," said Carl. "I wish to compare it with the portrait. Moreover, they must both go to the exhibition on Saturday."

Leila shrank away a little, as if the exhibition was something she dreaded. The artist noticed it, and said:

"Nay, child, you need not feel so sensitive about this matter. Remember that it brings your brother both money and fame."

"Money!" she repeated, in a tone almost scornful. Then quickly changing to softer accents, she said, "True, it is needed at home, but Heinrich will not sell *that*."

"Not even to me?" asked the painter, with something like disappointment in his voice.

"Not even to you, Mr. Steinhardt, will he sell it. He would as soon think of selling me," she added, with a smile, when she saw the expression of his face.

"Come, Leila," said Carl, coaxingly, "sing Mr. Roessler one of your beautiful ballads."

Her lip curled now with real disdain. There was a proud motion of her superb head, which many a drawing-room belle would have vainly tried to imitate.

"Thank you, Mr. Steinhardt, for your good opinion of my singing, but I think I will not now."

She looked sad when she saw the pained expression of his face.

"Nay, I am grateful to you," she whispered, "but I don't know your friend yet. Pray don't ask me again."

"Not if you don't wish it, surely, my child; but I did not know that you would have any objection. Never mind, Friedrich, you shall hear her

some time when she becomes better acquainted."

Friedrich said all that was kind and delicate. He was more truly appreciative of her feelings than Carl, for he had a tenderness and sensitiveness in his character that was almost feminine. The artist had finished his work, under Friedrich's watchful eye, that noted all the minute touches which he gave to the canvass, and then Leila rose to go. She put on her broad, coarse straw hat, and stood before him for a moment.

"Come for your lesson to-morrow at eight," he said, kindly.

She departed with a quiet grace, and left the room. At the door she turned and flung back to him a look which had more worship in it than Friedrich liked to see, towards his friend.

"Now, Steinhardt," said he, "what for Heaven's sake, are you going to do with that student of yours? Depend on it, my dear boy, you are preparing a bitter cup both for yourself and her, and no less for this gifted brother of whom she speaks. Tell me how you found such a pair, and what your designs are with regard to them?"

Carl blushed painfully. He had sometimes asked himself the same question, and finding it difficult of solution, he had given up, as he usually did with any problem which he could not see through.

"I can reply to your question as to where I found them, Friedrich. The other answer must come along by degrees. I was passing along the street one evening, when the door of a house was suddenly opened, and a young boy rushed out, and almost threw me down in his abrupt haste. He had left the door open, and hearing sounds of distress, I walked in. I found myself in a large room, in one corner of which was a bed, from whence came the sounds of woe. On approaching, I saw a man, apparently in the last agonies, and a young girl—this very child—leaning over him, and sobbing as if she too would die with him. A few words told me that it was her father, and that her brother had gone for aid. I raised the man in my arms, and gave him some water, which the child had been vainly trying with her trembling hands to pour into his mouth. He revived from this state before the boy returned with the physician. The latter was a mild, grave man, who kindly said to him:

"'Vitelli, if you have anything to say, you must do so now. I cannot answer for your again reviving, if you fall into another paroxysm.'

"'I have little to say,' said the dying man. 'I leave my children to God and their own exertions. My blessing to all who may comfort or

assist them, and my best wishes for you, who have so faithfully tended me. I have nothing else to give you.'

" 'I want nothing else, Vitelli,' said the good man, pressing his hand, 'and rest assured that I will not see these children suffer.'

"He closed his eyes for a moment, as if in prayer, then kissing his children, he turned his face to the wall, and in a moment was 'beyond the river.' I learned afterwards, as I walked home with the physician, that Vitelli had been a singer of great merit, and had sung successfully at Vienna, and several other places of note; that he came to this country expecting to prosper in his art, but had suddenly lost his voice by a violent cold, and had resorted to giving lessons on the harp, until he broke down altogether, and for several weeks they had been in a state of almost abject poverty. He had been a man of strict integrity, 'owed no man anything,' but at the time of his last sickness had become almost entirely reduced. Every farthing went to supply him with comforts, and the poor children would have starved, except for the food which the doctor sent from his own table, and which he could hardly prevail upon them to touch, so deep was their loving anxiety for their father. Both the children, he added, exhibited traits of a wonderful genius. The boy had already executed some very remarkable heads both in clay and plaster; the girl had taken some lessons in drawing from her father, and was attempting, with such rude materials as she could command, to paint. From her father, too, she inherited the sweet and powerful voice of which I have spoken, and which, if cultivated, would lead her to eminence. But I should dread that life for one so sensitive and proud as Leila. If I can teach her what I know, and her own natural genius does the rest, I prefer that she should follow my art, rather than the exciting and unquiet life which must be hers, if she cultivated her voice for the public. Now she is content in the simple garb in which you see her. As a singer, she must be loaded with the trinkets and finery which would at once destroy that beautiful freshness and simplicity of character and appearance which she now possesses."

"And what of the brother?"

"O, he is favorably situated now—at least it was the best that could be done for him. He is in one of those manufactories where plaster casts are made, and his talent renders him of some importance to the proprietors. Finding that the girl was too much alone without him, the doctor and myself procured board for both in a respectable family; but Leila persists in refusing

everything from our hands, and all Heinrich's wages go to pay the board, and the sister sews enough for the family to keep her in the coarse garb that she wears, and as for shoes, we cannot prevail on her to wear any. Her only walk, however, is across a garden to the back door of my studio, and to my painter's eye, I suppose those exquisitely shaped bare feet are more attractive than all the rich encasings of my lady sitters."

"And how do you propose to teach her your art?"

"By daily lessons, until she can execute something wholly herself. Her progress, and her intense love of the art, are alike wonderful, and yet I think, were it not for the publicity that she dreads so much, that she would prefer to follow her father's profession."

Friedrich Roesser came oftener than ever to his friend's room. It was a pleasure to Carl to see him come in; but it was terribly annoying to have him stay throughout Leila's lesson hours. Carl Steinhardt was a young man of the most unblemished character and purity of life. Under his care the child—for in stature and heart she was nothing more—was as safe as under that of her patron saint. Not a word, save of kindness and sympathy, had he ever uttered to her ears. He stood to her in place of the father she had lost, and yet there were times when her unconscious worship would make him seem to her more than man or angel. It was more observable to Roesser than to himself, for Carl did not know that she paid him such rare homage. His thoughts of pity and sympathy was all with Leila. His love was for one far away, one who stood in his heart like a divinity in its shrine, or appeared afar off like a star in the painter's dream of heaven. What then could he have in common with the bare-footed, gipsy-looking girl, save the mysterious tie that bound him to all who loved art?

It annoyed him to have Friedrich Roesser break in upon those hours, which he sacredly purposed to devote to his benevolent design with regard to Leila, because he knew that Roesser was young and fascinating, and he feared that his friend's strong appreciation of beauty might lead him to flatter the child, as he always called her, and draw her attention from her art. And he was so anxious to cultivate her powers—so anxious to begin to see those powers appreciated and acknowledged. He knew that she could attain excellence, if the world did not step in and spoil her. He remonstrated at last with Friedrich for his continued presence there.

"Do not think me cold or unkind, dear friend

and brother,' Carl said, in his calm and quiet voice, "only for Leila's sake, do not come and gaze upon her so earnestly. She is but a child; but I see her breath come and go, and the bloom flush up into her brown cheek."

Poor Carl! he saw her with a painter's eye, and not a lover's. No, not poor Carl, but poor, poor Leila! How will she bear it when her dream of unconscious worship is broken up?

Friedrich could not feel angry with his friend; he could not return those calm, kind sentences with passion or anger; but he was pained at the evident suspicion which Carl vaguely hinted at. He promised to come no more, and Leila rejoiced when she came in the next morning and found Carl alone.

Month succeeded to month, and Leila made some new accessions to her knowledge every day. She had even thrown off several light and sketchy drawings that found their way to the print shops, and brought her in some small sum, which she laid aside for her brother. But the winter was drawing on, and Carl himself bought her some shoes and stockings, although his taste revolted at covering the beautiful feet. Heinrich brought home a picturesque-looking cloak and hat, and made her wear them; but it was a hard trial to her master's eye. Nothing but the uncovered hair, and the dark stuff gown, such as she wore in her picture, ever brought home to him the perfect, unadorned Leila.

It was Saturday morning, and Carl was waiting for his pupil. She came late, and he seemed almost impatient. She noticed that his artist's loose coat was thrown hastily over a handsome suit of new and shining black, and that his dark curls were even better arranged than usual.

"I am going to leave you for a few days, my child," he said, softly. "Perhaps I may not see you for a week or two. If I speed as I hope," and a strange blush came over his pale cheek, "I may stay longer. But, God bless you, dear, and preserve you from all harm until I get back to you again."

He gave her the key of his studio, and told her to keep all straight until his return. He then bent down, as a father would caress a child, and pressed his lips for an instant to that clear, bright cheek. He had thrown off his outer coat, that he used to paint in, and stood before her in full dress, with his hat and cane ready in his hand.

Leila wished these strange, gay habiliments, as she thought them, were exchanged for the loose painter's gear which he wore daily. It made her look at her dark dress, and seemed to mark a difference between him and herself, that she had

not discerned before. And yet she blushed painfully under the calm caress which he gave to her, and the hot tears sprang to her eyes.

When she lifted them again he was gone. Then she went softly, and knelt down where his footsteps had been, and kissed the brown floor where he had stood, the tears running down like rain all the while. Soon, however, she began to consider that this was not what he would have her do, and she went and gathered up all the brushes and paints, and put them in their places, and set all things right about his end of the room, and sat down patiently to work upon a copy she was making of one of his pictures.

So the sad day at last ended, and closing the studio carefully, she crossed the little garden, and went home, with the traces of the tears still on her face. At the gate she met Heinrich coming for her. She had not been at home since morning, and he was alarmed at her absence. The brother's eye soon discerned her melancholy, and he asked the cause. She told him that she had been lonely and dull all day—she scarcely knew why—she was foolish to get such fancies, she knew; but they would come upon her. Her spirits, she knew, had not been strong since her father's death, and she sometimes thought she would like to lie down by his side and sleep forever.

Heinrich chided her sad mood, and strove to revive her evidently worn out spirits, praised her last sketches, and told her of better times coming; described a new cast which he had just been modelling, and promised to take her to the rooms next week—telling her of the new hopes that had come into his soul, within a short time, of future eminence.

All this was very delightful for Leila to hear. She listened eagerly and long, encouraged him to tell of himself and his prospects, and prophesied for him, what she dared not for herself—a bright light in the future. Still the dark cloud lay over her, and all that Heinrich could do was to watch in sorrowful surprise, the raining tears that fell down upon her cheek. He touched her hand—it was like ice.

"You are ill, dearest Leila," said the affectionate brother. "Your hand is deadly cold, and your brow throbs heavily. You will go to bed, and I will sit by you."

She was worn out with the thoughts which had come to her through the day, and the heavy foreboding that rested upon her spirits, and she allowed him to come and watch by her side. Patiently through the long night he watched her troubled sleep, and heard words from her lips, in sleeping, that explained her waking sorrow.

It was a sad revelation to Heinrich, for he was more deeply aware of the distinctions of society than Leila herself, and he knew that in all human probability his sister's love would be thrown back upon her own heart. And yet Mr. Steinhart had no pride, he thought, either. Perhaps if he could love Leila—and the brother thought who, indeed, could help loving her?—he might overlook the difference between them.

After all—Heinrich was a philosopher—after all, what was the difference? His father, Heinrich himself, and Leila, were all devoted to art, and Carl himself was in the same situation. And as he looked upon Leila, moaning and tossing in her feverish unrest, he thought it impossible for any one to resist those beautiful cheeks with the heavy black lashes resting upon them, or those red lips that looked as "if a bee had newly stung them." Still more he thought it would be hard to resist her simple goodness, and her varied and surpassing talents. Heinrich loved his sister, and he brought his own estimate of her to measure that of others.

"Distinctions!" he said, impatiently. "Are we not all made of the same clay—the same air breathed into us? Distinctions, unrecognized by God, but bowed to by men!"

When morning came, Leila was still languid and ill. She lay all through the Sabbath day, unable to move from her bed, and sick at heart from the foreboding which had not ceased for one moment to act upon her mind. Towards evening she slept. She dreamed that she was going into a large gate, where many others had passed through, and were standing by the banks of a beautiful river. The stream was not deep where they had to pass over, but she was obliged to follow the rest. The stream was cold to her feet, and she feared to venture in alone.

She looked back for companionship, and close beside her was Carl, with a beautiful young girl, with light flaxen hair and soft blue eyes, leaning upon his arm. His head was bent towards her lovingly, and her hand was clasped in his. She shrieked out his name wildly, and he left his companion and came and put his arms around her, and carried her safely over to the other side. She woke with a joyful start, to find herself in twilight darkness, and Heinrich pressing her cold hands within his own, and calling her by every endearing name to wake from her unquiet slumber.

She rose the next day, and went up through the little garden, to Carl's studio, where she worked a little, and then sauntered round the room, criticizing the portraits and sketches. It was another weary day, and Leila's dream

troubled and oppressed her. So for three or four days that went by in the same dull fashion. She went there because Carl had begged her to go; but the silence and loneliness was almost too oppressive.

She had finished her sketch, after nervously altering it many times, and she now left it on the easel to dry. It was a dim twilight that now came into the room from the upper part of the windows. It was too dark even to read, and yet it was too early to go away. So Leila sat there in her large arm-chair which Carl had kindly provided for her comfort, and leaning her head upon her hand, she gave way to intense thoughts.

She sat until it grew really dark, and yet too languid to move, she staid on. There was a pleasant firelight, which had just sprung up into a blaze, and after a little longer indulgence of her reverie, in which her dream bore a large part, she rose and lighted a large lamp, thinking she would for once, observe its effect upon Carl's pictures. She had never before seen the room by evening light. She went round throwing the rays of the lamp directly upon each, and holding a sheet of white paper so as to increase its effect, when suddenly she heard footsteps coming hastily up the stairs.

Leila had courage. She did not faint nor scream, although it was no gentle footstep that came up. She tried to think it was Heinrich, who might have grown uneasy at her long absence. She endeavored, too, to gain the door, in order to lock out the intruder; but it was thrown open before she could reach it, and a man rushed in and threw himself into the chair she had quitted. She did not know him, as indeed how could she know Carl, in that prim, formal dress, and in the unwonted excitement, so different to his usual calm and gentle demeanor? But he saw her first, and exclaimed, almost impatiently, to know why she was there so late? Her soft, tranquil reply—for her fears were all hushed now—calmed down his spirits, and brought him to his senses at once.

"Dearest child," he said, at last, "how came you to run this risk? It might have been some one else instead of myself, who, attracted by the light, had come here to annoy you."

She told him how she had been dreaming away the time. He seemed disturbed and restless, and Leila, feeling that she might vex him by her presence, prepared to go home, although unwilling to leave him in that state. He took up the little purple cap which he usually wore, and led her to the door, and across the little garden, to the house. It was deserted, the house where

Leila lived. There was a play that night, to which they were all going, and they had left the key in the door, and a lighted lamp, and a slip of paper from Heinrich, saying that he was gone with the family, and she must take tea alone. She went into the little supper room, and there was a good fire, and some hot tea, and she urged Carl to sit down with her.

It was a pretty picture—that of Leila sitting at the head of the social round table—and she appeared more homelike and domestic than he had ever seen her before. She seemed to him now like a sister, to whom he could confide every thought of his heart, even that great sorrow which had befallen him since he had kissed her cheek at parting. O, the depth of that strong, brotherly love with which he gathered the poor orphan girl into his heart, and felt that, henceforth, he would guard her with an added tenderness, because of her unprotected state!

They returned to the bright, cheerful room, after partaking of the generous meal, which Carl sadly needed after his journey, and the evident excitement consequent upon it. Then he sat down and told her all that he had undergone since his absence, just as he would have told it to a sister—the wild hopes that he had indulged, that he, a poor painter, might win the heart of her who had smiled upon him, and brought him to her feet, only to turn away in scorn from his profession; had added him to the list of her conquests, only to throw back his heart upon itself!

"And you love her still?" asked Leila, with a voice which she vainly tried to steady.

"Love her still! That is a hard question to answer now, Leila, so soon after the wound has been given; but I trust that when the first passionate sorrow is over, I shall come back to my old, calm life again, and forget that I have ever sacrificed to such idle folly as that of dreaming the heart of Isabel Clare would be mine. I shall come back to my daily work—my pictures—and to your quiet figure, sitting away off in the dim light of the studio, and so still and motionless, that I can hardly distinguish you from the paintings. Why, you are weeping, Leila! Have I said anything to wound you, my child?"

"Nothing, nothing. I was thinking how sad it is that these griefs should come upon sensitive hearts, and how much we suffer that the world does not know!"

Carl sat looking into the bright firelight, and his face, that showed evident marks of his recent struggle, began to have a calmer look steal over it.

"Sing to me, Leila," he said; "your voice

always soothes me, and I have not heard it often of late."

She sang a soft, low melody, more like a mother's lullaby at her child's cradle, than anything else—simple, touching and sweet, as it came from her almost matchless voice—and as she sung, Carl could not help thinking how beautiful the little dark-browed girl had become. He was silent, after she ceased her song, for some time, then after a while, he said:

"Was Rossner here while I was absent?"

"No. I have not seen him for several weeks."

"Rossner likes you very much, Leila, but I hope he has made no impression on you, for it would only prepare you for just such a trial as I have been through. Friedrich is rich—his family are all proud—and although he is so friendly to me, just like a brother, and has always been so, still, I tell you, Leila, had I a sister, he would break her heart and leave her to die, sooner than wed himself to the sister of a painter."

"Friedrich Rossner could never break my heart, Mr. Steinhardt," she answered, smiling through her tears. "Don't fear for me. Were he twice as rich and noble as he is, I should never think of him."

"How glad I am. I feared lest his admiring looks might make you feel some interest in him. And I would not have you, my child, go through with these struggles. I would have your life pass serenely and calmly, and some years hence, when you have attained a height in your profession, I would have some kind heart make a home for your declining years; some one not too proud to love you—some one just your equal—that would be kind to you always."

"Please say no more about this, Mr. Steinhardt. I have devoted my life to my profession, and I have no fear of looking above my station."

She said this mournfully, and yet proudly. Carl thought what a superb painting she would make, if he could but catch that half proud, half melancholy expression. It was strange that all his thoughts of Leila were so purely professional. All her beauty of face and figure, and expression, he referred to his art—only that a vein of brotherly kindness tempered and subdued it.

He rose to go, and yet he lingered, for there was something in her face that he did not quite understand. He had unburdened his own heart to her, and talking to her of his grief had brought back a little pride and a little tranquillity too, and the intense hopelessness of her look went to his very heart. He questioned her of herself, of Heinrich. O, she was perfectly well,

and Heinrich was the dearest, best brother in the world, and getting on so well! Every one liked Heinrich, he was so noble and so good!

So Carl was again baffled to know what was in the heart of the girl, and after conjecturing in vain, he took his leave of her for the night. Could any one have looked into that room after he went away, and seen the storm of passion that swept over the face of the usually calm and gentle Leila, it would have excited pity from a hardened nature.

"He warns me against loving Friedrich Rosener, and yet he does not think for a moment that I—O, Carl, Carl!" And she knelt down and covered her face with her hands, as if to hide the conscious shame which she felt at loving one who cared nothing for her.

She could not see Heinrich, nor any one that night, so she went up to her little room, and threw herself upon the bed. The coolness and darkness of the room was pleasant to her burning forehead and eyes, and she fell asleep, to dream again her dream of the other night. This time the companion of Carl had a name, and it was Isabel Clare. She went to him as usual the next morning, painted with a success such as she had never before attained, and Carl looked at her spirited execution with surprise, mingled with admiration.

"Bravo, Leila!" he said, as she dashed over her sketch, with a free brush, and added beauty and strength to it with every touch. "I shall have to give up teaching you. You are getting quite beyond me."

She made no reply. She did not care for this professional commendation now. In the evening Heinrich talked with her about her personal appearance.

"I wish, Leila, that you would dress more like others. I hate to have you so conspicuous in that monkish dress of yours."

"Monkish?"

"Yes, all you want is a cowl, to make you a regular Franciscan. See, I have brought you this to make you some dresses of, and you will wear them to please me, wont you, dear?" he inquired.

He unrolled some dark silks, as he spoke, and held them up to the light. They pleased her by the rich, dark color, and she promised to have them made up, just as he wished.

"And, Leila, you will wear this gold cross, too? I saw just such an one on the neck of the most beautiful girl that I ever beheld. She came in to order some casts for a summer-house. They told me she was a Miss Clare, who lives at Clifton, twenty miles off. Why, Leila, what ails

your hands? Give me the cross, you will let it fall. What is the matter, dearest?"

"Nothing, Heinrich, I am only tired. You must go in and see my new paintings to-morrow. I am doing so well with them!"

"I am glad. And what a friend Mr. Steinhardt has been to us, Leila! I was talking with our good old Doctor Bateman to-day, and I told him that Mr. Steinhardt's kindness had never abated since the day in which he found us—poor children that we were—by the side of our dying father."

Leila looked at Heinrich's noble face, as he gave this tribute of gratitude to Carl Steinhardt, and thought she had never seen him look so handsome and manly. She thought him almost noble enough for the proud Miss Clare. That brought her back to the cross, and the new garb again, and she promised Heinrich that she would appear before him on the following Sabbath, in the "world's dress," as she playfully called it. She wondered to herself if its silken fold would still the painful beating of her heart.

Sunday came, and with its coming Heinrich and Leila went out to worship, in the German church, to which they had always been ever since the death of their father. Vitelli had been a Catholic, but his wife was a native of Protestant Germany, and he had allowed her to train her children as she pleased. Heinrich was delighted with Leila's shining apparel, told her that she was even more beautiful than Miss Clare—that name again—for that her hair was somewhat too flaxen, and that although her eyes were very bright, still they were only blue eyes after all.

They walked together to church, and when they were seated, Leila was surprised to see Carl Steinhardt and Mr. Rosener in the opposite pew, and both looking at her earnestly. She encountered them again, when the services were over, and Rosener came forward and offered her his arm, which she declined, still clinging to Heinrich's. Carl walked by her side, as if to shield her from Friedrich's attentions. It was his constant feeling that Rosener would some time or other make Leila unhappy. He feared so much that she would learn to return the admiration that he showed towards her. He needed not to fear. Leila's heart was too strongly guarded.

"You have lost your picturesque look to-day," said Steinhardt, smiling as he surveyed her shining garb.

"Only to please dear Heinrich," said the girl.

She colored too, for she remembered what her brother had said of Miss Clare, who, she could not doubt, was the one that Carl had told her of.

He did not complain, however, of the change, when he saw her the next day at the studio, for Heinrich had insisted upon her adopting it, and when Carl saw how beautiful she was, with her uncovered throat and arms, and the bright red sack which Heinrich had bought, to wear while she painted, thrown loosely over her dress, and casting a rich glow upon her brown cheek, he could hardly wish back the dark gray friar's robe. Leila had been absorbed in a small painting, which Carl intended for the Exhibition at the Academy of Art, and had grown into her old quiet way again. The mournful look had changed into a calm and peaceful one.

"You must go with me to the exhibition on Saturday, Leila," said Carl. "There is a sale of pictures immediately after the hours for exhibiting them is over, and I wish you to be present, that you may see what pictures most please the popular taste."

She had never been out walking with Carl, except the Sabbath before, when they came from church, and she felt timid and strange at his proposal; but she sought only to please him, and she signified her consent. She besought Heinrich to go too; but that was impossible, he told her.

"Certainly, Mr. Steinhardt is a sufficient guard," he said, laughingly. "And see, Leila, here is a box just coming from Madame Abel's for you."

He uncovered the box, and showed her a delicate straw hat, with some white buds mingled with green foliage.

"O, Heinrich, you have not a painter's eye, or you would not put this on my Creole face," she ejaculated.

"Still, Leila, it looks very perfect on you, as I knew it would. See!" And he turned her round and round before the mirror and asked her to observe the effect of light and shade.

"Light where shade ought to be! However, I will not quarrel with your beautiful gift, Heinrich, and will certainly wear it."

Saturday came, and she set out with Carl, and on arriving, found that he had kindly fixed an hour too soon for the time, to give her an opportunity to examine and admire. She smiled at seeing her own little sketch hanging beside such magnificent paintings as the gallery exhibited. Roesner was there. He did not know her, and she was delighted at that, and so was Carl. She put down her thick veil, until he disappeared to another part of the room, where it was more crowded, and she saw him no more. Heinrich came in for a moment to see if she was enjoying it, but could not wait to look at anything. Carl

left her in his care while he went to speak to a brother artist.

"There, Leila, look quick! there is the young lady of whom I spoke—Miss Clare—is she not very beautiful?"

The room, with its pictures, swam before Leila's eyes, and with them a fair, delicate-looking girl, with long, flaxen curls, waving on each side of her pure white brow. Her beauty was so different to Leila's that, as is often the case, it commanded her admiration, just in proportion to the contrast.

"Beautiful, indeed!" she murmured, and then added to herself, "No wonder that Carl was charmed by so much loveliness."

She saw Carl at that instant, and he passed by the beauty without any sign of recognition on his part; but she saw Miss Clare's eye droop, as he went by, and a sudden flush suffused her transparent cheek.

"She loves him!" thought Leila; but she did not pity her, for she thought if only pride kept her from giving her hand where her heart had already gone out, she was not deserving of commiseration.

The exhibition was over, and the sale went on. Miss Clare still lingered, as if to purchase, and Leila watched her once, when she paid an extravagant price for a painting which had Carl Steinhardt's name in the corner. Miss Clare stood by while the man took down the painting and began to pack it.

"Put silver paper on it," she said, arresting his hand as he was covering it rather carelessly, "and John will take it to the carriage."

She paused before Leila's little painting. Leila would not have her full name on it, so it merely had "Vitelli" on the right hand corner in almost imperceptible letters. On the left was "by a pupil of Carl Steinhardt." Leila's heart failed her, when she thought that Miss Clare was about to order it. She could not bear that she should be the possessor of this picture, until she recollected that it was a pendant to the one just purchased, and would probably hang beside Carl's.

Miss Clare took the painting, and gave the same directions as with the other. Carl kept at the further end of the gallery, but where he could once in a while catch a glimpse of Miss Clare, but saw nothing of Leila. The purchases were taken to the carriage, and then Leila worked her way through the crowd to Carl's side, and they walked away together. Leila's cheek was suffused with a rich glow, as she joined him, and her manner was at once perturbed and abstracted.

"What are you thinking about, Leila?" asked Carl, as he marked her manner.

"Of Miss Clare and her purchases," she said, abruptly.

"Miss Clare! How did you know her?"

She related to him Heinrich's recognition of her, and her subsequent notice of her.

"And what did you think of her?" asked Carl, as they had just arrived at the door of the studio.

He turned round, looking her full in the face, as if hanging eagerly upon her answer. Leila's face struck him as it had never done before, and when she went on to say that Miss Clare was beautiful indeed, so beautiful that she was almost bewildered in looking at her, he said, simply:

"Not so beautiful as yourself, Leila. You are beyond compare, my child. Methinks that you have acquired a new beauty lately. Why, you are radiant!" he pursued, as his praises brought the brilliant flush again.

She ran up the narrow stairway, gathered up her brushes and paints, and set them by.

"Are you not coming again this afternoon, Leila?"

"No; I have a dull headache that will not let me paint to-day. You see, Mr. Steinhardt, that I cannot bear dissipation, and it will not do to take me out to exhibitions, and the like."

"But, Leila, you will sit down here with me this afternoon, if you do not paint? I shall lecture you upon art, and the effects of light and shade. Will you not come?"

"Not to-day. I am a great artist now, you know—can afford to be capricious when my productions are patronised by Miss Clare."

She spoke mockingly, but Carl did not heed it. He drew her to a seat, and playfully held her there, as if to compel her to hear him. She trembled a little, but he went on.

"Leila, this day has shown me what I never dreamed of before—that I cannot live without you by my side continually. Don't speak, Leila! I did not know my own heart, when I loved Isabel Clare. I thank her that she has opened my eyes to what I really am—your lover, and not hers. I have called you my child so long that I did not realise that a marriage with Miss Clare would, and must, break up the pleasant relations which have existed so long between us, and which I could not have so well borne as I can bear her proud refusal of me. Leila, do you hear me?"

The small hands were clasped upon her forehead, and the eyes were closed beneath them. One only thought disturbed the pure joy of that moment, and that was that Carl was deceiving

himself. She tried to tell him so; but he would not listen to her.

"No; I deceived myself when I thought that I could love her best. Leila, do not say the word that will separate us forever. If you will not answer me as I wish, you must come here no more. I could not see you as I have done. What will you say, dearest?"

What did Leila say? Go out with me to the pleasant cottage in Clifton, where Carl and Leila spend their lives together, and I will tell you. I shall tell you, too, that Miss Clare, predestined to marry a rich man, has given herself to Friedrich Roessner, who has barely forgiven Carl for his appropriation of the "gipsy-looking" LEILA.

AUTOMATONS.

Some wonderful accounts are handed down of mechanism so constructed as to resemble in figure and imitate the actions of mankind. Archytas, of Tarentum, about four hundred years before our era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an automaton to open the door when any one knocked. The celebrated Regiomotanus made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the emperor, and returned. He also constructed an iron fly, which flew out of his hand and returned, after flying about the room. In 1738, an automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris, that could play on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. In 1741, Vaucanson produced a flageolet player, which played the flageolet with the left hand, and beat a tambourine with the right. He also made a duck, which dabbled in the water, swam, drank, and quacked like a real duck. A Frenchman exhibited a duck in this city, seven or eight years ago, which went through several of the same operations. Automata have been constructed which wrote, played on the piano forte, etc. During the present century, a Swiss named Mailard, constructed a figure representing a female, which performed eighteen tunes on the piano, and continued in motion an hour. He also made another figure representing a boy that could write and draw.—*New York Sunday Times.*

THE DINNER HOUR.

There are few changes in social customs more interesting than those relating to the hours of repast. In an old manuscript, treating of Henry VIII.'s household, dinner is ordered to be served at ten o'clock, A. M., and supper at 4 o'clock, P. M. The Duke of Northumberland's household shows that the dinner hour, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was eleven o'clock. A hundred years later, we find the members of the Royal Society Club dining at one o'clock, and the hour was subsequently periodically altered to two, three, four and five o'clock. This last hour continued in force from 1818 to 1853, when it was ordered that dinner be put on the table at six o'clock precisely, without waiting for further orders.—*Notes and Queries.*

[ORIGINAL.]

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY MARY MENDON.

My home is in the northern part
Of the Green Mountain State;
Among its hills of fairest green
I've wandered long and late;
And time flies past right merrily,
As o'er these hills I roam,
And follows the bright brook that winds
By my Green Mountain home.

The gray old world may vaunt her wealth,
Her lords and stately halls,
Her paintings and her works of art,
' That deck her princely walls;
Her fragrant air and balmy skies,
And mountains tall and low;
But yet they're not so dear to me
As my Green Mountain home.

The West now boasts of growing wealth,
Of towns and cities fair,
And California's golden mines,
That lure so many there;
Yet sweeter far to me than all,
The wind's low, plaintive moan,
That rustles through the tall pine trees,
By my Green Mountain home.

My mountain home, my mountain home,
Long have I loved thee well;
'Tis here I've spent my happiest days,
Here may I ever dwell;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
May some kind stranger come,
And kindly care for this loved spot,
My own Green Mountain home.

[ORIGINAL.]

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

SEVEN years away from home! Yes, just that time had elapsed since I had bidden adieu to the home of my childhood, and with a brave heart, and a pair of strong arms, embarked for the distant golden shore of California. Those seven years had transformed the pale, intellectual student into the bronzed, bearded man; and through much toil, and more perseverance, I had amassed a competency honestly.

It was a mild May day when I set foot in Milford, my native town, and as the distance to my home was not more than three miles, and the evening promised to be fine, I concluded to walk

from the railway station. I suppose I must have lingered sadly by the road, living over again in memory the scenes of other days; for when I reached the Oaks—my mother's cottage—the lights were out, and the family had evidently retired.

Possessed by I know not what strange idiosyncrasy, I decided not to apprise my friends of my arrival, but to enter the house, go to my own room, pass the night quietly, and surprise them by appearing suddenly among them in the morning. Everything seemed to favor my plan. A window opening on the verandah was raised for air, probably, and by a slight effort I swung myself into the parlor, from which I entered the back hall, climbed the stairs noiselessly, and was soon reposing on the bed where I had dreamed many a boyish dream of wealth and fame.

No doubt I was rash and imprudent in my conduct, but was I not at home once more?—and the novelty of the sensation to one who had been absent seven years, was a sufficient excuse for a little giddy impropriety. I lay awake a short time, thinking of my sister Lucy; of my dear aged mother—both without doubt beneath the same roof with me. Then my thoughts wandered to Ethel Lee, the blue-eyed idol of my boyhood—and in the midst of it all, I fell asleep.

I do not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a strange sound of impending danger. Just the cold, creeping shadow that had stolen over me once in a lonely miner's hut, when I had started up to find a swarthy Indian stooping over me with uplifted knife, ready to plunge death into my heart!—a sensation similar to that which had once saved me from the terrible fate of being bitten by a rattlesnake! Twice before had I been warned by that mysterious shudder—I could hardly disregard its third coming. I started up, threw on my clothes, and seating myself in a chair by the bedside, I waited in a listening attitude for the first symptom of danger. Everything was serenely quiet; the newly-risen moon poured a flood of faint silvery light over the delicate carpet, a southern breeze just stirred the mass of honeysuckle vines across the casement, a fly droned lazily on the ceiling—everything invited to repose.

I had nearly yielded to the somnolent influences around me, when a cry, sudden, sharp and piercing, struck out on the silence. It came from a remote chamber, and echoed and re-echoed weirdly through the house. It was a woman's voice, and uttered in extreme terror or agony, I could not tell which. I passed swiftly and silently out into the corridor, securing my loaded revolver as I went. Guided solely by in-

stinct, I shaped my course, and entered a southern chamber, the door of which was ajar. For the space of some seconds I stood transfixed by the spectacle that met my gaze.

On a white-draped bed in the centre of the room, bathed in the full radiance of the moonlight, in a sitting posture, with starting eyes, and hands clasped in mute entreaty, I beheld the loveliest woman that I had ever looked upon! Even then I marked the rare outline of her features, the alabaster clearness of her complexion, the blackness of her hair, which fell around her like a midnight cloud. Her parted lips disclosed the pearly teeth within, her eyes were frozen with horror, and fixed immovably on the face of the figure bending down over her.

No wonder she was paralyzed; for a more demoniac face than that by her bedside could not exist out of Hades. I have seen many of the worst criminals of the day, but never one whose face showed him capable of deeds such as I felt this midnight intruder would commit! A tall, athletic figure, a dark, massive face, lit up by eyes like blazing coals, a mouth where there was no trace of a human feeling, so stern and vindictive it was; and in the raised right hand I caught the cold gleam of burnished steel—the gleam of an assassin's knife!

Murder was written in every lineament of that dreadful face. I could not doubt the object for which that beautiful woman's chamber was invaded. For a moment he looked upon her with dilating eyes, and a fiery red spot burning hotly on either cheek. Then his lips parted, and the voice that issued from them was like the ring of steel against steel, so clear and cold.

"Edith Vincent," it said, "your life is ended! You scorned and slighted—nay, you despised me! Your hour of triumph is past—mine is begun! I have come to send you into the other world!"

She spoke but one word, and that fell from her evidently without her own volition

"Mercy!"

"I know not the meaning of the word! And thus I perpetrate my revenge!"

He raised the hand which held the glittering knife—in another instant it would have been buried in her bosom! There was no time for the indulgence of conscientious scruples. I took deliberate aim at the man's heart, and discharged my pistol. He uttered a wild oath, leaped into the air, and fell dead at my feet—his blood crimsoning the white night-clothes of the lady, and spiring hot into my face. I had killed him!

I knew this by the livid pallor that settled over his face, and by the sudden and fearful contrac-

tion of his powerful limbs; and then I turned to the lady. She had fainted!

A lamp and lucifer matches were on the stand by the bedside. I hastened to get a light, and then lifting the inanimate girl in my arms, I bore her to the room I had just quitted, judging it best that she should not awaken to consciousness in such a scene of horror as her own room presented. I brought water from her chamber, with which I lavied her face and hands. I exerted myself to the utmost to restore her to life again, and after a long time my efforts were successful. Her great dark eyes unclosed, and rested wonderingly on my face. I expected she would shrink from me, but she drew close to my side, saying, in a fearsome voice:

"O sir, take me away from him! He has come to murder me!"

"Be calm, dear lady!" I said re-assuringly. "You are safe. I will take care of you."

The sound of my voice fairly aroused her. She rose to her feet, and gazed around in wild alarm.

"Why am I here?—and who are you?" she asked, excitedly. "Have I been dreaming, or did I see you kill the man who would have murdered me?"

"It was no dream, lady, thank God!" I said, fervently. "But if you will sit down—you are pale and trembling now—I will arouse the family."

"There is no one in the house but myself," she replied, blushing crimson as she remembered the position in which she was placed. "My friends have gone away on a visit, and the servant is absent at a merry-making."

"Am I not in the house of Mrs. Rayburn?" I asked.

"No, sir; my Aunt Ashton resides here. Mrs. Rayburn has been for a year in the village."

I began to feel decidedly sheepish, and stammered forth my apology in rather a lame way; but the beautiful girl was lenient, for I had saved her life.

She left me to make some change in her dress, though nothing could have been more becoming than the long, flowing white robe she wore; and while she was gone the servant returned. In a few words I explained to him the events of the night, and despatched him to arouse the neighborhood. Directly Edith joined me in the parlor, and in a very few words made me acquainted with the history of the wretched man whose death lay at my door.

James Mathew had been the ward of Colonel Vincent, the father of Edith, and at an early age he and Miss Vincent were betrothed. She did not love him—he was even repulsive to her; but in

obedience to her father's dying wish, she promised to become his wife when she should reach the age of twenty-one, provided he fell into no disreputable habits. But young Mathews was naturally vicious and unprincipled, and his qualities were not improved by the company which he kept. Before the probationary time had expired he was a confirmed gambler, an habitual *roué*, and a *forger*—though the latter crime could not be proved against him.

Of course, Edith considered herself free from all responsibility, but Mathews did not view matters thus. As well as his fierce nature would admit, he loved the beautiful Edith, and insisted on the fulfilment of their engagement. She refused, he got angry, and she charged him with his deeds of crime. He became absolutely fearful in his rage, and left her vowing vengeance. Since then, knowing so well his desperate nature, she had lived in continual fear of him; but a vague report that he had crossed the Atlantic had set her mind at rest, and for some days she had been without apprehension. He had probably become heated with wine, and in some way discovering the absence of her friends, had chosen that as a fitting opportunity to revenge himself for his fancied wrongs. And to this day I firmly believe that a special Providence sent me to the Oaks to save the life of Edith Vincent.

There was a court of inquiry held over the dead body of Mathews, and I was fully absolved from all blame in the affair; the enthusiastic neighbors spoke very warmly and approvingly of my courage, bravery, and all that—but I valued most the gentle touch of Edith's hand when I left her to go to my mother, and her accompanying words:

"Mr. Rayburn, I owe my life to you! Can I ever repay you?"

Of course, my mother and sister Lucy were charmed to see me; of course it was very pleasant to be at home once more; but somehow after the first two or three days had passed, I felt a strange longing to go over to the Oaks. I told my mother that it was because it had been the home of my childhood, but I know now that it was because Edith Vincent made it glorious.

That summer fled on golden wings, and autumn was at hand. One day I went over to carry a new book to Edith, and found her robed in a travelling dress, ready to set out for a distant Pennsylvania town, where a friend of her mother, who had offered her a home, resided.

"Edith," I said, reproachfully, "why had you not told me of your intention previously?"

She colored painfully, and half averted her face.

"I did not imagine you would feel an interest in my affairs," she said softly, and a little sadly.

"But if I did? O Edith, do not go away from me, and take all the light and beauty of my existence! I love you, Edith—love you deeply and tenderly! Will you make me wretched?"

Her soft eyes kindled, she searched my face with her eager gaze.

"They told me you were to be married to Ethel Lee. I—"

Bless her, she never finished the sentence! I held her so close to my breast, that she found no voice for anything of the kind.

"Will you stay, Edith? You, and only you, I love! Will you stay with me?"

She kissed me shyly, sweetly—I was answered.

We have been five years married, and I have never ceased to bless the eccentricity that sent me to that lovely cottage in season to save the life of her who has made my existence blessed—my Edith!

THE NUTMEG.

The true nutmeg, as well as the clove, is a native of the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, but principally confined to the group called the Islands of Banda, under the equator, where it bears blossoms and fruit at all seasons of the year. In their native country, the trees are almost always loaded with blossoms and fruit; and the latter is gathered at three different periods of the year, viz: in July, November and April. The mace is there in July, when the nut is most abundant; in November, it is superior, but in April, both the nutmeg and the mace are in the greatest perfection, the season then being the driest. The outer pulpy coat is removed, and afterwards the mace; which latter, when fresh, is of a crimson color and covers the whole nut. The nuts are then placed over a slow fire, when the shell next to the mace, and which coats the seed, becomes brittle, and the seeds, or nutmegs of commerce, drop out. They are then soaked in sea-water, and impregnated with lime; a process which answers the double purpose of securing the fruit from the attack of insects, and of destroying the vegetating property. It also prevents the volatilisation of the aroma. The mace is simply dried in the sun, and then sprinkled with salt water, when it is fit for exportation.—*Cyclopædia of Entertaining Knowledge.*

LIFE INSURANCE.

There are nineteen life insurance companies doing business in this State, five holding charters from the State, and fourteen out of the State. The whole number of policies by these nineteen companies is 57,139, and the amount insured is \$153,000,000. The amount of premiums received last year was eight and a half million dollars, and the losses one million and a half, which shows how profitable the business is. The total life insurance in this country is \$150,000,000. In Great Britain it is \$750,000,000. There is no insurance which pays the stockholders better.—*Newburyport Herald.*

A SKYLARK PREACHING A SERMON.

There is no such thing as song-bird natural to Australia; there are birds who chatter, birds who shriek, but no bird that sings. Well, there was a young man who went out from England as a gold digger, and was lucky enough to make some money, and prudent enough to keep it. He opened a "store," (a kind of rough shop, where every thing, from candles to coffins, are sold,) at a place called "The Ovens," a celebrated gold field, above two hundred miles from Melbourne. Still continuing to prosper, he, like a dutiful son, wrote home for his father and mother to come to him, and if they possibly could, to bring with them a lark. So a lark was procured, and in due time the old folks and their feathered charge took ship and departed from England. The old man, however, took the voyage so much to heart, that he died, but the old woman and the lark landed in sound health at Melbourne, and were speedily forwarded to Mr. Wilsted's store, at The Ovens.

It was on a Tuesday when they arrived, and the next morning the lark was hung outside the tent, and at once commenced piping up. The effect was electric. Sturdy diggers—big men, with hairy faces and great brown hands—paused in the midst of their work, and listened reverently. Drunken, brutal diggers left unfinished the blasphemous sentence, and looked bewildered and ashamed. Far and near the news spread like lightning—"Have you heard the lark?" "Is it true, mate, that there is a real English skylark up at Jack Wilsted's?" So it went on for three days, and then came Sunday morning. Such a sight had not been seen since the first spadeful of the golden earth had been turned! From every quarter—east, west, north and south; from far hills, and from creeks twenty miles away, came a steady concourse of great, rough Englishmen, all brushed and washed as decent as possible. The movement was by no means preconcerted, as was evident from the half-ashamed expression of every man's face. There they were, however, and their errand—was to hear the lark! Nor were they disappointed. There, perched in his wood and iron pulpit, was the little minister, and, as though aware of the importance of the task before him, he plumed his crest, and lifting up his voice, sung them a sermon. It was a wonderful sight to see that three or four hundred men, some reclining on the ground, some sitting with their arms on their knees and their heads on their hands, some leaning against the trees with their eyes closed, so that they might the better fancy themselves at home and in the midst of English corn-fields once more; but sitting, standing or lying, all were equally quiet and attentive, and when, after an hour's steady preaching, the lark left off, his audience soberly started off, a little low-spirited, perhaps, but on the whole much happier than they came.—*Boston's Home Pets.*

THE GLORY OF TIME.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right.

SHAKESPEARE.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

Some boys slept from fatigue, on board of Nelson's ship, at the battle of the Nile. Among the impressive incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to Corunna in Spain, not the least striking is the recorded fact that many of his soldiers steadily pursued their march while fast asleep. Franklin slept nearly an hour swimming on his back. An acquaintance of Dr. D., travelling with a party in North Carolina, being greatly fatigued, was observed to be sound asleep in his saddle. His horse, being a better walker, went far in advance of the rest. On crossing a hill, they found him on the ground snoring quietly. His horse had fallen, as was evident from his broken knees, and had thrown his rider.

Animals of the lower orders obey peculiar laws in regard to sleep. Fish are said to sleep soundly; and we are told by Aristotle, that the tench may be taken in this state, if approached cautiously. Many birds and beasts of prey take their repose in the daytime. When kept in captivity, this habit undergoes a change, which makes us doubt whether it was not the result of necessity which demanded that they should take advantage of the darkness, silence, and the unguarded state of their victims. In the menagerie at Paris, even the hyena sleeps, at night, and is awake by day. They all, however seek, as favoring the purpose, a certain degree of seclusion and shade, with the exception of the lion, who sleeps at noonday, in the open plain—and the eagle and condor, who poise themselves on the most elevated pinnacle of the rock in the clear blue atmosphere and dazzling sunlight. Birds, however, are furnished with a nictitating membrane generally to shelter the eye from the light. Fish prefer to retire to sleep under the shadow of a rock, or woody bank. Of domestic animals the horse seems to require least sleep, and that he usually takes in the erect posture.

Birds that roost in a sitting posture, are furnished with well adapted mechanism, which keeps them firmly supported without voluntary or conscious action. The tendon of the claws is so arranged as to be tightened by their weight when the thighs are bent, thus contracting closely, and grasping the bough or perch. In certain other animals which sleep erect, the articulations of the foot and knee resemble the spring of a pocket knife, which serve to keep the blade open.—*Traveller.*

A JAPANESE MARVEL.

The Japanese had never seen or dreamed of milking a cow; and when my English servant first took this difficult task in hand, it required the presence of two Japanese officers to keep off the curious mob. What could the foreigner be doing? He evidently was not killing the cow, but he was taking the milk from the calf only, to restore it, no doubt. But when the hard-earned pint was taken to the house, and the calf allowed to go to its mother, then was their wonder great. It required explanation; and I think some astonishment—generally difficult to detect in a Japanese, however much he may feel it—was manifested at their not having discovered this useful necessity. My ochan himself eventually took milk in his tea.—*Hodgson's Japan.*

[ORIGINAL.]

SONG OF THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

O, come to me! O, come to me!
 My Willie, come to me,
 And venture not again to cross
 The dark, tempestuous sea!

I weep through all the dreary day,
 When thou, my love, art far away:
 And sweeps upon the trackless sea
 The storm-god's angry away.

I think of thee when night has spread
 His dark, pavilioned gloom,
 And fear that ere the morning rise
 Thou'lt find an ocean-tomb!

I think of thee when morning dawns
 Upon a calm blue sea,
 And I am gazing out upon
 The silver-crested lea.

I think of thee when Luna rides
 Upon a tranquil sky,
 And think of thee when torrents pour,
 And storm-clouds sweep on high.

Then come to me, O, come to me!
 My Willie, come to me,
 Nor venture forth again to cross
 The dark, tempestuous sea!

[ORIGINAL.]

ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME.

A PAGE FROM THE 13th CENTURY.

BY LIEUTENANT F. D. HOVEY.

ON the northern borders of Aquitaine, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, stood the noble castle of Hugh de Lusignan, the marcher or guardian of that border. Within its walls dwelt the affianced wife of its master, the little Isabella of Angouleme, the only child and heiress of the count of that name; a fair and lovely child, whose beauty and tender years made her the object of interest to all the dwellers in the lordly castle. Hugh de Lusignan himself, a brave and noble knight, took charge of the education of his betrothed, in the full anticipation of becoming her husband when she should have entered upon her womanhood. At present, she was scarcely fourteen years old, and Count Hugh felt for her the tenderness of a father or elder brother only; although his heart was set upon her as his future wife, and he watched her

with a jealous eye, lest some others might dare to usurp his place in her heart.

The summons to leave her was, therefore, as distasteful as possible, when called by Philip Augustus to form one of the splendid train which he sent into Spain, to bring home the bride of Prince Louis, the lovely Blanche of Castile. It was sad parting with the sweet child who clung to him with tears in her eyes, beseeching him not to leave her. But a king's behest could not be set aside, and Count Hugh tore himself from her arms with a promise to return home as soon as the Castilian bride should enter the palace walls of France.

How lonely seemed the castle now to the little Isabella! The days went by on leaden wings, now that her guardian and protector was absent. Her walks were given up, her studies lain aside, and she abandoned herself to real grief. From this she was startled by a message from her parents. There was to be a high festival in Angouleme, and her presence was required, to recognize King John of England as the sovereign of Aquitaine and feudal lord of Angouleme.

It was a glorious day in summer when the royal assembly met. A truly regal reception had been given to John, and the inhabitants of the province seemed bent upon doing him all honor, although it could not be denied that he was unworthy of such homage. Contrary to the established law of the church, he had married his cousin, Avis, and for ten years had been struggling against that law, with the obstinacy of a man who recognizes no authority but his own passions. He was living a selfish, dissolute life, "stopping short of the duties of a king—therefore, unfit to be a monarch."

To-day, however, he was to receive the homage of a king. Brave knights and lordly nobles and fair women knelt before him until he was weary of the scene, and longed to have it over, that he might enjoy what generally gave him more satisfaction than anything else, a good dinner with plenty of stimulus to wash it down. Lo! who comes there, clad in pure white robes, with a golden circlet upon the sweet young brow? Approaching the temporary throne, she kneels and places the little hands in his, and in a low, soft voice, pronounces the oath of fealty. The soft touch of the small fingers, and the pleading tenderness of the voice, thrill him as no other touch nor sound had thrilled him since his youth. The old Count and Countess of Angouleme are standing near, and the count is only too happy to answer the king's questioning eyes by avowing the bright and beautiful creature to be his daughter. John of England on that day forgot

even his dinner! It was then in the full glory of midsummer, and before the August days were past, there was a royal wedding in Bourdeaux—the wedding of King John and Isabella of Angouleme.

Blanche of Castile was landed safely in the French palace, and Hugh de Lusignan, thankful to escape from the wearisome round of entertainments that succeeded, went gladly back to the Castle Valence, where he had left his little bride. As he rode up the long avenue, he marvelled that no glimpse of her white robes should greet his sight among the green trees where she had always watched his coming. Something struck a chill upon his spirits when he entered the portal. It seemed as if Isabella were dead, and he had come only to see her in her coffin. The noise he made in entering woke up the dull echoes of the castle, and the sound fell upon his ear like a knell. Would indeed that it had been that only!

"The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill nor time can steal,
Nor falsehood cleave."

Isabella was gone—gone willingly, and with her parents' full consent—and this was the day of her marriage with King John! What rage and sorrow filled the bosom of Hugh de Lusignan at these tidings! All the overflowing tenderness which he had lavished upon Isabella—all the eager desire of her parents to secure him for her husband—all the tears and lamentations which she had bestowed upon his departure rushed upon his memory and maddened him to desperation. He sent a challenge to the base robber, as he scrupled in no measured terms to call him; but he only laughed at the demand to meet in mortal combat one who had not royal blood in his veins. Count Hugh then applied to the pope; but as John was lord of Aquitaine, there was no law that could reach him or prevent his claiming the heiress of lands already under feudal tenure to himself.

The long course of evil deeds committed by the profligate monarch, exceeds the limits of a tale like this. Our work lies with the fair but frail queen. He had taken her from a life of innocence and simplicity, and initiated her into all the evil communications of a corrupt court, until she became as hackneyed in wrongdoing as himself. In the language of the historian, "he was a bad son, a bad subject, a bad husband, a bad father and a bad sovereign." Human guilt can seem to go no farther, unless we held to it the crime of murdering Arthur, the young Count of Bretagne, who, with the help of the queen's first lover, had aspired to the throne of

England. Arthur died by his hand, and Hugh was taken prisoner and kept in captivity, until John solicited his aid against the prince whom Innocent III. had sent to dethrone him as one who was cursed of God and man. At this time Isabella herself was in lonely confinement, doomed to it by the cruelty and jealousy of her profligate husband. Hugh made his own terms—the release of the queen and the hand of her daughter, the little Joanna, as his wife! If anything could have roused the slumbering spirit of the queen, it was this demand. If anything could have brought back the tide of "long ago" to her heart, it would have been this renewal of herself in her child. He who was her guardian as well as lover—he whose years numbered thrice her own when she wickedly broke her sacred faith to him—was he to stand in the presence of his old love, as the husband of her almost infant daughter? It was the decree of the king, however, and she must submit. Too glad to be released from her own gloomy prison, she tried not to remember the past. Yet, O, how could she forget, when she knew that the little Joanna was treading the same halls in Castle Valence, and listening to the same betrothed lover who whispered his vows to her ear?

But her release from her own unhappy life was near. Death took the wicked monarch from the earth, and her son, Prince Henry, was acknowledged King of England. Isabella returned to her native province of Angouleme, and as the lover of Joanna was absent, she went frequently to the scene of her early happiness, to see her child. They were sitting together by the window, when the warder's horn announced the coming of the lord of Valence. She saw him as he rode on at the head of his troop. She heard his footsteps as they crossed the echoing hall and clasped up the marble stairs. She saw as in a dream, the fair child so like herself, as she ran to meet her lover, and with her slender fingers draw the heavy sword from his side and receive the kiss which he gave her.

A mist was before her eyes when the noble warrior crossed the hall and greeted her. It was not the face from which she parted when he went to bring home Blanche of Castile as the wife of Louis. It was paler, and there were heavy furrows upon the cheeks, and the dark hair was threaded with silver. But she heeded not the change. It was Hugh, the lover of her youth, the only love she had ever known. All the intermediate years passed away like a frightful dream from her mind, and she made a sudden movement, as if she were again the little Isabella, about to throw herself upon his breast

and bid him dearly welcome home, as she had done before.

It was the hush of evening. The tired soldier had gone to his couch, and his little betrothed had long since closed her eyes in a sweet dream of peace. Isabella alone watched. She had not stirred from the place where she sat, half concealed by the heavy window curtain, since the grand banquet in honor of the return of its lord to Castle Valence, had been partaken of. She had been loth indeed to bestow her presence upon the occasion; but the entreaties of the little Joanna, and a certain expression in Hugh's countenance had overruled her reluctance. And she had returned as soon as she could steal away, to muse once more in this quiet corner. Here, in this very spot, she had watched, often and often, for his coming, in years gone by. Tears, the tenderest and most sincere that had filled the vain queen's eyes for years, were falling fast upon the mourning dress she wore. Could she stay here a moment longer than the morning dawn? Could she even look upon that face again? And how, O, how would she bear to see him the husband of her child? Little as she had seemed to regard the vows of marriage, there seemed to her something more terrible in this transfer from the mother to the child, than she had ever thought of before. While musing thus and planning her speedy departure by the earliest morning light, the door suddenly opened and Count Hugh, draped in an Oriental dressing-gown, approached her.

"Something whispered me that you had not retired, Isabella," he said, quietly, not even recognizing her rank or title in his speech. The word struck on her ear with a ring of the old time when his voice had lingered long and lovingly upon her name. She looked up, and the glitter of tears caught his eye. "Weeping?" he whispered. "Are these tears for me?" There was now no *acting* with Isabella. She suffered him to take her hand, and the pressure of his, though grown so white and thin, thrilled her to the heart. There was a beseeching tenderness in her face that told him he would not plead in vain; nor did he.

"And my child—my Joanna?" she faltered.

"She loves me only as a father, Isabella. Give me the right to be that and that only to her. Believe me, she will be content."

And truly, the child heard it the next morning with a sweet composure and serenity that showed how easily she could resign any tenderer ties to Hugh de Lusignan. The records of the year 1220 state that "Isabella, Queen Dowager of England, having before crossed the sea, took

to her husband her former spouse, the Count of Marche (de Lusignan) without leave of the king her son or his council."

Was this marriage happy? Alas! for poor human nature, which is much the same in kings and clowns. Isabella's ambitious projects often failed to be advanced, and sometimes they were thwarted by the count himself. Even the birth of eight beautiful children did not bring that joy to the parents' hearts that it ought—so bent were they upon scheming.

One pleasant circumstance arose from the feuds growing out of their desire of aggrandizement. The little princess Joanna was happily married to Alexander II. of Scotland, and this marriage prevented a war between England and Scotland. But Isabella was not satisfied. She urged on her husband to repeated attacks upon the dominions of his king, until he lost all and was obliged to seek, with his family, the protection of the sovereign he had injured.

Isabella is said to have attempted the life of the good king Louis, by poison. She fled to the Abbey of Fontevrand, where, in the "secret chamber," she had time to look back upon her life of unrest. Here she took the veil. From that chamber she came forth no more, until she was carried from it to a lonely grave in the common cemetery of Fontevrand. In after years, her son, the royal Henry, knelt and wept at that lonely grave; and by his command a beautiful enamelled statue of his mother rose in the choir of Fontevrand. In 1816, this statue was found in the cellar of the abbey, broken and defaced. They were refused, who desired to place the statue, together with the effigies of Henry and his queen, and Richard I. in Westminster Abbey. France, however gathered the unhonored memorials to a suitable place, where probably they still exist as shattered monuments of ambitious and unresting spirits.

SLEEP.

The most violent passions and excitements of mind cannot preserve even powerful minds from sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to sleep on the rack. Noises which at first serve to drive away sleep, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage-coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast-furnaces, would awake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in his *Iliad*, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, except Jupiter alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY MARY MAY.

Singing a lullaby low and sweet,
 A mother sat rocking to and fro:
 In her soft white hands two little feet
 Were nestled, looking so plump and sweet,
 With a delicate pink all aglow.

The golden curls, they were brushed away
 From the pure and spotless baby brow;
 The cheeks were flushed with his childish play,
 And mother and child, as they looked that day,
 Were a beautiful picture, I trow.

The mother bent o'er her sleeping child,
 And pressed a kiss on his pouting lips;
 The boy in his rosy slumber smiled,
 As she murmured, "O, my darling child!"
 Kissing even his finger tips.

That is the picture I saw one day:
 It was marvellous pretty, I said;
 But ere one short week had fled away,
 A mournful messenger came one day,
 And sadly whispered, "Willie is dead!"

A rosewood coffin with satin lined—
 A tiny and glittering thing, 'tis true:
 With broken lilies and rosebuds twined,
 Wreathing the coffin, whereon was shrined
 The sweet name of Willie, aged two.

But gleaming satin and lilies fair
 Were not more white than the baby brew
 That lay with clusters of golden hair
 Parted away from the forehead fair,
 That was pure and white as virgin snow.

The roseleaf eyelids were softly pressed
 Over the beautiful azure eyes;
 The dimpled hands crossed over the breast,
 In each soft palm was a lily pressed—
 O, 'twas Death in a beautiful guise!

These are the pictures that once I saw,
 And which was fairest, I scarce can tell;
 But both were fairer than limners draw,
 The lovely pictures that once I saw—
 The gay and sad, both were beautiful.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ASSASSIN OF THE MID-WATCH.

On the road from Morristown to Newark, in the State of New Jersey, near where it crosses a small branch of the Passaic River, a number of years ago stood a small hut, half hidden beneath its banking of sods and dirt, and raising its thatched roof above the surrounding shrubbery like a heap of charred brushwood. Were it not that occasionally a wreath of blue smoke curled

up from an aperture in the thatching of this hut, the passer-by would never think of seeking for human beings within its limits; but this circumstance afforded ample proof of its being a human habitation.

The shades of night had crept over the dreary, woody vicinity of this isolated hut, and the somewhat cutting wind of a cool April evening was whistling through the shaggy tree tops. Within the rough, clog walls of the sunken hovel sat an old woman, whose years were as uncertain as was the meaning and intent of the fire that shot from her peering, restless eyes. A coarse gown of dark stuff covered her meagre frame; her hair, a mixture of grizzled red and gray, hung in matted masses over her shoulders, while her bare feet were stretched forth towards the fire, revealing a state of dirt and filthiness utterly revolting.

Near the door of the hut, with his face turned thoughtfully upon the few embers that laid smouldering in the rough stone fire-place, sat a youth, some fifteen years, who seemed to be dwelling upon some startling thought that had presented itself to his mind. His garb was poor, but unlike that of his bedlamish companion, it bore marks of care and cleanliness. His features were wan and pale, though in their tracings there was much of manly beauty, and a student of physiology would have at once seen that the youth's disease was one of mental origin, though its effects were fast making sad inroads upon a constitution that might otherwise have been strong and robust.

"Hal," said the old woman, as she turned her sharp eyes upon the boy, "we must have food."

"But there is food in the locker, mother," replied the youth. "We have bread and potatoes, and there are the four shad I caught this afternoon."

"I tell thee, boy, we want food. Hal, I want money to buy it with."

As the beldam spoke, she cast upon the boy a look that made him shudder; and as he met the snake-like glance he could not avoid dropping his eyes to the floor.

"Money, boy—I want money!" repeated the old woman, still keeping her eyes fastened upon her shrinking companion.

"Then let me do as I have often offered to do," at length said Hal. "Let me go and work for it, and you shall have every penny that I earn."

"Work for it!" iterated the old beldam, as she arose from her miserable stool and approached the spot where the boy sat. "No, no, I can tell you a quicker way."

The boy looked up into the woman's face, but he spoke not. He seemed to comprehend some fearful truth as he trembled beneath her gaze. The beldam waited a moment, and then turning away she opened a small locker near the fireplace, from which she took a large boarding-pistol, and again approaching the boy, she said:

"Here, Hal, I loaded this carefully this afternoon, and now I would have you use it. That will give us money."

"That, money!" uttered the youth, starting in his seat, and looking upon the pistol. "What do you mean, mother?"

"Can you not guess?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"Look ye, boy—what we want, others may have in abundance, and perhaps some such one may travel this very road to-night! Now do you comprehend?"

"You mean that I shall go upon the highway and turn robber?" said the boy, with a shudder, but yet in a tone so calm that the woman was startled by its strangeness.

"You have guessed the truth without my telling you."

"Mother, I cannot go."

"Boy, you must go."

"No, no, you cannot mean it. You cannot wish that your child should come to the gallows."

The old beldam turned her face away to hide the sparkling light that burned in her eyes, and while yet the strange passion glowed upon her shrivelled features, she said:

"Does your craven heart fear the gallows? Ha, ha, others have fed the gallows ere this, and some have escaped it. But there is no time to lose—if any stranger passes here to-night it will be soon over. Take your station by the old pine tree at the end of the logging path, and if you see a stranger traveller, stop him, and demand his money. If he refuses, the pistol will settle him."

"No, mother, I cannot do it, indeed I cannot. I will work for you till my hands can work no more, but I cannot do this."

"Boy," hissed the beldam, at the same time seizing the youth by the shoulder, "you will do this, and this very night, too. You had better die on the instant than disobey me. Here, take the pistol and go."

The youth stretched forth his hand and mechanically grasped the weapon, but it dropped to his side; and sinking into his seat, he bent his head in agony, uttering, as he did so:

"I cannot, I cannot."

A moment the old woman looked upon the

bending form of the boy, and then, while the wild fierceness of her countenance gave place to a look of demoniac calmness, she said:

"Hal, do you know who stole the corn about which there has been so much noise?"

Had an adder stung the boy at that moment he would not have started with a more fearful shudder than he did as those words fell upon his ear. With a countenance all racked with pain, he turned his gaze upon the woman before him, and earnestly said:

"God knows I did it for you."

"You did it, and that's enough," unfeelingly and half tauntingly answered the woman. "Now do my bidding to-night, or else on the morrow your former guilt shall be known."

"But you would not surely inform against me, when you yourself—"

"Stop your prating," cried the old beldam, hastily interrupting the boy, "and do as I bid you. Speak not another word, but go. Hide yourself securely, and be sure that you turn your face from the moon if you meet a traveller."

The boy cast one more look at his Tartarian mother, but he quailed beneath the fire of her sharp eyes, and with a trembling step, and a strangely beating heart, he turned towards the door. He dared not disobey the woman who ruled him, and so he went forth upon his work.

As the door closed upon the retiring form of the boy, the hag gazed a moment upon the spot where he had last stood in her presence, and while a curious shade of triumph flitted across her face, she uttered, in a mumbling tone:

"The gallows! Ha, ha—so the work goes on! We shall see what we shall see."

The old crone took her pipe from its becket, and scraping it through the embers till she obtained a live coal, she sat down upon her stool and began to smoke. The fire had gone out—the last small blaze that had shed a flickering light over the interior of the hovel had turned to a dim curl of grayish smoke, and in the darkness she sat and muttered her demoniac thoughts.

With a trembling step young Harry Loud passed out from the hut, and entered the narrow path that led along by the edge of the road. The rays of the moon stole in fitful glances through the boughs of the tall pines, and as they threw dim shadows of the intervening foliage across the highway, the boy almost fancied that each darkly pencilled line was a living spy upon his actions. Fearfully he stole along, crouching beneath the hanging branches, until at length he reached a spot where a thick clump of shrub oaks flanked the entrance to a narrow ox-path from the main road. Here, where an old pine

tree had fallen to the ground, he sat himself down, and began to meditate upon the lot which had thus fallen upon him. Whatever may have been the course of his thoughts, there was one thing that had not yet entered his mind. He had not yet thought of disobeying the orders of her whom he believed to be his mother. She held a control over his fear that he dared not break through; and though an ordinary danger might not have started a nerve from its wonted pulsation, yet the glance of old Calypso's gray eye always sank to his soul with a force that paralyzed all power to disobey. Harry supposed himself to be the true son of Calypso, and ever since he could remember he had been beneath her roof.

While the boy sat in this mood, he was suddenly startled from his reverie by the approaching sound of a horse's steps, and on peering forth from his covert he could distinguish a horse and rider coming up the road. Without realizing what he was actually about, but acting only under the impulse of the orders he had received, he grasped his pistol and started forth to the roadside. Hardly had he reached the low banking that flanked the highway, when the happy song of the coming rider struck upon his ear, and instantly recognizing the voice of Robin Wood, the poor mill-boy, he crept back to his hiding-place.

"Ah!" murmured Harry to himself, as the youth rode past, "Robin can sing and not be afraid. He can let the moonbeams shine upon his face, and not tremble lest some one might know him. He can sleep soundly all night, and wear a happy smile all the day long. Alas, why am I not like him? People shun me because I am Calypso's son, and though I would seek an honest life, yet I cannot."

Sadly, the poor boy sat down again upon the fallen tree, and as the moonbeams struggled through an opening in the foliage above his head, one of them caught a tear-drop, and gilded it with its soft light as it rolled down his cheek. Again the sound of a footfall broke through the quiet, chilly air, and again the youth started from his rough seat and approached the roadside. This time his heart sank within him, as he at length discovered that the horseman who now approached was a stranger. Instinctively, he grasped his pistol, but though he noticed not the circumstance, yet the hand that held the weapon trembled fearfully. A gentle hill sloped away from where the boy stood, and unsuspectingly, the horseman walked his beast up the rise. Just as the traveller was upon the point of starting on into a trot, Harry sprang forth into the road.

The bright pistol gleamed in the moonlight, and the horse suddenly stopped as he saw the intruding form of the new comer.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the traveller, as his eyes caught the form of the highwayman, "what sort of a craft is this? Say, stranger, do you mean to rob me?"

"Rob you!" iterated the youth, forgetting for the moment the woman's injunctions, and showing his face in the broad moonlight. "Rob you, sir? Indeed, I—"

He spoke no further, for the reality of his situation began to break like a thunder cloud over his head, and he found that he was not equal to the task he had undertaken.

"Not going to rob me?" said the traveller, gazing in astonishment upon the pale face that had been thoughtlessly upturned to his gaze. "Then what is that shooting-iron for?"

"Indeed, sir," uttered poor Harry, trembling at every joint, while he dropped the pistol upon the ground and clasped his hands together, "I knew not what I meant. Let me go, sir—O, let me go, and God will bless you for the act."

"Well, you're a strange fish, at any rate," bluntly returned the stranger, regarding the youthful intruder with closer interest. "Hold on a minute, youngster," he continued, as Harry started as if to turn away, "there must be some mystery at the bottom of all this," and as he spoke he leaped from his horse and stood by the boy's side.

"Pity me, kind sir," ejaculated Harry, as the man laid his hand upon his shoulder. "O, she shall never urge me to such a deed again. I'll die first."

"She?" asked the stranger; "and who's she?"

"Why, the woman with whom I live, sir."

"Then she is not your mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me look in your face. No, no, boy, such a woman as that was never your mother. But tell me all about it, boy—come, be not afraid, for if you speak the truth I'll not harm thee."

Harry hesitated a moment, but there was something in the stranger's open countenance that inspired him with confidence, and in a calm, candid tone he went on and told his story. It was what the reader already knows, and there was that in the boy's manner and general appearance that carried conviction at once to the mind of the hearer. As he closed his thrilling tale of sufferings and wrong, his companion gazed a moment in his face, and then, while his countenance lightened up with a benevolent expression, he said:

"Your tale is a curious one, youngster, but, by the stars and stripes, I believe it, every word of it. You shall not go back to the she-devil again."

"She would find me, sir, if I ran away, for I have tried."

"No, no, my boy, I'll carry you where she will never look for you. What say you to the idea of going to sea with me? I am on my way from Morristown to New York to take charge of my ship, and if you will go with me, you shall have a good berth. Come, don't stop to mince matters."

The poor boy was puzzled. Every wish of his heart said "go," but a secret fear made him hesitate. At length he turned his eye to where the thatched roof of the miserable hovel was catching the moonbeams, then his mind dwelt for a moment upon the evil genius who reigned there, and beneath whose pestiferous influence his soul had so long dwelt in a painful darkness; and turning to the kind stranger, he said:

"I will go, sir, I will go. I will work for you, I will be your slave, if you are an honest man, so that you take me from her."

"By my faith, boy, this is a sudden bargain, and a strange one, but something tells me that 'twill be a good one. You can ride behind me to the next inn, and there I shall take the stage. Come, jump up."

Harry Loud did as he was bidden, and as soon as he was seated, the man picked up the pistol and mounted, and ere long the poor boy had left the scenes of his misery far behind him.

Captain John Winnell was a fine specimen of an American sailing-master, and by the time his ship was ready for sea, he had conceived a warm attachment towards the poor youth whom he had befriended, and who had come so strangely to his notice. He found in young Harry a kind and willing disposition, a heart by nature made susceptible of humanity, and a soul above the state of meanness or deception. There was something in the boy's pale features that at once recommended him to sympathy, and in Captain Winnell's officers he made ready friends, as he also did in those of the seamen with whom he had become acquainted.

The ship was ready for sea, and having been towed out from the river, she took a fair wind on her course for Smyrna. Harry Loud was retained in the cabin when the captain desired, but, nevertheless, he stood his watch at night, with the rest of the hands, from choice, for there was something in the darkly-fashing sea, as the noble ship bowed to the night-wind, that inspired

his soul with a spirit of awe and admiration; and o'er its trackless surface he saw the path that led him away from the snares of moral death that had so long beset his feet.

The ship had cleared the gulf and was standing on under a full press of canvass, when, one evening, just as the first watch had been set, Harry, who was leaning against one of the larboard water-casks, which were lashed in the waist, observed that one of the men, a powerfully built, dark-looking fellow, was regarding him with a peculiar interest. There was something in the man's looks that struck a peculiar dread to the youth's soul, and instinctively he turned from the water-cask and walked aft; but as he turned to look behind him, he found that the sailor had taken his station at the same cask he had just left, and that he was watching him more closely than before.

Harry Grapnell—such was the man called—stood a few minutes at the cask, and then stepping towards Harry he beckoned him forward. At first the youth hesitated, but he thought that no harm could be meditated against him while the watch were on deck, and with a watchful feeling of curiosity he obeyed the sailor's summons.

"Is your name Harry Loud?" asked Hurl Grapnell, as the youth came up to where he stood.

"Yes," replied Harry.

"So I thought," returned the man. "Your countenance looked like one that I had seen somewhere. Let's see, your folk's live—let me see—I surely remember—"

As Grapnell spoke, he looked hard at the youth as if expecting that he would help him out, but Harry was silent; for in the sailor's working, lowering countenance he had discovered something that startled him with a dim memory of some scene long passed, and with a fixed gaze upon the face before him, he tried hard to study out the circumstances that sent the idea to his mind; but through the cloud that hung over his memory, he could not penetrate. Grapnell seemed to notice this—for half turning his face away, he said, in a forced and sudden manner:

"Ah, I remember; 'twas somewhere on the road from Morristown to the Jersey shore. You lived with your mother, I think."

"Yes," returned Harry, still endeavoring to make out something from his companion's countenance.

"Calypso was her name, if I remember."

"You are right," answered the youth, now confident that his interlocutor knew more than

he professed, and also feeling that he had some hidden reason for thus watching and questioning him.

"Call all hands to shorten sail," ordered the captain at this moment, as he stepped down from the poop. "Mr. Black," he continued, turning to his first mate, "bear a hand and hurry the men on deck, for we shall catch it strong before a great while. This wind is coming out nor'west, and it'll take us hard."

Loud sounded the call of the officer of the watch over the companion-way of the fore-castle, and ere many moments the awakened men came tumbling upon deck. The wind had already begun to veer, and ere the topsails were reefed it suddenly lulled and chopped around to the north'rd and west'rd, and in a few moments it had freshened to a close-reef blow. White scuds of foam began to dance o'er the sea, and send their misty spray over the deck, while the waves were gathering in size and power every moment.

Half an hour had passed since the gale commenced, and the ship was nobly laboring in a heavy, breaking sea. The towering waves broke every minute over her bows, sweeping her deck fore and aft, while the men, conscious that for the present nothing more could be done for her safety, hugged closely to the rigging for protection. Forward, holding on upon the bits, and buffeting the rushing seas, stood an old seaman, by the name of Mark Willis, who had especial charge of all the forward rigging, and who, with true, sailor-like fidelity, determined not to leave his post so long as he could possibly remain. At length a sea, more heavy by far than any of its predecessors, came rolling and tumbling over the fore-castle; and as Mark Willis arose from beneath the furious flood, his eye chanced to detect the dim outlines of his clothes bag, which had been stowed away under the keel of the bowsprit, just dangling by its lanyard from one of the downhaul belaying pins; and as he saw that the next sea must inevitably take it overboard, he instinctively sprang forward to secure it. He reached the spot, seized the lanyard of his bag; but just as he was upon the point of drawing it inboard, the ship plunged into a deep trough, burying her bows completely under, and as she rose and shook off the sea, a quick, agonizing cry, that rose above the crashing roar of the elements, reached the ears of the crew.

Forgetting all other danger in the fearful thought that a shipmate was overboard, the mate started to cut away one of the life-buoys that hung upon the quarter; but ere he reached it, another cry, more agonizing than the first, but yet stifled in its tone, came from forward.

Another sea came sweeping over the deck, and ere it had fairly rolled off, the men started in the direction of the still prolonged cries. They clung to the rail for support as they hurried along, and as they reached the bows, they peered over into the flashing depths of the foaming abyss ahead. Firmly they held on to the belaying pins, as they tried to make out the exact situation of their companion, until at length, with horror thrilling through their veins, they saw it all. In the hurry of taking in sail, the jib downhaul had not been belayed, and ere poor Mark had been washed overboard, his right foot had become entangled in its coil, so as to form a firm hitch around his ankle. The downhaul was rove through an eye at the end of the bowsprit, and from this point it hung dangling in the waves, with Mark Willis suspended from it by his leg!

A dozen lines were thrown to him, but the surge swept them away ere the unfortunate man could reach them; and at length, by the phosphorescent light of the cresting foam, they saw that Mark was too far gone to hold on upon a rope, even should he succeed in catching it, for at every dip of the bows he was buried in the angry waves, and beat about with a fury that would have at once unstrung the muscles of a weaker man.

"My men," exclaimed Captain Winnell, as he arose from a shipped sea and cleared the water from his face, "we must get a running knot on to that jib downhaul and rowe him in it. It's the only way we can save him. Now who among you dares take the end of a line and go out on the bowsprit and do it?"

The men looked through the darkness at each other, but none spoke or moved from their hold. They would have dared much for the safety of Mark Willis, but to venture out on the bowsprit seemed actually suicidal, for every minute the towering seas beat over it with a fury that none might withstand.

An awful moment of suspense followed the captain's words, then came a painful groan from the ill-fated man, and as its quivering tones still rang upon the ears of his shipmates, young Harry Loud exclaimed:

"Give me the line. I'll go!"

"No, no, Harry," the captain cried, "you are too small—too weak."

"I am not weak, and if I am small, the sea will have less effect upon me. Give me the line!"

Captain Winnell hesitated yet a moment, but there was something so resolute, so confident, in the manner of the youth, that he determined to let him try it; and clearing away the end of the

flying-jib downhaul, he passed it to the magnanimous youth. Harry took the line and leaped quickly upon the bowsprit, and struggling with a power he seemed not to possess, he urged his way along. Half the distance had he gained over the stout spar, when the ship was lifted upon the summit of a sea, and on the next moment she plunged into the roaring flood, wallowing and struggling like a drowning mammoth. All eyes were turned from the spot where Mark Willis was being lashed about in the foam, to the course of the heroic youth. An ejaculation of anguish broke from the captain's lips as his young protege disappeared beneath the sea, but as the ship arose from the billowy bed, the form of the noble youth was seen clinging to the rigging, and in a moment more he pushed boldly forward on his mission. The point was gained, and Harry bent his dripping form over the bowsprit, and with a firm hand knotted a running noose upon the rope by which Mark hung.

"Pull now!" shouted the boy, as he arose from his bending position; and fearlessly buffeting one more sea, he caught whatever rigging came in his way for support, and soon gained the deck.

As the dauntless hero reached the forecastle, the inanimate form of Mark Willis was pulled over the bulwarks; and while Mr. Black and some of the men bore the rescued man aft to the cabin, Captain Winnell caught Harry by the hand, exclaiming, as he did so:

"God bless you, my noble boy, God bless you! You have done this night what men dared not to do."

Harry would have perhaps made some answer to his commander's encomiums, but at that moment another sea came heaving over the deck, and as it swept off to leeward both he and the captain made their way aft.

Mark Willis's life was saved; and as his noble preserver appeared upon the quarter-deck, a shout, that rose above the roar and crash of the elements, went up from the lips of the grateful shipmates. One man alone remained silent—Hurl Grapnell joined not in the praise that was offered to the young hero!

Though the storm had been powerful, yet the ship bore up bravely against it, and ere the sun arose on the next morning, the wind had settled down into a fair topgallant breeze. Some damage had been done to the lighter works on deck, and some of the spare spars and empty water-casks had been swept overboard, but the loss was comparatively light; and with thankful hearts that the danger had been so easily passed, the crew set about "repairing damages."

A week had passed away since that fearful night, and without drawing a bowline the ship had stood on her course. At midnight the star-board watch was called on deck, and with it came Harry Loud. The night was pleasant, and the bright moon shone forth in the heavens. Here and there a fleecy cloud rested against the starry ether, or went sailing along through the airy space. Shortly after the mid-watch had been set the youth went forward, and leaning over the lee bow, he gazed into the sparkling foam as it dashed in crested wreaths from the bow. Who that has stood thus, gazing into the mystic depths of the night-enveloped ocean, while all around is bounded by its trackless, heaving bosom, has not felt the awe-inspiring power of its swelling grandeur? No scene on earth has such power over the memories of the past as this. Its bosom seems almost a magic mirror, upon the surface of which the past is reflected with panoramic clearness. Home, friends, and all the pictures that memory can treasure in the mind, seem to dwell within the dark blue ocean's matchless depths.

Long did the youth lean over and gaze into the element that bore him on, but he saw not the waves nor the moon-lit spray, for his mind was looking only at the past. His had been a strangely eventful career, and a cold shudder crept through his frame as he recalled it to mind. Again he saw the gaunt form of Calypso, and her evil eye shot its beams of fire into his shrinking soul. While her dread features were reflected from the mirror of his memory, and while he almost fancied that he felt her hot breath burning upon his cheek, a dark cloud overcast the bright face of the moon, and threw a deep shadow over the sea. At this moment, Harry fancied that he heard a suppressed breathing behind him, and turning quickly around, he beheld the dark form of Hurl Grapnell, but before he could change his position, or utter a cry, the powerful sailor drew a handkerchief tightly over his mouth, and in a moment more he had lifted him from his feet.

Harry turned his eyes aft, but the belling mainsail hid the quarter-deck from his view, then he turned an agonized, imploring gaze upon the man who held him, and his young soul could read in those darkly lowering features a purpose of fiendish import. In vain was it that Harry struggled, and in vain that he tried to utter a cry—his arms and his tongue were alike within the control of the man who held him. At this moment the moon peeped forth from the cloud that had swept over its face.

"There, boy," uttered Grapnell, in a sup-

pressed tone, "you may say your prayers after you are in the water, for you are bound to your death. You were intended for the gallows, but as you've cheated them, we'll try drowning for you."

As the villain spoke, he raised the boy over the rail, and lifting him clear of the ship's side, dropped him overboard, and then turning quickly away, he stepped over to the weather side, and walked leisurely aft as though nothing had happened. Half an hour passed away, and at the end of that time, the assassin walked forward, and passing nervously to the leeward he looked over into the water, but all was quiet, and his young victim was nowhere to be seen. With a lighter step Hurl Grapnell walked away from the scene of his villany, and as he again walked aft, he hummed a light, careless tune.

Seven bells struck, and as the sound went ringing through the ship, Hurl Grapnell went to take his last trick at the wheel. Just as he stepped beneath the break of the house, the captain and Mr. Black placed their hands heavily upon his shoulders, and ere he could offer resistance, his arms were securely pinioned and he was led into the cabin. The villain needed to ask no questions, for the first object upon which his eyes rested after he entered, was the shivering, dripping form of Harry Loud. Grapnell started as he beheld his victim, and for a moment, with the superstition natural to his class, he fancied he beheld a spirit, but the look of the youth soon convinced him that the form before him was one of flesh and blood, and that his murderous plan had failed.

In a few words the reader shall know how the youth was saved from the death which had been intended for him, as he had already explained to the captain. When Grapnell had dropped him overboard, the ship was well keeled over to leeward, and as he came up from the slight depth to which he had sunk, his head came in contact with a trailing rope, which proved to be the lee fore-tack, and instinctively he grasped it as it was rapidly passing over him. With considerable exertion he managed to hold on to the tack with one hand, while with the other he tore the bandage from his mouth, but his first impulse to cry out for help was immediately checked by the fear that his enemy might be the first to hear him, and finish the fiendish purpose which had thus far failed. With this idea Harry had worked his way up to the clew of the fore-sail, and with considerable exertion he climbed over the bulwarks and reached the cabin unobserved.

"Now," said Captain Winnell, as he looked

sternly at the villain Grapnell, "do you know who threw this lad overboard?"

"If he has told you, I don't see the need of your asking me," replied the man, in a dogged sullen tone.

"He says you did it," remarked the captain.

"And so I did."

"What object could you have had in view?" asked the captain, not a little surprised at the fellow's readiness in acknowledging his guilt.

"I meant to have drowned him."

"And why should you wish to do that?"

"Because I would have him out of the way, that's all."

Captain Winnell gazed into the face of Hurl Grapnell for several moments without speaking. His impulse naturally led him to be angry and imperative, but his knowledge of Grapnell's disposition at once convinced him that if he wished to arrive at his secret motives, he must do it easily, and smothering his indignation as much as possible, he said:

"Grapnell, there is some mystery in your connection with this boy, and I would have you explain it to me."

"No, sir," replied the sailor, in a firm tone. "I shall tell you nothing further," and as he spoke, he cast a malicious look upon the youth.

"Do you know that I have your life in my hands?" asked the captain, seriously, in a meaning tone.

"Yes," answered Grapnell, in the same dogged tone, without betraying the least emotion in view of his probable fate, "and I know, too, that my blabbing wouldn't alter the case."

"Harry," said Captain Winnell, turning to the youth, "do you remember when or where it was that you saw this man?"

"I think I do now, sir," replied the boy, in a sort of thoughtful mood. "It must have been at the hut, near which you found me, and I have seen him in conversation with my mother, nights, after I had gone to bed."

"No, Harry, she is not your mother—you may depend upon that," said the captain.

"She is his mother!" exclaimed Hurl Grapnell.

"Now look ye here, villain," uttered Captain Winnell, shaking his finger by way of giving weight to his words, "If you do not tell me what you know of this boy, by heavens, your neck shall be stretched at the yard-arm of my own ship."

"Then I tell you, you shall never know. Now hang me as soon as you please."

"But I'm blowed if he shan't know, though," exclaimed a rough voice at the cabin door, and at the same moment, Mark Willis entered.

"What!" exclaimed Grapnell, as his eyes fell upon the face of the new-comer, "you aint goin' to blow, Mark."

"Blow, or no blow, I'm goin' to tell just what I know about young Harry Loud," replied Mark Willis, as he twirled his hat upon his fingers, and gazed first at the boy, then at the captain, and then settled his look upon Hurl Grapnell.

"Mark Willis," said the prisoner, in a tone half way between persuasion and threatening, "you've sworn to keep my secret—now don't play the traitor."

"Look there, Hurl," replied Willis, in a careful, meaning tone, "that boy saved my life when you hadn't the courage to lend your old shipmate a helping hand. Yes, Hurl, I might have gone to Davy Jones's locker at any moment, and you wouldn't have helped me, but young Harry Loud risked his own life for me, and now it's in my power to serve him, and I shall do it."

"Mark, do you know anything of Harry's early history?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir, I know all about it."

"You lie," gasped Hurl Grapnell, and actually foaming at the mouth with rage, he darted forward and attempted to plant his foot in Mark's breast, but he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose, by the interposition of Captain Winnell and his mate, and as soon as the villain had been secured from further resistance, Willis said:

"Captain Winnell, perhaps in some things I have been as hard as Grapnell, for he and I have cruised together for a long time, but God knows that I never yet tried to take the life of a fellow-being. I know all about that boy from the first moment Hurl Grapnell took him in tow. It must have been—let's see—six, four and two are twelve—yes, it's twelve years ago since Hurl and I shipped on board the Medora. She was bound from New York to Valparaiso. Captain William Bolton was our commander, and he had on board with him his wife and child. Grapnell had a brother on board the ship, and before we got on the Spanish Main, this brother, Hugh Grapnell, started a conspiracy for taking the ship. Hurl joined him, and at length I agreed to help them out; but by some means the plot was discovered, and as Hugh swore that he would have the ship at any rate, and also threatened to have the captain's wife, Captain Bolton hung him at the yard-arm. For this, Hurl swore that he'd have revenge, and when the ship touched at Rio, he stole away the captain's child, and hid it in the city till we had gone. Two years afterwards, I saw Hurl in New York, and went with him to his mother's house in Jersey. He had brought young Harry Bolton home with him, and he and

his mother had both sworn that they would bring him to the gallows out of revenge for the hanging of Hugh, and I know that even then, old Calypso—that's Hurl Grapnell's mother's name—had tried to learn the little fellow to steal. She called him Harry Loud, but nobody knows what her real name is, nor Hurl's either. Well, after that, Hurl went to sea again, and I went with him, and he has often told me how the little fellow was getting along under his mother's free flag; but Grapnell was all struck aback when he found that you had got the youngster in tow, and he was not long in making up his mind what to do. He found that Harry was likely never to be hung, and so he just determined to drown him. That, Captain Winnell, is the whole truth, but perhaps I should never have blowed on Hurl, if the boy hadn't saved my life, but as it is, if ever Harry Loud wants a helping hand he shall have mine, as long as I can move it."

A dozen times during this recital had Hurl Grapnell interrupted Mark with oaths and imprecations, and from his whole manner it was easily seen that the speaker was telling the truth. A few moments after Mark ceased speaking, Captain Winnell gazed fixedly into Harry's face, and then, while a strange light of radiant joy shot athwart his features, he exclaimed:

"Now I see the mystery. Harry, my boy, one of your parents is still living, and I shall have the joy of restoring you to that parent's arms."

He chose to speak no more on the subject in the presence of those who stood around, and turning to Mr. Black, he ordered that Hurl Grapnell should be confined under the covering of the long boat.

At Gibraltar the cowardly assassin was delivered up to the American commodore, whose squadron happened to lay there, and without further trouble, the ship went on her way.

* * * * *

In the suburbs of Morristown, N. J., stood the splendid residence of Captain Winnell. It was just at dusk, one evening, after the absence of eight months, that the captain, accompanied by his young protegee, Harry, entered his own house. Hardly had his footfall resounded through the hall, ere his wife came bounding into his presence, and with a cry of joy fell into his outstretched arms. The first bursts of true conjugal thanksgiving were passed, and the party entered the sitting-room.

"Maria," said Captain Winnell, addressing his wife, who was just wiping the happy tears from her face, "see—I have brought you home a present."

As he spoke, he took Harry by the hand and led him forward. The rays of the solar lamp fell full upon his handsome features, and Mrs. Winnall gazed inquiringly into his face. Harry returned that look, and as he met the soft, mild eyes that rested upon him, his heart seemed to leap from its wonted sphere, and to remain suspended in hushed anxiety. At first the lady looked with a degree of curiosity, but gradually the color fled from her cheeks—she remained an instant in speechless suspense, and then, half wildly, and half hesitatingly, she murmured :

“Harry!—my son!—my son!”

“Yes, Maria,” said Captain Winnell, while he wiped a tear from his eye, “’tis indeed your boy, and a noble son has he proved.”

Ere he ceased speaking—and the circumstance prevented him from speaking further—the mother and her child were lost to all save the transports of their own bounding hearts—they saw nothing, they knew nothing, save that heart to heart, one pressed her child, and the other, his mother.

Captain Bolton had not long survived the supposed loss of his only son, and, after a number of years spent in widowhood, his wife had married Captain Winnell. Harry knew not the loss of a father, for in his presence, he still had a parent in very deed—one who loved and cherished him as though he had been of his own flesh and blood, and who joyed with his fondly cherished wife in the new source of earthly bliss that was thus opened to them.

Hurl Grapnell met the fate that had been designed for Harry—the gallows!—and his mother died in her hut, alone, and uncared for by none save him who awards to the transgressor the sure punishment of sin.

BARBERS.

He that is old enough to remember the reign of Puvillo and Pomatum, now utterly passed away, will do justice to the former dignity and importance of these practitioners. When a cushion reposed amid the umbrageous labyrinth of every female head, into which pins of nine inches long were thrust to support the intricate expansion of her outfrizzed hair, while the artist busily plied his puff, surcharged with Marechale or brown powder, redolent of spice;—when every gentleman’s sounce was wavy with voluminous and involuted curls, and he sat daily in his powdering room, then an indispensable apartment, gazing through the horny eyes of his mask upon his puffing decorator, dim amid the cloud of dust as the Juno of Ixion; when all this complicated “titivation” was to be incurred with aggravated detail before every dinner-party or ball—then was the time when the barbers, like the celestial bodies, which have great glory and little rest, were harassed and honored, tipped and tormented, coaxed and cursed.—*Horace Smith.*

WOMEN IN CHINA.

Woman is in a more degraded position in China than in any other part of the globe, and her humiliation is rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in the empire. In no rank is she regarded as the companion of man, but is treated solely as the slave of his caprice and passions. Even amongst the females of the highest ranks, few are found who can read or write; their education is confined to the art of embroidery, playing on a horrid three-stringed guitar, and singing; but the obligation of obedience to man is early inculcated, and the greater portion of their time is spent in smoking and playing at cards. The women of the poorer classes have no education, and can be considered but little better than beasts of burden. A man of that rank will walk deliberately by his wife’s side, while she totters under a heavy load; and frequently may she be seen yoked to a plough, while her husband guides it! Those of the lower classes who are good looking, according to Chinese ideas of beauty, are purchased by the rich at about twelve or fourteen years, for concubines, and are then instructed according to their master’s ideas. The Chinese cannot at all comprehend the European mode of treating ladies with respect and deference, and being naturally superstitious, attribute to devilish arts practised by the fair sex the just appreciation we entertain of their value; in short, they consider European ladies have an influence somewhat similar to that ascribed to an evil eye by Italian superstition. Chinese domestics have a very great objection to reside in a European family, over which a lady presides; and an old tradition of theirs curiously coincides with their superstition about our females: “That China should never be conquered until a woman reigned in the far West.” Some say that this prophecy was never heard of until they were conquered by the army of Queen Victoria. Be this as it may, they all contend that it is to be found in some of their oldest works.—*Travels in China.*

RURAL LIFE.

I confess that, when I pass through a rural town, and see the laborers among the corn, and the boys driving their cattle, and the girls busy in the dairies, and life passing away quietly, I cannot avoid a twinge of regret that it would be impossible for me to be contented with this kind of life that I see around me, especially as I know there is one kind of pleasure—negative, perhaps, rather than positive—which that kind of life enjoys, and in which I can never share. Relief from great responsibilities, and contentment with humble clothing, humble fare, humble society, humble aims and ambitions, humble means and humble labors—ah! how many weary, overloaded men—how many disappointed hearts—have sighed for such a boon, and sighed knowing they could never receive it.—*Timothy Tücomb.*

It is only necessary to make war with five things: with the maladies of the body, the ignorances of the mind, with the passions of the body, with the seditions of the city, and the discords of families.—*Pythagoras.*

[ORIGINAL.]

. DEVELOPMENT.

BY MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

Courage, and work!—no chaplet of fame
Crowneth the idly-folded palms;
Ask not for seas of perpetual peace—
Mariners never are made in calms.

Saplings that bend to the stormy blast,
Only strike root in a deeper earth;
In the chilly soil of our backward spring,
Hot-house flowers are but little worth!

Mines asleep in the bosom of earth,
Are worthless till wrought by brawny hands;
So aimless lives, on a sea of calm,
Are wrapped forever in swaddling-bands.

As voices gather volume and force,
As rises the scale in the difficult hymn,
So the stormy and perilous march of life
Develops and strengthens heart and limb.

O, well for us all it is, that God
Blendeth our lives with labor and pain,
Else would we grow to be pitiable dwarfs,
Palsied in heart, and hand, and brain.

Courage, and work, then!—cease to pine
For the nerveless calm of the still lagoon;
Heroic humanity sets towards heaven,
As pulses the sea toward the moon.

[ORIGINAL.]

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

A TALE OF BOSTON AND PLYMOUTH.

BY H. W. HAMMOND.

It is possible that some of my readers may remember the two popular public houses, known by the names of the Lamb Tavern and the Lion Tavern, which once occupied a distinguished portion of what is now Washington Street in Boston. It seemed then, undoubtedly, that these houses were at the extreme south end of the town; and it is curious to imagine the surprise and astonishment of the visitors of the two old taverns, could they be permitted to return to the scenes of their former location. Conceive of some ancient north-ender awaking from his slumber of two centuries, and taking a tramp through our pleasant thoroughfare. Bewildered and confused, he would ask the way, perhaps, of a person whose "wide awake" hat, gray shawl and water-proof boots, would strike him as being quite different to any costume he had seen before

falling asleep. The man knows nothing of either Lamb or Lion Tavern; but can point him to a very beautiful hotel. It is close to King's Chapel which the ancient recognizes immediately. He wishes to know how long it will take to write to New York and receive an answer; whereupon he is told that he can communicate by telegraph, and by waiting a certain time at the office, can receive a letter from his friend at once.

"What, to-day?"

"Certainly. You will have time to send two or three before dinner time, sir."

Of course he is incredulous; and still more so, when the man whom he believes insane, assures him that he can set out for New York at four in the afternoon and breakfast with his friend the next morning. A little ashamed of the undignified appearance of his companion, the old north-ender ventures to ask him what is his calling, and is now fully persuaded that he is an escaped maniac, when he answers that he is a clergyman! What, without a band and surplice! and absolutely not even in a black suit! But there is something quite taking in the pleasant smile of the Rev. Mr. L., so the Rip Van Winkle of Boston proceeds with him to the telegraph office, and is highly gratified with the result, although still inwardly quivering with fear that it may be the doing of the evil one.

"Would you like to have your portrait taken, sir?" asks the clergyman, as they approach the entrance of Silsby's fine gallery of photographic wonders.

"I cannot spare the time," is the answer.

"But a few minutes' time is all that is needed."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaims the bewildered ghost. "Of what can the man be thinking?"

He is taken by the arm, attended to the saloon, and almost immediately is shown an unmistakable likeness of himself at full length—including cocked hat, gold laced coat, ruffles and inexpressibles, not forgetting the bag wig and shoe-buckles.

The steam whistle and thundering cars almost deafen him as he goes on, and the horse-cars are a new source of wonder that makes him forget the old Lamb Tavern; or he begins to believe that it never existed, except in his dreams. But that it was a reality, many old legends truly attest; and the aristocracy of at least one distinguished family in our noble city may not blush at finding its origin in one of the landlords. But this was far away in the old time.

On a beautiful July morning, the servants of the Lamb Tavern were set in commotion by the son and heir of the landlord. He was going away at early dawn, and his destination was one

of those sweet little villages on the southern cape, which look out upon the ocean in its grandeur and sublimity. Surely these dwellers by the seaside should have larger conceptions of the power of the Almighty than others. Here was the summer residence of Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, and it was to this house that young Herbert Moore was bound. And for this end, as I said, the servants were all put in requisition; black and white deeming that the young master could not get along without special assistance from each. It was known throughout the household that his errand was to see Caroline Hamilton, the pretty daughter of Mr. Hamilton of Plymouth; and many were the quips and cranks that passed between the sable attendants, and the more dignified white domestics. Miss Isabella Moore, the sister of the young man, had risen earlier than her wont, in order to breakfast with her brother and to charge him with various messages to her prospective sister-in-law; while the landlord himself—good, easy, burly Mr. Moore, and his placid, gentle-looking wife, were sending similar compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

Isabella Moore was what is now called, in modern parlance, a lady of the old school. She had been schooled abroad, her father having relatives in the mother country who offered to bear the entire charge of the little girl's education; and she had returned home with accomplishments of no inferior order in the eyes of less fortunate young ladies. She was very pretty, very graceful, and, strange to say, unconscious of her charms. Herbert was her only brother, and she was very proud as well as fond of him. Altogether, amongst them all, the young man stood a fair chance of being spoiled.

Margaret Moore, the elder sister, had gone to light up another home with her beauty and goodness; but she was not far off, and on hearing that Herbert was going to Plymouth, she came in to breakfast with the family. She was now Mrs. Lyndhurst, having married a gentleman of great wealth, and living not far from the good old Lamb Tavern, which her father still persisted in keeping, although earnestly besought by his family to retire.

At length the young man was permitted by his admiring relatives to commence his journey. Arriving at Plymouth without any catastrophe, he went immediately to the house of Mr. Hamilton, and was received by his charmer with the consideration due to the relation subsisting between them. Caroline Hamilton was, indeed, a creature whom any man might be proud to claim as his wife. Without the superior educa-

tion of Isabella Moore, she was more than her equal in the gentle household charms which throw such a halo around every-day life—which make a man's home a little paradise, and wean him from the haunts of pleasure, to enjoy a sweeter communion with his guardian angel.

A fair being to look at was Caroline Hamilton. A blonde complexion, blue eyes and fair hair, a sweet, sunny smile upon the red, ripe lips, a form not too slender, but full and elastic—imagine these, and you have the picture of the Plymouth beauty. She liked Herbert Moore—perhaps not with that engrossing love which he demanded, but with a calm and gentle affection that ought to have satisfied him; and perhaps it did so.

Mr. Hamilton's house stood not far from the sea side. It was a quaint old building, half cottage, half palace, and surrounded by some fine old elms. The garden lay in front, and the house was reached by a side passage, wide enough for a carriage to be driven through it. Beyond, there were woods, where the trailing arbutus grew in profusion in the spring time, and the odor of the pines gave out its freshness the whole year round. Here, the lovers passed the hours of the sultry July days, or sat rocking in a boat upon the waves. The month was given up to a sweet idleness which Caroline often resolved to end by confining herself more to household tasks; but her lover as often entreated for another day of out-door enjoyment. She consented to one more; but advised him after that one, to join the hunters and try to make himself happy without her society for a few hours, at least, while she attended to the duties of the pantry.

"And mind! bring me some game to cook for your supper," she said, as he reluctantly left her.

Caroline turned back to the house, after watching his lingering footsteps a moment, and joined old Aunt Dinah, the black cook, who had missed sorely the nimble fingers among her delicate pastes, for the last two or three weeks, since Herbert Moore had been there. The days went on. Herbert seemed quite reconciled to going out alone. He always brought game, and Caroline began to feel almost uncomfortable because he seemed so willing to go every morning, although she had herself urged it upon him.

When she questioned him of the companions he found, she had thought that he seemed confused. It was a strange imagining, too, she believed, for, of course there was nothing to call it forth. As soon would she have doubted that the sun shone in the heavens, as she would doubt Herbert Moore's truth and devotion to her. As

soon would she believe anything wrong against her own father as against him. Yet there was an uneasy feeling that prompted her one day, to wander out by herself into the woods. The day was lovely—one of the sweetest of that sweet summer time. Every step she took, the wild roses were lying under her feet, and she was crushing out their perfume until the air was filled with the odor. The sweet briar gave out its fragrance—each leaf a flower—the gift of Heaven to mortals.

Caroline loved them well; but on this day she was not so sensitive to their beauty as usual. Soon she reached a little arbor where Herbert had arranged some turf seats, and where they had spent many hours together. She heard voices and would have fled; but she was now quite opposite the entrance, and the sight that met her eyes chained her footsteps.

On one of the green seats sat her lover, his face turned from her; and beside him stood a beautiful Indian girl, arrayed in all the finery in which the tribes delight to deck themselves. One of her tawny arms, almost covered with bracelets of bead-work, was around Herbert Moore's neck, while his own encircled her waist. The girl was stooping to imprint a kiss upon his lips. Gliding like a spirit, as fleet and noiseless, Caroline retraced her steps homeward. Fortunately, she met no one, until she reached her chamber and sat down to reflect. Where was the proud confidence which an hour ago she held in her lover's truth and integrity? and what—O, what must she do, now that it was destroyed?

One hour afterwards Herbert Moore sauntered along the path that led by a winding way to the house. He looked up to Caroline's window, but the curtains were drawn close. A little negro boy, who had been her pet, met him before he turned into the broad avenue fronting the house, and gave him a note. It was from Caroline, desiring him to shorten his stay to the nearest moment in which he could depart, and saying that circumstances which his own heart knew but too well, would prevent them from meeting again, now and forever.

He staggered back against a tree, overcome with the suddenness of the blow. He loved Caroline, and it was a great shock to feel, as he must, that she had found him unworthy of a return. But he had basely betrayed the innocent and beautiful Indian, and he knew that once discovered, she would never overlook it. Yet who could have carried her the story? and how did he know that her informant had not also heard him when he promised to marry Tahita? For—scarce one hour ago—he had promised to mar-

ry the Indian girl, upon condition of perfect secrecy on her part, and she, not won by the glittering trinkets he had brought her, but truly loving the handsome stranger, had blindly consented to be his wife. When once he had taken Caroline to Boston, he thought all would be well. It would be easy to trip down to Plymouth privately, and keep Tahita's love and hopes alive. But now!—could any power re-unite the love of Caroline to himself? Why, the blood of all the Hamiltons would cry out against him for murdering the peace of the choicest flower of their name. She whose beauty and purity would have adorned a throne, to be thus sacrificed. Monstrous! Herbert Moore saw too clearly how he must henceforth stand in the estimation of the family. He trusted not a little to his own eloquent pleading with Caroline; but he doubted if the pride of her parents would yield, even to save their daughter from death. What would avail him?

He walked back to the silent wood through which he had come from his meeting with Tahita. Every tree seemed to whisper of his guilt and his wretchedness—for he was miserable indeed. What would his own family think? his gentle and loving mother—his pure-minded sister—his high-souled and noble father? It was almost like the bitterness of death to think of all this; and Herbert Moore felt like taking his own life in expiation, as he weakly believed, of his sin. One thing was certain, he could not go back to Mr. Hamilton's. He would leave the town at once, and perhaps go to Europe, until it was forgotten. His friends in the mother country would welcome him, and when he returned it would all be overlooked as a youthful indiscretion. He must go too without a single word of farewell. Perhaps Caroline would believe that, after all, the foolish story was false, and, sometime hence, he might return and boldly claim her as his bride. A thousand confused images thus ran through his brain, until at length he resolved to plead an excuse for sudden absence, in a note to Mr. Hamilton. Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote hastily in pencil, a few lines to Mr. Hamilton, saying that unexpected circumstances called him away from Plymouth. Not a word of Caroline! Indeed, he could not bring himself to write her name.

Sick at heart, Caroline Hamilton read the note which her father put into her hand at the breakfast table the next morning. He did not notice her pale face when she came in, nor the deep flush of wounded pride that dyed her cheek upon reading it. She would have given worlds

had it contained a single word of penitence. As it was, the secret lay with her, and none other should learn it, if she could prevent it. It would be terrible indeed, if it were to be noised about Plymouth. After all, might she not be mistaken? There were other strangers in town, and it might be—O, how she tried to grasp at this straw! Yet, scarcely had she touched it, ere she discovered its weakness. She tried to hide from loving eyes the untasted breakfast, and to bear her father's jests about losing her appetite because Herbert was absent.

"Don't tease her, husband," said the good-natured Mrs. Hamilton. "She has a headache, I know." And glad of even that hackneyed excuse, Caroline fled to her chamber, where she darkened the windows and lay with shut eyes all day long; not even opening them when her mother came with the usual remedies for her supposed headache.

If Caroline suffered, so did others. The poor Tahita, wondering at her lover's absence, was almost distracted, and Herbert himself was as wretched as a man could well be. He arrived in Boston and was at home before he even thought how he should account for his sudden appearance, unheralded as it was by any intimation of his coming. Old Jupe was in high dudgeon because he had not been commissioned to meet the stage, as usual, upon his young master's return, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore shrewdly guessed that he had come to prepare for the wedding. But Isabella's piercing eyes saw at a glance that something was wrong with her brother. She had unbounded power over him, and he was at length forced to confess that something *had* occurred between him and Caroline. Of course he could not tell her all, but she received the impression that some gossip had carried a story to her that he was flirting with one of the young Indian girls.

"And were you?"

"Absurd, Isabella! As if I could have anything to say to her, except to ask the price of her baskets!"

And the sister was apparently satisfied that the affair had no deep meaning, and would soon result in perfect reconciliation. Meantime, she was as anxious that Herbert should pay a visit to England as he was, and a voyage was accordingly planned. When he should return, it seemed quite probable that all things would come right between him and Caroline.

A year passed, and Herbert Moore still remained abroad. He had written once to Caro-

line, but no answer had been vouchsafed. Of course, pride would preclude him from a second trial of his affections. And Isabella was unwilling to approach any subject connected with their estrangement, and omitted writing to Caroline altogether.

As has been said, a year passed away. One bright and beautiful autumnal day, when the chestnut trees in front of the old Lamb tavern were drooping with golden leaves, Isabella Moore saw from her chamber window, a strange figure seated on the broad step beneath. It was that of a young girl, clad partly in Indian, partly in European style, and holding in her arms a little child. The girl in truth seemed scarcely more than a child herself, in size. That which she held was a mere infant, yet it lay laughing and crowing in her lap, as if in contrast to the sadness and melancholy depicted upon the face of the girl. Isabella was attracted by the sight, and ran down the stairs. The girl heard her and looked up. One moment a flush of the deepest crimson passed over her face; the next it was of a dusky gray.

Questioning her, Isabella's suspicions were aroused. She had come from Plymouth; and in pursuit of one whose name she long withheld from the ear of her listener. She had started when she saw Isabella, evidently recognizing a resemblance to the person she wished to find. All this made Miss Moore anxious to get the girl away from the prying eyes which then, as sometimes now, were apt to gather in Washington Street.

Once in her chamber, with the baby sleeping quietly upon her bed, Isabella wrung from the poor Tahita the story of her wrongs. She turned her gaze upon the sleeping infant and read the confirmation of the girl's truth. It was to seek Herbert that she had come. Partly aided by the answers to her broken inquiries upon the road, and partly, it would seem, by instinct, she had found his home. It was a long, long journey, and she had slept many nights upon the ground during its accomplishment. Weary and faint, she had scarcely strength enough to answer her eager questioner, in whose eyes the tears came unbidden.

That night, the Indian girl slept in Isabella's own bed, and its owner found repose upon a ruder couch. In the morning she was awakened by the piteous wailing of the little one; and supposing the mother to be sleeping, she rose to awaken her. The rigid stillness of the face startled her. She bent to listen for her breathing, but no sound met her ear. The girl lay, in her wild and picturesque beauty, her long black

hair lying in heavy masses upon the pillow ; but no life was there. Sorrow and sickness had commenced the work which fatigue and exposure had ended.

Isabella Moore was a brave woman. She dared to look at this sad affair in all its bearings—to impart the story to her parents, and to plead with them that she might adopt the friendless little waif thus thrown by Providence into her arms—dared to give the poor Indian a Christian burial, and to treat the child as she would have treated the lawful and acknowledged child of wedded parents.

She did more. When Herbert brought a wealthy and accomplished wife from England, three years afterwards, she led the little dusky child to the astonished pair, and briefly told her story. No punishment could have been so severe to Herbert as this ; yet he could not deny its justice. Margaret was a true woman. She blamed her husband, but she pitied the motherless child ; and she forgave him only upon condition that it should remain under the joint protection of herself and Isabella who could not bear to resign it wholly.

Some future time may bring to light the strange life of the child. At present we will leave it with the two noble women who took it to their hearts. It is no fancy sketch that is here portrayed. Four years ago, an aged woman passed suddenly away, mourned by children and children's children. She was the deserted child of Herbert Moore ; for, after all, he was base enough to desert her when Margaret and Isabella had gone to render an account of their own faithfulness.

WRITING FOR FUTURITY.

A good book possesses this universality—it belongs properly to no one age, but to all the ages. The thought that is in it speaks to man, not to a certain class of men ; and is true alike of the past, the present, and the future ; so that the talk of writing for "futura" is quite as idle, and not near so witty as the declaration of Charles Lamb, who, on being informed that his sonnet was rejected because it was not sufficiently polished for the age and the readers of annals, exclaimed, "O, hang the age ! I will write for antiquity !" A man may just as well talk of writing for "antiquity" as of writing for "futura," for if he has not sufficient power and vigor to interest the men and women of this age, it is much to be doubted whether he possesses sufficient fire and energy to interest the men and women of a coming age ; and if he is possessed of sufficient genius to command the attention of the next generation, he may take it for granted that he has sufficient genius to command the attention of the age in which he lives.—*Tait's Magazine*.

EGYPTIAN LEGEND.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favorite minister ; and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister ; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants ; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honor of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremony had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name ? "Call it," he replied, "the mosque of Sultan Hassan." All started at the mention of this name ; and the questioner, as though he could not believe he heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan ;" and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection ; simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.—*Bayne's Notes*.

THAT IS SO.—Some music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on the violin requires the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner : "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats fiddling higher than a kite."—*Exchange*.

[ORIGINAL.]

"THESE TEARS."

BY WILLIE R. FABOR.

For heroes who in battle fall,
 "These tears," nor think that this is all!
 We shrine their names in Memory's hall
 With those who first, at Freedom's call,
 In battle died.

Not those alone whose names are known,
 But those whose names no record claim,
 Save where all pride

By sorrow drowned, in shadow bound
 Their memories keep, by those who weep
 At bitter cost the loved ones lost.

For heroes who for Freedom die,
 "These tears," that from a Nation's eye
 Fall freely on them as they lie
 With faces turned toward the sky.

For them no more

Alas! shall come the roll of drum,
 Or stirring fife arouse to strife,

On sea or shore.

But as each year shall disappear,
 'Twill with it take, for Freedom's sake,
 With added fame each hero's name.

[ORIGINAL.]

'THE EGYPTIAN LILY.**A TALE OF THE SIXTH CRUSADE.**

BY M. A. LOWELL.

OF all the heroines of the romantic period of the Crusades, and indeed of all the world-histories that have been written, in which woman has borne a part—and in what world-history has she not?—none is more tender and affecting than that of the beautiful young queen of Jerusalem, Violante, the daughter of John de Brienne and Mary, once its king and queen. Lovely as a poet's dream of the angels, and pure as they, her sorrows, though borne in silence, even unto her dying hour, were deep and heavy.

At the death of her mother, she was placed in charge of the sultana of Egypt. The little princess and her mother had been left as hostages in Egypt when the Christians had promised to evacuate the land on condition of being allowed to return to Acre. When the treaty was concluded, the king of Jerusalem set off for Palestine, content to leave his wife and child with the good sultana, Elsiebiede, once the beloved attendant of Berengaria of Navarre. The husband of Elsiebiede was that very Saphadin or Saif Addin, brother of Saladin, who sought the Princess Jo-

anna in marriage. The noble Saladin is known as the "Paynim lover" of Eleanor, the queen of Henry II., and the generous foe of Richard Cœur de Lion, her own son. For Eleanor's sake, Saladin learned the Provencal tongue, the wily queen having declared that she would listen to no love tales in any other. In remembrance, perhaps, of this romance, Richard bestowed Berengaria's Moorish girl upon Saif Addin, who had transferred his affections from the princess to her when his suit was refused by Joanna.

In Palestine, the sad news came to the king of Jerusalem that his queen had died, leaving her little daughter with the sultana. She entreated to be permitted to keep the child, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who exhibited as sincere affection for herself. Violante, therefore, although no attempt was made to undermine the Christian faith transmitted to her by her mother, was still interested in that of the Moslems; and many of their forms and prayers became dear to her, because they were so to her beloved sultana. She was always dressed in the picturesque costume of the Orientals, its beauty and richness suiting well with her style of loveliness, although adding no charm to a face and figure that needed nothing to enhance its quality.

Jean de Brienne, having become king of Jerusalem, only through the right of his wife, was not permitted, after her death, to exercise dominion. He, therefore, listened with complacency, to the advice of Pope Honorius III., who suggested to him that it would be advisable to enter into an alliance with his daughter with some powerful European prince who could thereby succeed to the kingly power in her right.

Accompanied by the patriarch of Jerusalem, he sailed for Egypt. So many years had gone by since he had beheld his child, that he almost feared that she had forgotten his face; but the quick blush of pleasure that lighted up her countenance showed that she had kept his memory in her heart. To the patriarch she was shy and reserved; and the good man was alarmed to find that the little princess was holding in her hand a Moslem rosary of ninety-nine precious stones, which he attempted to take from her. She, however, refused to part with the gift of Elsiebiede. Alas! before her father had time to experience the hospitality of this excellent woman, she was taken from her attached household by the hand of death; and her adopted child had only the melancholy privilege, accorded to no other Christian, of following her to the grave.

When Elsiebiede had quitted the household of King Richard, she had pleaded with him to allow the dwarf Salaman to accompany her to

her new home. The Moor was ugly and misshapen ; but he had been faithful to Berengaria and her attendant, and his good heart had won for him an attachment which his personal defects could not diminish. The poor creature mourned the death of his benefactress most bitterly ; and all consolation was lost upon him. When Violante accompanied the Moorish maidens to the grave of the sultana on the morning following her burial, the faithful servant lay upon the earth, motionless as a statue. The princess lifted the cold hand, but dropped it quickly. Salaman was dead upon the grave of his beloved mistress.

There was no longer any tie in Cairo for Violante, and she gladly accompanied her father to Italy. The appearance of the Eastern princess excited a great sensation—so young, so lovely, and with so much intelligence. The pope immediately upon her arrival, selected the son of the Emperor Frederic as her future husband ; thus deciding against all other pretenders to her favor. Her father was well pleased at this selection, and the young prince visited her. Shy and embarrassed, Violante did not do justice to herself in this interview, nor in those which followed. She was, however, passive, and willing to please her father ; and she made no objection to the marriage, which was settled to take place at Ferentino, upon the occasion of a high festival.

A week previous to the time fixed upon for the nuptials, the Emperor Frederic went to Italy, with a vague curiosity haunting him to see the bride of his son. He came and saw, and (was) conquered. The modest and retiring beauty, with her sweet face and graceful orientalisms of dress and manner, so different from the females of his own country, and the flippant showiness he had seen abroad, was just the kind to fascinate him ; but as yet he found at first no key to unlock the treasures of her mind. He spoke to her in the various languages in which he was so distinguished a scholar ; but the air of pensive melancholy that brooded over her remained. Then he essayed the low, deep tones of the Arabic. At the first word her eye sparkled with an indescribable rapture. The fountain of her soul was unsealed ; and in rapid and animated tones she described her Eastern home and its graceful appendages, its calm delights, its surpassing magnificence. She told him of the beautiful Moorish maidens who had been to her as sisters, the good and true woman who had been more than a mother to her. But when she reached this part of her story she broke down. The remembrance of Elsiebiede was all too tender to be recalled without bitter tears. Even then, in her deepest burst of grief, her tear-stained face

wore an inexpressible charm for the monarch. When he rose to leave her, it was with a secret thrill of joy that he heard her ask him to renew his visit.

Not long afterward, Frederic waited on the pope, to inform that the young queen of Jerusalem had chosen him as its king instead of his son. He had found the key to her soul, which the young heir of Hohenstaufen had failed in seeking.

It is not to be supposed that Henry did not in his heart curse the interposition of the imperial widower ; and he readily entered into a league with the pope, to instigate the cities of Lombardy to revolt. Frederic, however, had quieted the pope's anger against him, by promising to lead the crusade in two years from the time of his marriage, which accordingly took place. No sweeter bride was ever led to royal wedlock than Violante. She loved Frederic far better than she could have loved his son, and she believed him all that was true and good. The difference in age cost her not a thought, since the sentiments he expressed wore the charm of immortal youth.

He took her to his gloomy palace in Germany, where the deep loneliness was in strong contrast with the bright and beautiful home she had known in Cairo ; and gradually, as the charm of novelty wore away, he began to neglect her. For the first time in her life, Violante found herself truly alone. Hitherto every one who had been associated with her had been tenderly devoted to her. It was so strange and new to her, this being left to her own resources ; and by one, too, whom she had not only enriched by her possessions, and granted her own power, but on whom she had conferred the richer boon of her affections.

In this prison house, as it was to her, Violante drooped and pined ; and when Jean de Brienne carried his loving heart to sun itself in the smiles and happiness of his daughter, he found her but the wreck of her former self. A few adroit questions showed him where lay the rock upon which his child's happiness had foundered ; and when her imperial husband entered with careless greeting and brief words to the young bride he had promised to love, the father could bear no more. He taxed him with neglect and indifference ; and Frederic freely and insolently admitted it, justifying his conduct upon the practice of other sovereigns who do not feel bound by the same ties as common men, and who take the solemn relation of marriage upon them with the understood proviso that they are to enjoy the largest freedom of conduct.

Only that he was his child's husband prevented Jean de Brienne from personal castigation of

one who could thus speak of the priceless gift of her affections. Violante heard and fainted. Her father caught her in his arms, half distracted at the thought that she would die in that terrible swoon; Frederic, with a calm sneer, merely ringing the bell and ordering her attendants to take her away and recover her.

Distressed, nay, maddened, by this heartless exhibition, Jean de Brienne left Germany, to devise some means of punishing one so lost to honor. Almost immediately upon his return to Italy, he was solicited to become king of Constantinople. It was a source of joy to him that the sceptre would be once more in his hands; not for the sake of wearing the purple, but that he would now be able, with the help of the Greeks, to punish the base emperor, and to force him to yield to the decree of the pope, in leading the crusade.

The unexpected turn of affairs alarmed Frederic. His personal safety—always a matter of the highest importance to him—seemed to demand that he should now commence his pilgrimage. His troops were forthwith ordered to appear at Brundisium, and prepare to depart for the Holy Land.

Before the appointed day of sailing had come, however, a terrible disease broke out in the camp. Men died like sheep, stricken in a moment by the awful pestilence; and others, fearing the same fate, became deserters. The emperor was well pleased at anything that would release him from his vow, and pleading his own health endangered, he gladly took the homeward march to Germany.

But how is it that no sound of rejoicing meets the imperial wanderer's return? Are his followers deaf, and dumb, and blind to his coming home? No deep-toned bells meet his ear—no crowd hurries to receive him. Like a common wayfarer, he strides on to the palace with "none so poor as to do him reverence." Once all was enthusiasm and delight, felt or feigned. The ominous stillness struck upon his heart, and weighed it down with a feeling unknown before to the proud sovereign. The thought passed through his mind that this was the doing of Jean de Brienne—that he had used his newly-found dignities to humble him in his own home, and to retaliate upon him for his indifference, if not absolute cruelty, to his daughter.

He was indeed conscience-stricken, as his mind went back to that day when he had so heartlessly treated his angel-wife. He remembered how those lovely eyes had turned upon his face in utter amazement at his words, and what a heart-piercing cry she had uttered before she had

fainted. All these memories came quickly up from the past, as if to torture him in this moment of his return. He tried to banish them; but, like the shirt of Nessus, they would not be cast off. Like one in some horrid dream, he strode up the deserted pathway and entered the palace. Here he saw only the servants of the household. Every face that he met wore the aspect of some bitter woe—not that which spends itself in tears, but which has come suddenly, to wither and blight.

With an impatient gesture, he pushed aside the only person who attempted to speak to him—a page of Violante's—a fair, beautiful boy, whom he had often censured her for indulging too much. The child's face was white as death, and he trembled from head to foot. Frederic went on to the apartments of the empress. What sound came so strangely upon his ear? It was like the low, feeble wail of an infant, and the subdued voice of a woman was hushing it softly, as if its weak tones could break the repose of some sick sleeper. Two rooms beyond this was Violante's bedchamber. At the door he knocked. There was no answer, and he went in. The apartment had been stripped of its gay colors, and only held what seemed a mass of white drapery. Through the open door beyond a group of maidens were fashioning some garment of white also, and as they sewed, he could hear the sob which seemed to come from the very depths of their hearts. A great terror came upon the careless, selfish man. He moved slowly and with shrinking footsteps towards the centre of the apartment, where stood that white horror, and drew back the curtain. There she lay; the young queen, whose sweet life had ebbed away in giving birth to his child—the life which his heartlessness had rendered worthless to its possessor. There she lay, in all her regal beauty—the fair, Egyptian lily, whose sweetness had been wasted upon him.

"He asks no questions—all were answered now
By the first glance on that still marble brow.
It was enough she died—that recks it how?"

SYMPATHY.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me; it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honors of the victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "These too are Alexanders."—*Souvestre.*

[ORIGINAL.]

ONLY A PASSION FLOWER.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

A single passion flower pressed,
Is what my wistful eye engages;
And all the sign of love once blest
Lies buried 'tween the written pages.
But O, the flower to you and me
A deeper mystery unrolls,
For written on its leaves I see
The record of two burning souls!

The record of two wasting lives;
The story of two sundered hearts;
Which every ill of life survives,
When every joy of life departs.
Within two harvest moons was born
This love of deep, controlling power;
And now my heart of all else shorn,
Can treasure but a passion flower.

I love as well each creeping vine,
Yet use no lover's microscope;
Laburnums, fragrant jessamine,
And sweet-breathed, purple heliotrope,
Have still as tender links for me,
But never consecrate these hours;
Their speech is dumb—I only see,
I only feel, through passion flowers.

The language which she loved they spoke,
Nor were their clusters mute to me,
As o'er their panting bosoms broke
The south wind's swooning harmony;
But tuneful music of her tone
Faded with the fainting zephyr's breath,
And hope, ambition, pride are gone,
With that one passion flower's death.

* * * * *

Sweet one, you were not false to me,
We only "loved and lost" by chance;
I hold thee blameless, and but see
With dimming eyes; strange circumstance
Had so conspired 'twixt you and me,
That I should struggle, you should rest
Till death revealeth all to thee,
By passion flowers on my breast.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LITTLE STREET SINGER
OF ROTTERDAM.

BY MARY A. KHALES.

In the city of Rotterdam, some years ago,
dwelt Hans Roelseff and his good wife Pietie.
Hans was a shoemaker; not a manufacturer of
delicate hides and shining patent leathers, but a

carver of clumsy wooden shoes, more noted for
their durability and substance than delicacy and
elegance.

All day long Hans worked steadily at his
trade, except when interrupted by a customer, or
when drinking coffee or taking his dinner in the
little room back of his shop; and Hans's indus-
try was not without its reward, for many a shin-
ing gold piece was put away in the little old-
fashioned drawer of the *kast* that his mother had
left him, and there was only one thing that
troubled him and his fair-haired, dimpled-cheek
wife.

Hans and Pietie were verging upon forty years,
and they had no children. This was the skele-
ton in the closet, yet they were not gloomy and
discontented. Only when their neighbors' chil-
dren ran shouting past on their way to school,
or when some fair little blonde with dimpled
beek, and eyes blue as the sky, or some hardy
little fellow with red lips and a merry voice
came in to be measured for *een paar schoenen*, did
Hans sigh, as he fitted the clumsy wooden shoes
to the plump sunburned little feet. And once
in a while Pietie would say, "What's the use in
working so hard, Hans, and laying up money,
when there'll be no one to leave it to unless the
charity?" and Hans would sigh and say, "Ah,
well, *vrouw*, it's as cheap to be busy as idle."
But for all that, he often had serious thoughts in
regard to the matter himself, and when he should
have been asleep after the labors of the day, he
would lie awake thinking "who will spend the
money poor old Hans is working so hard to
earn?"

It was after one of these sleepless nights that
Hans arose in the morning to drink his morn-
ing's cup of coffee in not the best possible humor,
but Pietie went singing about the room smiling
and cheerful, with a strange light in her eye, and
buoyancy in her step that had been a stranger
to it for years. But Hans did not notice it, or
if he did he said nothing, and after he had gulped
down his two cups of coffee, went into the shop
to build a fire, but his wife gently called him
back.

"Hans, Hans."

"Well," said Hans, turning back into the
sitting-room.

"Hans," said the pleasant little wife, laying
her hand upon his arm, and gently drawing him
towards the fire. "Hans," and then she put
her fingers to her face, and began to cry in the
strongest hysterical way imaginable. "Hans,"
said Pietie, still drawing him towards the fire.
Then she dropped his arm, and removing a
shawl from a little willow basket, disclosed to

his astonished view a little pink face surrounded by the softest lace and ribbon, a pair of little red chubby fists—to tell the truth the nicest infantile creation imaginable.

“What—what—what!” gasped Hans.

“To tell the truth, I know little more than you about it, Hans,” said the good wife. “I found it just inside the door of the *tenken* that I forgot to lock last night, and the little thing hasn’t waked up yet. O, isn’t it sweet, Hans—isn’t it a darling?”

Hans rubbed his eyes to see if he wasn’t dreaming, then he pinched himself, and becoming satisfied that the little object before him was no creation of the imagination, like a very silly man as he was, he was obliged to draw his coat-sleeve softly across his eyes, for Pietie was crying in earnest, the warm tears falling softly upon the face of the unconscious sleeper.

“Don’t, Pietie—see, you’re waking it,” said Hans—for the little creature moved and opened its eyes—those eyes—not soft blue as the sky, but dark, very dark and beautiful, and the hair that escaped from beneath the border of the little cap was black and glossy as the softest silk.

“Will keep it, Hans? O, I know you will. O, it would break my heart to give it up, the darling. Say, Hans, shall we not keep it, and call it ours—your baby and mine?”

“Of course we will,” said blunt, honest Hans. And they did keep it, and named it Bertha—little Bertha Roelsoff, and never was child better cared for or more tenderly nursed than this little foundling, adopted by the honest though worthy *shoemaker*, Hans.

A child of uncommon beauty was little Bertha, and very unlike the generality of the Netherlands maidens, with their blonde faces and substantial forms. Bertie at fourteen was delicate and graceful as a lily, with a step light as a fawn’s and a form of perfect symmetry. Hair black and glossy fell in soft natural curls over the not very becoming dress that hid her pretty shoulders, for *vrouw Roelsoff* did not receive her fashions from Paris, and dressed the little maiden more befitting a matron of forty years, than a pretty girl just budding into womanhood.

Shoe black were the soft witching eyes, finely and perfectly arched by the delicate brows, artistically curved the ruby lips and the white chin, the prettiest of dimples just breaking its smooth surface, as raindrops do a quiet and lovely lake. But Bertha’s beauty was the least of her attractions. She was very winning and gentle to those she loved, though she had a flashing eye and withering tone for those who offended her, or were not reckoned as friends of her

dear adopted parents, whom she loved as tenderly as if they had been her own. But it was Bertha’s voice that was her chief attraction, rich, soft, musical, perfectly enchanting, and the old shoemaker and his wife at the close of day would say—“Come, Bertha, and sing for us,” and the child would take the psalm book and turn to a favorite psalm and sing it, until it would seem sometimes as if it were an angel rather than a little earth child who sang so sweetly.

Then Bertha knew a great many ballads, and so perfect was her imitation, that she could imitate the opera music she was taken now and then to hear, by Herr Bonman, her father’s friend. These pieces she used to sing to her parents and schoolmates, and as they did not understand French, the pretty little gibberish she used was as intelligible to them as the original opera would have been, and sometimes this was a pastime she delighted in. She would improvise both words and music, playing an accompaniment upon a little instrument of music entirely unknown in America, somewhat, however, resembling the dulcimer in its appearance and sound. Thus far Bertha’s life had been one of almost unclouded sunshine, but the darkness came.

One night she was awakened by a sense of suffocation and the cry of fire. Almost at the same instant she was seized in a pair of strong arms and borne from the building. Then Hans—for it was he—disappeared again within the house, leaving her with poor Pietie, who stood by wringing her hands and bewailing their misfortune, notwithstanding the sympathy expressed by the crowd. But poor Hans never came from the burning building. Some timbers falling in must have crushed him, if he was not burned or suffocated. It was supposed he returned to bring away his treasured gold, but he perished in the attempt.

Crowds everywhere are very much alike, and had it not been for a poor neighbor to whom Pietie and Hans had been kind, the poor widow and Bertha might have lain half naked in the street. As it was, this poor woman took them home, gave them a suit of decent garments, and then—O, what was to be done? for a lone woman supporting herself by washing, could ill-afford to furnish a home for two others more helpless than herself, for *vrouw Roelsoff*’s nerves were so shattered by her dreadful misfortunes she could do nothing, and little Bertha—yes, little Bertha, what could she do?

“A good deal, may be,” she said, bravely, to herself—and she did. Little Bertha went into the street to sing. Up and down the streets—before the houses of the rich, her clear, bird-like

voice trilled song after song, and copper coins in abundance, and sometimes those of bright silver repaid her labors. One day she sang before a fine mansion in a principal street. A crowd gathered about her, and among others she noted a tall, dark, heavily-bearded man, who, when she had finished her song, tossed into her hand a large silver coin.

"You sing well, child," he said, "and the ladies must have you come to-morrow in a better dress, and you will be admitted."

"I have no better dress, sir."

"Then here's to buy one." And he gave a small gold piece into her hand. "At this time to-morrow."

"Ja Myn Herr," said the child, astonished and delighted, and true to her promise little Bertha was there, but so changed by her new and becoming dress as to be hardly recognizable. She was admitted into the grand house by a servant who evidently expected her, and preceded her into the ladies' room. Little Bertha never saw anything so beautiful in her life before. Mirrors, and statues, and paintings, and high fretted ceilings—gorgeous hangings, and carpets soft as forest moss, rare exotics and numberless articles denoting luxury and wealth greeted her eyes on every side.

"I think this must be beautiful as heaven," said the child to herself, half bewildered, as many an older and wiser person had been before her. The ladies seemed amused at her half-curious, half-frightened way, and the eldest one said:

"Ah, you're the little girl Myn Herr spoke to us of?"

"Ja mevrouw."

The reply was modest and timid, and a pretty courtesy attended it.

"Very well, then,"—she looked curiously at the woman by her side—"Johanna, what do you think?"

Johanna, a fat blonde, raised her eyes from her embroidery and regarded little Bertha.

"I think with Myn Herr, the resemblance—"

"Sh—, what do you sing, child?"

The woman who asked the question seemed to be mother of the other, at least their countenances were much alike excepting age. Bertha began to sing, but there was such an expression in the eyes of the women, who regarded her steadily, that she grew nervous, and could scarce command her voice at all.

"What did you say your name was? you told Myn Herr, yesterday, did you not? but I forget."

"Yes ma'am, I told him. He was a very kind

gentleman, and asked me a good many questions."

"And what is your name?"

"Bertha Roelsoff."

"Was Hans Roelsoff your father?"

Bertha began and told her story to the ladies, as she had to the strange gentleman the day before.

"And where did you say you lived?" questioned the elder woman.

Bertha informed her.

"Ah, well, you can go, child—here." And she tossed a silver coin towards her. "But, child, never stop in the street to talk to strange gentlemen any more, it isn't nice."

The younger woman touched the bell, and a servant appeared who led Bertha from the room.

"Johanna," the elder woman spoke abruptly, "what do you think?"

"Think, mother?"

"Yes."

"Indeed I cannot say, except there is no doubt it is *the* child."

"Exactly." The mother threw down her knitting, and looked steadily into her daughter's eyes. "Johanna, do you understand? Tony must see that girl no more. Yesterday he was struck with her resemblance to *her*, and although he had no clue by which he could guess at her identity, chance may discover one. Yes—if she had but been rightly put out of the way," continued the mother, "but you pleaded so hard for the life of the puny thing."

"Well, the child was innocent, poor motherless thing."

"And yet it stood between us and wealth. Tony, even, was a beggar. That child inherited all its mother's vast wealth, and Tony only after the child's death. If Tony had only been here when his wife died a different will might have been made. As it was, she thought herself deserted by the rascal, bequeathed all to the child—*this* child that with your own hand, Johanna, you placed within the shoemaker's door."

"It was a dangerous game," said Johanna; "but for Anka the house-maid, and her still-born child, we might have failed. As it was, the dead child was easily substituted for the live one, and was buried in the coffin with Tony's wife, and the live one has lived and grown up."

"Yes—and now stands in our way. Johanna, she must be removed."

"How?"

The elder woman bent forward and whispered in her daughter's ear.

"No—no?" Johanna started, much aghast.

"Not blood, mother ! I couldn't sleep a night, if I thought our wealth was purchased by blood—send her away."

"Where?"

"I have it, mother—"

"Have you, indeed?" queried a stern voice.

And the next instant a heavy curtain was drawn aside, and Antonio Van Ramon stood before his astonished mother and sister.

"I have long suspected *something*," he said, "what, I scarcely knew. I remarked yesterday the likeness of the little street singer to my long lost wife, and secreted myself here to listen to your comments. Mother—Johanna, but for your relationship to me, the law should assign you your penalty. As it is, remain in this house where Bertha, the street singer, will be mistress and member. Should she be spirited away or die, your place in the house is forfeited. Will you remember this?"

Humbled and chagrined, the two women bowed their heads in assent, and Herr Antonio Van Ramon left the room. What more have we to add? Only that little Bertha found her father and her home, and that good vrouw Roelsoff's last days were her best ones, gently tended by her affectionate foster daughter. Johanna some weeks after the events we have just narrated, married and removed to America, and her mother accompanied her. They live in a retired western village. Little Bertha is the wife of a foreign minister, and very happy is she. A short time ago she visited America, and was introduced into Washington circles with all the honors of an ambassador's wife.

HOW HOLLAND WAS GATHERED.

No description can convey the slightest notion of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of the country, and the incessant vigilance and wondrous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest sense, an alluvium of the sea. It consists of mud and sand rescued from the ocean, and banked upon all sides. Produced by the most dexterous and indefatigable exertions, it can be maintained only by artificial means. If the efforts by which it was redeemed from the waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would re-assert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slightest accident might sweep Holland in the deep. It was once nearly undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent, that the stork, a great feeder on them, is actually held in veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. Bird-nesting was strictly prohibited by law. The drift of all this is palpable enough. But it is curious that the very existence of a great country depends upon such guarantees.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

A CHEERFUL HEART.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—*Leary*.

THE SOUL MADE VISIBLE.

Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can live a gormandizing, sordid or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy. Around such great manufacturing towns as Birmingham in England, or Pittsburg in this country, where bituminous coal is used, you will find the roses in the flower-beds and the strawberries and grapes on the vines blackened and defiled by a foul deposit from a thousand chimneys. Thus do obscene, profane and irreverent men scatter their grime and stench upon the innocence and beauty around them, but most deeply and foully upon themselves.—*Horace Mann*.

The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than the heart. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment, without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by his wisdom.—*Hope*.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PILGRIM.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

One morn I beheld an eager youth,
On whose brow was the earnest light of truth,
Over hill and valley wend his way,
In the rosy light of life's early day.
Though the cold and piercing winds swept by,
The youth's glad heart was firm and high;
For he said, "The tempest shall never come
To the home I am seeking—that happy home!"

Again I beheld him in manhood's might:
From the brow had vanished its sunny light;
From the bosom struggled the secret sigh,
Yet an earnest purpose was in his eye.
"The gathering tempest is dark o'erhead,
The way is thorny," I gently said;
'What dost thou seek, in thy wanderings wide.
Thou earnest seeker?' He thus replied,
As he faced the tempest with dauntless breast,
"It's a home I'm seeking—a place of rest!"

When next I saw him his step was slow,
His tones were feeble and full of woe;
From the future had faded those hues of light,
Which made the sky of his morning bright.
The dust of ages his garments spread,
The snows of winter were on his head;
His limbs were trembling, yet on he pressed,
And vainly sought for a place of rest.
As he eagerly peered through the twilight dim
That was slowly gathering, I said to him:
"What dost thou seek, O, thou pilgrim lone?"
"I am weary," he murmured, "I seek a home!"

With hands meekly folded upon his breast,
He sank to the long and dreamless rest.
And he to whom earth, in her lofty pride,
A shelter from tempest and cold denied,
Found at last, far over her loftiest dome,
The rest immortal—the better home.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE KNOTTED HANDKERCHIEF.

BY PERCY GARNETT.

ABOUT ten years ago I was studying medicine in New York. I had been working very hard, having specially devoted my attention for the last six months to pathology. This is a tedious study, demanding the most determined mental attention. I threw myself into it with all the ardor of youth, and consequently at the end of six months I had completely exhausted my mental energies.

One day I was sitting listlessly in my room

endeavoring to master Bayle's "*Recherches sur Phthisis Pulmonaire*," but I could not comprehend what I was reading; my thoughts unbidden reverted back to my own home, and it rose up in all its neatness and charms before my mental vision. My heart yearned to see my family again, and I knew that two more long years must elapse before my wish could be gratified. A sudden knocking at the door interrupted my reverie. At my summons to "come in," the door opened, and my particular friend Charles Seldon entered the room.

"What! still poring over your books?" said he.

"Yes," I replied, "I am trying to master Bayle, but I don't make much progress."

"I tell you what it is, my dear fellow," said my friend, good-naturedly, "you will make yourself ill. You don't know how pale you look. Now take my advice, throw your books on one side."

"It's all very well talking," I replied; "but I want to perfect myself in pathology, and it is impossible for me to do so without application."

We then entered into a long discussion as to the necessity of an intimate knowledge of pathology to practise medicine, and ended as these discussions usually do, by neither of us being convinced.

"Well, old friend," said he, "the fact is, you must have some relaxation. I am going home to-morrow for a month. Now I propose you accompany me. You have no idea how delighted my friends will be to see you. We live in a homely style, 'far from the busy haunts of man,' but I am sure the change will do you a world of good. Come, make up your mind and join me."

I reflected a moment—the temptation was too strong for me, and I agreed to accompany him. The next morning we started off. His father was a farmer, and lived in the western part of the State of New York. I shall not dwell on my visit. Suffice it to say that I was received with the greatest kindness, and treated with genuine hospitality, and I passed there four of the happiest weeks of my life. I had been there about a week when I went out one day for a long walk by myself. Seldon had a headache and preferred to stay at home. I walked several miles, and growing tired, I entered a country tavern, and calling for a glass of ale and a cigar, I sat down to rest myself.

While thus engaged a slight cough attracted my attention, and I glanced at the spot from whence it proceeded. Seated at the further end of the bar-room was an individual I had not noticed before. He was a man between thirty and

forty years of age. There was something very peculiar in his features which immediately arrested my attention. I do not know how to describe it, but it gave me an idea that he possessed a very acute mind. This impression was further increased by his movements. They were quick, and it was evident that he did not allow the slightest circumstance to escape him. I am not naturally inclined to make friends with strangers, but there was something in this man which attracted me to him. I drew my chair nearer his and commenced a conversation.

"A pleasant day," said I.

"You are right, sir," he replied; "it is very pleasant indeed, considering the time of year. One would expect to find it much colder than it is in this part of the State."

"I should judge from your remarks that you do not live in this neighborhood," I ventured to observe.

Before replying he gave me a scrutinizing glance.

"I live in New York," he replied, after a moment's pause. "My name is James Brampton; my profession a detective officer."

I was delighted to meet Mr. Brampton. His name had lately been very prominently brought before the public in more than one instance. He was a man of extraordinary sagacity, and had succeeded in discovering the perpetrators of crime, when to ordinary men all clue appeared to be lost. His faculty in this respect was evidently owing to his keen observation, his acute mental analysis and determined perseverance. No difficulty daunted him, in fact his powers seemed to increase in proportion as the case was enveloped in mystery. He was a man of great courage, and what was still better for his profession, extraordinary coolness.

We grew quite familiar, and in the course of conversation I asked him what brought him so far from New York. He told me he was in pursuit of a burglar, and had laid a trap for him, and expected to arrest him that very day. Our interview lasted some time, when I arose to go. He then gave me his address in New York, and stated that he should be happy for me to call and see him. After the time for our visit had expired, Charles Seldon and myself both returned to New York together, and I applied myself to my studies with renewed energies. It might have been about a month after this, that one morning I took up the New York Herald, and the following paragraph caught my attention.

"DREADFUL MURDER.—The inhabitants of Lispenard Street were yesterday thrown into a terrible state of excitement, by the discovery of

one of the most fearful murders it has ever been the lot of humanity to witness. It appears that the house No. 121 is let out into lodgings. An apartment on the second floor is occupied by a young medical student named George Wilson. It was noticed yesterday that he did not make his appearance as usual. It was supposed that he was sick, and the owner of the house, who occupied the ground floor, went up to his room to see if he had need of anything. When he entered the room a dreadful sight presented itself. The young man was lying before the fire-place quite dead. His throat was cut in a fearful manner. Some of his hair which had evidently been pulled out by the roots, lay scattered about the room. The motives for this horrible deed are entirely unknown. The property of the deceased did not appear to have been disturbed. We are happy to say that the probable murderer has been arrested. We refrain from giving more particulars to-day, as it might defeat the ends of justice."

I was very much shocked to learn that poor Wilson had met with such a dreadful end. I know him well, as he was studying at the same college as myself, and although I could not exactly rank him among my friends, still the little intercourse I had had with him had impressed me very favorably as to his general character. I had only spoken to him the very day before in the chemical lecture room, and it seemed so shocking to know that at that moment he was lying dead. I went down to the college as usual, and the first person I met in the hall was Mr. Dolman, the worthy janitor.

"Have you seen poor Wilson's body?" said he, after we had been conversing a few minutes about the murder.

"No," I replied; "I suppose it is a shocking sight."

"It is, indeed—but there is one consolation—the murderer is arrested."

"So the paper said, but it did not give his name—who is it?"

"One you know very well. It's no other than Charles Seldon."

"Seldon!" I exclaimed. "Impossible! why, he is my dearest friend!"

"I am sorry to hear that, sir, because there can be no doubt about his guilt."

I begged Mr. Dolman to enter into full particulars. His statement divested of all extraneous matter amounted to substantially as follows:

George Wilson and Charles Seldon had at one time been great friends. They had been inseparable, and it appeared as if nothing could occur to disturb their friendship. But one day they had a quarrel in the dissecting-room about the origin and insertion of some muscles. High words took place, and threats were freely indulged in on both sides. But by the interposition of

some friends they were reconciled. After this quarrel they became as firmly attached to each other as ever. They constantly visited at each other's rooms, and were frequently seen together in public.

On the evening of the murder, they had attended the theatre together, and Seldon had returned home with Wilson. The owner of the lodging house testified to their both returning about twelve o'clock at night. He did not know what time Seldon had left. The police immediately proceeded to search Seldon's rooms. They found the student absent. After a strict search they discovered in one corner of his sleeping apartment, a handkerchief saturated with blood, and a dissecting knife also smeared with blood. In a drawer was a letter containing a challenge to Wilson to fight a duel; this letter had no date to it. This evidence was thought conclusive, and Charles Seldon was immediately arrested, charged with the wilful murder of George Wilson.

I must confess when all this was told me, the case appeared a very black one for my friend Seldon. It was proved that on the night of the murder he had accompanied the deceased to his rooms; that it had not been noticed when he left; that the strongest evidences of his guilt were found in his rooms, but still I was not satisfied. I knew Seldon so well that I could not persuade myself he had been guilty of so atrocious a crime. I at once determined to pay my friend a visit in prison, and easily obtained a pass for that purpose. In an hour I was at the prison door. On delivering the pass I was immediately admitted. When I entered the cell, I found my friend sitting on the edge of his iron bed, with his face buried in his hands. As soon as he heard my step he looked up.

"My dear fellow," said he, rising, "this is indeed kind of you."

"I should indeed be wanting in friendship," I replied, "if I were not to visit you when in trouble."

"You know about the dreadful crime with which I am charged, but as surely as there is a God in heaven, I am guiltless of this bloody deed."

The poor fellow could restrain himself no longer, but letting his face fall on my shoulder, he wept and sobbed like a child. I had no doubt whatever of his innocence now.

"Come, come," said I, trying to console him; "cheer up, Charles. I am perfectly satisfied as to your innocence, and so shall the world be before many days are over."

"It is not for myself I care," he exclaimed,

between his sobs—"but my mother—my poor dear mother, it will break her heart when she hears of her son's disgrace."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "you let your fears get the better of you. There can be no disgrace when there is no crime; but come, compose yourself, I want you to tell me a few particulars regarding this matter. Do you suspect anybody of having committed this murder?"

"No, I have not the slightest idea who did it. You well know that poor Wilson and I had settled our quarrel; we were as good friends as ever, and even on the fatal night we went to the theatre together. We returned about midnight, and I accompanied him to his room, where I stayed with him upwards of an hour, smoking a cigar and talking about old times. I let myself out without disturbing any one and went immediately home. This morning I was arrested on the charge of murder, and this is all I know about the matter, so help me God!"

"Have you employed any one to look after your interests?"

"Not yet. Everything was so sudden that I appear to be in a dream."

"A sudden thought has struck me. You remember my telling you about meeting with a famous detective officer, named Brampton, when I was on a visit to your house? Now if anybody can find out the truth, he is the man," I said.

"You are right—see him at once, my dear fellow. There is no time to lose."

I agreed with Seldon, that it would be better to see Brampton immediately, and hurriedly bidding him good-by, I proceeded at once to the address the detective officer had given me, and which, fortunately, I had preserved. I found him at home, and in a few words I explained to him all that had occurred. He appeared I thought to take the matter very coolly, but consented without any hesitation to examine into the affair.

"What are the proofs against the young man?" asked Brampton.

I then told him about the bloody handkerchief, the dissecting knife, and the challenge which had been found in Seldon's room; at the same time I upbraided myself that I had not mentioned anything about the supposed proofs of his guilt to my friend when I visited him in prison.

"The first thing we have to do," said the detective, "is to examine these things; we will then visit the scene of the tragedy."

He put on his hat and we went at once to the police office. The articles were shown us without any hesitation. Mr. Brampton scrutinized

the bloody handkerchief, knife, and compromising notes very closely.

"If this is all the proof they have got against your friend, it does not amount to much," said he. "With respect to the handkerchief, you see it is only bloody in spots; had it been used in murder it would have been saturated equally through the whole fabric; the blood on the knife is at least two weeks old, and the challenge was evidently written two or three months ago—you see the paper looks quite yellow, and the ink has already faded."

I was rejoiced to hear him give this opinion, which when he pointed out to me the reasons for it, was evidently well founded. We left the police office, and started for Lispenard Street for the house where the murder had been committed. It was the middle of January, and the day was bitter cold. A considerable quantity of snow had fallen, which somewhat impeded our progress. In half an hour's time, however, we reached the house which had been the scene of the assassination.

It was quite a modern building situated in the heart of a populous street. One would suppose it to be the last place in the world where such a deed could be committed without instant detection. We had no difficulty in obtaining admission into the fatal chamber. The room remained exactly in the same state as when first discovered. Wilson's body, however, had been removed into another apartment. Mr. Brampton proceeded to examine the room narrowly, determined if possible to discover some clue to the murderer. I must premise by stating that the apartment was the middle one of three on the second floor. The one on the right was occupied by a lawyer's clerk, the one on the left by a clerk in a drug store.

"The first thing to be observed," said Mr. Brampton, "is that it is very singular how this murder could have been committed without any alarm having been given to the inmates of these other two apartments. The natural inference is that the victim must first of all have been deprived of consciousness—this must have been produced by either ether or chloroform. I should judge it must have been the latter, as it is much more rapid in its effects."

I did not agree with the theory of the detective, for it appeared to me that a violent struggle had taken place. The room was in extreme disorder, and the floor was strewn with the murdered man's hair. I mentioned my doubts to Mr. Brampton.

"The very thing you mention only serves to confirm me in my first opinion," said he, with a

smile, and he picked up a lock of hair from the carpet. "In the first place," he continued, "there is too much study and regularity in this room to satisfy me; and look at this lock of hair, you see the ends are all even and stained with blood, evidently showing that it was not torn out by the roots, as would be imagined at first glance. The even ends show that it was cut off with some sharp instrument, and the fact of their being stained with blood proves that the hair was cut off after the murder had been committed, and with the same instrument. This instrument must have been very sharp, and I conclude it was either a razor or a scalpel."

Mr. Brampton now proceeded to search every corner of the apartment, and discovered under a heap of bedclothes a pocket handkerchief. He picked it up and found that the two ends were knotted together. He raised it to my nose, and I could distinctly trace the smell of chloroform. It was a large white pocket handkerchief, and evidently belonged to a gentleman. In one corner of it were the initials J. D.

"An important discovery," said the detective, putting it into his pocket.

We next proceeded to view the body. The mortal remains of George Wilson were stretched on a low bed in an empty apartment on the next floor. The first thing that Mr. Brampton pointed out to me was that one of the ears of the deceased was almost black and the other was grazed. On the back of the head the hair was matted and pressed.

The detective pulled the handkerchief he had found in the other room from his pocket, and discovered that it exactly fitted round the head of the deceased, and where the hair was matted the knot had been tied. The pressure had been so great as to stop the circulation of the blood, and this accounted for the peculiar appearance of the ears. Mr. Brampton next proceeded to examine the mouth of the deceased. After separating the lips, we both of us perceived a small piece of white or transparent substance adhering to one of the front teeth. He detached it.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is a piece of human skin," he replied.

"What do you infer from it?"

"I will tell you directly, but it is necessary first that we should again visit the room where the murder was committed."

We did so, and Brampton walked straight up to a large cupboard which he had neglected to examine before. He threw open the door, and he had no sooner done so than an expression of satisfaction escaped his lips.

"I suspected as much," said he—"do you see

anything peculiar in that cupboard?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I only see that it is half full of soiled linen."

"Don't you see that the linen is indented in the middle, evidently showing that some one has been concealed there?"

When he pointed it out to me it was plain enough, and I wondered it had not struck me before.

"I think we are now in a very fair way of discovering the murderer," said he. "Your friend is undoubtedly innocent. The murderer, whose initials are in all probability J. D., concealed himself in this closet. He must have been there during the whole of the interview between Seldon and Wilson. When the latter was left alone, he crept stealthily from his hiding place, and first saturating his handkerchief with chloroform, he applied it to the mouth of his victim. A very slight struggle ensued, in which the hand of the murderer was bitten by the deceased. The chloroform, however, soon produced unconsciousness; the deed was then committed; the cutting off of the hair, and the disorder in the room, were effected afterwards, as I before told you."

It was perfectly plain to me after his explanation, that everything must have taken place exactly as he stated, and it appeared such a simple and natural conclusion to arrive at, that I wondered I had not come to the same conclusion myself.

"What is the next lecture at the university medical college?" said he.

"Professor P— lectures at five o'clock this afternoon on *Materia Medica*," I replied, somewhat surprised at such a question.

"Will you allow me to accompany you?" he asked.

"Certainly," I returned, more and more surprised.

We left the house, and it was decided that I should call for him a quarter before five. He gave me no reason why he wished to attend the lecture. At the hour agreed upon I was at his door, and we both proceeded to the college together. When we entered the lecture room he scrutinized every student present, and then he appeared satisfied, for he sat down and listened attentively to the lecture to the end. When it was over he pointed out a young man to me.

"What is that young man's name?" said he.

"His name is Joseph Davis."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him very well."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes."

At that moment Davis came up conversing

with four or five other students. They stood quite near us, and we could overhear their conversation.

"What is the matter with your hand, Davis?" said a student.

I now noticed for the first time that his hand was tied up in a handkerchief.

"I pricked myself while dissecting," replied Davis.

"You ought to be careful of yourself, such injuries are frequently very dangerous," returned another student.

"What a shocking thing it is about poor Wilson," said another of his companions.

"It is, indeed," returned Davis. "I suppose there is no doubt about Seldon's guilt?"

"None at all. By-the-by, Davis, it is a good thing the murderer is discovered, for you had an awful row with him yesterday morning."

"I know I had. You know he accused me of cheating at cards, and I could not stand that. I own I used some very harsh language, which I now regret."

The young men now passed on. Mr. Brampton followed them. At last the student who had referred to a difficulty between Davis and Wilson, separated from the rest. The detective officer hurried on and overtook him before he turned the corner of the street.

"What is that young man's name?" he asked of me.

"Herman Doyle," I returned.

"Mr. Doyle," said Brampton, as he came up with the student, "I wish to ask you a question or two. I am a detective officer. You referred just now to a quarrel between Mr. Davis and Mr. Wilson—will you be good enough to give me the particulars?"

The young student appeared to be a good deal astonished at being thus addressed, but replied without any hesitation.

"Yesterday morning, Davis, Wilson and myself were playing poker in my room. There was a dispute between the two persons, Wilson accusing Davis of cheating."

"What followed?" asked Brampton.

"Davis, who is a southerner, was very indignant, and swore he would have Wilson's life."

"I thank you. I am much obliged to you," replied the detective, and wishing the medical student good morning, we walked away.

"Now, then, we must go to Davis's lodgings," said Brampton. "Introduce me as your uncle, and ask him to lend you a scalpel."

I did not presume to dispute anything he advised. We had not to walk far before we reached the house in which he boarded. He had only

arrived a few minutes before us. We were shown at once into his room, and I introduced Brampton as my uncle as had been agreed upon. When the ceremony of introduction was over, I said:

"Davis, will you be kind enough to lend me a scalpel for a day or two?"

"Help yourself," said he, pointing to a box on the bureau. Brampton took the box as if for the purpose of handing it to me. He opened it and glanced at the contents.

"What is the matter with your hand, Mr. Davis?" said Brampton, looking at him as if he would read his very soul.

Davis began to grow uneasy, and moved restlessly in his chair.

"O, it's nothing," he answered—"I pricked myself while dissecting the other day."

"Will you let me see it?" I asked; "perhaps I can suggest something for it."

"It is really not worth while," he answered. Then he added, after reflecting a moment, "but if it will afford you any gratification, you can see it."

He pulled off the handkerchief and showed us his hand. It was as Brampton had expected—his hand had been severely bitten, and the marks of the teeth were plainly perceptible. We then knew that we stood in the presence of George Wilson's murderer! Brampton suddenly rose from his seat, shut the door, and putting his hand on Davis's shoulder, exclaimed:

"I am a detective officer. Joseph Davis, I arrest you for the murder of George Wilson, and here is the knife with which you committed the deed," he added, taking one of the scalpels from the box—"see, some of the hair of the victim still adheres to it."

This sudden action succeeded. He gazed for a moment wildly around him as if meditating flight, and then fell back speechless in a chair. The assistance of some policemen was immediately obtained and he was removed to the Tombs.

Two days afterwards he committed suicide in prison by opening the femoral artery, leaving behind him a written confession of his guilt. In this confession he acknowledged that he had concealed himself in Wilson's chamber, and attacked him exactly in the manner stated by Brampton. Charles Seldon was of course honorably discharged.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

It is not generally known that this "prince of English grammarians" was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swatara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lincoln county. His father was a miller, and followed that occupation when Lindley was born, but afterwards devoted his attention to mercantile pursuits, and amassed a considerable fortune by trading to the West Indies. Lindley was the oldest of twelve children, and when about seven years of age was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swatara. He studied law in New York, and at the age of twenty-two was called to the bar, where he gained for himself the reputation of an "honest lawyer." His "Grammar of the English Language" was composed in England in 1794, and published in 1795, many millions of copies of which have been sold. He resided in England forty-two years, most of which time he was an invalid. He composed many works besides his grammar. He died in 1820, in a village in Yorkshire, being upwards of eighty years of age. He is represented as a Christian and philanthropist. He left legacies to a number of relatives and friends, and sums of money to many religious societies. He also directed that the residue of his property, after the decease of his wife (a New York lady, his beloved and affectionate Hannah, who had been his companion for more than sixty years), should be devoted to pious and benevolent uses. He was a Quaker, and interred in the burying-ground of that sect, in the city of New York, far from friend and fatherland.—*Lebanon Advertiser*.

DOG DIGNITY.

Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncracies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself for a sport excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face; but after a pause, shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."—*Anecdote of Scott*.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE SENTINEL.

BY F. O. HANNEN.

At midnight on my lonely beat,
 When darkness veils the wood and lea,
 A vision seems my view to greet
 Of one at home who prays for me.

The roses bloom upon her cheek,
 Her form seems to me like a dream;
 And on her face, so fair and meek,
 A host of holy beauties gleam.

For softly shines her flaxen hair,
 A smile is ever on her face,
 And the mild lustrous light of prayer
 Around her sheds a moonlike grace.

She prays for me that's far away—
 The soldier in his holy fight;
 And asks that God in mercy may
 Shield the loved one, and bless the right!

Until, though leagues lie far between,
 This silent incense of her heart
 Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
 And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
 Mid darkening wood and dreary lea,
 That vision seems my view to greet
 Of her at home who prays for me.

[ORIGINAL.]

BEATEN WITH STRIPES.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

Boston in 1661. Can you not imagine it? A quaint collection of dwellings, new yet never young, aping in rude material and clumsy workmanship the mellowed fashions of the old world—that home toward which full many a sick heart yearned with love and longing, yet dared not to avow the dereliction—crowded about the water edge, but only dotted upon the crests of the peninsula with dwellings made accessible by those crooked lances, surveyed and graded by the cows of the settlement and since received *sans amendement* as the streets of a great city.

A town whose very crudities were thus made to assume the grimly air of antiquity, mimicking in its rawest youth the results of centuries of still decay. A town built up by men who had fled their ancient homes for conscience' sake, but who, while claiming for themselves the largest liberty of thought and speech, were more intolerant of those who differed from themselves in re-

ligious utterance, than their own worst enemies had ever been of them. Do you doubt the truth of the stricture? Listen to the story of Deborah Wilson.

It was evening, a summer evening, and half the townsfolk were abroad, walking, or sitting in the stoops of their houses, quietly enjoying the balmy air, and a little sober gossip. But the door of good man Williams's dwelling remained closed, as did the lattice of the common room, when the family were collected, for they talked of matters in which they desired neither counsel nor intervention. It is old Jeremy Williams who speaks, and the tall, handsome young man whom he addresses is his only son.

"I have not now to tell you, John, that your welfare and happiness, so far as those have been consistent with my duty as a Christian and as a father, have ever been my dearest object. In truth I have been dealt with by the elders more than once, for what they called the slothful laxity of my parental rule. You were then a boy, now you are a man, and I shall not attempt to assume the role that I did not enforce upon your non age. You are free, John Williams, to wive whosoever your conscience gives you leave."

"Not against your will, father. I never can be set free from my duty and affection as a son," returned the younger man, somewhat anxiously.

"Even now, if you will have it so, I am ready to promise to remain unmarried while you live."

"Ay, ay," whispered the elder, impatiently, "you would wait counting the hours till my death should set you free. It shall not be so. Go and ask this woman to your wife, and see to it that you deal more strictly with the children God may send, than ever I dealt with you."

"And you, mother—have you no godspeed for me?" asked the youth, after a pause of some minutes, in which he had stood looking blankly before him and pondering his father's words.

"I say, son John, that never dove was hatched from kite's egg, and you have been told before to-night how the mother and the sister of this damsel who has watched you, were more than suspected of leaguings with that pestilent old bed-lam Mary Dyer, and how it was only by main force that Master Wilson kept his wife from standing up before the whole meeting to avow herself a filthy Quaker."

"Nay, mother—no one can tell what it was she would have said," whispered John, eagerly.

"No one can tell! Was it not the day after that old Jezebel was hanged as she richly deserved to be, and were not Mistress Wilson's eyes so swelled with crying that she could scarce see out of them? I cannot but admire, son John, that

you should go about to deny what is known to the whole colony."

"Granting that it may be so, good mother, these things passed more than a twelvemonth since, and there has been no talk of Mistress Wilson or her daughter Faith in all that time. More than this, Deborah is very young, and if I remove, as I propose, to Salem village, she will soon, separated from the family, forget any heresies she may have unconsciously imbibed."

"It may be so, son, but if you could but have hearkened to my advice, and asked for the daughter of that godly man our minister, who, as the whole town knows, would have gone on her knees to marry her—"

"Peace, dame!" interrupted Jeremy Williams, sternly; "your words are unbecoming, and your reproaches unavailing. The lad has chosen his path, let him walk in it unencumbered by our displeasure. Son John, you have my consent and that of your mother to marry with this Deborah Wilson. Now go."

"You will not deny me a blessing, father—mother!" faltered the young man, rising and approaching his parents, who sat together upon a high-backed settle primly stretched in front of the empty fire-place.

"Surely not," replied the elder, with a quickened affection in his tone, as he placed a trembling hand upon the bowed head of his only child, and John Williams went forth that night to woo his bride with a light and happy heart.

A few months later, and we find them married and living quietly in Salem village, where the young husband had obtained profitable employment in the counting house of a wealthy importing merchant, who, pleased with the industry and seal of his new clerk, promised more than once to make his fortune for him before they parted.

They had been married a year, perhaps, when the first child came—a boy, in whom the very heart of the mother was bound up. She loved her husband—loved, honored and obeyed him, as was the primitive custom in those simple days, but her boy she worshipped with a wild fondness, intensified at times to positive pain. More than once did John on his return home find his wife upon her knees beside the infant's cradle, sobbing and weeping with no assignable cause but that "the child was so precious, and there was so much ill that might befall him."

So time went on till the baby had become a sweet and intelligent child of two years old, when a violent attack of croup put a sudden and most distressing end to that little life, the basis of so many hopes and aspirations. For many days it

was feared that Deborah would die too. The young husband, whose strong nature retained all its lover's fondness for the delicate woman whom he had made his wife, bent over her in agony, watching the fearful struggle of her crushed heart to rise beneath its overwhelming anguish, soothing, exhorting, imploring, all in vain.

"This cannot last—she will lose either life or reason before another night," said the blunt old physician to Mistress Wilson, who had been summoned to her daughter's bedside.

"God grant it may be reason, then," cried the poor mother; and God who sometimes smites us with our heart's desire, heard her prayer.

That night the maniac shrieks of the poor young thing rang through the neighborhood, and John Williams, the unconscious tears rolling down his cheeks, sat out the long hours of darkness, tenderly exerting all his great strength to restrain the mad efforts of his wife to do herself and all around her some grievous harm.

This frenzy, too violent for continuance, wore itself away, and through an ordeal of terrible exhaustion Deborah Williams came slowly back to life. To life, did I say? To death in life more truly. Her heart, her memory, her hopes, were buried in that little grave.

She resumed her household duties, acknowledged with wan smiles the fondness and attention lavished upon her by her husband, and in obedience to the somewhat stern monitions of her mother-in-law who came now to visit her, strove with her deep depression, as a sin and rebellion against the will of her Almighty Master. In vain. With her, as with many another of her sex, the heart was stronger than the head, the affections than the will, and before Dame Williams returned to Boston she had seen with dismay, that Deborah was slowly and steadily sinking into a condition of settled melancholy, but one step above positive aberration.

"Good-by, John, take the best of care of Deborah. She'll never again be what she was, my poor child, but it's not her fault," said the good woman, as her son helped her to mount the carrier's wagon at his door.

"Fault!" began John, but checking himself, only answered, "you may be sure I'll care for her, mother. God be with you—and us," added he, softly, as he re-entered his own house.

One thing the fond husband had already settled in his own mind, and that was, to allow his charge as little time for solitude and reflection as might be, so the very carrier whose cart conveyed Mistress Williams to her home, bore a letter written by her son, inviting the mother and sister of his wife to spend the ensuing summer un-

der his roof. The invitation was gratefully accepted. Before the end of the week the new inmates had quietly taken their places in the little household, and Destiny calmly turned a page in the biography of Deborah Williams.

Mistress Wilson was, as has been intimated, a firm though secret and timid adherent to the doctrines of the Friends, or as they were derisively styled—Quakers. This belief, rooted in a zealous friendship for the unfortunate Mary Dyer, was a great solace and dependence to the warm-hearted woman, although her feeble nature shrank from the scorn and contumely, perhaps torture and death, that awaited an avowal of its proscribed faith.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that when the anxious mother found herself domesticated with her favorite daughter, avowedly in the position of a consoler, that she should gradually, and almost unconsciously, indeed, show her attention to the peculiar belief so comfortable to her own soul.

Deborah, deaf to the voice of love, of duty, and of expediency, listened eagerly to the summons of religious faith, and her mind suddenly awaking from its torpor seized upon its new food with a feverish avidity painfully significant of a yet diseased condition. The consequent outward change was marked, and to her mother's eye a happy one.

She suddenly regained animation, bodily strength, color and appetite, resumed her usual dress and avocations, and applied herself with more than her former zeal to the duties so long neglected. The young husband, surprised and delighted at the effect, remained entirely in the dark as to the cause of this blissful amendment in his domestic affairs, for Deborah, at the earnest entreaty of her mother, studiously concealed from him the knowledge of her apostasy, as dangerous alike to herself, and to her mother and sister.

It was about this time arose a great scandal and disturbance in the minds both of the Quakers and their persecutors, from the conduct of one Lydia Wardell, an adherent of the sect in Newbury, who, carried away by a fanatical zeal, rushed into the meeting house of that town during service time, entirely naked, announcing that she had been commanded by the spirit thus to testify to the congregation their own religious destitution.

But the people of Newbury refused to accept either the lesson or the teacher, and rising as one man, they indignantly seized upon the poor creature, and hurried her before a justice court at Ipswich, where she was sentenced to be

tied to the next tavern post and severely whipped upon the naked back.

This harsh sentence was carried into immediate effect, and the blows were so heartily applied (who would not rather claim descent from the fanatic who was lashed than the fanatic who did the lashing?) that her poor flesh was miserably bruised and mangled by the whip, while her breast was torn by the splinters of the post against which she was tied.

An account of this transaction reaching Salem the next day, was repeated at home by John Williams, with many indignant and pitying comments, although, he added, he felt neither sympathy nor love for the Quakers as a body, and much disapproved their general conduct in the colony. At this point of his discourse, Deborah suddenly burst into tears, and left the room. Her mother followed, pausing at the door to say :

"The poor child is not strong enough to listen to such a tale, and I marvel, John Williams, that so fond a husband should thus sorely have tried her."

"I was in fault, good mother, I allow," said John, penitently, "but I will go to Deborah, and doubt not I shall be enabled to make my peace. She knows I would die rather than willingly to pain her."

"Nay, son, it is better that I should go. Deborah is in no fit state now to listen to you. By-and-by I will summon you."

And indeed, Mistress Wilson found her daughter in a crisis of nervous agitation, under which her reason, hardly re-established, threatened to succumb. This lasted the entire night, and it was only at daybreak that Deborah sank, under the influence of opium, into a heavy sleep. The next day she was dressed and walking about the house, but her husband marked with anxiety, that she was silent, gloomy, and self-absorbed, avoiding his society, but seeking frequent opportunities of speaking in private with her mother, who appeared anxious and unhappy.

The third morning John returned to his business with a heavy and foreboding heart. All day he went about his work with a nervous sense of impending calamity, and when at noon a neighbor rushed into the counting-room, and with white face and choking utterance, informed him that his Deborah had just been arrested in the public streets for imitating the example of Lydia Wardell, he felt in the midst of his anguish a terrible sense of relief, that the blow had fallen.

Arriving breathless and exhausted at his own door, the unhappy man was met by the constables who had just arrested Mistress Wilson and

her daughter Faith, charged with complicity in Deborah's offence. Without a word he followed them to the house of the justice, and unseen by them, waited until all three had been committed for trial on the ensuing day.

The afternoon and night were spent by John Williams in frantic efforts to gain an audience of the judge, in whose hands lay all his future happiness, bound up in the life of his beloved wife; but the magistrate steadily refused to see, or to receive a letter from him, nor did the attempted intercession of his numerous and influential friends meet with any better success.

The utmost good they could effect was to persuade poor Williams to suffer himself toward morning to be led to the house of his kind friend and employer, where he was left to sleep if possible, or at least to refresh himself by lying down to rest.

It was hoped that exhausted as he was, nature might thus assert her claims, and hold him in kindly oblivion until after the trial and execution of the sentence, which no one doubted would be adjudged. But long before the hour for opening the court, the unhappy man had made his way privately from the house, and was waiting with hungry eyes outside the door of the court room. It was opened at length, and Williams with a score of the spectators was admitted. The three trembling and frightened women were produced, the witnesses summoned, and the trial proceeded.

Brief it must necessarily have been when no defence was attempted, and where the sentence had preceded the arraignment. It was soon over, and the unmoved magistrate calmly ordained that Deborah Williams, Elizabeth and Faith Wilson, should be tied to a cart's tail, and thus led through the principal streets of the town, receiving during their progress twenty lashes each, well laid on, upon the naked back.

There was no delay between sentence and execution, and by the time that John Williams had recovered from his frenzy of grief and rage, sufficiently to know what was going forward, the carts had been provided, the culprits stripped and bound thereat, and the shameful procession was ready to set forth. Bursting from the kindly hands that would have restrained him, the young husband gained the street and stood beside his wife.

As he reached her side, the first lash fell upon the soft white flesh, bared in the eyes of the gaping rabble, and with an inarticulate cry, the desperate man sprang at the throat of the executioner. Fortunately the movement was foreseen and arrested by one who stood beside, fortunately the official, gloating admiringly upon the long red

wheel his lash had raised, did not mark its effect in another quarter, else had the world lost that scene which followed, the most touching as I think, of all the stories of love stronger than death, stronger than shame, stronger than self, that gild the bloody pages of martyrdom.

Close beside his wife, holding her hand in his, through all those endless streets, walked John Williams, seeking with broken words of love and reverence to strengthen and uphold the fainting woman, though tears were streaming down his own white cheeks, and ever and anon (so says the ancient chronicle) thrusting his hat between the lash and her poor back, winning even the executioner, as we well may hope, to divert some of those cruel blows from their victim. Enough, let

"Salem's streets now tell their story,
Of fainting women borne along,
Gasped by the whip—accused and gory—"

we will no more of it.

When Deborah Williams was somewhat recovered from the terrible illness ensuing upon her return home, her husband made arrangements to remove to England, where, through the intervention of his constant friend and employer, he had obtained business.

Mistress Wilson and Faith remained behind, and of them we hear no more. Another child came to the young couple in the second year of their exile, and very slowly a certain measure of health and strength crept back to Deborah's crushed life, but we can well imagine that she never became other than a sad and broken-spirited woman, and that she died young.

Pass a century, and a few years more, and we see a hostile army sailing up Boston harbor, sent by King George to quell the rebellion in his American colonies, and restore them to submissive order. A group of officers stand upon the deck of the flag-ship, looking with frowning eyes at the shores spread out before them.

"Do you happen to know, Hargreave, which of these hamlets is called Salem?" asks a fair-looking young man wearing a captain's uniform.

"No, really I can't say, Williams. Why do you ask?"

"Only that I hope I may be ordered to lead a company there, and lay it in ashes. It is what I exchanged into this regiment for," says Williams, savagely.

"And why, again?" asks his comrade.

"Because, through that town my ancestress was dragged at a cart's tail, and flogged upon her bare back, in the presence of a jeering mob! Do you ask why? It was because, half-crazed

by the death of her only child, and led by a foolish mother, she called herself a Quaker, and imitated the follies of another of her sect. Her blood sprinkled the streets of Salem, and I am here to wash it out in that of the descendants of the man who condemned her."

Among the slain on Bunker's Hill, June 18th, 1775, lay Captain Williams, shot through the heart by a Salem yeoman, his sword clenched in his stiffened fingers, his eyes glaring with the fierce joy of combat, his lips parted with the command:

"Charge!"

Dead in all his lusty manhood, dead to her who loved and waited for him, dead to the widowed mother who bore him, dead to the country he had served so well, and slain as surely by the magistrate who signed the warrant for scourging Deborah Williams, as by the bullet of that Salem yeoman, whose forefather was that magistrate.

CHILDHOOD.

A few years more and you will not know the same child—the age of play is not over, but hard taskmasters have broken into it. There is a morrow to be thought of which interferes with to-day. Consciousness has come, and the terrible burden of a kind of responsibility. There is the expression of the wish to please—or, alas! of the fear to displease. The features have come forth into some drawing—for the child is a graduate of this weary world, and the face has lengthened accordingly. But this age is beautiful, like every other, if expression and feature be true to it. The expression may be wistful and plaintive with timidity or tender health, and it is called fretful—or it may be careless and tom-boy with sheer animal spirits, and it is called vulgar; but either is safe. It is the precocious look of cunning, or peevishness, or primness, we turn from with intuitive dislike, for such are old signs. The features, also, may be common and characterless, but if they are soft and uncertain, and the spaces around them ample, they are safe as well. But the defined forms and the scanty quantities let us beware of—though fond mothers call them "chiselled features" and "regular profiles;" what is admired as delicate and precise now, may be too likely to turn out sharp and mean by-and-by.—*London Quarterly Review.*

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN HURRY.

"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse to-day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, dropped off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom!" "Well, John, what is it?" "I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Caesar." "So it did mine."

GRASS.

Consider what we owe to the grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thought of all we recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them; the walks by silent, scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation; the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust; pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thyme slopes of down overlooked by the blue lines of lifted sea; crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth with barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in these simple words, and these are not all. We may not measure too full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of the meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open upon us more and more; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the spring time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulations, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of evergreen roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm: "He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains."—*Ruskin.*

THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

The General-in-Chief is the General Campane, a man much esteemed and beloved, and known to be a gallant officer. He served under Murat, and made with him the campaign of Russia. On the retreat from Moscow he lost the fingers of his left hand by cold. His details of what they suffered was dreadful. He said that all the officers, Murat included, were on foot; even Berthier, unwieldy and gouty, was obliged to walk, and his senses began to fail him. Napoleon was always in a carriage or on horseback. He describes the men as preserving a morose silence, neither complaining nor murmuring. Nothing was to be seen but wastes of snow, and black lines of vast pine forests; nothing to be heard but the howling of the wolves feeding on the unburied carcasses, and the horses of the Cossacks, as they hung upon the flanks and rear of the retreating columns. General Campane himself witnessed 400 of the Imperial guard lying dead around one night's bivouac.—*From the Duke of Buckingham's Private Diary.*

The heart loves repose, and the soul contemplates, but the mind needs action.

The Florist.

"The earth, all light and levelness, in summer's golden hours,
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with
festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect
blue and love."

Violets.

The sweet-scented violet should not be wanting in any collection of plants, on account of its fragrance and early appearance. A single flower will perfume a large room. The flowers appear in April, and continue through May. There are the single white and single blue, and the double blue and white varieties; the double sorts are the most desirable; they succeed best in a shady, sheltered place, and are rapidly multiplied by divisions of the plant. The Pansy, Lady's Delight, is a general favorite—an old acquaintance with every one who has anything to do with a flower-garden. It begins to open its modest but lively flowers as soon as the snow clears off in the spring, and continues to enliven the garden till the snow comes again. The flowers are in the greatest perfection in May and June. To produce a bed of choice pansies, select a north aspect, with a cool bottom. Soil of medium texture, and moderately enriched, should be preferred for the production of large flowers. Keep the soil frequently stirred around them, and be careful that the border is free from wireworms. If the plants are put out in September, they will be established before winter.

Early Annual Flowers.

Of annuals, says the Gardener's Monthly, that may be sown early there are some that are so very beautiful, and which do so well generally, that they at least should be grown. These are a few of them:—*Cacalia coccinea*, *Cereopsis Drummondii*, *Erysimum Peroffkianum*, *Echoltzia Californica*, *Malope grandiflora*, *Marvel of Peru*, *Nemophila insignis*, *Phlox Drummondii*, *Mignaienette*, *Whitlavia grandiflora*, *Clarkia pulchella*, *Gaillardia picta*, *Palatonia texana*, *Dianum grandiflorum rubrum*, *Lobelia gracilis*, *White and purple candy-tuft*, and *Phacelia congesta*. Where a hotbed can be commanded, many of the tender kinds can be forwarded under glass.

Pruning a climbing Rose.

In pruning a climbing rose, all the very strong and vigorous shoots of last year should be preserved, and all weak and decayed ones, as well as old shoots exhausted by abundant flowering, should be cut away. It should also be an object to get good strong shoots as low down towards the root as possible, as the finest flowers, coming from the strongest shoots, are thereby equally diffused over the whole plant.

Yucca, or Adam's Needle.

This is an ornamental genus of plants, mostly natives of the Southern States and South America. Some of them succeed well in the open ground in the Northern States, and form a pleasing contrast with other plants on account of the peculiarity of their foliage, which resembles the palm, or aloe. The leaves are sharp-pointed, stiff and rigid; and, in some of the species, the edges of the leaf are margined with long threads. Adam's Thread is one of the most hardy sorts. It is called Thready Yucca, from the long threads that hang from the leaves. The flower-stem grows to the height of five or six feet, and nearly the whole of it is covered with large bell-shaped white flowers, sitting close; all the species are rather shy flowerers; in August and September.—*Y. gloriosa* and *superba* are two splendid species, producing an immense number of their fine bell-flowers on their tall stems. The foliage of all the species is evergreen, and they closely resemble each other. Propagated from suckers.

Alyssum.

Alyssum maritimum—Sweet Alyssum. This is a desirable hardy annual, flowering from June to November, one foot high; flowers white, in long racemes, which continually extend themselves through the season, producing flowers until killed by hard frosts. This produces a fine effect when planted in masses. The plants should not be planted nearer than one foot from each other.

Purple-eyed Crepis.

The purple-eyed crepis is an uncommonly hardy and beautiful annual, of the easiest culture. Sown in masses, and the plants thinned out to eighteen inches distance, it makes a splendid appearance. It begins to flower the first of July, and continues, till October, covered with beautiful flowers, the rays of a light yellow, finely contrasted with the brilliant purple-brown of the centre.

To hasten the Blowing of Flowers.

To hasten the blowing of flowers, use the following mixture:—Nitrate of sulphate of ammonia, four ounces; nitre, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep well closed. Add twenty drops to the water used to moisten or surround the flowers, changing it each week.

Adonis.

Adonis autumnalis is a hardy annual; the seeds sown in the spring will flower in September. If sown in September, they will flower the June following. The foliage is handsome; the flowers blood-red; one to two feet high.

Ageratum.

Ageratum Mexicanum—Mexican Ageratum. A half-hardy annual, with light blue compound flowers, in July and August; about one and a half foot high; very pretty, but not remarkable for beauty.

The Housewife.

A delicate Omelette.

Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, half ditto of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three good tablespoonsful of cream; beat them well together, then put two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set, then shake the pan round, leave it a moment to color the omelette, hold the pan in a slanting position, just tap it upon the stove to bring the omelette to a proper shape, and roll the flap over the spoon; turn it upon your dish, and serve as soon as done. Take care not to do it too much.

Lemon Jelly.

Set a pint and a half of clarified sugar on the fire, and dilute it with a little water; when it boils and has been well skimmed, put in two ounces of clarified isinglass with a little lemon-peel cut very thin; let these boil till you have squeezed through a sieve into a basin the juice of six lemons, then pass your sugar and isinglass to it, and set it in a mould as any other jelly.

Vanilla Cream.

Boil half a vanilla bean in a gill of new milk until it is highly flavored. Have ready a jelly of an ounce of isinglass to a pint of water; mix it with the milk and a pint and a quarter of cream, sweetened with white sugar and stir till cold. Dip the mould into cold water before filling it. Make it the day before it is wanted.

Bread Pudding.

Soak two or three French rolls cut into slices in a pint of cream or good milk; add the yolks of six eggs beaten, some sugar, orange-flower water, three pounded macaroons, and a glass of white wine; tie it up in a basin, or buttered cloth; put the pudding in boiling water, and let it boil for half an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

To polish inlaid Brass Ornaments.

Mix powdered tripoli and linseed oil, and dip in it a piece of hat, with which rub the brass; then, if the wood be ebony, or dark rosewood, polish it with elder ashes in fine powder.

Corn Starch Blancmange.

Dissolve three tablespoonsful of corn starch in new milk; heat a pint of new milk nearly boiling hot, then pour in the starch, and stir it briskly, and boil for three minutes; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Blancmange.

One ounce of isinglass to one quart of milk; add sugar, cinnamon and mace to your taste, put it by the fire until the isinglass is dissolved, strain it, and put it in moulds to cool.

For Freckles.

One ounce of bitter almonds, one ditto of barley flour, mix with a sufficient quantity of honey to make the whole into a smooth paste, with which the face, more particularly where the freckles are visible, is to be anointed at night, and the paste washed off in the morning. After a few days the skin will be prepared for a chemical remedy.

Barley Pudding.

To a pound of pearl barley, well washed, add three quarts of new milk, half a pound of double refined sugar, and a nutmeg grated; then bake it in a deep pan. Remove it from the oven; beat up six eggs: mix well together; pour it in a battered dish, and bake it again for an hour.

Cream Tea-Cakes.

Two pounds of flour, a teacup of butter, half pint of sour cream, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little salt. Mix well. If necessary, add more cream. Make into small round cakes, and bake fifteen or twenty minutes. When done, open one side, and insert a piece of butter, or serve otherwise, hot.

To clean Britannia Metal.

Rub the article with a piece of flannel moistened with sweet oil; then apply a little pounded rotten-stone or polishing paste with the finger till the polish is produced; then wash the article with soap and hot water, and when dry, rub with soft wash-leather, and a little fine whiting.

Boiled Batter Pudding.

Six eggs, six large spoonfuls of flour; beat your eggs, and stir your flour gradually into them; then stir in a quart of milk and a little salt. Boil one hour. If boiled in a bag, flour it well; if in a mould, be sure and have it full.

Rusk.

Seven pounds of flour, seven eggs, three pints of milk, two and a half pounds of sugar, one and a half pound of butter, one pint of yeast, nutmeg or cinnamon; rub the flour, sugar and butter together, then add the rest, and put it to rise over night.

Lemonade.

One of the best methods of making lemonade is to prepare a syrup of sugar and water, over a clear fire, skimming it quite clean; to this add the juice of any number of lemons, according to the quantity you wish to make; also some of the rinds.

Vegetable Soup.

Take one turnip, one potato and one onion; let them be sliced, and boiled in one quart of water for an hour; add as much salt and parsley as is agreeable, and pour the whole on a slice of toasted bread.

A savory Dish.

Put two pickled herrings into a stone jar; fill it up with potatoes and a little water, and let it bake in an oven till the potatoes are done enough.

Artificial Cheese.

Well pound some nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonful of wine vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd, tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain; then open it, take out the spice, sweeten it with sugar and rosewater, put it into a callender, let it stand an hour more, then turn it out and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

Cup Cake.

Mix three teacups of sugar with one and a half of butter; when white, beat three eggs, and stir them into the butter and sugar, together with three teacups of sifted flour, and rosewater or essence of lemon to the taste. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a teacup of milk; strain it into the cake; then add three more teacups of sifted flour. Bake the cake immediately, either in cups or pans.

Blancmange.

Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces and wash well. Pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn in the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blancmange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

Rice Blancmange.

Take one pint of new milk, add to it two eggs well beaten, four spoonful of ground rice, two spoonful of brandy; grate a little nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, boil it; when near cold put it into your mould; when quite cold turn it out, mix a little sugar, cream and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish; garnish with red currant jelly.

Cheese Cream—a plain Family Way.

Put three pints of milk to one-half pint of cream, warm, or according to the same proportions, and put in a little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either of china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour; serve with a good plain cream and pounded sugar over it.

Corn Cake.

Take the whites of eight eggs, one-fourth of a pound each of corn starch, flour and butter, half a pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with almond, or to suit the taste.

Lemon Ice-Cream.

Take the juice of four lemons, and the peel of one grated; add two gills of syrup, and one pint of cream; mix it all together; pass it through a sieve, and freeze it.

Veal Cutlets.

The cutlets should be cut as handsomely as possible, and about three quarters of an inch in thickness; they should before cooking be well beaten with the blade of a chopper, if a proper beater be not at hand; they should then be fried a light brown and sent up to table, garnished with parsley and rolls of thin-sliced, nicely-fried bacon; they are with advantage coated previously to cooking with the yolk of an egg, and dredged with bread crumbs.

To give a fine Color to Mahogany.

Let the table be washed perfectly clean with vinegar, having first taken out any ink-stains there may be with spirits of salt—but it must be used with the greatest care, only touching the parts affected, and instantly washing it off. Use the following liquid:—into a pint of cold-drawn linseed oil put four pennyworth of alkanet root and two pennyworth of rose-pink. Apply to the table, and rub it with bright linen cloths.

Tea-Cakes.

Melt one ounce and a half of butter in a little new milk; add a spoonful of yeast and a little salt, mix it into a pound of flour, add an egg and a spoonful of sugar. Knead it well until it leaves the hands; let it rise two or three hours; roll out, and stand an hour or less before the fire to rise, before baking in a moderate oven.

Dried Apple Pudding, boiled.

Boil dried apples nearly done; save a teacup of the juice of the apple for a sauce; chop them, and mix with soaked bread, and boil in a bag. Make a sauce of melted butter, sugar and flour, with enough of the apple-juice to give it the flavor of wine, and spice with nutmeg. It is excellent.

Barley Water.

Take pearl barley, two ounces; wash it till it be freed from dust in cold water; afterwards boil it in a quart of water for a few minutes, strain off the liquor and throw it away. Then boil it in four pints and a half of water until it be reduced one half.

To clean Britannia Ware.

Britannia ware should be first rubbed with a woolen cloth and sweet oil; then washed in water and suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

To cure Corns.

Scrape the corn so as to nearly cause it to bleed; apply a salve composed of calomel and lard; renew the application three or four times a week; keep the feet clean, and wear loose shoes.

Calves' Feet.

They should be very clean; boil them three hours, or until they are tender; serve them with parsley and butter.

Curious Matters.

Remarkable Case of Longevity.

The Oswego Times says:—"We saw to-day a case of longevity entirely without a parallel in the United States. At Austin's picture gallery we met Mr. Peter Rozelle, of this city, aged 100 years, sitting for his likeness. Mr. Rozelle was born in the city of Brooklyn on the 27th of April, 1753, and on the 27th of April he reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and nine years. He is quite cheerful and hearty. Owing to rheumatic complaints, he is able to use his own legs but little; but he sits up in his chair, converses readily, and retains his memory perfectly. He never wore spectacles, and is able to read a little without their use. He has been the father of twenty-five children. His second wife is a pleasant and hale old lady of eighty years.

Expensive Kindling Material.

The wife of a well known legal gentleman of Troy lately purchased a quantity of Honiton lace, amounting to about \$40 in value, which she carried home and carelessly laid on the table in her sitting-room. The next morning upon entering the room she missed the parcel from the table where she had placed it, and asked one of the servants if she had seen it. The servant replied, "An' sure, mistress, I took a little roll of paper from the table this morning to light the fire with!" And sure enough, "Biddy" had burned the lace.

How to get it out.

The Portland Argus says:—"A man in a neighboring town recently built himself a very nice strong cart, and put its parts together firmly, ready for work. A neighbor seeing it admired its excellent qualities, but inquired how it was to be got out of the shop. This the manufacturer had not thought of, and found that his cart had to be taken to pieces again, body and all, or else the side of his shop must be cut open. At last accounts he had not concluded which to do, as neither would be an easy job."

A curious Fashion.

A curious fashion prevails in all the religious societies in Waterville, Maine. When the choir rises to sing, the congregation continue sitting till the singing of the first verse has made some progress, when they commence rising and are all standing before the verse is finished. The object probably is, that the choir may "get the hang" of the tune before the audience get ready to listen.

Rather Singular.

The Phoenix (N. Y.) Reporter says there is now living in that village a man by the name of Bershaw, whose father's family consists of twenty-eight children, seven double and fourteen single births. This prolific couple were married when the father was but seventeen and the mother thirteen years old.

Subterranean Prison.

Some workmen employed in digging a well in Seville, Spain, a short time since, discovered some subterranean masonry, which upon investigation proved to contain numerous cells, in one of which four human bodies perfectly mummified were found chained to the walls. One of them was that of a barefooted monk; the garments of the others were of the style of the last century. A silken shirt worn by one of the bodies was the only garment in tolerable preservation. They are supposed to have been victims of the inquisition, chained in the cells and starved to death.

Curious.

Within a few weeks lately tons of eels have been caught on the shores of Greenwich (R. I.) Bay. They come on shore, and so plentifully, that some persons have caught a hundred pounds in their hands. Many have come up to the margin of the shore at high water, and when the tide recedes, they are left to die on the sand. The reason why they thus seek the land is a mystery to the oldest fishermen, they never having seen the like before. It is thought they may be diseased.

Remarkable old Age.

Miss Olive Fuller, of Marston's Mills, says the Barnstable Patriot, attained the great age of 103 years on the 1st ult. She retains her faculties, except the sense of hearing, to a remarkable degree. She can see to thread a needle without the aid of glasses, and talks as distinctly as she ever did. She can dress and undress herself; enjoys visitors, and complains of her friends, if their calls are not frequent; and she appears likely to live for years.

Epitaph.

The following singular epitaph is on a tomb in the parish churchyard of Pewsey, Dorsetshire, in England:—"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called 'The Sublime.' She was bland, passionate and deeply religious; also, she painted in water-colors, and sent several things to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Barbarous Superstition.

A frightful act of barbarity has just been committed at the village of Staniker, in Hungary. A young girl, who was struck with mental alienation, had become dumb; and the people, refusing to believe that the visitation had arisen from natural causes, held her by way of proof over a brazier of fire, and burnt her so severely that she expired shortly after.

Chinese Exhibition.

A Chinese girl of high rank has been exhibiting her little feet, but 2½ inches in length, to the outside barbarians of San Francisco. She is the only Chinese female with artificially dwarfed feet ever seen in California, where the almond-eyed race is getting to be uncomfortably numerous.

Curious Commercial Transaction.

A respectable business firm in Cleveland, Ohio, lately received a letter from a customer living near Youngstown, enclosing an order for—a wife! The customer was a rich, middle-aged Dutchman, and a widower. He said he wanted a wife right off, and he had no time to look up one for himself, but should be in town in a day or two to marry the woman, which he depended on his city friends to have ready for him. Such an order rather took the merchants aback, but the man was too good a customer to disoblige. As they had no supply of the article on hand for sale, one of the firm went out to hunt up, and at an intelligence office got track of a girl who could speak German and English, was tolerably good looking, and very much wanted to find a husband. A bargain was struck. The Dutchman came in, found an article ready for him, approved of it, and took his curious purchase home with him. We did not learn whether the firm charged a special fee, or a per centage commission on the market value of the article.

Singular Circumstances.

Mr. Simon Hazen, now residing in New London county, Ct., ninety-two years of age, has lived under three national governments, and in three different towns, and yet has never moved out of the house in which he was born, or changed his residence. Mr. Hazen lived under the monarchy of George III., then under the Confederacy of the American Colonies, and lastly, under our Federal Constitution. And he first resided in the town of Norwich, which was subsequently divided, and the town of Franklin was formed, which included his residence; and in 1861, that part of Franklin where he lived was included in the present town of Sprague.

Valuable Mouthful.

A dog at Bridgewater, Mass., lately seized a \$10 bill on the Old Colony Bank from the hands of the owner, chewed and swallowed it before it could be taken from him. The dog was instantly killed, the parts of the bill taken from his stomach, and neatly pasted together so as to pass current.

A blind Artist.

In Tarbell's rake factory at Mount Holly, Vt., is a blind man named Warner, who is the best workman in the establishment. He bores the heads and turns handles. He oils and adjusts his machinery, goes all about the building where he works, and is quite as much "at home" there, apparently, as the keenest-sighted individual in the factory.

Curious Epitaph.

The following epitaph was written on reading of the death of a lady whose name was Stone:

Curious enough, we all must say,
That what was Stone should now be clay;
Most curious still, to own we must,
That what was Stone will soon be dust.

A learned Cat.

Mr. Southwick, at his store on State Street, Newburyport, keeps a puss which he has taught many ingenious tricks that make her a curiosity. She will not only scratch when he orders, but what is more uncommon, when in a tempest of passion, at a mere shake of the finger, she will lie as quietly as a lamb, and mew as lovingly as though she never had a claw. She will sit upon her hind legs, and give her paw to shake hands like a little lady. She will jump or lie still as commanded; will open a door as handily as a child, and has various ways of expressing her likes and dislikes, manifesting a greater degree of intelligence than we have ever seen before in one of her species.

Singular Affair.

General Gerstensewig, military commandant of Warsaw, had a dispute with General Count Lambert, the emperor's lieutenant in Poland. As duelling is prohibited in the Russian army, they avoided the law by casting lots to decide who should kill himself. The lot fell upon General Gerstensewig, who, the day following, blew out his brains with a pistol while looking at himself in a looking-glass.

Remarkable Cause of Death.

It is stated that Captain Slaymaker, of the Iowa Second, and formerly of York county, Pa., came to his death at the battle of Fort Donelson in a singular manner. A bullet struck his pocket-knife in his left pocket, shivered it to atoms, and drove the blade into his body, so that it, and not the bullet, severed the artery, the rupture of which caused his death. Pieces of the knife were found in his wallet.

Old 'Uns.

Mr. Stephen Ordway, of Hebron, N. H., 98 years of age, at the recent election went three miles to vote. He has lived in Hebron since he was 21. And at the election in South Hampton, Mr. Samuel Currier attended all day. He was 98 years old on the 8th ult., is in good health, and enjoyed "town meeting day" as agreeably as in his younger days.

Ancient Relic.

Among the remains brought from Halicarnassus is an alabaster scent-vase, eleven inches high, having upon it the name of Xerxes in two languages—one Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the other the arrow-headed characters of Assyria. It would seem to have been buried by Queen Artimesia, in the celebrated Mausoleum, the tomb of her husband Mausolus, as one of his most valued treasures.

Croesus among the Painters.

A rich Californian visiting Rome was so much taken with the works of an American artist there, that he bought not only his whole stock of paintings, but the artist himself, whom he has engaged to go to California, and paint pictures for him for the space of a year, after which time he trusts the painter will be able to make his own fortune.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Magazine* we commence the sixteenth volume of the work. We doubt if any other publication in America has grown so rapidly in public favor. So great has been the demand that it has far outstripped our means of supply, and we have not a single copy on-hand for the first half of the present year! All new subscribers, therefore, must commence with the present number, which is number one of the new volume sixteen.

EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

According to the last report of the State Board of Education, there are 4561, public schools in Massachusetts. The number of persons in the State between five and fifteen years of age is 231,480, and the number who attend these schools is 220,010; number of teachers 7414. Average wages of male teachers per month, \$47 71; of females, etc., \$19 95. Aggregate expense of public schools for the year, exclusive of the expense of repairing and erecting school houses, and of the cost of school books, \$1,612,323 76. Three hundred out of the three hundred and thirty-four towns of the State have raised by tax, the sum of \$3 or more per child between five and fifteen. The number of High Schools, in which Greek and Latin are taught is 105; incorporated academies, 63; private schools and academies, 638. The State School Fund is \$1,588,623, which will be increased from the sale of Back Bay Lands.

CONTENTMENT.—When Coleridge was offered a half-share in those two newspapers, the "Morning Post" and "Courier," by which he could probably have secured £2000 a year, he replied, "I will not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond £350 a year, I consider money a real evil."

CHARMING.—There are no other creatures in nature that can charm like women and snakes.

JUST SO.—The human race, like an auctioneer's goods, are always going—going—gone.

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

The quantity of rain is said to diminish as we advance from the equator to the poles, and decrease in ascending to high table-lands. It increases from the coasts to the interior of continents, the western coasts being generally more rainy than the eastern ones. At the equator the quantity of rain which falls annually is ninety-five inches, and at St. Petersburg only seventeen. The heaviest rain falls between the tropics; and in Europe the rainy districts are in the Alps, the middle of Portugal, the coast of Norway, the coast of Ireland, and the northwest coast of Scotland. At Cape Horn no less than one hundred and fifty-four inches fall, while in several parts of the world there is no rain at all; these parts are called the rainless districts. In the old world there are two such districts, the largest including the desert of Sahara and Egypt in Africa, and in Asia, part of Arabia, Syria and Persia; the other district, of nearly the same superficial extent, lies between north latitude thirty degrees and fifty degrees, and between seventy-five and one hundred and eighteen degrees of east longitude, including Thibet, Zobi and Shama, and Mongolia. In the new world the rainless districts are of much less magnitude, occupying two narrow strips on the shores of Peru and Bolivia, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatemala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama, on the coast of Venezuela.

SAVE FOR BINDING.—We bind Ballou's Dollar Magazine in firm handsome uniform style, with an illuminated gilt cover, for thirty-eight cents per volume, making two valuable books each year. We have bound thousands of volumes for the last twelve months.

THUS IT IS.—Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

SHAME.—The most agonising of human emotions, says Bulwer, to a noble spirit, is shame.

BURSTING OF AN ICEBERG.

A few years ago, a French man-of-war was lying at anchor in Temple Bay; the younger officers resolved on amusing themselves with an iceberg, a mile or more distant in the Straits. They made sumptuous preparations for a picnic upon the very top of it, the mysteries of which they were curious to see. All warnings of the brown and simple fishermen, in the ears of the smartly-dressed gentlemen who had seen the world, were quite idle. It was a bright summer morning, and the jolly boat, with a showy flag, went off to the berg. By twelve o'clock, the colors were flying from the ice turrets, and the wild midshipmen were shouting from its walls. For two hours or so, they hacked and clambered upon the crystal palace, frolicked and feasted, drank wine to the king and ladies, and laughed at the thought of peril where all was fixed and solid. As if in amazement at such rashness, the grim Alp of the sea made neither sound nor motion. A profound stillness watched on his shining pinnacles, and hearkened in the blue shadows of the caves. When, like thoughtless children, they had played themselves weary, the old alabaster of Greenland mercifully suffered them to gather up their toys and go down to their cockle of a boat and flee away. As if the time and distance were measured, he waited until they could see it and live, when, as if his heart had been a volcanic fire, he burst with awful thunders, and filled the surrounding waters with his ruins. A more astonished little party seldom come home to tell the story of their panic. It was their first, and their last day of amusement with an iceberg.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—Fifty millions of lucifer matches are daily consumed in England. Those employed in making lucifers are liable to a fearful disease called "neerrosis," caused by the fumes of the phosphorus, which attacks the jaw-bone, sometimes quite destroying it. This disease has induced a philanthropic inventor to invent a "safety match," in which no phosphorus is used.

LIGHT.—The largest quill of the golden eagle weighs only 65 grains, and seven such quills do not weigh more than a copper penny-piece. The feathers of a common fowl which weigh 37 ounces weigh only 3 ounces; and the entire plumage of an owl weighs only one ounce and a half.

EXPENSIVE.—The annual cost of maintaining a ship-of-the-line, fully equipped, is \$302,000; of a frigate, \$195,000; of a sloop-of-war, \$90,000; of a steam frigate, \$285,000.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

It is the privilege of great geniuses to be absent-minded, but it does not follow that every absent-minded man is a genius. While many a man is laughed at for his abstraction from little things, while his mind is soaring to the empyrean in the pathway of the stars, the wits of many a dolt are wool-gathering, without any idea in his noddle. An exchange paper tells of a man in Boston who went to the post-office to inquire for his letters, and did not know how to frame an interrogatory, having forgotten his own name; and of a farmer in New Hampshire, who, while revolving some deeply important problem, sat down on his milk-pail and milked the cow into the stool. We knew a gentleman of this city who, the next day after he was married, called at the house of his bride's father, asking for her by her maiden name. The reply of the astonished servant girl: "She's married, sir, and gone to live at your house," brought him to his senses. Old Parson Blank, who, when pruning his apple trees, would sit on the end of a limb and saw it off inside of him, was a case in point. But the most melancholy termination of a life of blunders, was that, as testified of the Kilkenny cats, of the unfortunate gentleman, who, on retiring to rest at night, put his patent leathers to bed and pulled off his head with the boot-jack. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "accidental suicide."

TERRIFIC ROCKETS.—Lieutenant Samuel Parby, of the Bengal Artillery, states that it is perfectly practicable to produce rockets of 1000 pounds weight which can be thrown with equal exactness as shells from mortars. One of these falling upon the deck of a ship, he says, would immediately destroy it. They have a rotary motion like rifle bullets.

LARGE ALIMONY.—In a divorce suit at New York brought by Mary Ann Singer, against Isaac M. Singer, the noted Sewing Machine Needle patentee, the court ordered her an allowance of \$8000 per annum, alimony, and her counsel a fee of \$750. It was given in evidence that Singer's income was \$200,000 a year.

PITHY.—A slab at the head of a grave, on the Pittsburg field, where four Illinois men are buried, bears this laconic inscription: "Four Heroes."

PORTIAL.—The prettiest design we ever saw on the tombstone of a child was a lark soaring upward with a rosebud in its mouth.

ON CONVERSATION.

"To excel in conversation," says a sensible writer, "one must not be always striving to say good things; to say one good thing, one must say many bad and more indifferent ones." It is much to be regretted, since conversation is the charm of society, that there are so few good talkers in the world, when there are so many orators. Most men can harangue—very few can converse; every little village can boast of a score of Fourth of July orators, each of whom, with the field to himself, can hold forth by the hour together, sensibly and eloquently, at least acceptably; while the same men, if placed in a drawing-room, would be either completely silent, or "monopolize the floor" in delivering a dissertation.

The art of keeping up the interest of a social discussion by short, brilliant sallies, lively repartees, apt illustrations and graceful allusions, is exceedingly rare; it is attained only by long practice. The southern nations of Europe, particularly the French, are adepts in this eminently social art; but they are trained to it from early infancy. The moment a French boy can speak, his expressions of language are carefully watched and corrected. He is made to select judiciously between nearly synonymous epithets; and as he grows up, this habit becomes a second nature to him, begetting confidence, fluency and elegance of speech. Nor does the Frenchman, the Italian, the Spaniard, or the Greek, speak with his lips alone; his eyes, his limbs, his features, are all animation, and the "action—action—action," deemed by the master of oratory its Alpha and Omega, is readily and constantly employed.

It might be thought that the fluency of the languages of southern Europe alone accounted for this facility, had there not been brilliant examples of conversational excellence in England, in spite of the acknowledged harshness of the Saxon tongue. Sheridan owed much of the renown he enjoyed—much of his personal fascination, to his brilliant conversation. But with him it was not art carried to the extent of second nature; he suffered under the difficulty expressed at the commencement of this article—he was constantly laboring to excel. His reputation as a wit compelled him to make these efforts; and he thus prepared his brilliant sayings beforehand, and until an opportunity occurred to introduce, or rather to "work them in," he sat silent and anxious.

It is related of Sheridan that an acquaintance of his, knowing his friend's habit, pilfered one of his "conversation cards," on which the heads of his anecdotes and witticisms were written down previous to being delivered at a brilliant party.

Having mastered this programme, the malicious wag went to the party a little before Sheridan, and related all his good things, so that when the wit himself arrived, he was mortified and astounded at the coldness and indifference with which all his sallies were received, and at being told that all his bran new stories were affairs of at least half an hour old! Theodore Hook was far happier than Sheridan in society; a running fire of puns, witticisms and humor sustained the spirit of his talk, and rendered him irresistible. But he possessed the rare gift of improvisation; and we are told he could sit down to the piano and compose the air and words of a song as he went along. Such facility is almost incredible.

"The soul of conversation," says Haslitt, "is sympathy. Authors should converse chiefly with authors, and their talk should be of books. No man can get above his pursuit in life; it is getting above himself, which is impossible. In general it shines only by reflection. You must take your cue from your company—must rise as they rise, and sink as they fall. You must see that your good things, your knowing allusions, are not flung away, like the pearls in the adage."

But there is one little idea above all others that we would humbly suggest as worthy the consideration of all. Whether in sermonizing or in story-telling, in wit or pathos, in sorrow or in mirth, *be short*:

"For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood."

IRISH WIT.—A Dublin car-driver hailed a passenger, and asked him if he wanted a car. The latter said "no," he was able to walk. "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing," was the sharp but courteous reply.

SINGULAR.—In more than three years, not a man has died to be buried in the burial-grounds at East Salisbury village. The first burial of an adult male since December, 1868, took place recently.

SAVAGE.—Those amiable Peruvians are still on the "rampage." They have been trying to assassinate their president, General Castilla, but he was obstinate, and wouldn't be assassinated.

EXTENSIVE.—At the pianist Gottschalk's last concert in Havana he employed 750 musicians. The receipts were over \$7000.

JUST SO.—A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

COURTESY OF MANNER.

Sir Pertinax Max Sycophant, in Macklin's comedy of the "Man of the World," considers the grand secret of success in life to be knowing how to bow. His theory was, that the lower a man bowed, the higher he was sure to rise, and this is the Chesterfieldian theory. Undoubtedly, a good address and courtesy of manner goes a great way towards ensuring success in life, yet nine-tenths of the men of letters and art have too often neglected the ordinary courtesies of life, and boorishness of manners has been deemed a privilege of genius. To our mind this only shows that men may be geniuses without possessing good taste, and we think that the first genius of his age ought to be its first gentleman. We would not be understood, however, as advocating courtesy of manner purely as a means of success. By no means; for we consider it essential to the completeness of character of a true man—a true Christian. The mildness and gentleness of the Saviour were the most touching traits of his character; rarely, very rarely did he indulge in the language of denunciation, and then only to serve the ends of eternal justice. We have often thought of the beauty of the model presented to us in this respect by the Anointed of Heaven—true, it is a very practical point of view in which to regard the character of Christ, but none the less excellent and truthful; an example worthy of all commendation, and of close imitation by all sects and denominations throughout the wide world.

Courtesy of manner is one of the few things in which the present age is completely eclipsed by the records of the past. It distinguished particularly, as we all know, the manners of the age of chivalry, being an essential element in the accomplishments of a true knight. Surviving the fall of chivalry, it was assiduously cultivated by all having pretensions to good breeding to the present day. A few specimens of this high-toned courtesy survive in the persons of a few ladies and gentlemen of the old school; but as a general thing, it may be said to have disappeared with hair-powder, knee-breeches, swords and buckles. What passes for courtesy now-a-days, would have been considered downright vulgarity in the days of Queen Anne. There is a tendency to slang, coarseness and impudence almost everywhere manifested, which cannot fail to be noticed. Children are no longer so courteous to their parents, or servants to their employers, as they used to be. People are not so courteous to each other in the street, the theatre, the concert, or the ball-room, as they used to be, and ought to be. In the language of young England and

young America, the male parent is the "governer," or the "old man," and the female parent, the "old woman." Dignity and amenity are decidedly "slow," and rudeness and carelessness most unfortunately "fast." The observant mind has already long realized these things, and we are pointing out no new idea, but simply calling attention to a matter that needs reforming.

In this country we are all free and equal; but for this very reason we ought to stand on an equality of courtesy, and not on an equality of boorishness. There ought to be a material platform of politeness large enough to accommodate the thirty millions to which our population has reached. There is no need of books or conventions to lay down its rules and regulations, for true politeness is inborn—an affair of the heart, and not of the head. It arises from an anxious desire to respect the feelings of others, as we would have our feelings respected by them. It is the universal courtesy of all classes that makes a sojourn in France so delightful to strangers. This we have often heard remarked by observants and travelled persons.

A loafer who treads upon your foot in the streets of Paris, apologises for the unintentional offence with the air of a courtier. If you lose your way, the first man you meet will go half a mile out of his own path to direct you. If you blunder in your attempts at speaking a foreign language, you will fail to provoke a smile from even the most mirth-loving Parisian. And this suavity of manner has nobly characterized the nation from the Franks to the present hour. In this respect it behooves us to follow the example of the French rather than that of John Bull, on the other side of the channel.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Stripes, whether on a lady's dress or on the walls of a room, always give the effect of height; consequently a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as well as a straight one, and as curved lines are most graceful, they should generally be preferred.

REASON AND INSTINCT.—Professor Agassiz says that there is no difference between reason and instinct, only in degree. Then certainly the animal, in walking strictly by his lesser light, gives man a terrible rebuke, who with his grander illumination sins against it continually.

SHOCKING.—An English paper, speaking of the burial of a suicide, says indignantly, "They buried the woman like a dog, with all her clothes on!"

THE SCRIPTURES.

We are often surprised, in conversing with some illiterate man, to find that his views of life and his various relations are sound and sensible, his moral principles correct, his philosophy impregnable. Knowing that he is without education, in the general acceptance of the word, we look upon him as a marvel, and we begin to philosophize upon the constitution of his mind, and the nature of his inspiration. But this wonder would readily cease were we to accompany him to his humble home, and see deposited in some convenient place a copy of the Bible, bearing evidence of being frequently consulted. We can no longer call the man illiterate, if he be thoroughly conversant with the Book of books—that wonder and awful epitome of all that is sublime in revelation, inspiration and truth. From the jarring controversies of the schools, from the oft-times inexplicable jargon of metaphysicians, from the bewildering mist into which human speculations constantly lead us, we turn to the inspired volume, as the wayworn traveller turns to the sheltering roof by the wayside; as the wandering Arab stoops to drink of the pure fountain, springing up in some green oasis of the desert.

Within the compass of one volume have been heaped together every attraction that can charm the human mind, as well as every spell that can elevate the immortal soul. In those dim regions of the past, at the threshold of which the pagan historian pauses, or which he paints as filled with fantastic and fabulous beings, the torch of sacred history shines with a pure and penetrating lustre. In language awful, in sublime simplicity, the Scriptures open with the beginning of all things, when the Creative Spirit began to set in motion the elements of chaos. As the scroll lengthens, it becomes bright or dark with human joy, or human sin; while through all the great drama, the presence of the inscrutable Being who overrules all, directing everything "after the counsel of his own will," moves, "a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night." The historical portions of the Old Testament, considered as mere narratives, to be judged of in the light of any other historical compositions, are grand, lofty and impressive, crowded with thrilling interest and stirring events. Run through the whole range of modern poetry, select from the gifted ones of earth, the brightest and the best, with Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, and Shakspeare, and Dante, and Schiller, standing forth in the van, and where will you parallel the magnificent poetry of the Bible, those inspired strains which bear the severest of all tests, the test of transla-

tion, and whether read in Hebrew, in German, French, Spanish, Italian or English, thrill to the innermost depths of the soul? Even scoffers and unbelievers have acknowledged its magic power. The half-unbelieving Byron declared that nothing extant in the form of poetry was equal in force, and beauty, and grandeur, to the poetry of the Old Testament.

And what system of Pagan philosophy can for a moment compare with the Christian philosophy, which teaches us how to live, and how to die—a philosophy illustrated in the person of its Author, the most sublime of martyrs? "Socrates," exclaimed the infidel Rousseau, on whom the truth glimmered, but did not dawn, "died like a philosopher; but Jesus Christ died like a god!" Do you doubt the truth of this priceless book? Stand by the death-bed of an expiring Christian, and see with what exultant hope he meets the dread ordeal. Go to the prisoner's dungeon—the innocent victim of a hard fortune—see the resignation with which he awaits the consummation of his doom. Truth alone could impart that heavenly calmness to his mien and heart. Even the guilty and repentant one about to suffer for crime, justly to suffer, walks with a calm and undisturbed tread to the scaffold. "Just is my punishment, awful though it be, O Father! But in thy divine mercies, as revealed through the gospel, I have hope—I am regenerated!"

Look around upon the world and behold the fruits of the Bible; behold the influence of Christianity; civilization spreading its circle wider and wider over the surface of the globe. While the idolaters and the worshippers of the false creed of Mahomet are daily growing more feeble, the followers of the cross are spreading everywhere the light of science, the arts and the social virtues. Each day the Christian missionaries, daring every clime, and scorning every danger, are adding to the swelling scroll of converts; the circle of truth is daily expanding, and its area will go on increasing, till it embraces the whole earth in its purifying limits. When Constantine saw in a vision the cross in the heavens with the superscription, "In this sign shalt thou conquer," he read a prophecy which every day is hastening to its fulfilment.

ENGLISH REBELLIONS.—There have been thirty-seven rebellions in England between A. D. 1069 and the present century.

REMEMBER—He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.

RIDICULE.

Mr. Puff, in the "Critic," imagines the idea of a farce, in which, by the "mere force of ridicule, house-breaking shall be rendered so absurd that bolts and bars will thenceforth be superfluous." Though a purposed exaggeration, the plan hardly over-estimates the real power of ridicule. We cannot positively say that thrones have ever been overturned by use of this weapon, but cabinets have frequently been changed by its effect; many a man has been killed,—politically—by a nickname. In the "all's fair" rivalry of love, ridicule has oftentimes proved more fatal than reason. Attack the moral character of a lover, and his mistress will cling to him the closer; but ridicule the shape of his nose, or the cut of his cravat, and in nine cases out of ten, she will end by disliking him. It has been said that Beaumarchais's witty comedies did more to overturn the old regime in France, than any other element brought to bear against it; and it is very certain that chivalry received its death-blow from the raillery of Cervantes. George III. would have much rather had Peter Pindar for an ally than a foe; and every one is aware that the London Punch is the leading reformer of the day. Ridicule, we think, must be considered as far more potent than denunciation or severe satire, inasmuch as invective and satire harden offenders and render them obstinate, while ridicule disarms them; it is useless, it is perfectly idle, to attempt to combat the man who has the laugh on his side.

Unfortunately, ridicule, if the most powerful, is also the most facile of weapons, and from the very ease of its management, ought to be assumed and handled conscientiously, for the most sacred and serious things are those the most susceptible of being burlesqued. One of the most serious and sublime works in English literature is Shakespeare's Hamlet; one of the most amusing and laughable is Hamlet Travestied. The danger, however, is perhaps less than we might, at first view, be led to anticipate, since nothing really great and good can be permanently overthrown by ridicule; for the spirit of excellence is immortal; the spirit of ridicule is but the spirit of the hour. We do not feel the less reverence for the beauty and perfection of the human form, because we are amused at its caricature in the monkey; nor do we feel the less admiration for Campbell, Scott, Wordsworth, and other brilliant contemporaries of the 19th century, because they are so admirably imitated and burlesqued in the "Rejected Addresses." The summary of Lord Byron's philosophy, in that amusing collection, "Naught is everything, and everything is naught," does not lead us to depreciate that of the noble

hard, because here the philosophy was false, the satire just.

There are some things in this queer, incongruous world of ours, that are so ridiculous in themselves, that they cannot be affected by ridicule, and they are precisely those things which most richly deserve it. Fashion, for instance; what could be more monstrous than the coal-scuttle bonnets, and enormous leg of mutton sleeves, which prevailed universally a few years since? It was impossible to caricature them, for they were themselves the most monstrous of caricatures. To combat fashion, ridicule is powerless; setting a better example is the only sure method of dealing with these vagaries; thus, a neat "Bloomer" costume is a keener rebuke to a street-sweeping dress, than pages of the most spirited ridicule would be. The consequences of an unjustifiable employment of ridicule to individuals have been oftentimes most serious. Ridicule, or the fear of it, has caused many a man to commit a ridiculous or an immoral action; it is answerable for many a duel, many a divorce, many a fortune lost at cards, many a good principle abandoned, and many a bad habit acquired. It has made men smokers and chewers, and drunkards, spendthrifts and gluttons—it has a host of sins to answer for. Sparingly used in a good cause, it may be productive of good; indiscriminately employed, it is a source of great evil.

NATURAL COMPASS.—In the vast prairies of the Texas a little plant is always to be found, which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a solitary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide or a compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in an humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

A THOUGHT.—Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

CURIOUS.—The beavers are a curious family—great workers—very ingenious. In Scott River, Cal., they have built a dam a quarter of a mile long as well as men could have done it, and strong enough for a horse to travel over.

FIRST PLAY IN BOSTON.—The first play ever performed in Boston was in 1656—and by an engine. It was free, and went off well. Nothing dry about it.

Foreign Miscellany.

The population of Paris, the city proper, is considerably over one million souls.

Suicides are said to be terribly on the increase in Paris, acting like an epidemic.

The members of the English Parliament receive no pay for their services as such.

The revenue of Great Britain from the article of tobacco alone, is \$28,000,000 per annum.

Four or five hundred houses are destroyed by fire annually, in the city of London.

The city of Dublin, Ireland, has many noble charities in successful operation.

The first daily paper in New Zealand has just been started at Danedin in that island. It is called the Otago Daily News.

The distress now prevailing in Ireland is likely to increase the average of emigration which has lately been somewhat checked by the American war.

Abd el Kader has sent to the Emperor Napoleon two magnificent horses of the Semen breed, the purest existing in Arabia, and which the ex-emir says must have descended in direct line from the famous mare of the prophet.

There are twelve daily papers in Turin, a city of not more than 160,000 inhabitants. At Naples, Milan and Florence, the same mania for newspapers is exhibited. Parma, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, has three dailies, and Modena four.

In pulling down the thieves' rendezvous called Lapin Blanc, immortalized in Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," no fewer than fifteen skeletons have been found in a hole at the foot of one of the staircases of the house. The matter is undergoing investigation.

The Waldenses in Piedmont, the descendants of the Christian heroes of martyr fame, number 23,000. They have about forty ministers, and employ as missionaries eleven evangelists, ten stationed preachers, five school teachers, and twelve colporteurs; total, thirty-seven.

A young woman born without legs, and who propels herself by holding a boot in one hand and a short stick in the other, was recently married in Sheffield, England, to a fine lusty young fellow. When the ceremony was performing, she took off her boot to have her hand joined in her husband's.

The waste paper of the English government offices, which is collected and sold by the stationery office, produced above thirty-five thousand dollars last year, and it is expected to bring nearly the same sum this year. This is independent of the "blue books" printed, but not read, which after the lapse of a certain time, are disposed of as waste paper.

A new kind of locomotive, invented by a Russian named Baronwaki, has been tried with success at St. Petersburg. The motive power was condensed air, and, on the trial trip made with a carriage filled with passengers, a speed of twenty-four English miles an hour was obtained. The inventor claims that it can be made to go much faster.

There has occurred a terrible railroad accident in Italy at Sienna—one hundred killed.

American primary school books are used in teaching the Prince Imperial of France.

The sale of the furniture, jewels, plate, etc., of the courtesan, Anna Desbions, in Paris, realized upwards of \$400,000.

Fifty thousand individuals, or about a fortieth part of the entire population of London, get their living in the streets.

The tower of London is under a course of repairing and refitting, in preparation for the flow of visitors expected this summer.

The Emperor of Japan—an old boy of fifteen years—has recently married a daughter of the Mikado, spiritual emperor of the kingdom.

Mr. Budd, of London, who died leaving a million of dollars to his two sons, subjected it to a forfeiture if they wear moustaches. This is being nice to a hair.

The largest ship-owner in Great Britain, and in fact in the world, is Ralph Brecklebank, Vice President of the Royal Insurance Company, who has afloat nearly six hundred sail of vessels.

A watchmaker of Cheapside, London, pays one thousand guineas—upwards of \$5000—for an advertisement covering the last page of the catalogue book of the Great Exhibitions.

The Cork (Ireland) Examiner says the emigration to America, notwithstanding the civil war raging here, is greater at present than it was in the corresponding period of last year.

Mr. John Cassell, the great publisher, of London, prints the outside of sixty English country newspapers. These are all alike, with a change of title. They are then sent to the country printers, who print on the inside their editorials and local news, and send to subscribers.

The acquittal of M. Mires, the alleged railway swindler, is the great sensation in France. It is thought that his threat to reveal the names of high personages implicated with him had something to do with the result. The shares in his principal scheme have gone up immensely.

A gentleman who has travelled around the world, states that he found a volume of Lallah Rookh in a Mexican convent, a volume of Burns' poems on a battle-field in South America, and an American edition of Childe Harold on an island in the Pacific Ocean.

Recent excavations in Rome have disclosed the magnificent entrance to the palace of the Cæsars, called the Clivus Palatinus. It is the same width as the ordinary Roman roads, and like the Applan Way, is paved with huge blocks of stone.

The Emperor of Russia has authorized the importation into Odessa and other southern ports, for six years, for purpose of trial, of detached portions of agricultural implements—as plow-shares, coulters, teeth of harrows and cultivators, cast iron wheels for wheelbarrows, free of duty.

Owing to the American war, preparations have already been made in England and Scotland to sow ten times the breadth of flax than ever was sown before, and it is said the "Gem of the Ocean," Ireland, will have a fourth of its surface covered with flax this year.

Record of the Times.

The credit of the United States government was never at a higher standard than it is to-day.

The latest Barnum dodge is a big dog-show, where prizes are given for certain excellences!

The value of the naval prizes brought into port lately by the U. S. men-of-war is immense.

James Parker, of Keene, N. H., hung himself a few days since from fear of coming to poverty.

There are said to be 10,000 children in the streets of New York who live by begging.

However good the grain crop may be in England, she will require large amounts from us.

Some of the "extensive" operators in Wall Street (N. Y.) stocks are up-town ladies.

Illinois has lost ten thousand men, in killed and wounded, during the rebellion.

Vanity Fair says Commodore Porter, after a series of balls at Fort Jackson and St. Philip, is holding a "levee" at New Orleans.

Prentice says the rebel women are not half so ready to run away from our fine-looking Yankee soldiers as the rebel men are.

Mr. Henry W. Severance, of Augusta, Me., has been successful in introducing the cultivation of rice into the Sandwich Islands.

The appearance of the fall wheat plant in Upper Canada is unusually good wherever the fields have sufficient drainage.

A man named Boyd, long a resident of Wal-doboro', Me., committed suicide in his store, by shooting himself, a few days since.

Flour is remarkably cheap in New Orleans. It sells for twenty-five dollars in Southern currency, equal, say, to twenty-five cents.

Missouri will raise four times more tobacco this year than she has done in any preceding twelve months.

Jerome N. Bonaparte is having a queer carriage constructed for him in Baltimore. It is called a vegar, and is something like an ancient Grecian chariot.

A census of Newburyport, which has just been taken, shows the population to be 12,514, which is less than at any time since the city was incorporated.

On a recent morning, John Phinney, of Gorham, Me., a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and much respected, rose about 4 o'clock, went out to the barn, fed his horse, and then deliberately hung himself.

Ratzky, the murderer of Feliner, the diamond trader, at Brooklyn, N. Y., last November, was recognized by a scar on his hand, produced by a burn from gunpowder. He was otherwise disguised, and would have escaped detection but for the scar, which could not be concealed. He acknowledges his identity.

Scissors are of some service for other purposes besides editing newspapers, as appears from the fact stated below. At the battle of Winchester a bullet struck a pair of scissors in the vest pocket of Lieutenant Cotton, of Toledo. The bullet glanced off and saved the lieutenant's life, though it spoiled his scissors.

Embalming bodies is an extensive business at Washington. Cost, twenty-five to fifty dollars.

There is a negro living at Rocky Hill, Ct., aged one hundred and seventeen years!

Massachusetts has about 130 inhabitants to each mile. New York State has 72 only.

The new laws of Illinois permit no colored people to emigrate to, or live in that State.

In Italy chestnuts grow wild and abundantly, being ground up to make common flour.

Mexico produces over \$20,000,000 in silver every year, yet she is starving poor!

It is announced that the grain crop of Texas will be one of unprecedented abundance.

Polite society—a place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little.

The Pennsylvania railroad tunnel through the Alleghany mountains is 3612 feet long.

A recent traveller in this country says "the greatest impositions I ever met with were the extra charges in the bills of the hotel-keepers."

A correspondent of the Fall River News compares the bombardment of Fort Macon to five thousand Fourth of Julys all going off at once.

The "pretty waiter-girl" establishments in Albany are broken up. The new law has been enforced and the nuisance is abated.

The New York lawyers complain of very dull times at the bar, and say not fifty out of the three thousand there are making a living.

Some of our artists might take a hint from Bossan, a celebrated Venetian painter, who used to conceal the hands and feet of his subjects, from inability to paint those members.

Are there any reasons in the History of England why that country should be cautious about making war upon us? Yes, 1776 reasons in one place and 1812 reasons in another.

A jar containing \$300 was recently discovered in some Indian graves on the Island of Santa Clara in the Guayaquil River. Other rich discoveries of buried coin have also been made.

In very hot countries it is found almost impossible to fatten any animal; while in very cold climates every living creature is fattened by nature—no doubt to enable them to endure without injury the severe cold.

Mary Stuart, at fourteen, and very beautiful, recited in the Louvre a Latin discourse of her own composition, in which she endeavored to prove that knowledge is for woman an additional charm.

A farmer in Danbury, Ct., lately plowed up an English coin 162 years old, from a field used by General Tryon as a camping ground during his visit to that locality during the Revolutionary War.

The members of the Winthrop Street church, Taunton, have resolved to erect a new church on the site of the old one, to be taken down, and \$20,000 have been pledged for the work of building.

Mrs. Ellen Stevens, of Charlton, one day lately speared eleven pickerel which weighed twenty pounds. She found them in a narrow place near a dam where they had been left by the receding water.

Merry-making.

When the government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply *leeches* to its *chest*.

It is well for a man to get the start in a race, but bad for a ship's plank to start in a storm.

A ducking in cold water destroys the temper of hot steel, but increases that of a fiery woman.

Why is France like a skeleton? Because only a bony part (Bonaparte) is left.

Why is a woodman like a stage actor? He is known by his axe (acts).

Why is the best baker the most in want of bread? Because he needs (kneads) it most.

"That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

Why is a dull and plausible man like an unfired gun? Because he is a smooth bore.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Because she understands the *arts* and *sighnesses*.

How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man when he died before his father? His father was translated.

Short-nosed men shouldn't complain if everybody snubs them, since nature herself set the example.

A lady, in advertising for a servant girl in a late London paper, says, "Hoops are objected to, and so is a want of cleanliness."

Some women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel not to give them occasion for it.

The difference between a goose's back and a soldier's is, that one sheds water and the other blood.

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

What a strange thing is custom! Throw one glove at a man, you insult him. Throw two, you make him a present.

The world should have the docket called, and sluggards all defaulted, and those should be the "upper ten" whom labor had exalted.

The lawyer would be better off, his conscience far less pliant, who owned a little farm in fee, and made that farm his client.

The Bath Times speaks of men who "worship the rising sin." True enough, prosperous sin always finds worshippers.

"Katy, have you laid the table cloth and plates, yet?" "An' sure I have, mem—everything but the eggs; an' isn't that Biddy's work, surely?"

"Why, I thought you were ill," said one friend to another, meeting in a porter-house. "Well, don't you see I'm *ale-ing*!" was the reply, with a bitter smile.

A Galway jury, at the conclusion of an inquest on a blind man who had committed suicide, returned a verdict of "Deliberately done away with."

The man who was in ship-shape must have seemed a little out of proportion.

When is the weather most like a crockery shop? When it is muggy!

The hen never jokes when she lays her egg. She is always in her nest (in earnest).

Why is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

Why is the star-spangled banner like the Atlantic ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

Many a man who is proud to be quartermaster, has a wife at home who is whole-master.

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves, giving as a reason that she only wished to keep her hand in.

A young bricklayer just escaped from his apprenticeship, is put down by the New York Picayune as a Free Mason.

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums conun drums are? She thinks some are hard to beat.

Whom did Robinson Crusoe meet on being cast on the desert island? A great swell on the shore, and a little cove running inland.

Conservatives—timid old gentlemen who see "danger to the Constitution" in the fluctuations of the egg market.

The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a patch of grass, is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

Dean Swift, on being asked what he thought the easiest and yet most difficult thing a man could do, replied, "To *bolt* a door."

"I am afraid, sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, madam, my melancholy wont settle—it has too much grounds."

The fact that a man may have gone to a military muster when he was a boy is hardly a sufficient reason for making him a brigadier general.

Carrying politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street, and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out on the sidewalk.

An old gentleman says that he is the last man in the world that would tyrannise over his daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he don't care whom she loves.

A citizen of Hallowell has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers five dollars for a sight of the head, minus the body.

The Hull girls all sing. A friend lately from there, says they sang themselves to sleep at night, and he never heard anything like it since he was benighted in a swamp out West.

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Get!" said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick!"

The greatest "strike" we have heard of lately, came off in a ten-pin alley, where a man got a twelve strike by splitting the first pin, and knocking down the remaining pins and the boy.

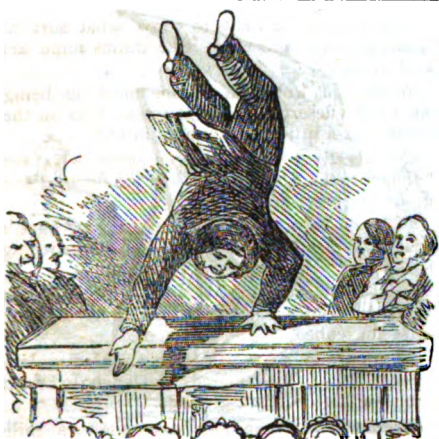
MR. SPURGEON ON THE GORILLA!



Mr. Spurgeon has a happy faculty of introducing "current" subjects into his pulpit.



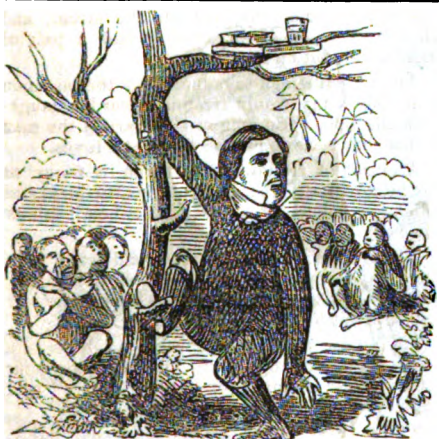
He becomes elevated upon his exciting theme, and rides his new hobby in public.



Is very radical, and identifies himself unmistakably with the subject.



Goes forth to lecture in the provinces, and consistently adopts the proper costume.



Becomes, like all extremists, a monomaniac upon the subject he advocates.



Which at last leads him to present a most singular figure. Alas!

FASHIONS OF THE DAY.



The new style of ladies' bonnets—crocodile fashion, rather.



Side view of same on an old maid, who affects juvenility.



The gothic style, recommended to the ladies by our artist.



As this sort of thing progresses, what it will come to at last.



The style our grandmothers were in the "good old colony times."



The style at Newport this summer—very becoming to Miss Seventeen!

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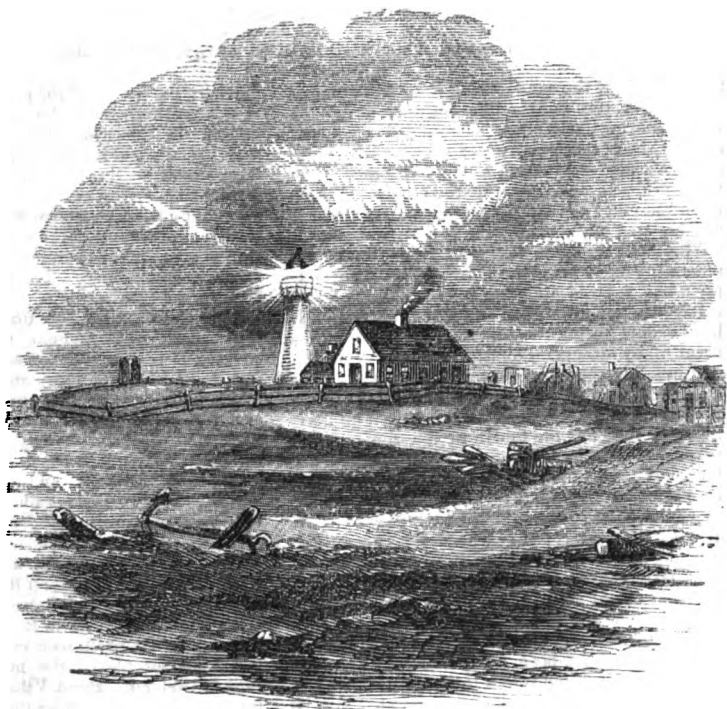
BOSTON, AUGUST, 1862.

WHOLE No. 92.

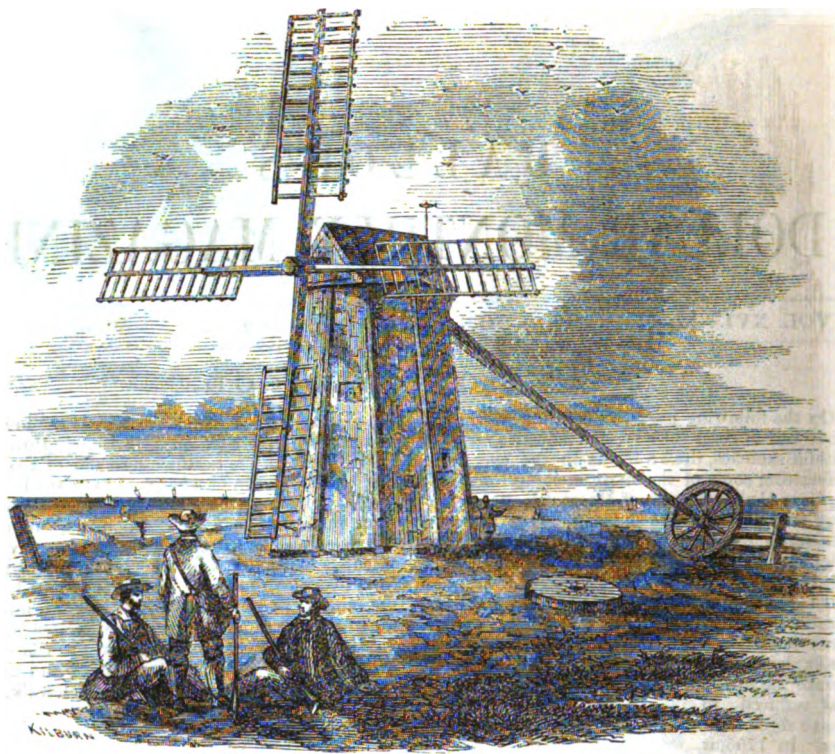
VIEWS ON CAPE COD.

ON the following pages we continue our representations of coast scenery, and present a series of faithful sketches, drawn for us on the spot, and delineating some of the most striking localities on Cape Cod, a portion of Massachusetts exhibiting many features of interest. One view in this series depicts the town of Provincetown, originally a part of Truro, but incorporated as a township in 1727, with the investiture of peculiar privileges, the inhabitants being exempted from taxation. At this time, and for ten or twelve years thereafter, it was a flourishing place, but at the expiration of this period, the people began to forsake the town, and before the year 1748, it was reduced to two or three families. In 1755, it contained about ten dwelling-houses, and in 1776, about twenty houses and 205 inhabitants. After the Revolutionary war, it gradually rose from its state of depression. The town of Provincetown is situated on the end of the peninsula of Cape Cod, and lies in the form of a hook. It averages about three and a half miles in length, and two and a half in breadth. The entire township consists of beaches and hills of sand, and a few shallow ponds. The harbor is completely landlocked, and very capacious and safe, and is a place of great importance to navigation. This was

the first harbor at which the Mayflower touched in her passage to Plymouth, in 1620. Provincetown stands on the northwestern side of the harbor, on the margin of a beach of loose sand. Immediately behind the town is a hill or cliff of sand, as seen in our view, upon the summit of which stands the townhouse, making a very conspicuous landmark, which may be seen for miles from every point of the compass. The houses are mostly situated on a single street two miles in length, and running near the water's edge, provided with a good plank sidewalk for the entire distance. The street is very narrow and irregular, and upon stepping from the sidewalk, the



RACE POINT LIGHT.



WINDMILL NEAR HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS.

foot sinks into the sand, which is so light that it drifts about the houses like snow in a driving winter storm. Although surrounded on every side by the ocean, good water is obtained by digging at a moderate depth a short distance from the shore. In our view, the townhouse is seen upon the cliff; the building immediately beneath the flag-staff is the bank; the church to the left is the Methodist; the next is the Orthodox, and the remaining one seen is the Universalist. Provincetown has a large shipping interest, and a great many whalers are owned and fitted out here. It has become during the summer the resort of a great many strangers, for the purposes of fishing and inhaling the invigorating sea breezes. It is about fifty miles east-southeast of Boston. In the extent of the mackerel fishery carried on here, this port ranks as the fourth in the State, being surpassed only by Gloucester, Wellfleet and Newburyport. In 1851, sixty vessels, with a tonnage of 4332 tons owned here, were engaged in the mackerel fishery, employing 688 men and boys. During the year 1852, 17,640 barrels of mackerel were inspected at this port. The population by the last census, was 3157. The remaining sketches of our series were made in and about Truro. The settlement of Truro was commenced about 1700. Its Indian name was Pamet, and it appears to have been purchased in 1697. In 1705, it was erected into a township called Dangerfield, and in 1709, it was incorporated by its present name. The town is situated on the

northern extremity of the peninsula of Cape Cod. It is about fourteen miles in length, and three in breadth in the widest part. Excepting the salt marshes, the soil is very light and sandy, and free from stones or the growth of wood. No hay, with the exception of marsh or salt hay, is produced, and the appearance of the soil is dubious in regard to pasturage. The whole face of the township is composed of sand-hills, and narrow valleys and depressions. The tops of some of the hills spread into a plain, and from these, in the northern portion of the town, nothing can be seen but the ocean and one wide waste of sand covered in places with moss and sparse grass, and in others white, loose and drifting like snow. There is now no wood in this part of the cape, although tradition says it was once heavily wooded; but from the present appearance it is hard to realize it. Pine seed has lately been planted to a considerable extent, and embryo pine forests are to be seen in various places. The Highland Light, delineated in another engraving, stands upon an elevated cliff, and forms a conspicuous object from the inland, as well as from the seaward side. The telegraph line from Boston runs to this lighthouse, and vessels coming into the bay are telegraphed from it. Not far from this light is the windmill, seen in still another engraving, a fair sample of the mills with which the cape is studded. Pond Village, depicted in the third engraving, occupies the inside of the cape. The view we present gives a good idea of the

POND VILLAGE, TRURO, MASS.



scenery and general appearance of the villages in this part of the cape. The hills which rise in graceful and regular swells, are entirely destitute of trees or shrubbery, which give them a peculiar and barren appearance. Truro Beach which forms another of our pictures, is quite near Pond Village. It forms no harbor, but vessels lie in the offing and communicate with the shore by

THE WIFE'S DEVIL.

Tall, bold, dark and frowning was the outline of the old castle, as looming up against the gray sky of a winter twilight, it first met the gaze of the illustrious man who had been condemned to a fettered life. And as the drawbridge was lowered behind his slow and weary steps, and the massive doors swung to again when he had



HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS.

boats; the fish-houses, etc., make a picturesque appearance. Provincetown is connected with Boston by regular packets, and by stage, which runs through Truro, Wellfleet, Eastham, Orleans, Brewster and Dennis to Yarmouth, fifty miles, where it connects with the Cape Cod Railroad. Truro is about 110 miles by land, and 55 by water from Boston. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the fisheries.

crossed the threshold, he felt that he was indeed immured forever, that it was idle to cherish the painful hope of escape, that his dungeon was a living grave.

The first night spent in his lonely cell seemed an eternity in length. In vain did he toss upon his stone-like bed, and strive to sleep; while his passionate paces between his narrow walls only tore and bruised his feet and fatigued his limbs,

without bringing on aught of that wholesome weariness which dims the eye and benumbs the feelings. Never seemed sunlight so beautiful to him, not even when abroad of a summer's morn he had watched its golden tides flood the broad landscape that lay like pictured beauty before his vision, as did that first faint ray that streamed in through the grated window, and played amid

in him, his dungeon walls seemed to expand, its roof bore not down with that suffocating weight that had been such an agony to bear, his pallet had a feathery lightness, his pitcher of water seemed a crystal spring, his crust of bread the marrow of life. God was with him still. His mind and heart, all that makes the true man, was free as the singing bird of the forest, and



TRURO BEACH, MASSACHUSETTS.

the furrows which anxiety had drawn upon his brow as with the rude touch of the torturing iron. Like the finger of Divinity writing there a choice and beautiful blessing, seemed that sunbeam, that one, stray, gold-colored ray from the arching sky, from the fetterless world without. The pride and majesty of his manhood came back to the captive, his soul grew large and strong with-

though the door that had closed so harshly upon him should never swing open again, though the bolt that had grated so hardly should never be withdrawn, he was a captive only in name. More like royalty, sitting in purple robes, to be ministered unto, than aught else, seemed he to the jailor, when a few hours later he appeared to replenish the scanty table. He could not divine

the cause of the sudden and mighty change; he could hardly realize that the lofty and commanding form which now seemed so proudly to tower above him, was the same bowed and trembling one that he had half dragged thither a weary burden but the night before. He did not know that God had spoken to the soul that stood enshrined in that human form, and that the breath which clung to every word was the breath of life. Nay, he knew naught of this; but he felt that there was a majesty about him as new as it was strange, as sublime as it was new.

Well was it for the illustrious prisoner that his soul had grown so strong. Never else could he have endured the severe and rigorous treatment which was continually imposed upon him. Never else could he have endured the separation from his young and beautiful wife, the fair, delicate creature that had slept in his bosom like a flower on a sun-lit bank, or a bird in a hidden nest, filling his heart with the music and fragrance of summer. Little thought he of the many dangers and toils to which she had subjected herself, in pleading with his stern judges for a home in that old, stern castle. Little thought he that she was perilling life to gain access to him, not only that she might cheer his lonely hours with the sweet companionship of her loving heart, but devise some stratagem that should carry him once again out into the rude world, out under the blue sky, and to freedom of limb as well as freedom of soul.

But never yet did iron bolts or oaken doors or grated windows resist forever woman's will. Never yet was heart so stern, but that at some moment it would have a kindly mood. And though months passed on ere she gained her way, her patient daily and nightly toil was at length successful, and one sunny morn in spring-time, when the greeting sunbeam had showed a broader, brighter light, the door of the dungeon swung open, and the companion of his life and labors, pale and thin with weariness and care, but with a spiritual loveliness that made her seem almost angelic in appearance, appeared before his astonished sight, and ere he could press his brow to know whether it were not the phantasy of a rapacious dream, she fell on his bosom, wound her soft arms about him, and whispered:

"Thine, thine—they could not keep me from thee!"

Once immured beside him, the same love that had sued so long and truly for that sad yet blessed privilege, became earnest in endeavors to set him free. They had friends enough outside the castle walls to bear him at once to a place of safety, but within, there were none but cold, callous-hearted guards, whom she dared not attempt to bribe, lest a discovery should sentence them to a deeper and darker cell.

But one day, when months of weary waiting had gone by, she obtained permission of the jailor to examine a large chest of books and linen belonging to themselves, the key of which had been entrusted to his care. He tarried by her side as she drew from it one and another article, till he was satisfied that nothing had been smuggled into it, that could either aid to soothe or liberate them, and then went his way, without the least idea that through her mind had flashed a thought of freedom.

At night-fall, when he drew the belt, with ma-

tron-like anxiety upon her brow, she begged he would obtain leave for her to send to a friend just outside the castle gates, and have her take charge for a while of her chest of linen, for though, and she sadly smiled as she spoke the words, its owner grew white shut up within a dungeon, that grew gray and yellow, and would soon be ruined. It was so simple a request, so womanly a one, that it was granted without the least ado, and early the next morn, the oaken chest was borne away—borne away, not with linen in it to whiten in the dew and sunshine, not with mouldering volumes, but with a human form, crouched almost out of shape, its thin white hands pressing convulsively its beating heart, lest its wild, loud pulses should echo forth, its pale lips pressed with frantic motion to the tiny breathing apertures which had been drilled with painful toil.

Who may picture forth the weary hours of that long, lonely day, as the captive wife on bended knees and with streaming eyes poured forth to Heaven her prayers of love, or who may tell how anxiously her bosom throbbed lest the jailor should discern her falsehood, and ascertain that the roll of linen covered up so carefully on the couch and called her sick and almost dying husband, was but a ruse to hide his flight till she could feel that he was safe? "The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" hers had a gall, no drop of which can be expressed in words.

Yet proudly did she demean herself, when at length the story came to light, so proudly and yet so womanly, that the stern judges, who, when first they heard the tale, condemned her without a trial to an imprisonment for life in the same dungeon from which she had freed her husband, relented of their harsh decree, and gave her not only the freedom which she craved, but a laurel wreath, which will be fresh and green so long as the name of wife is a cherished and a holy word.—*Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.*

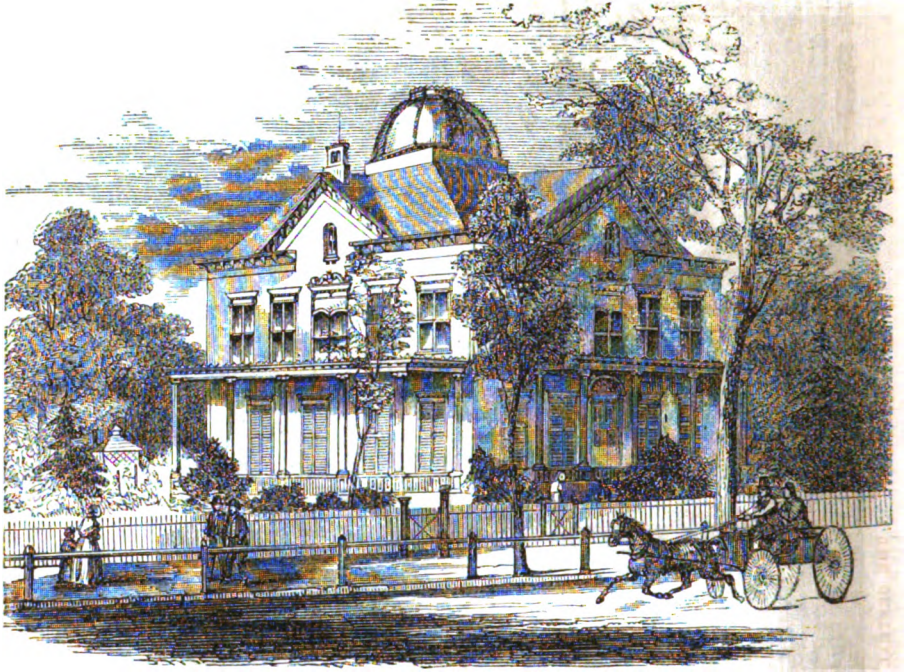
ANTIQUITY OF LOAFERS.

It may be consoling to some busy people, who groan over the losses of time occasioned by the visits of idlers, to know that similar feelings have been experienced ages ago, as is revealed by a curious inscription discovered among the ruins at Pompeii. The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzuoli and Capua are going on with renewed vigor, under the stimulus of an appropriation of money for the purpose from the Italian government. Heretofore Naples had the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii new frescoes have been discovered, and there is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows: "*Otiosis hic locus non est. Discede, Morator.*" This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Loafer, depart." This inscription is as good for industrial establishments of modern times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting, from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy, as it is now in America; that there were lazy folks and loafers who would intrude into workshops, and waste the time or divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to depart.—*Evening Bulletin.*

VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN, MASS.



SCENES IN ELIZABETH CITY, N. J.



RESIDENCE OF CHANCELLOR WILLIAMSON.

We present on this, and succeeding pages, a group of illustrations of the city of Elizabeth, N. J., a place of some considerable suburban importance, whose rapid growth of late years is a striking evidence of the repletion of the neighboring metropolis. Notwithstanding it is the oldest (English) town in the State, it ranked among the second or third rate towns until within the past ten years, when the influx of residents, whose business is in the great metropolis, having given it a start, its prospects are now second to none of its sister towns or cities. The New Jersey Railroad, which passes through it, and affords communication with New York some fifteen or twenty times per day, and the New Jersey Central Railroad, which now extends from Elizabethtown Point, on the one hand, to the mines of Pennsylvania, on the other, have been the immediate means of the prosperity and full development of the place. The land on which Elizabethtown is situated was purchased from the Indians, in 1664, by John Bailey, Daniel Denton and Luke Watson, and a charter was granted to them and their associates by Gov. Richard Nichols. The land was known and designated as the "Elizabethtown grant," and the first settlers as the "Elizabethtown Associates." They were not permitted to occupy their purchase in quietude, for there were a number of persons who claimed to have a title to the grant by virtue of a warrant from the Duke of York, and the commotions, strife, and difficulties arising from these rival claims, were seriously detrimental to the growth of the place. In 1665, Gov. Philip

Carteret, of East Jersey, settled here, and fixed the capital of the province, naming the place in honor of his brother's wife, Lady Elizabeth Carteret. At this time there were but five log huts in the town, but settlers were soon attracted to the seat of the provincial government, and it assumed an air of importance, which made it for many years the most flourishing town in East Jersey. The first General Assembly met here in 1668, and continued its sessions until 1682, when it was removed to Perth Amboy, and after fluctuating from place to place, was finally established at Trenton. A large proportion of the settlers being from New England, and such as were driven from England by religious persecution, it is natural to suppose that the doctrines and influence of the Puritans were paramount; and we find the first church edifice erected was the Presbyterian, which is, in fact, the oldest congregation in the State, dating its origin in 1666. After standing over a hundred years, it was ruthlessly fired by the hands of a tory, named Jacob Hetfield, and burned to the ground in 1780.

Elizabeth is situated on Elizabeth Creek, an inconsiderable stream, which empties into Staten Island Sound, about 2 1/2 miles from its mouth, where is situated Elizabethport. The two places are rapidly approximating, and will shortly be embraced within the same bounds. The latter is a thriving place, having considerable trade. Steamboats and sail-vessels ply between it and New York daily, and the depot of the New Jersey Central Railroad being located here, gives to it an appearance of great activity. During the



VIEW IN THE CENTRAL PART OF ELIZABETH CITY.



CALDWELL'S MONUMENT.

Revolutionary war, both places, from their proximity to Staten Island, where a large portion of the British army was stationed, were subject to all the accumulated horrors of that struggle for independence. The inhabitants were continually harassed by incursions of foraging and other parties of troops, added to which, the disaffected in their midst kept them in a constant state of fear and excitement. Being the main thoroughfare into "the Jerseys," from whence the troops of the enemy drew most of their supplies, the streets of the two towns were alternately occupied by parties of British and Americans, who frequently encountered each other in hostile array, and shed each other's blood. The influence and example of such men as Gov. William Livingston and Rev. James Caldwell had a powerful effect to keep alive the spirit of patriotism in the breasts of the better part of the inhabitants; although it is not a matter of surprise that there

should have been a considerable amount of illicit trading with the enemy, when the facts are considered. The Americans were poor, and paid in worthless continental money, while the British paid for all supplies in substantial and attractive gold. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and many persons, whose patriotism was undoubted, preferred the market at Staten Island to that of the American camp, although the traffic at the former was attended with much danger, and risk of life and limb. When the struggle for independence commenced, William Franklin, the only son of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was the royal governor of New Jersey. Unlike his father, he took sides with the king, and the provincial legislature declared him to be a dangerous enemy to the common cause. He was arrested at his residence at Perth Amboy, and sent to Connecticut, and William Livingston elected in his stead. This gentleman belonged to that noble family which furnished so many distinguished names to the annals of the Revolution. He was a graduate of Yale College, and possessed talents of the highest order. His patriotism was as eminent as his talents, and such was the high estimation in which he was held by the people, that he was re-elected annually to the office of governor, until his death, in 1790. He was an active partizan, and was constantly employed in aiding the cause of the Republicans. This, of course, attracted towards him the particular attention of the enemy, and several attempts were made

to seize his person. For this purpose, Sir Henry Clinton sent an expedition from New York, which landed at Elizabethtown Point about 12 o'clock on the night of the 28th of February, 1776, and marched directly to "Liberty Hall," the residence of the governor, which was about three miles distant. Surrounding the house, they burst open the doors, and demanded of the frightened inmates the person of the "d—d rebel governor." Fortunately he had gone to spend the night with a friend, and thus escaped capture. Disappointed in their search, the marauders demanded his papers and effects. These were in the parlor, in the box of his sulkey, but the presence of mind of his daughter preserved them from capture. Seeing one of the men about to seize the box, she claimed it from the officer in command, asserting that it contained her own private effects, and appealing to his sense of honor as a gentleman and a soldier, not to per-

mit a defenceless female to be robbed. He could not resist the appeal, and ordered a guard stationed over the box, while the brave girl led his men to the library, where she surrendered to them a mass of worthless law papers, with which they filled their foraging bags and decamped. On another occasion, when Knyphausen, who had marched to attack Greene at the Short-hills, and had been forced to retreat, was marching through Elizabethtown, a number of British officers stopped at the house in pursuit of the governor, who was again fortunately absent. They, however, intimated their intention to take up their quarters there; and as there was no gainsaying them, the females of the family retired to rest, feeling secure from molestation by the troops, while their officers were in the house.

shooting athwart the hall at the moment, and falling upon her white dress, he staggered back in affright, exclaiming, as he did so, "God! it's Mrs. Caldwell that we killed to-day!" Alarmed by their own superstitious fears, the party soon after left the house without any further demonstrations of hostility. Governor Livingston's proximity to the enemy laid him open to surprise and capture, and he was subject to constant alarm, particularly as a reward had been offered for his arrest. At one time it is said that Sir Henry Clinton offered a bounty for his assassination, and induced a notorious tory to undertake the task.

A view is given of "Liberty Hall," the residence of Gov. Livingston during his lifetime, and the place of his decease, July 25, 1790. This



LIBERTY HALL, ELIZABETH CITY.

It happened, however, that they were called away in the night, and a short time afterwards a party of tories and Hessians entered, and threatened to burn the house over their heads. The ladies returned to their room, where they locked themselves in, while the servants hid themselves in the kitchen. The drunken assailants soon found out the hiding-place of the former, and threatened to break in the door unless they were admitted. At this juncture, one of the young females (probably the same brave girl who had saved her father's papers), thinking it best to show an appearance of courage, which they did not feel, opened the door, and as one of the wretches seized her by the arm, she grasped him by the collar in a threatening manner, which induced him to look up, and a gleam of light

house, now the property of John Kean, Esq., is still standing on the road leading from Elizabeth to Springfield, about three quarters of a mile from the former place. Another of our engravings represents the handsome marble obelisk erected to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in the grounds of which it stands. Mr. Caldwell was an ardent patriot, and through his influence the greater portion of his congregation were led to adopt his views, and many of them were enrolled in the American army. He himself joined the patriot host in the capacity of chaplain. Many anecdotes are related of his fervency and zeal in the cause of his country, as well as of his God. Such was the animosity engendered in the breasts of the tories by his activity and effi

ciency, that fearing for the safety of his family, he removed them to Connecticut Farms, about four miles from Elizabethtown, where he thought them comparatively safe. He was destined to bitter disappointment, however, for when Knyphausen marched from Staten Island to attack the Americans at the Short-hills, he passed through Connecticut Farms, which he reduced to ashes, and Mrs. Caldwell was killed by a renegade soldier, who had formerly been in the employ of her husband, and entertaining a malignant feeling against him for some fancied affront, took this course to revenge himself. Mrs. Caldwell was lying down in an inner room, when her servant informed her that a British soldier was crossing the yard towards the house. She rose with her infant in her arms, and the wretch fired through the window, killing her instantly. At the time of her death, Mr. Caldwell was with the army at Springfield, in fearful suspense, which was only relieved by news received next morning, of the murder of his wife. Mr. Caldwell was himself shot by an American sentinel, at Elizabethport, a little more than a year afterwards. He had gone to the port to receive a young lady, who had come under the protection of a flag of truce from New York; but not finding her on board the vessel, he took charge of a small bundle which belonged to her, and with which he was proceeding to his chaise, when he was accosted by the sentinel, a man named Morgan, who demanded the surrender of the bundle that he might examine it. This Mr. Caldwell refused, and turning to go back to the vessel, he was shot in the back and instantly killed. Morgan was convicted of murder, and hung at Westfield. The body of Mr. Caldwell was conveyed to the house of Mrs. Noel, in Elizabethtown, where his congregation learned of their bereavement the next morning (Sunday), when they came to hear him preach. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Alexander McWhartee, of Newark, on the following Tuesday. Previous to his burial, the body was placed where the concourse which had attended could view his remains, and after the services were closed, Dr. Elias Bondinot came forward, leading a group of nine orphan children, who were by this second calamity left to the cold charity of the world. Placing them around the bier on which was the remains of their parent, he touchingly appealed in their behalf to the multitude assembled, which was nobly responded to, and they all lived to fill prominent and useful positions in society. Mr. Caldwell was a man remarkably beloved by all but the enemies of his country. His church, which was a wooden structure, and occupied the site of the present brick one, was given up to the American troops as a hospital; and the spire was used as an observatory, from whence the movements of the British on Staten Island were watched. Elizabeth has, owing to the rapid influx of persons from the city of New York, from which it is only about thirteen miles, recently assumed an air of thriving importance, commensurate with its rapid growth and future prospects. Having been incorporated as a city, it is assuming all the privileges and responsibilities of a city government, and bids fair to take its stand among, if not to rival some of its more prominent sister corporations. The

view given of the central part of the place is a truthful representation of what is usually a very busy scene. It is taken from near the depot looking south, along the main street. In the middle ground the tracks of the two railroads are seen crossing each other at an acute angle, and running along on either side of the handsome depot, recently erected for the convenience of passengers and freight. The residence of Chancellor Williamson (seen in our first engraving), is situated a short distance north of the depot, on the main thoroughfare, and is surrounded by many handsome private dwellings.

A LESSON ON TRUST IN GOD.

When Bulstrode Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night—which was very stormy—while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said :

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.

Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all grandness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Talent is, so to speak, a hand to do things with; genius is an eye; hence the impersonality of the one and the personality of the other. There are men of talent without genius—adroit, useful, able men; there are also men of genius without talent—bungling, inarticulate, neglected, wailing, unhappy victims, with inordinate ambition and little power. De Quincey, is a man of genius who has many talents, but wanting the one faculty which would render them perfectly efficient—Pegasus without a curb-rein, galloping aimlessly.—*Vivian.*

OLD AGE.

Winter, which stripes the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed, says Jean Paul; and so does old age rob us of our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us. There is something very beautiful in the contemplation of gray hairs, and honorable old age. It is the harvest hour of mortality, when the ripened experience shines forth, like fields of golden grain ready for the sickle. There is a quiet repose and steadiness about the happiness of old age, if the life has been well spent, that robs its feebleness of all painful suggestions. There is in that still noble, though wrinkled, brow so much that speaks of wisdom—in that eye, such philosophical expres-

gracefully, on another it is far less becoming.

Age is venerable, however, and when it is not worthy of our respect, it as promptly challenges our pity. There is something surpassingly beautiful in seeing those whose heads are silvered with age, leaning for support and guidance, in their turn, upon those children whose footsteps they guided in infancy. It teaches so forcibly the laws of domestic brotherhood, and illustrates so perfectly the fact of our dependence one upon another, at all stages, from the cradle to the tomb. It is a tender lesson of affection, also, of the purest kind, unselfish and dutiful. In these modern "fast" times, old age is getting to be a lease, and nature is less and less inclined to sign, and there are no tenants at will!



VIEW IN ELIZABETH PORT.

sion—that one feels overpowered with profound respect in such a presence.

Nature, which does all things well, has wisely ordained those very peculiarities which we, in our ignorance, might regard as troubles. Thus, the partial deafness is the result, doubtless, of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body; the gradual loss of hearing being intended to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sound from without would but discompose the nervous system, and prevent peaceful meditation. He who would pass the declining years of his life with honor and comfort, says Addison, should when young, consider that he may one day become old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. It is, of course, an undeniable fact, that, while on one old age sits

Rochefoucauld has cunningly and wisely said, "few people know how to be old." To be happy and beloved in age, it is necessary that we should be ever true to nature, and carry our age along with us, so to speak. We must never forget that we are old, nor think that younger folks are because they do not look at life through spectacles like ourselves. We should strive to look ever on the bright side, that we may thus keep up a perpetual spring and season of flowers in our souls. Steele very bluntly says: "A healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living!"

A LOVER'S LIKENESS.

Her walk is like the wind; her smile more sweet
Than sunshine, when it gilds the buds of May.

BARRY CORNWALL.

CITY OF PEKIN, CHINA.

The two engravings given on pages 119, 120, are accurate representations of the capital, and the Imperial Palace of the Celestial Empire. The general view of the city of Peking, with its walls and towers, and mountain background, is certainly very striking. The city is situated on an extensive plain in the province of Petcheli, between Peheio and Holupo. It is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, and about twenty feet thick, and, including the suburbs, it encloses a circuit of twenty miles. It is divided into two distinct portions—the north, or city of court, called Mei-ching, and the south, called Wai-chang, a suburb. The northern department has three separate enclosures, within the innermost of which are the imperial palace and the most splendid buildings. The well-known gate of Peking consists of a handsome arch of stone, imposing in effect. In many parts of the city, the streets are one hundred feet wide, but so badly paved as to detract considerably from their splendor. A large and magnificent Lama temple is conspicuous among the objects of interest which arrest the eye. Among these are a noble conservatory, and a variety of mosques, temples, churches, convents and colleges. With the celebrated imperial academy of Han-lin. Peking can also boast of a journal, which, being subject to rigorous official inspection, may vie in this respect with those of Paris. Its manufactures are porcelain, colored glass, precious stones, the trade in which is carried on chiefly by fairs, some of which are held monthly, and some annually. The population of this remarkable city is estimated at two millions. The imperial palace at Peking is a fine specimen of oriental architecture. Vast and ponderous, it is at the same time minutely ornamental and blazes with variegated colors. Two bold wings project from the extremities of a lofty central building, the facade of which is relieved by a deep gallery overhung by a richly decorated roof. The palace is divided into an immense number of apartments—the Chinese say a thousand—and is fitted up throughout in the highest style of "celestial" luxury. The chambers are described as spacious, lofty, exquisitely clean, and deliciously cool and fresh; the furniture glitters with gilding in an infinite variety of patterns; the hangings are of superb red and yellow silk; the carpets are wove of bamboo peeling, and painted in the liveliest tints. In the state rooms, as in the main halls and corridors, are antique bronzes, prodigious porcelain urns, vases of the most elegant shape, belonging to different epochs; and broad, shallow receptacles of half transparent china ware, in which flowers and shrubs, dwarfed and cultivated in the most whimsical manner, flourish and delight the fancy of the emperor and his household, addicted by nature and by custom to the quaintest forms of art. Behind the palace is a garden, or rather, park, where little pavilions, terraces, galleries, lakes, rills, and groves of fruit trees, with aviaries full of song birds and artificial caverns, affording shelter from the noonday sun, constitute a sort of earthly paradise—eccentric, indeed, but beautiful, and extremely characteristic of the race. The government of the emperor's palace is confided to the direction of a special council, which comprises seven departments, charged with provisioning the stores, repairing the buildings,

paying the salaries of the servants, distributing rewards and punishments, receiving the rents of the imperial farms, and superintending the flocks and herds from which the imperial table is supplied. So numerous a household renders necessary a rigorous system of discipline. On this account, the male and female attendants of the palace are subjected to a weekly course of examination concerning their personal conduct; after which those who have offended, are handed over to certain officials, men and women, who administer to them a modicum of chastisement, with the correctional rattan. Eight hundred guards are attached to the palace of the emperor, in addition to a body of executioners, clothed in red, and their satellites, in long crimson robes with hideous peaked hats of black felt stretched on frames of iron wire, surmounted by bunches of pheasant's feathers. These wild looking functionaries carry huge swords, chains, pincers, and other instruments of torture of strong and terrible forms. It must not be supposed, however, that simplicity is altogether absent from the palace of the Chinese emperor. Some of the rooms are remarkably plain, being merely papered with blue, and furnished with a small bright-cushioned divan, with a flower-stand and a few vases. The "Book of Grand Study" indeed, recommends to all, princes and subjects alike, to cultivate frugality, abstinence and severity of living, or, as it is figuratively expressed, "to make a lunch of steel blades and skins of wild beasts." In other parts of the palace, the apartments flame with gilded representations of birds and beasts, of monsters and warriors, palaces and garden pavilions. The outside of the palace wall is covered with varnished tiles, with an occasional block of white marble.

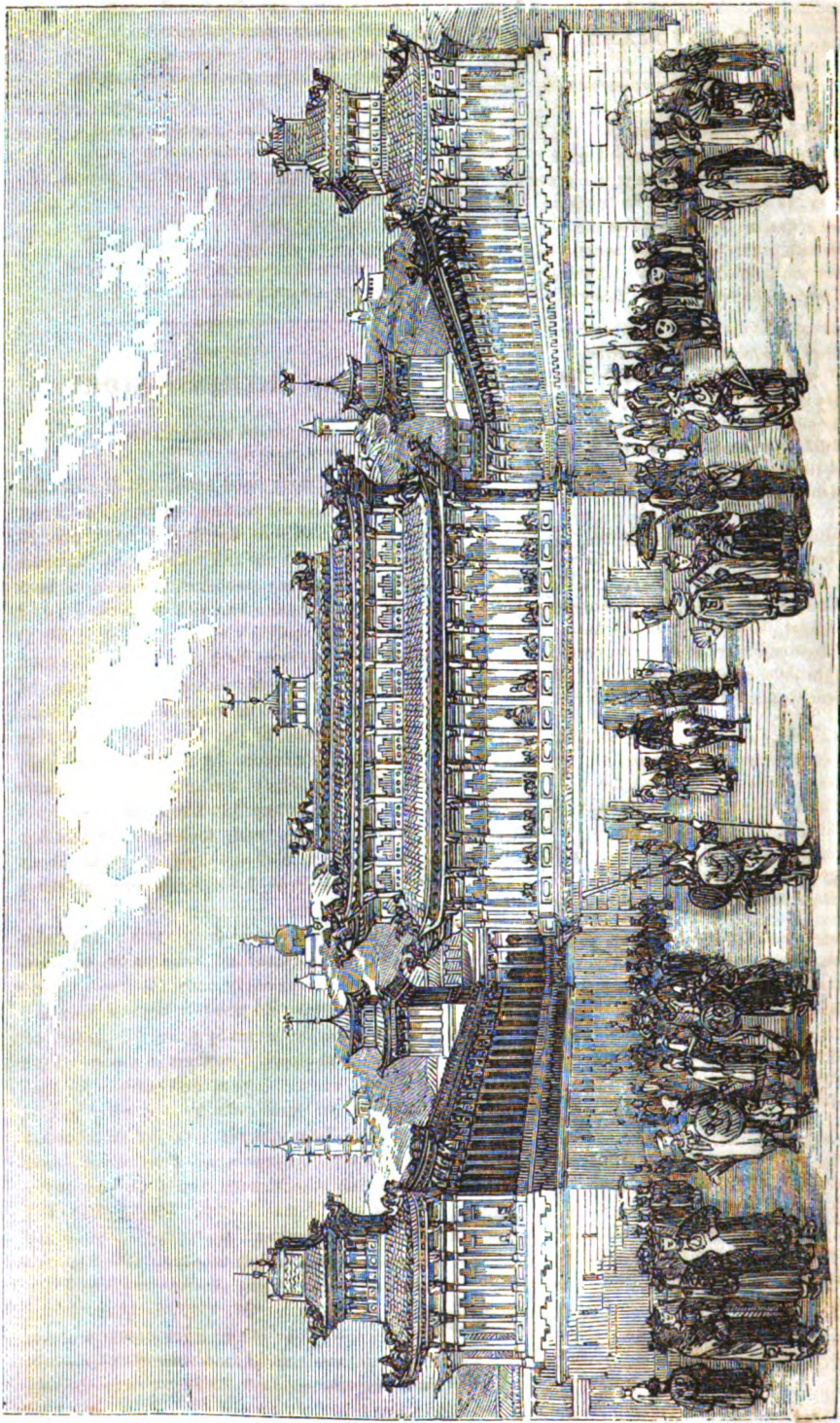
EXTRACT OF WORDS.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear. The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky, yet," said the monarch. "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubly distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was trebly distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm leaf: "This is the sum of all science—Perhaps." "This is the sum of all morality—Love that which is good and practise it." "This is the sum of all creeds—Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Some people are ever sighing over glorious dreams forever fled; grandeur and happiness passed away; pining for the return of hours gone by. Let them only look hopefully to the future and life will become a pleasant journey.

THE CITY OF PEKIN, CHINA.





THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN, CHINA.

[ORIGINAL.]

OLAIÉVOYANT.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

Sitting apart in the shadows,
 When the light of the sun is hurried
 In golden mounds, through purple grounds,
 O'er the western hills of the world:
 I feel a strange thrill creep o'er me
 In such prayerful, twilight hours,
 When south winds' sighs are lullabies,
 Sweet as the breath of the flowers.

Loud notes of the linnet and thrush
 Grow into faint, tremulous trills,
 And mournful tunes, like sad death-runes,
 Are chanted by the whip-poor-wills!
 Body sunk in dreamy repose,
 Mind seeks an interior sense;
 And Heaven's dole to a quickened soul
 Is most glorious recompense.

Exalted spirit sees through space,
 Though purple clouds and mists arise,
 And solves for me a mystery,
 Which seems so deep to human eyes.
 No longer plaintive, singing birds,
 Whose carols are so sweet on earth,
 Delight mine ear—for music here,
 Near God, can claim a higher birth.

The clouds, the waves, the leaves and shrubs,
 A tender light illuminates;
 Prismatic hues slant through the dew,
 Which crown bright flowers at pearly gates.
 Night softly presses golden Day
 To nuptial couch by Twilight's side,
 As groups of stars, in crystal cars,
 All pause to kiss the trembling bride.

Thought, winged-chariot to my soul,
 Soon courses through the ambient air
 Toward bright portals, where loved mortals
 Smile to meet me straying there;
 Mortals, bright-robed, guide me onwards,
 Sweet birds sail dreamily along
 Near clouds of mist, like amethyst,
 And break in wondrous choirs of song.

I do not speak—I cannot think
 That earthly zephyrs near me stir;
 I feel that love has power to prove
 The human heart's interpreter.
 And while kind voices fill the air,
 They teach a lesson not of earth:
 That death, to me a mystery,
 Is only a diviner birth.

I take this truth in humble faith:
 Religion sweet enough for me,
 Which shineth bright in utter night,
 A foil for cold philosophy.

And when the war of sects and creeds,
 With reason wages bitter strife,
 The spirit feels that God reveals
 His truths of judgment, heaven and life.

* * * * *

The thrush and linnet long have ceased
 To pipe their notes from o'er the lea,
 While thus entranced, my soul has glanced
 Near a celestial mystery.
 I sit within my darkened room,
 Sweet with the honeysuckle's breath,
 While faith embowers in light and flowers
 The world's grim statue men call Death.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE QUAKERESS'S STORY.

BY BERTHA HOWLAND.

THE parlor door stood open, and Herbert LeRoy was saying his parting words. The street door opened and shut hastily. I had come to share the leave-taking and receive my separate farewell. With my satchel still on my arm, bonnet blown back, and hair ruffled by the wind, I slipped to my mother's side and waited till it should come my turn for the friendly hand shake and parting word. My father said he must be sure and come to see us when he returned from Europe at the end of the three years. Mother seconded the invitation. And as I laid my hand, still soiled with chalk and ink, in his, I murmured out "Good-by" in a careless way.

"Good-by!" he said, looking down into my wind-painted face, "and don't forget all about me, for I shall be back again one of these years."

He went, and I dragged my satchel up stairs to my room. I rested my arms on the window-sill, and gazed musingly into the fresh, green foliage of the dear old tree that had stood sentinel at my window for so many years. I pulled off the leaves and slowly tore them in pieces. I did not cry—I was too joyous and careless for that. I remembered how pale he was when he first came to the East with his letter of introduction to my father, one year ago. How vexed I was that mother would take him to our own house when he was ill, just because John LeRoy had been an old schoolmate and college chum of my father's! I was afraid of him. His dignified composure and slight reserve had awed my school-girl freedom. But that was all gone long ago, and now—how should I get along without him? He was coming back one of these years. How long that seemed! If he had only said one of these days!

Herbert LeRoy had never said in words that he loved me—had never spoken of his “coming back” until the day he left—and yet I as firmly believed he would return and marry me, as if I were his affianced bride. Was it not my fancy? Had I no cause? Eyes may say more than lips. He would not ask me to bind myself by a three years’ promise. But he should find I could be faithful without being tied, remember without being reminded.

Two years had passed, and my school days were just finished, when Cousin Marion Fisher came to live with us. She was eighteen, just my age. She also had completed her studies. What fine times we would have together! Then her brother, Fred Fisher, was clerk in a large warehouse in town, and though boarding elsewhere, was still one of our family. Marion and I “came out” into society. Fred took us to as many parties as we could desire—and chatting, playing and flirting, I formed a newer and larger circle of acquaintances. And ever beneath the merry, gay exterior, was the sweet, solemn thought of Herbert LeRoy. Not that I was continually thinking of him; but whenever the thought came, it was just as dear, just as faithful, whether his face rose to my mind in the bewildering ballroom, or his name crept to my lips amid my prayers.

“Where *did* I put those gloves?” said Marion, on New Year’s eve as, ready dressed for the ball, she stood in the middle of our spacious bedroom, and with her finger on her lip, turned slowly round and round like a revolving figure.

“Misfortune number three!” cried I. “I wonder what is going to happen to-night to decide your destiny?” And I industriously laced up a boot on one foot, while the other was all equipped in a slipper.

Marion watched the operation until the end of the string was all neatly disposed of, without seeing what I was about. Then she suddenly burst into a merry laugh.

“Look at your feet! Your’s is the destiny that is to be decided. You’ll see your future husband to-night.”

I thought he hadn’t started from Europe yet! Then replied quietly:

“Not at all. I put on the boot I had taken off, and that’s a sign I had better stay at home.”

“Well, do you think of staying?”

“Not without better reason than an old woman’s whim. Here are your gloves; I had rolled them up with mine.”

“There’s Fred’s voice down stairs, and you’re not ready yet.”

“Never mind, it’s only half-past eight. He can wait awhile.”

Amid the hum of voices and the flutter of light dresses and ladies not less light, under the flashing gaslights I stood, as lady of the foot couple in a cotillon. The music shrieked. I broke off suddenly in my conversation with my partner and entered the mazes of “right and left,” and “balance.” I crossed over in “ladies chain.” It was a strange hand that grasped mine—flexile, soft and warm, yet large enough to cover and enclose mine entirely, which owing to some awkwardness it did. To whom could that hand belong? A tall, graceful, supple figure, a finely-shaped head, ornamented with curling black hair, rewarded my investigations. There was an air of elegance about the man which pleased the esthetic part of my nature. But the face was not handsome, the features were irregular, and a wavering, irresolute expression of mouth was only partially concealed by the brown beard.

I had arrived thus far when the owner of this physique suddenly reciprocated my attention by commencing a closer examination of me. The dance went on, and I watched him without appearing to look. How elegant he was! And how pleased, honored, and favored the lady beside him seemed to feel! How she looked up in his face with a world more of admiration than a man should have seen in me, even had I worshipped him. Then I watched the lady, and getting absorbed, stood still in my place during “ladies’ grand chain.” I saw my elegant opposite laughing, after vainly endeavoring to call my attention, and finally walking roguishly round the place where I ought to have been. How merry and gay he was! How the black curls shook and the dark eyes twinkled with amusement at my stupidity. The dance was over. Marion and I were talking with a group of our friends. Fred touched my shoulder.

“You silly girl, why didn’t you wear either two boots or two slippers—not one of each?”

“I *did*!” I exclaimed, involuntarily glancing at my feet.

Marion had been telling Fred of my mistakes.

“O, I thought perhaps you didn’t. Mr. Burton wants an introduction to you.”

“Who is Mr. Burton?” I asked, carelessly, though my Yankee wit had guessed at once.

“That grand flourish of a fellow who danced opposite you last time.”

“O!”

“Shall I bring him now?”

“Yes. He is very handsome.”

“Not near so handsome as your Cousin Fred.”

And he went away laughing; but I was vexed with him, nevertheless.

"Miss Fisher, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Burton?"

I spoke a little coolly as I bowed, and he was not at ease. But this wore off, and he was very entertaining and agreeable. We danced, promenaded, and had a quiet chat in a corner, and the evening seemed only too short.

In the cosy sitting-room Marion and I had drawn the two arm-chairs into a neighborly proximity, and settled ourselves for a good long afternoon of crochet work and talk.

"What was Minnie Lakeman's dress trimmed with?" I asked. "It looked like narrow white satin ribbon."

"It was folds of white satin. I went and spoke with her when she was standing right under the gaslight, on purpose to see her dress."

"You saucy girl!"

"She was none the wiser. She thought I really wanted to see her, and so I did; but I wanted to see her dress more."

"'Not that I love Caesar less'"—I said, laughing.

"Yes, exactly. That worsted shawl she threw round her the first of the evening was sweet pretty."

"I don't understand why people will have shawls of Shetland, when zephyr is so much prettier."

"Which costs just twice as much, and no one would know the difference."

"I should. I mean to make myself one of fine split zephyr. It is so much softer and lighter, like eider down, and then the colors are less glaring."

"Well, I don't know but you are right, still I never should know Shetland from zephyr, without feeling of it."

Then we crocheted in silence for full five minutes.

"Jennie, why didn't you introduce that Mr. Barton to me?"

"Because he didn't ask to be introduced to you, and it wasn't convenient. You must try and be very charming, and then everybody will ask for an introduction to that sweet young lady with raven hair and dark eyes!"

Marion laughed.

"Did you see that gentleman who was introduced to me just before supper?"

"No. Did he take you down?"

"Yes, and danced with me twice afterwards."

"I did not see you at supper time. What did he look like?"

"O, he was fair—roguish blue eyes, light hair,

splendid noble forehead, and rather large, handsome, good-humored mouth."

"I don't like light-complexioned men."

"I do."

"That's because you are dark. Opposites attract."

"I'm sure you are not light, and you like Mr. Burton."

"I do like him; but then I never should fall in love with him. How do you know I like him?"

"You talked about him in your sleep after you came home. I thought perhaps that is the future husband you were to meet."

"O, dear, no, he is too dashing. All froth and no substance. I am neither light nor dark, so I shall love some one halfway between, like myself."

"According to that you would have me fall in love with Mr. Dwight?"

"Who is that? The light-haired—"

The door opened, and Fred entered.

"All alone, girls? Having a nice chat about the party, I'll warrant!" And he threw himself full length on the sofa. "Don't let me interrupt you; pray go on analyzing and criticizing the gen'emen as if I were not here."

"Don't be so sure we were talking of gentlemen. If we had conversed upon that, as you think, ever-present subject, we should not have mentioned you. And as it happened, Jennie has just been exclaiming against the enormity of using Shetland for shawls, instead of zephyrs."

"Light-haired Shetland shawls," mused Fred on the sofa.

Marion blushed, and I came to the rescue.

"Why, no, you incorrigible one! Didn't you see that light-haired Minnie Lakeman, with a Shetland shawl on?"

"I guess he saw her, he danced with her times enough," suggested Marion.

"Um-m-m, she isn't very light-haired," said Fred, with imperturbable composure; "no lighter than yours, Jennie."

"Well, mine is light; I'm sure it is not dark like Marion's."

Fred pulled out his pocket memorandum, and pretended to take a note, "All hair is light that is not black."

"I hope you didn't fall in love with Burton, Jennie," continued Fred, yawning as he spoke.

"I don't feel at all bruised or broken to-day."

"He was very handsome," said Marion.

"How can you call that fellow handsome?" cried Fred, impatiently. "I'm sure his nose turns straight up, and his mouth is so large and loose he can't shut it!"

"That's outrageous, Fred ; I talked with him for some time, and when it was quite late in the evening, and if his mouth is large and loose compared with yours, he didn't *gape* all the time we talked together."

Fred laughed. "Excuse me for gaping half an hour ago. I'll try and take pattern by the elegant Mr. Burton."

"You seem to have a special spite against him," said Marion. "I didn't see that he made any marked advances toward Miss Lakeman."

"I wish you would let Miss Lakeman alone. I don't think she bored you with her company."

"Not in the least. On the contrary I could scarcely get near her to see what her dress was trimmed with. Those little folds looked so pretty, and at a distance I could not see how they were made."

Fred's eyes opened widely.

"Well, I never saw anything like the way girls will pick one another to pieces ! I didn't know she had any trimmings on her dress." Then after a pause, "Don't you know the figure on Mr. Dwight's studs, Marion ?"

"Yes, for there wasn't any."

"Ha, ha, ha ! Jennie, which of Mr. Burton's front teeth had a piece broken off it ?"

"Both, for aught I know, and I wish you wouldn't make such a fuss about him, Fred. He is very elegant and agreeable, but then he isn't nearly so good as you are—when you have a mind to do your best, you know."

"I didn't mean to tease you, coz," he said, considerably mollified by the compliment ; "but really, Jennie, be a little careful with him, for though he is a good fellow enough, generous, kindhearted and gentlemanly, he is a noted flirt. Last night wasn't the first time I ever saw him by a great many times, and I know of his figuring rather strangely in one affair."

"What was that ?" asked Marion and I together.

"It would not do any good to tell you, girls, only take my word for it, that if he does look and act unutterable things he doesn't mean anything by it, and only wants to make you like him."

"I think his manner is rather over-done," I said, thoughtfully.

After a great deal of coaxing and teasing we succeeded in learning from Fred all he knew of the gentleman in question. Ralph Burton had been living in the same town where Fred was employed previous to his coming here. Being agreeable, respectable, and in good circumstances, he moved in the best society, where he created quite a sensation. After dispensing his atten-

tions in every direction until he had won the hearts of nearly all the young ladies of his large acquaintance, he devoted himself more especially to one. Once every week he asked her out to ride, and twice every week he called at her house, until the girl, naturally enough, thought he intended to marry her. But the young lady was taken ill with a fever and could no longer go to ride, or play chess, or sing with him. Thereupon young Burton heartlessly commences making himself agreeable to another young lady. Hearing of this, the deserted one grew worse, and for a time her life was despaired of, but she ultimately recovered. Meanwhile he was assiduously waiting upon a third lady, which series of attentions was interrupted by his leaving town to come here.

After Fred had gone, we sat for some time, silently thinking over the story he had related—at least I was pondering that, and supposed Marion was also. At last Marion said, in a musing, quiet little way :

"Mr. Dwight says I look very much like a pet cousin of his."

"Marion, if Mr. Burton is such a flirt, and wants to flirt with me—I'm willing. I'll flirt with him, and we will see which will win. There's no danger of my falling in love with him, and if I can break his wicked heart a little I shall be glad of it. I think it is outrageous he should act so to that poor girl !"

"It would be good enough for him. If you are sure you can win, I would try. It would be very aggravating not to succeed, you know."

"It would be rather so," I mused.

And so we chatted on till the dusk prohibited crotchet work.

The winter flew swiftly by. Ralph Burton did want to flirt, and he did choose to flirt with me. He did not escort me to and from parties, for Fred was always ready to perform that office for me. He did not call on me at home, for I did not invite him to do so. But in company he was always at my side. Sometimes, not often, we were alone together. He would find some recess or retired nook in the large parlors or brilliant hall where he would seat me to rest after a dance, and take the chance for a quiet talk. I knew he was only flirting, but I forgot the great naughtiness of that when I was enjoying the pleasure afforded by his pleasant, easy manners and conversation. It was evident he knew I did not love him yet, and he was determined I should. It was only a question of might, and he would conquer me. When with him I did not let myself think that he sought me only to force me to acknowledge his power, and so grat-

ify his vanity by losing my own heart. It is pleasant to be loved, so I passively received his attentions, and "made believe," as children say, that I thought he loved me. And I did not have to act a false part when I let him see that I liked his society. Fred's summing up of his character was right. He was gentlemanly, generous and kind-hearted. If it was not for his selfish vanity, I often thought, what a noble, good man he might be!

Meanwhile Fred held private conversations with his sister about me. Marion would do her best to assure him that I cared nothing for Burton, and then come and tell me all he had said, not without some fears, as I thought that his anxiety was justifiable. But I knew I should never love him. Often and often had I come home from the gayest parties, and found that my hours of enjoyment only made me look forward the more earnestly to the days when LeRoy would come back; and I went to sleep, not to dream of Ralph's deep, brown, passionate eyes. The face that appeared in my dreams was clear and pale, and calm—the features regular, the forehead high, and crowned with rich brown hair, the eyes blue, loving and tender—Herbert LeRoy's. Never but once had I dreamed of Ralph Burton, and that was New Year's eve. I only liked him.

'Twas the last party of the season. I sat on a low sofa, and Mr. Burton stood beside me. I was to be his partner for the next dance. Fred came towards me in the distance, and when my companion was looking down at me, he made a quick motion to me to come to him. Excusing myself, I went.

"I must go home, Jennie. Marion says she would rather go with me now. Will you go or stay?"

"Why must you go? What's the matter?"

"I don't know. They have sent for me at my boarding-place. You needn't go unless you prefer."

"I had better go—only—I am engaged for the next two dances. I don't see how—"

"O, no, you had better stay, then. Mr. Burton will see you home. I will speak to him."

"No, don't!" I said, quickly and earnestly. "I had rather go with you."

I scarcely know what made me say so, but there came over me a sudden fear of being alone in the still night with Ralph Burton. Fred gave me a keen, searching look, and asked: "Why?"

"I don't know—nothing. I'll stay," I said, repenting my foolish fear and distrust.

Fred stepped back with me to my partner, saying:

"I find I must leave here already—"

"Now? Why, it is not eleven!"

"I know it, but I am called away. Jennie has several dancing engagements yet—shall I leave her in your care?"

"I should be delighted with the honor."

Fred turned roguishly to me, and said, "Be a good little girl, coz, and don't give Mr. Burton any trouble," and then off he went, with fun in his eyes; but a strangely serious expression about his mouth.

I watched him out of the room, and when a few minutes afterwards I heard the street door shut, and knew Fred and Marion had both gone, I felt singularly alone, and for a moment again afraid at being all in Ralph's care.

"I almost envy your cousin."

"Why?"

"Because you think so much of him. Aren't you going to smile again this evening, just because he is gone?"

"Why, certainly, if you will say something funny."

"Then it all rests with me? And I suppose your grave looks were all owing to my stupid society."

"You are something of a hypochondriac, I should judge?"

"Not much, only occasionally a little blue"

"It is bad to be blue, for the flowers of life will try to prove to you their existence by shedding their yellow pollen upon you, and you know what color that would render you?"

"Then you think to be blue is a verdant procedure?"

"Very, when there is so much to make one contented."

"How much?"

"How should I know your peculiar blessings? I know that every one here has enough to forbid blues. The very sound of music might make any one happy."

"They are forming in the sets. Shall we go?"

It was late when I left the flashing parlor. As I was intimate at the house I had put my wraps in a closet in the study. As Mr. Burton led me to the foot of the stairs, I said:

"I didn't go up stairs. I had a private dressing-room below."

And I passed through the family sitting-room to the little study beyond. He followed. Both rooms were empty now.

"I didn't find this place all the evening. What a cosy little room!"

"Yes, I think it is. We always sit here when I come to see Katy."

And having fastened my Sontag and pulled on my armlets, he took up my heavy cloak. Very gallantly he laid it on my shoulders, and arranged the folds of the cape, and then as I turned round and looked up at him while I fastened it, he blushed—blushed slowly more and more till he turned away from me in his confusion, and began examining the books in the cases. What could it mean? I never knew him to blush before. The thought just flashed across my mind, could it be that while I thought him flirting he really loved me? O, no! He never said or did a thing to make me think so, which I could not easily trace to his vanity, and know was false and only for effect.

It was one of those weird, fitful nights, when the sky is half covered with heaped up clouds, and the moon looks out now and then from the deep blue lines between them. Though I did not notice this till afterwards, I think I felt it when I first went out under the changing sky. The ground was frozen hard, the air was still and cold. He wrapped my cloak carefully around me, helped me gather up the folds of my dress, and then drew my hand through his arm, where he kept it snug and warm.

We were very silent, for it didn't seem to me at all necessary to talk, it was so still, not a sound to be heard, but our footsteps keeping exact time together. I always liked to walk in step with another, and then the regular footfalls seemed to beat a sympathetic measure through the breathless silence. He looked down and saw me smiling.

"What is entertaining you so much?"

"Nothing."

"I thought you were smiling, all to yourself."

"Perhaps I was. I suppose it was because I am happy."

Then, shocked at the sound of my own remark, I hastened to add:

"I love to be out in the night. I love the stillness and quiet, and the fresh night air. There always seems to me to be spirits in the sky of midnight."

"Quite a poetical idea."

"But I was not thinking of that just then. I was listening, not looking. Our footsteps sounded so regular, interrupted by no other breath of sound, that the beating tread against the pulsing seemed to make a kind of music."

"I did not notice it—I was thinking of something else. But I always keep step with whoever walks with me."

"So do I. How awkward two people look if they do not. One steps while the other stands, one in the air, the other on *terra firma*."

This conversation brought us to the door. He lingered a moment.

"I suppose I shall not see you again very soon, I am going to be out of town for a week or two," he said.

"When do you go?"

"I start to-morrow morning at five o'clock, and I shall travel all day."

"I wish you a pleasant journey. There will be no mosquitoes to trouble you."

"No; but they will almost be here when I return."

"Does a couple of weeks seem so long to you?"

"The length of time depends very much upon where one is, and what doing. When I get back there will be no more parties—only long, dull days, and little short evenings, and then everybody will be leaving town for the summer's rusticity. Do you leave town in summer?"

"Sometimes; not always. I do not know whether I shall this year or not. I should be happy to have you call and tell me of your journey after your return."

"Thank you; it would give me great pleasure." And he pulled the bell vigorously.

Marion let me in silently, and led the way to our own room.

"What was Fred called away for?" I asked, as I threw off my cloak.

"A telegram from his—the—Mrs. Bennet sent for him."

"Who is Mrs. Bennet, and what did she want of him?"

"Her daughter is very sick, dying, and so she telegraphed to Fred."

"Fred isn't a physician. What do you mean, Marion? Is Fred engaged to the lady, or the girl, or anybody? He never said so."

"Yes; but we won't talk about it now, for you are tired."

"No, I'm not tired. Tell me, do. I didn't know Fred was engaged. I should think he might have told us."

"I'll tell you, sometime."

"No, tell me to-night. Draw that other arm-chair up to the fire and we will have a 'regular talk.'"

So Marion began the story of Fred's engagement. In the little country village where Fred and Marion spent their childhood, Aunt Ann Bennet lived. She was aunt to the whole town, and spent her life in doing good, visiting the few poor who belonged in the village, and lending a helping hand to all. A poor widow, when dying, begged Aunt Ann to take care of her child. Aunt Ann promised, and received into her arms

a ten-months-old baby to take care of, and bring up in the way it should go. Aunt Ana lived in the next house to that of Marion's father, and little Tinnie Bennet, as she was called, always played with Fred and Marion. She was Fred's first and only boy-love. After Mrs. Fisher died, many were the kindnesses and motherly watchings Aunt Ann bestowed on the two orphans.

In the midst of it all I fell asleep in the comfortable arm-chair, and as Marion never would speak of it again, I have only an indistinct idea that Fred was somehow embroiled into an engagement with Tinnie Bennet by Aunt Ann, who had great influence with Mr. Fisher. He had long ago outgrown that fancy, but his sense of honor kept him bound by his engagement.

The next week seemed very dull. There was no Fred to happen in and tease us out of all our patience. There were no parties to go to; and if we promenade for enlightenment, the pleasure of that was, I confess, to me somewhat lessened by the thought that there was not a possibility of receiving a passing bow from Mr. Borton. So I read and crocheted alternately, and my day-dreams were all powerful visions of the happy days of next fall, when LeRoy would come back again. Thus a week passed, and Fred returned. Tinnie Bennet was dead. Two more weeks and Ralph Borton came to see me. He came regularly, and I soon learned when to expect him.

At last society took a galvanic start, and by some miracle got up a picnic. Ralph came immediately for me, and Mr. Dwight for Marion. So poor Fred, bereft of his usual company, invited Minnie Takeman, and was just as well satisfied. Every one who remained in town seemed determined to enjoy himself as perfectly as possible on this day, and everything seemed propitious thereto. What merry bowing and laughing as the couples, trios or quartettes alternately rushed past each other, and rode slowly to be passed in turn! Perhaps Ralph's horse was swifter than the others, perhaps he slyly used extra means to increase his speed; whichever way it was, we were soon far ahead of all the rest. He was gay, and I was as gay as he. I could not help thinking, as he adjusted one of the carriage cushions to suit me more exactly, that he was completely in the mood for flirting, and so was I—ergo, we would flirt to-day. But I noticed that whatever he said or did, he did not look at me. His eyes were off, glancing at the landscape, which, however, they did not seem to see, or studying the carriage floor. His manner toward me had altered much since the parties were over, and he saw me at my own house.

There was less of the gallant and more of the friend or brother about him. But to-day he was his old self again. We reached the picnic ground by a circuitous route about the time that the rest arrived. There was music and dancing on the green, and all the usual picnic arrangements. Then, as the sun cast golden bands of light between the trees, the slow, rich chords of some old, familiar airs seemed the breath of the sunlight borne to us on the breeze.

It was growing dark—nearly all had gone and the rest were hurriedly starting—when we rode slowly out from under the solemn old trees which had gravely shaken their heads all day at our sports. We rode as slowly now as we had swiftly in the morning. I was tired, and leaned back in my seat and talked in snatches. The mood was catching. The horse walked, and in the dusk I did not notice which way. Ralph hung up the reins, and turned half sideways on the seat to face me. I thought he meant to make up now for his wandering optics this morning, for whether he or I spoke, his eyes were studying my face.

"Which do you like best, Miss Fisher, fast or slow riding?"

"That depends upon how I feel. I enjoyed the fast driving this morning, for I felt gay and lively, and it seemed suitable. To-night I am tired, and if I were alone I think likely I should have been asleep long ago. So the slow riding and rocking jelts describe my feelings exactly."

"Then you have had the same moods that I have to-day—merry in the morning and moping at night?"

"That is because we are together. You were merry, and I caught it of you; now I am moping you catch it of me."

"It isn't exactly a moping mood I am in, either," he said, slowly. "I was thinking of the first time I saw you. It seems a great deal more than a year since then."

"Does it? It isn't a year yet," I replied, with a sleepy, sisterly interest in whatever he might choose to say.

"I think I have lived three years in that time."

"You have? Wherein?" I asked, saucily.

He spoke low, and with a depth of feeling I never dreamed he possessed.

"I have learned to love you, Jennie Fisher, and I never loved before."

I trembled, and the blood all left my cheeks and lips to crowd around my heart. But I did not love him—O, I never could love him! He did not look in my face now. He was pale, and nervously folded over the plait of my cape.

"While you lived three years in one because you were learning to love, I have lived one year in three because the man I love is away."

The words were wrung from me, and they sounded cold and resonant within the three walls of the carriage. He stopped plaiting my dress, and looked into my face. There was a frightful stillness. I was afraid of him, and wanted to shrink away, but did not dare. I watched the horse's head move up and down in the dusky starlight, and I shivered.

"Are you cold? My shawl is here, let me put it round you."

"No, no; don't!"

But I looked up in his face, then, and my distrust and fear were gone.

"Are you engaged?" he asked.

"No."

"And you think this man will come back to you?"

I was indignant for a moment, and the blood all rushed back from my heart into my face. Then I answered, softly: "I *know* he will."

"And if he does not, you will live on his memory?"

He had taken the reins absently, and was looking straight forward into the night.

"He *will* come back."

"And if he does not, I and you may both go and be miserable?"

"What do you mean?"

There was no answer. The quick beat of the horse's hoofs grew monotonous, still neither spoke. At a turn in the road the light of the rising moon flashed into the carriage. It fell full on him, but kept me still in the darkness. It silvered the edge of his curling black hair, and fell over from the slight brows into the dark eyes looking so steadfastly forward. It hung in shining fretwork on his cheek and lips, and tangled in his beard. I had never seen him sad before, and there suddenly came to me those words of mine, spoken so long ago, "If he wants to flirt with me, I am willing, and if I can break his wicked heart a little I shall be glad of it." "O, may God forgive me!" I thought, for indeed I was not glad, and I would have given all I had to have saved him the pain I knew he suffered then. And still I watched the moonlight on the slender brows and kindly mouth. He felt the look and turned. Then he arranged the cushions to be easier for me, and asked if I was comfortable. My heart ached with remorse, and I said:

"I did not mean to lead you on to this, Mr. Burton. I am not quite so heartless as that. I thought you were only flirting."

"It is no matter; you cannot help it now."

And the tone was calm, but there was much of feeling beneath the quiet, common words. There was another dull ache of silence, and then he said, slowly:

"You can at least tell me that you have learned to love me a little in the past year? Perhaps as well as any other?"

"Why—yes."

"And if that man should marry another woman, you will marry me? Will you promise me?"

"Yes, if that will please you."

He raised my hand to his lips, pressed it firmly as he laid it back in my lap, as if he would say "mine," and then drove rapidly on. It was late when we reached my home. There was a hurried good-night on the steps, and I was within, and Ralph Burton had driven away.

One week rolled into another, and a month had thus passed. Marion and I had returned from a small shopping excursion.

"I have news for you, Jennie," said my mother, as she sat holding a letter off at arm's length to read it.

"Any news joyfully received by the present company," cried Marion. "Don't keep us in suspense."

"John LeRoy has written to your father, Jennie, and Herbert is coming home in the steamer that sails on the twenty-sixth. That will be in about three weeks, if I have reckoned rightly. He will be at home in six weeks, and will probably come here for a visit as soon as he has seen his own folks. You never saw him, did you, Marion?"

"No. How does he look?"

"Ask Jennie; she can tell you better than I."

I had turned round to the window, and was idly watching the light clouds as they fitted slowly by in the still air, and dreaming, as usual.

"Come, describe him, Jennie," repeated Marion.

"O, he—looks very well—rather sharp features."

"Neither handsome nor ugly, I suppose?"

"You had better ask if he is agreeable," said my mother; "he will come home married."

"What?"

The word shot out through my lips like a fired arrow.

"He has written home— I will read what his mother says:

"He will bring home his Italian bride, of whose beauty and merits his letters have been full for some time past. I could have wished he

had been content with a wife of his own land. But when he wrote how good and beautiful she is, and that he had promised to bring her to America with him, and begged me to welcome her as a daughter, and love her, for her parents are dead, how could I feel discontented? And if the dear boy is happy, surely I should be, for he is all the child we have now."

The air closed around me—the fleecy clouds looked dull and gray in the black-blue sky—and I went up stairs to my room and locked the door. Marion came and lifted the latch and went away again. I sat down on the hearth rug; I lay down and put my cheek against it. I did not cry, but my breath came long and heavy. I could not realize it. The air was gray and thick, and life looked like one great gray mist through which I must walk. What would become of this stray waif on the rug? Was the future all misery? O, no. It is pleasant even to lie here. It is a pleasure to exist. I suppose spiders like to exist, too. I wonder what I kill them for? And then I lay still and tried not to think. So I fell asleep and dreamed that I was walking on a long, sandy beach, in a misty twilight, and behind the cheerful lights of a little village were shining; but all around and before me hung the heavy ocean mist. The long line of sand was interminable, and the beat of the waves was monotonous as I walked on. Often I looked back, but the village faded away, and only the bright lights shone like a cluster of golden stars. I grew tired of my journey. Oftener and oftener I looked back, and more and more beautiful seemed the far-off stars. Then I could go no farther, and sank upon the sand, and my gray hair streamed down over my face. I woke with tears of self-pity on my cheek, and my kitten nestling in my neck. A kind of apathy had come over me. The long summer twilight had deepened into evening, and the tea-bell had rung long ago. Marion was alone in the sitting-room. The rest still lingered about the tea-table.

"Didn't you go down to tea, Marion?"

"No. I thought you didn't want any; so I said we lunched at Goldthwaite's, which we have done times enough, if not to-day."

"You are very good, Marion dear."

"Let us go to the door. It is a glorious evening, and the moonlight looks beautifully through the trees."

I passively submitted. We opened the door, and Ralph Burton stood with his hand on the bell-knob. We passed into the parlor, and Marion stopped to arrange a cape upon the hat-tree.

"I could not keep away, Miss Fisher. You will let me come and see you, wont you?"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Burton. Be seated."

Marion returned, and relieved me by talking as fast as she could. Fred came, and we grew merry. How I *tried* to be merry on that evening! I had never needed to try to be merry before; and I fear I made but sorry work of it. Fred left early, and Marion followed him to the door, where she kept him talking in the moonlight. Mr. Burton and I were again alone together. As he rose to go, he turned and said, half playfully, half in earnest:

"That gentleman isn't married yet, is he?"

The blood rushed up over my cheeks and forehead. I covered my face with my hands and sank back into my chair. With earnest eagerness he tossed away his hat, knelt before me, and, clasping his hands on my lap, looked up at me with a kind of pitying joy. He had not tried to uncover my face, but I could not keep it covered while I felt those great brown eyes looking way through my useless fingers. I let my hands fall in my lap, and they were caught and held in those warm, soft, brown ones of his. Then my eyes crept slowly up from the hands to his face, to his eyes.

"Jennie, will you keep your promise?"

"I will marry you, Ralph."

Then he rose, touched his lips to my forehead, and, like no lover of whom I ever heard, took up his hat and left the house.

The next evening he came again. I heard the ring and knew it was he. I heard Rosy show him into the parlor, and go to the sitting-room for me. Then she knocked at my room door.

"Is Miss Janie here?"

"Yes."

"There's a gentleman in the parlor to see ye."

"I'll go down."

"Who is it, Jennie?" asked Marion.

"Ralph, I suppose," and I went down to the parlor. He had heard my step, and was half way across the room to meet me. He took both my hands in his and looked into my face with those deep, passionate eyes, as he said "good evening," and then took his lover's privilege, and kissed my lips. The tears started to my eyes. How I had saved my lips and often thought no one but LeRoy should ever kiss them. O, LeRoy! But if I could never have LeRoy's kind, calm love, perhaps Ralph's earnest passion was next best. I would forget LeRoy's, and know only that which I could have.

Mother was glad we were engaged and it was settled. Father said he would make a kind, good husband. Marion helped me to plan, and make

my outfit, and never stopped to think. Fred looked serious.

Ralph begged me to set an early day for the wedding. A miserable feeling of pique took possession of me and moved me to comply. I would be married when LeRoy came home. He should not think that I had waited for him any more than he for me.

Monday morning came at last, and the next Wednesday was to be my wedding day. The sun rose in golden glory, and crept behind a leaden cap of clouds.

"It will rain," I said, "and I shall wear a morning wrapper all day, and get over so much work done."

"Some one will be sure to come if you do not dress," said Marion.

"Not in a storm, certainly."

So all the morning long we sat in our room, Marion finishing off a pile of handkerchiefs for my lazy self, while I labored on a worsted pattern of many colors. At noon a drizzling rain commenced, and we sat down for an afternoon like the morning. But before two hours had passed, there came a summons from mother to come to the drawing-room.

"Who can it be?"

"It's a gentleman," and further Rosy knew not.

"It's Ralph, I'm sure. I don't see what he wanted to come in the rain for! I've a good mind to go down in my wrapper just as I am," and I smoothed my hair impatiently.

"Better dress," said Marion, "and I'll help you. It will not take long, and then you will be ready if any one else should come."

So I dressed and went down. At the parlor door I stopped with my hand on the knob. It was LeRoy's voice within. It flashed across me, "It is just three years ago to-day since I bade him good-by here." And the air seemed full of elfin voices, crying, "He has come, he has come! Go in—you must go in!" I muttered to myself, "You have your part to play, Jane Fisher. Brave it through, and of all things, don't think!"

The first thing I saw was Ralph, sitting on the sofa by mother. She rose to say with motherly pride:

"Here's Jennie, Herbert. You would not know her, would you, she has grown such a woman!"

"O, yes, I should know her anywhere," he said, holding out his hand for mine.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. LeRoy," I said, as gladly as I could.

Then as Ralph rose I slipped my hand in his,

and out again, and took mother's vacant seat beside him. I wanted LeRoy to know I could be married as well as he, yet I was half afraid I should forget to love Ralph if I was not near him. But Ralph went away soon, and when I came back from the door, mother was just saying:

"Why didn't you bring your wife, Herbert? We should all have been glad to see her. Your mother wrote us that she is an Italian lady, and both good and beautiful."

The color flushed up over his white forehead, but he laughed, and answered good naturedly:

"That was all a mistake of mother's. The beautiful Italian lady is a beautiful Italian little girl, and I never had the slightest idea of marrying her. I didn't know mother wrote that to you."

I did not hear any more. I stood by the window and looked out. The wicked voices whistled and whispered, "Run, Jennie, run to your room. You will faint."

"I will not faint," I stontly answered.

So I stayed until the tea bell rang. Then at tea I hid my bread and butter, or slipped it over to Marion—eat it I could not. And then there came a long eternity till bedtime.

I was married to Ralph Barton, and long, long years had passed. His hair and mine were turning gray. He sat beside the fire in his arm-chair, and I in mine. We went through life together, yet apart, for still there rose between us my old love for LeRoy. I saw LeRoy's calm face in the glowing coals and in the gathering darkness. It irked me, just the sight of Ralph's kind face, or the touch of his loving hand. And "O," I thought, "'tis misery to be wedded thus." And would it have been quite so bad, I wondered, if LeRoy had come back married too? Should I never forget LeRoy? And was my husband happy? He knew I loved another better, and wedded me knowing it. Had he repented too? There was a drooping sadness in the corners of his mouth, and a dreary sadness in his eyes. Ralph was not happy. But he reached over and took my hand in his, and a sickening horror came over me, and I awoke. O, Heaven, 'twas all a dream, only a dream! But it might be true. O, no, it could not be so bad. I clasped my hands, and thought "Ralph loves me, Ralph loves me—I must marry Ralph."

"I am glad you are going to be here at the wedding, Herbert," said my mother, as they met in the sitting-room in the morning.

"What is it—a public wedding—and who is to be married?"

"Why, dear me, don't you know, yet? Jennie is to be married this week."

"Jennie?"

"Why, yes, to Mr. Burton, who was here yesterday afternoon."

"I thank you for your invitation, but I hardly think I can be here. I have business that needs attention, so I leave to-morrow morning."

"O, you must put it off for a day; the wedding is to-morrow evening."

"I am sorry."

He turned round on the music stool where he sat, opened the piano and began playing a little low melody of his own. Mother went out, and I came in. Some strong attraction drew me, and I went and stood by his side. He stopped.

"Go on, please, I like it."

He turned round facing me. "You are going to be married, Miss Jennie?"

He used to call me Miss Jennie when I was a little girl.

"I suppose so."

He turned back and began a strange, wild piece with great sobbing, wailing chords, that were half discords. I could not stay, and started to run away, when Marion entered with a card which she handed me.

"There is a lady in the parlor who wants to see you."

I read the card, "Aunt Ann Bennet," in Marion's handwriting. Aunt Ann Bennet evidently did not use cards.

"I don't know her. I never saw her in my life, and I don't want to now."

"You must go; she says it is business of importance, and Aunt Ann never intrudes where it is unnecessary."

So I went. A large, heavily-built woman rose to meet me.

"Jennie Fisher, I suppose?"

I bowed. "Take this seat, Mrs. Bennet, it is easier."

"Thank thee, dear." And she settled herself comfortably in the great chair. "I have a long story to tell thee this morning, and I would not trouble thee with it now, or ever, if I could without sin leave it untold."

"It is no trouble to me. I am at leisure, and shall be glad to hear a story," I said, mechanically, half pleased at any diversion from my own wild and meaningless thoughts.

"But it is a sad story, and of thy own father. I wish I need not tell thee." And she sighed in kindly sympathy, and then went on. "I am an old woman, now, about as old as thy grandmother would be if she had lived. And I have

watched thy father and his brother as they grew up to be men for many years. Abel Fisher, that was Fred's father, was very steady, and straight-forward, but Harry, and that's thy father, was very wild and reckless in his youth. But then they were the very best society, and we all thought Harry would outgrow it—and so he has. There was a very pretty girl in our village, but she was poor. Harry could not be content with other follies, but he must fall in love with her. He kept it very secret, though, for he knew his family would never hear to such an alliance. But he took her up to the city, and married her there, and told her to keep their union private for a while. Then he went to Europe and left her with an old, bed-ridden mother, and an unborn babe, not without money, it is true, but without friend or counsel. Her mother died, and Mary came to me, and with me her child was born. She charged me to love it, and see that it was brought up as a Fisher should be, and then she died. Thy father meant better than he did, I know, but men are very thoughtless, child; thee'll find it so. When Harry Fisher came home I sent for him, and told him Mary Dix was dead. He had heard of it before. Then I told him his child was living, he should see it. No, he would not. He would pay me, and I should keep it. He was afraid that he might love it, and that the fine lady he was going to marry would not like another woman's baby to take care of. But he did thy mother wrong there. I did not know all that then, and so I said:

"The child shall never touch a penny of thy money, Harry Fisher."

"For I knew then what I could do. There was a good man living in Wexford, and he had a good, motherly woman for a wife; but they had no children, and she had liked this infant, and often wished it was hers when I was visiting her a year ago. The child was not yet two years old, she should have it for her own, and they would love it. So I gave the child away to them. O, he was a handsome boy! He had his mother's rich, black hair and brown eyes, and his father's broad, white forehead. But no one of the Fishers ever knew what became of him, nor wanted to know, if only I would never bring him forward for them to own. I did not bring him forward, for he was very happy in his home, and he never knew that the good people he called his parents were not so. They are dead now, and they have left him all their money. And he might have lived on so all his life—I never would have let him know the truth—but that he must needs fall in love with thee. Ralph Burton is thy brother, Jennie Fisher."

"Ralph my brother! Dear Ralph, O, I could love him now! And O, LeRoy!"

I had started from my chair, but I did not speak, and Aunt Ann took my hand and "poored" my hair down softly and said:

"Don't, don't thee feel so bad, poor child! There, cry, and thee'll feel better."

And so I cried; not so much for grief as for the strange relief that Ralph should be my brother, and not my husband.

"'Twas good in you, Aunt Ann, to come and tell me in season," I murmured.

"I scarcely thought thee'd think so," she replied; "but I'm glad thee does. Now will thee go and ask thy father to come here? I must tell him this story too."

I went, and sent Marion to call my father. All in the solitude of my chamber I sat me down to think. There stood my trunk, half packed—I should not want it now. There were bits of lace and ribbon, and silks, in my work basket—I should not need them now. Poor Ralph—dear Ralph—my brother! And then I wondered at the strange account of my own father's youth. He had always been so kindly, careful, and thoughtful for mother and for me. Could he ever have been so wild and reckless as Aunt Ann said? Ah, a perfect man is like a perfect circle—and there are no such—and most men are like many-sided polygons with some neutrant angles. How would all this dreadful tangle straighten? I could do nothing; I must only wait for others to unsnarl the silken threads of mistaken loves wound round mistaken people.

So I sat and waited. I heard Aunt Ann go out—I knew her soft but heavy tread—I heard Ralph's pull upon the bell, I knew 'twas his, and O, how every quiver of its ring made dull pain in my heart! It was the knell of all his hopes. Ralph never loved before, he never would again. I heard my father's voice, he had called Ralph into the parlor. Then I could not hear another sound, and so crept out and sat down in the upper hall, where the hum of their faint voices below just reached me. It was father, he was telling him the story now. There came a few slow-spoken syllables, one word of exclamation from Ralph, and then a low, confused, murmuring sound. A long, long time it seemed, and then the door slowly opened. I was down stairs in a minute, and with both arms about Ralph's neck.

"I love you, Ralph, just the same. You know I do, dear Ralph!"

He did not answer, but just folded round me both his arms, and I thought what a great, great heart was beating warm within him.

"God bless you, Jennie!" He laid his cheek against my hair, and his voice trembled. He said again, "God bless you!" lower than before, and put me gently off.

"You need not send me away, Ralph. You are my brother now."

"I cannot be a brother to you, Jennie—I cannot."

Once more he folded me in his arms, lightly kissed my forehead—and was gone.

The weeks rolled by on leaden wheels. LeRoy went on that day, and Ralph had vanished. I could not bear to think, and so I got great books and read, while the gossips ran about the streets like squirrels in the wood. But when the nine days wonder was over and everything went on just as before, when people left off staring at me in the street with prying curiosity, or still more impertinent pity, then I felt as if the world and all my friends were living, and I was dead. The winter came, and Fred and Marion went out as before. I liked to hear them tell their stories afterwards, but had no desire to go myself.

In the spring we had a double wedding—Mr. Dwight and Marion, and Fred and Minnie Lakeman. Marion wanted me for bridesmaid, but I could not. I dreaded a wedding as a burned child dreads the fire. She went to a distant city. Fred still lived in town.

And now I am alone. How dreadfully alone it seems! A whole library of books would not drown thought now. I think, in this empty stillness, even while I walk about the house; I think while I sit at table; I think when I try to sleep. And now I remember that I am still alive, and must live. Shall I just exist as for the last six months, and call that living? What shall I do? I do not need to work—I almost wish I did. I went to see Aunt Ann; she would tell me what to do.

"Thee is a poor, poor child, and poorer still because thee's rich," she said.

And when I told her that all my life was left upon my hands, and asked her to tell me what to do with it, she looked at me and sighed, and shook her head, and muttered:

"Ah, poor child, thee's worse off now than Mary Dix. Harry Fisher has his punishment in seeing thy sorrow. But thee is punished too, and thee did not deserve it."

Then my conscience rose. "O, yes, I did deserve it. But now what shall I do? I must do something. I cannot crochet and embroider in crewel all my life."

"No, indeed, thee cannot. And will thee come to me and help to do good among the

poor? There's room for thee and all thy wealth among the poor. Will thee come?"

She held out her large, square hands to me. I hesitated.

"I must go home and tell my father and my mother all about it first," and I was glad of an excuse to defer my decision.

Then at home I found a note from Marion. I must come and spend the winter with her. It would cheer me up. I would not be an imbecile old woman to be invited for a long visit to be taken care of, and made happy. I would not go. But at the end she said:

"Henry's mother and sister live with us; they are both invalids, but so good and kind I know you will love them."

Two invalids already Marion had, and would take me as a third! But I would accept her invitation, and I would be my old self again, as cheerful and gay as ever, and be like sunshine in her house, and not a dark room to be lighted, warmed and swept. Why should I be miserable? I had not loved Ralph as he had me. I only thought to marry him to spite LeRoy, and I had lost him, and LeRoy too! That was the key to all my misery. But I had deserved it, and did I not deserve it still? What had I yet done to increase my merit? Suffered? What merit in involuntary suffering?

Well, I would go to Marion, and if I could help her any, I would stay as long as she may wish to have me. 'Twas very early on a dull, gray morning that I and my huge black trunk were stowed within and upon a carriage and driven away to the railroad station. I turned my back upon the seashore, and travelled with the sun; but I did not see his face, for it continued cloudy, and about noon the fast fine snowflakes began to fall. Just as the short day died, we changed our carriages and took the demon-looking night express train. The cars were crowded, but I found a nice seat, half-way from the stove to the front of the car, where it was warm enough, yet not too close. I hung my travelling bag above my head, curled up to the cushioned car, and thought:

"To night commences a new era. I will be happy, and not miserable. I will dream to-night of Marion, and of helping her."

"Madam, will you allow me to occupy this seat? The car is so full there seems to be no other."

The voice was gentlemanly, and the boots that stood beside me on the floor were gentlemanly too. So I gathered in my dress without looking up, and said:

"Certainly."

"One of the cars that usually go on this train is off for repairs just now, so we are packed closer than usual."

Surely I knew that voice. "Mr. LeRoy?" I said.

"I am he, and you are Jennie Fisher—Mrs. Burton, I suppose?"

"Jennie Fisher," I replied.

"You are not married?"

"I am not married. Call me Miss Jennie, just as you used to."

But, O, dear! I was going to be cheerful, and now I am miserable again. So I asked if he thought it would snow all night. He thought it would. Then we talked politics and national news. It seemed the first time I had seen him since he returned from Europe. As it grew toward midnight, and my eyelids hung heavily, he put his arm upon the back of my seat, and bade me rest my head upon his shoulder. I obeyed as if I were the child he left at home three years ago. But all through the still hours, whether I dozed or slept, I had a vague, uneasy consciousness that LeRoy was noble and I was mean. A bustle in the car aroused me at morning from my first sound sleep. I sat up in a sleepy way, thanked him for his care, and slowly smoothed my rough hair with a pocket comb. The cars did not move.

"Why are we stopping? What is the matter?" I asked.

"We are snowed in fast."

But how different the tone he used this morning from last night's distant politeness! I frowned, and said:

"O, dear!"

"Why, you are not in a hurry, I hope?"

"I want to get there, but there is no pressing emergency. I can wait, I suppose."

"I am glad you can wait, for it is quite evident you will have to," he said, laughing.

"May I ask to what part of the universe you are bound?"

I told him, and I dilated on Marion's goodness, and we chatted all the forenoon of our homes and friends, and all the time his eyes had the dear old look that I had known so long ago. The snow was piled above the window, and I felt its cold breath at my side. There was no prospect of escape that day. But I did not say or think "O, dear!" now. I should not mind being snowbound for several days, if I could have LeRoy with me as I had him then. As the dim daylight was fading in the dusk, and we sat slowly munching our last cracker, news came through the car that we should get out in the morning. The storm had ceased, and diggers,

with little lanterns in their caps, would work all night to clear the track through the defile in which we were buried.

Well, then to-morrow LeRoy and I must part. This was only a fair oasis where I could get a stock of dear remembrances to cheer me in my work. I would be happy in the knowledge that at least LeRoy was not angry. Perhaps he did not love me enough, or thought that I had been disappointed in some way with Ralph, and therefore he forgave me. Whichever way it was, it could never be changed now. A saddened sense of the irretrievability of the past was floating in my mind, while the slow evening wore away. One by one the heads around us nodded or fell in sleep. Was I cold? Would I like to warm myself at the stove before night? I went and warmed my feet. As I sat there a feeling came over me that I ought to be at home. I was needed there. If father should be ill, or worse still, mother! There was trouble at home—father wanted me, mother wanted me; but I was not there, and could not get there now. I went back to my old seat, half-hoping to be rid of it there. But it would not go. LeRoy hoped the delay would not incommode me much?

"Not at all."

Then he put my veil upon his shoulder, and said, gaily:

"Come, Miss Jennie, your eyes look heavy."

"Thank you; but I cannot sleep to-night."

"Cannot sleep? You have not taken a vow to abstain from sleep on stated occasions?"

"No, but it would be impossible for me to sleep to-night, so I shall not try."

"But why is it impossible, Miss Jennie?"

He leaned forward, and his asking eyes seemed ready to read out my deepest thoughts.

"Only a woman's worry. You would say it was all foolishness if I were to tell you."

"Try me and see."

"It is only that a fancy came over me, as I sat at the stove, that something is wrong at home—that I am needed and ought to be there."

"I hope it is not so, but if it is you are no there and cannot be there, and there is a help higher than you could be, that will take care at home for you."

"I wish I were good like you to believe that, so I could be comfortable thinking so."

"Wish you were good, so as to be comfortable," he said, with an amused smile. Then he added, "You are naturally pretty good. We don't love too good people. It is a reflection on erring humanity for them to be so good."

"Then the more wicked one is, the better we should love him, and that's not so."

"O, no. We want a little pepper to flavor our soup; but we do not want it all pepper. No doubt the desire for it is vitiated taste, but since we find it in all soups, it is well we like it."

"I don't like wicked people—I know I don't."

"Perhaps not. No one is all good, and no one is all bad, so the terms good and bad must be used only in a comparative sense. And of course we like more soup than pepper."

"Yes, and then the more soup the better. So we should like the noblest, the most truly good people, the best."

"And that brings us right round in a circle, for if there were no evil in humanity, there would be no good."

"Then would it not be as well stated that we like active goodness better than passive?"

"Ye-es," he answered slowly, it is the same thing."

I thought he did not wish to talk any more, so I sat silently studying the figured velvet of the seat before me. I became conscious that LeRoy was watching me. My profile is not good, so I turned my face toward him and looked up.

"When I was a little girl I used to be afraid of you when you looked so."

He half smiled. "I suppose you are beyond being afraid of me by this time. Miss Jennie, do you know that you talk in your sleep?"

"Do I? Did I talk last night?"

"Yes, a little; not much."

I was silent. What might I not have said of all the many things I would not for worlds have had him know? I never would sleep on his shoulder again if we were snow bound for a week, and I had to keep awake the whole time in consequence!

"Haven't you a bit of curiosity? Wont you ask me what you said?"

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," I quoted, with an inward longing to cry.

"I was going to tell you, and ask if it was true; but perhaps there is no need of that. We speak the truth involuntarily. Untruth is always voluntary."

O, I was so miserable! Should I never get to Marion's? He went on.

"I can remember back three years, Jennie, as if it were yesterday. When I went away, I loved you, and now when I find you a woman, I love you the same, only grown just in proportion as you have grown. You loved me then, you had not learned to hide it. Have you outgrown that, Jennie?"

I was too miserable to be happy just yet. My head bent forward upon the seat in front. Such

a heavy, pressing silence reigned in the long, narrow car, I could not sob as I wanted to, and the steady, long-drawn breaths of the sleepers sounded ghostly to my straining ears. He did not know just what it meant at first. It was not quite the answer he expected. He lifted me up gently in his arms, and then the heavy incubus that had been stifled back all day, flowed off in a kindly rain of tears.

"What did I say last night?" I whispered, when I had had my cry.

Very softly he repeated the words as I had said them in broken snatches.

"I am glad he is my brother! I never did love Ralph much! I shall not have to marry him now!" He did not look at me, but went on in a low, quick voice. "And that was why I thought it might have been all a mistake, and you had not forgotten that there had once been some connection in your mind between love and me. Was I wrong? Do you love me, Jennie?"

"I love you, Herbert, and have ever since you went away."

I hung up my bonnet and nestled down upon his shoulder. I told him I thought Ralph was only flirting, and so led him on till he really loved me. And then because I heard that he was coming home married, I promised to marry Ralph. And then that Ralph had proved to be my brother, who was lost when a little child, and father had never known what became of him. He told me he had never thought of marrying any one but his little Jennie, and when he came back and found me all ready to marry some one else, he was angry with me at first. But after the anger was gone, and he tried to think about it seriously, he remembered that he had never told me of his intentions, so I was not necessarily faithless, and he forgave me therefore, and then he found he loved me just as much—even more than before. Then I went to sleep with a happy feeling that if I should talk I could not tell any news.

In the morning the sun shone brightly, and at last we were out of the snow bank and once more rolling on. LeRoy could not go with me to Marion's, but he promised to come soon. What a hearty, happy little sitting-room was Marion's. What merry greetings we have all round. And Marion declared I looked so well and cheerful, she almost thought her intended care and nursing had been forestalled by something else, and better. We had a cosy, happy tea—just five of us—and for once an uneven number was not stiff or awkward. Then Marion said:

"I don't know whether to give you what I have got for you or not."

"Always restore pilfered property. I'll warrant it's something you carried away of mine."

"It is nothing you ever saw, yet it is yours."

"I don't know if it is good news."

"A letter! De give it to me."

"A telegram."

I tore off the envelope with a dread certainty of trouble at home. It read thus:

"Our house was burned last night. We are safe. Come home. HENRY FISHER."

Surely, a telegram is the most unsatisfactory of messages. I started for home the next morning, and arrived there twenty-four hours afterwards. At home? No, I had no home now. Fred met me at the station, and sitting in the ladies' room, he told me what little he could of the fire—such scraps as these—no one knew how it caught; some of father's papers were saved, and some clothes of both; neither were injured by the confusion or the fire. Then he hesitated, played with his fingers, and asked if Marion was well.

"There's something more, Fred. You need not be afraid to tell me."

"I was away the night of the fire—out of town—"

"I am sorry—you might have been very useful, you know the house so well. Still it has all come out better than could be expected. I am thankful it is no worse."

"I was not here to do what I should have done, and so another fellow did it for me, and got his head broken in the wreck."

"Who is hurt, Fred?"

"One I wouldn't be indebted to for all the silver in Peru."

"Ralph?"

"Yes—Burton. I hate—"

"Don't—pray don't hate him, Fred. He is thoughtless, but not wicked. He was too good-hearted to be really bad."

"Confound his good-heartedness! If it had not been for that he would not have pulled your mother out of her burning bed and saved her life, eh? and so rendered it becoming in me to be thankful to him."

"Poor Ralph!—but where was father?"

"In the library, sound asleep over his papers."

"Where did the fire begin?"

"Either in the kitchen, or in Aunt Lucy's room, just over it."

"And did Ralph get hurt saving mother?"

"No, afterwards, in bringing out other things."

"Is he dangerously ill? Will he live?"

"Yes—he will live. He is not one of the easy dying sort."

Father and mother had taken rooms in a boarding-house for the present. In the same house Ralph lay ill. Some people have a faculty of always being where they are wanted, and Ralph must have something of the sort. What chance could have brought him to this city, for the first time since we parted, on that night of all nights when he was needed. Thus I thought as I took my place at his bedside, duly installed by father, mother, and doctor as his nurse. He did not know me then. A blow on the head from a falling beam, had brought fever and a wandering mind. Once or twice he talked incoherently, and from what he said I knew he and Fred had quarrelled the very day before the fire—about what I could not tell.

There came a day at last when he fell into a gentle sleep and awoke in his right mind. He did not smile to see me sitting beside him, but I was sure he knew me. He only looked sadly at me, sighed, and turned away his head. I left him then to other nurses, for I thought he did not like as well to have me to take care of him.

One morning he asked for me. He was better now—could sit up in an easy chair. He wanted me to sit near him, so I brought a low chair to his side.

"You called me your brother, once; can I talk with you as a brother now—as freely, and yet not offend?"

"Certainly, Ralph. You have all a brother's rights with me. And don't look so worried and troubled. You know I am a grown-up sister who will not need a great deal of care."

"I am not much worried. Your father—my—our father sent for me to come here if I could for a few days, to help him straighten out some of his business affairs which had got in a dreadful tangle. That was how I happened to be here at the fire. Your cousin had been at work upon the papers and did not want to give them up. But father chose that I should take the business, so I did. But Fred and I quarrelled about it first. I thought he said some very provoking things, and I know I did."

I knew how he and Fred had quarrelled. Fred in his anger had taunted him with his low parentage, and even charged him with courting me on purpose to pay off his old score of neglect. And Ralph in return, hinted that Fred hated him because he came between him and his expectations from our father. Ralph continued:

"But never mind that. We found the snarl of the papers could never be straightened, and father must fail. It was after that conclusion was made that I left him, late at night, in the library. I saw a light at the crack under the

door of mother's room,"—he always lingered a little strangely on the words father and mother—"and I suppose she must have left the light burning for father. The next thing I knew I was roused from my first sleep by the cry of fire."

"Fred said you saved mother's life."

"Fred is the last one I should have thought would have told it of me. I hope I saved her life—it would make me more comfortable in receiving her kindness if I thought it was so."

"Why shouldn't you think so? You certainly did, Ralph."

"Perhaps not. She might not have been killed, you know, if I hadn't taken her out. And it was not much to do—only to breathe smoky air for a few minutes, while you took up a light burden to carry ten rods—"

"But such a precious burden, Ralph! And if it was not much to do, 'twas much to dare."

"Not much. Just once I wished you were there so I could save you. It was very selfish—and all the while I was so glad you were not there to be frightened by it."

I remembered what LeRoy had said of a higher help than mine, and I thought it must have been personified in Ralph.

"Then father is poor, Ralph? He shall come and live with me, and I will work for them—"

"You forget you have a brother." And he smiled sadly.

"We will both work for them, Ralph."

"Your little hands were not made for work, my darling, and they shall never be less white and delicate than now while I can work."

"Don't talk so, Ralph. You know I would rather work with you. A little while ago I wanted work to kill time, but that was weary work. Now I have the heart and will for it."

I looked up in his face feeling so ready and earnest! But it hurt me to see him looking at me so, as if he were an old man, and I a gay child, and he wanted to warn me of danger and yet not spoil my play.

"Jeanie, may I ask you something about—old times?"

"Yes; but I wouldn't talk about them."

"Was that man—you once told me of—Mr. LeRoy?"

"Yes."

"And he came back unmarried, after all?"

I blushed. "Yes."

"And you knew that before—before Aunt Ann came, that day?"

"Yes."

"And didn't tell me of it?"

"How could I? Why should I?"

"Those were the conditions of the—our—engagement."

"But—I had promised you then, and I never had promised him anything, and—I didn't know as he wanted me, you know."

"You would have married me—"

"Yes, of course."

"Thank God, you were saved that! I only wish I could tell Mr. LeRoy the whole story."

I laughed. "Why, Ralph, what an idea!"

"If he still cares anything for you he ought to know it."

"He does know it."

"Does know it? Are you sure he knows it?"

"Yes—that is—I told him of it—all about it."

He took my hand up from his knee and held it, smiling a little as he said:

"Then I suppose he told you something else first, that made it not so bad an idea?"

I hid my face on the arm of his chair. He smoothed my hair, caressed me kindly, and asked me questions all about LeRoy—and I never loved my brother Ralph so well as then—he seemed so truly brotherly.

We laid our plans for father and mother that day. Ralph had gone back to Wexford after he left us and had been in business there. Then, too, he still owned the Burton House. We could all live there together. Father and mother agreed and Ralph was well again.

One month after this it was a happy family, father and mother, Ralph and I, that sat down to tea in the great old-fashioned Burton House. We sat long chatting round the table. Then the door bell rung, and some one waited me in the parlor. So the party round the home table was broken, and the rest rose with me. It was LeRoy; and O, how glad I was to see him! When we came into the sitting-room, I saw a shadow of pain on my good brother's face. It saddened me, and took from the pleasure of seeing LeRoy.

We were to be married soon, LeRoy and I. Very quietly all our little arrangements were carried on, and kept out of sight of Ralph. My brother was not as he used to be. He wore an outside manner of studied ease and quiet; but every now and then, something that would not die flashed up within him, bringing fire into his careless eyes, and color to his cheeks—and then he would not take my goodnight kiss, and something sad settled around his mouth, that drew its outlines firmer than before.

Our wedding day had come, and with it came LeRoy. The carriage stood at the door to take us first to the minister's, afterwards to the sta-

tion. I came down stairs in my travelling dress to take a last farewell of father, mother and brother. Mother cried a little, father held me to his breast and blessed and kissed me. Ralph was paler than usual, and so calm he seemed almost cold. He did not follow me to the door with the rest. I was glad of it, for he did not see LeRoy smile proudly as he took my hand from father's and led me down to the carriage. As we drove from the front door, I saw Ralph's black horse standing saddled in the yard and him just mounting. It was only for a moment, but I treasured up in my memory the proud figure he was upon his wild, handsome horse, for I thought I might never see my brother again.

An hour later Herbert LeRoy and I were pronounced husband and wife, and received the kind congratulations of our minister and his wife. Once more we entered the carriage, to go to the cars, while they stood in the door bidding us good-by and godspeed. A little boy ran up, inquiring for Miss Fisher. The minister's wife laughed merrily, and told him there was no such person, and then laughed more merrily at his perplexity. I put out my hand and asked him his errand. "Mrs. Fisher wanted us to drive straight home."

No one met me at the door—no one in the parlor—no one in the sitting-room—but voices in mother's bedroom. Ralph lay upon the bed. Ghastly pale he was now, and a great gash gaped widely in his temple. Mother was vainly trying to stop the stream of bright red blood that flowed out so fast. It would not stop. It bubbled through and over everything, and fell in a frightened line upon the floor. I had pulled off the pure white gloves that before I had forgotten to remove, and the bonnet with its long white strings. The doctor came at last. I caught stray words of mother's whispering outside the door, that "he went out hot—back—violent colic—drove too hard—was thrown—struck a stone." The blood started afresh. I tried again to stop it with the bandages, but when I touched his head, he knew me and looked up. The doctor came in. Ralph watched his face, while the blood rolled down my dress with every dash of the weakening pulse, and wricked up my sleeve.

"Am I dying?" he asked.

The doctor only examined the wound and did not answer. He bound up the poor bruised head and turned away. There was nothing to be done.

"Sit by me, Jennie," said Ralph. He took my hands in one of his. Mother softly sobbed upon the bed-foot. Father said, in a choking voice:

"Say again that you forgive me, my son, for all—"

Ralph feebly pressed the hand that held his and tried to speak.

"Father—"

He put both my hands on his broad breast where his loving heart beat wateringly. The old passion flashed up to his eyes—no color could come to his pale face now; I kissed him tenderly, and he was dead. The heart was still in its liquid throbs, and the bright blood slowly ceased to flow from the torn temple. The cold hands still held mine against the dead bosom, but the last loving look had faded from the soulless eyes.

Herbert took me tenderly away. Memory shows me only a mournful mirage until the day when his mother welcomed me so kindly as her daughter.

Do you ask me if I am happy? Mine is a dear little home. Three darling children call me "mother" now. Herbert LeRoy is ever the same to me. But there is a deep-dyed stain on a bride's light travelling dress, up stairs, and a shadow of sadness always hangs over the return of our wedding day. Do you ask me if I am happy? Not as I might have been.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

An old, miserable bachelor, possessed of a fortune of £40,000, meeting a friend one day, began to harangue very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, and gave the following instance of it: "About three years ago," said he, "by a very odd accident I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail upon an unconscionable dog of a laborer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for half a crown. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon a crown for above a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe that he would not have abated me a single farthing if he had not seen me at the last gasp, and determined rather to die than submit to his extortion."

POLISH HEROISM.

At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was only defended by two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades was cut down, when, drawing forth two pistols, he with one shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation, "So dies a Polish general!" fired the other into his own heart.—*History of Poland.*

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN.

When an American reads in an English newspaper that Mr. Smith, or the Right Hon. Mr. Brown, shot one hundred and thirty brace of partridges on a specified day, and so many rabbits, hares and pheasants to boot, he forms a good opinion of the gunnery of the gentlemen named, and very naturally, too; but, as there is a marked difference between hunting in England and the same sport in the United States, some account of the English system may not be uninteresting to a portion of our readers, and may serve to correct certain erroneous impressions the said readers may entertain respecting English shooting. It may not be generally known that the animals and birds which are, by law, preserved as game in England, are comparatively tame, from the fact that no persons but those of a privileged class are allowed to hunt them, and that only at a certain season; consequently, they become accustomed to man during the remainder of the year, and seldom take fright when he appears; and, therefore, when the hunter makes his advent at the fall of the leaf, he finds but little difficulty in dealing death among the feathered tribe. He comes prepared with pointers and setters, whippers-in and game-keepers, who drive the devoted birds and animals from their covert, and then the work of destruction commences. The hare can hardly be kicked into a walk, and generally set on their haunches, with their eyes agape, wondering what is going on; while the eager and delighted sportsmen raise their guns, and, at the distance of ten or twelve feet, fire at the astonished and affrighted victims, who appear thunderstruck, and sit wondering what all the noise and excitement is about, little dreaming they are the cause. The partridges and pheasants are better able to get out of the way than the hares and rabbits, for they generally take to the wing; but, as they scarcely ever rise until the Nimrods are near enough to knock them over with the butt end of the gun, there is but little credit due sportsmen for marksmanship. Some of the young gentlemen I met were smoking cigars at the same time that they were waiting for the game to appear; and one individual did "murder most foul, strange and unnatural" on a poor wretch of a hare that happened to be roused up before him. The animal moved slowly out of the grass, made one or two springs, when, as it turned to look back, the sportsman sent the contents of his gun into it, and was congratulated by his companions on the "excellent shot!" I was looking over the fence at the time, and laughed aloud at the feat the youth had performed, and thought it would have been strange if it had missed the unlucky animal under the circumstances, for any man could have knocked it over with a club without difficulty.—*Moran's Footpath and Highway.*

SILENT WORKING

The wings of angels make no stir as they ply their works of love,
But by the balm they shed around, we know them that they move.
God spake not in the thunder, nor the mighty rushing blast;
His utterance was in the still small voice, that came at last. PUNCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

A HYMN FOR THE NATION.

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Hark to the shouts of America's legions,
 Thrilling the welkin with choras sublime,
 Rolling triumphant from yesterday's regions,
 Echoing thence through the vistas of time!
 Eastward and westward the pean is ringing,
 Ocean to ocean sends greeting of glee,
 Pine tree and palm on the breezes are flinging
 Incense of pride to the Flag of the Free!
Chorus.—Stand by the banner that floats o'er our
 nation,
 Cling to the colors of freedom's creation,
 Sing to the symbol with songs of laudation,
 Hail with rejoicing the Flag of the Free!

Earnest of liberty, offspring of union,
 Fervently 'neath thy protection we kneel,
 Swearing, in brotherhood's holy communion,
 Ever to cherish thine honor and weal!
 Bayonets flash when thy splendors are flaunted
 Forth to the breeze where the battle-clouds be,
 Hymns of thy children, in quick volleys chanted,
 Rise to salute thee, the Flag of the Free!
Chorus.—Stand by the banner, etc.

Brightly its stars in earth's firmament glowing,
 Proudly our banner shall wave on the sea;
 Victory's trophies, its praises bestowing,
 Greet it with rapture, the Flag of the Free!
 Glory shall wake from his slumbers beneath it,
 Honor and Valor shall claim it their own;
 Peace with her laurels unfading shall wreath it,
 Circling its stars with a heavenlier zone!
Chorus.—Stand by the banner, etc.

Blest be the airs where our banner is flying,
 Hallowed the beams which its glories unfold;
 Darkness and storm of the battle defying,
 Brighter emblazoned with stars new enrolled!
 Eastward and westward the pean is ringing,
 Ocean to ocean sends answering glee,
 Sons of the sires on the breezes are flinging
 Rapturous shouts for the Flag of the Free!
Chorus.—Stand by the banner, etc.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

News was one day brought to the office of the chief of police, that the residence of George Templeman, Esq., situated in Union Square, had been burglariously entered and completely sacked of its valuables. A large amount of money

had been stolen as well as all the plate and jewelry. The family were out of town at the time, and the house was left in charge of three servants, a footman, housemaid, and cook. They had heard no sounds in the house on the night of the robbery, and were very much surprised to find every room ransacked when they awoke in the morning.

Some policemen were immediately despatched to the spot, and made an examination of the premises, but they discovered no clue to the perpetrators of the robbery. It was then that I was consulted.

I found that an entrance had been effected by the rear of the dwelling, and a single glance was sufficient to tell that it had been the work of experts, in fact, I at once came to the conclusion that it was the work of English burglars.

The gate leading in the yard was studded on the top with sharp spikes, and on one of these spikes I found a piece of cotton handkerchief, with a red ground and blue spots. It was evident that the house-breaker, had raised himself up by it, and that it had given way, leaving a portion of it remaining on the spike. This little piece of handkerchief, then, was the only clue I had. I carefully preserved it.

It is a well known fact that the English burglars are the most expert in their calling. An experienced detective can at once recognize their handiwork, and they are generally so careful that they leave nothing behind them by which they can be traced. I could only account for this piece of handkerchief being left behind by the fact that the night on which the robbery was committed, was very dark, and in all probability, the burglar was not aware that his handkerchief had been torn.

My proceeding was plainly to find out to whom the handkerchief belonged, and to effect this, I determined I would visit the haunts always to be found in great cities where criminals congregate together. I disguised myself as well as I could, and plunged into the classic regions of the Five Points. The first place I entered was a wretched low tavern, and calling for a glass of ale and a pipe, I sat down to watch every one who might enter.

I had not been there long when a noted English burglar named Bristol Jem came in, accompanied by a woman. They took a seat some distance from me, and began to converse in a low tone. I kept my eyes fixed on them without really appearing to notice them. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing Bristol Jem pull a handkerchief from his pocket, which had a red ground covered with blue spots. I felt certain

now that I had the robber of Mr. Templeman's house before me; but I knew also it was necessary that I should receive some further proof of his crime in order to convict him, and I waited patiently.

After conversing together in whispers for some time, Bristol Jem and his companion began to quarrel about something. Their tones grew loud and furious, and at last the woman having made some bitter remark, the ruffian struck her on the side of the head, and knocked her senseless on the floor. He then rose up and left the tavern. I immediately ran to the woman, and raising her up, succeeded after a little time in bringing her to her senses.

"Where is that villain?" were her first words.

"He is gone," was the reply.

"The scoundrel! I will pay him off for this."

"It was Bristol Jem, was it not?"

"Yes. How dare he strike me when he knows he is in my power?"

"If you want your revenge you can have it now. I am a detective officer. I know that he was concerned in the recent robbery of Mr. Templeman's house, but I want proof against him."

The woman wrung her hands and scarcely seemed to heed what I was saying.

"To think only how I have watched him when he has had his awful fits. Many and many a time he would have been buried alive had it not been for me," said she, as if speaking to herself.

"What do you mean?"

The woman explained to me that her companion was subject to cataleptic attacks, in which condition he appeared exactly as if he were dead, and that several times he had been in great danger of being interred prematurely. This Bristol Jem was a noted character. He was one of the most fearful villains that as yet had escaped justice. He had several times been tried, but had always managed to escape punishment. It would be a great feat for me if I could manage to bring this crime home to him.

"I saw his assault on you," said I, to the woman, "and I was disgusted at his infamous behaviour. I am surprised that you should take up with such a miscreant as that."

"Yes, he struck me as he would a dog; but, by heavens, I will have my revenge. I loved him once, but now my love is changed to the bitterest hatred, and before to-morrow dawn, he shall feel the weight of my vengeance."

"You have an opportunity of being revenged at once. Did he not commit the burglary at Mr. Templeman's?"

"He did," returned the girl. "I know all

about it, and will put you on the right track, where you can obtain all the evidence you require."

She then entered into full explanations respecting the matter, informing me that a greater portion of the booty had been conveyed to Mother Adams, a noted fence house, and that the rest was concealed in a mattress in his lodgings, which was in a miserable dwelling in Water Street. After a little more conversation we separated. When she was leaving me, she stated her determination never to see him again, and hoped he would meet his deserts.

I immediately procured the assistance of three police officers, and we proceeded to the house in Water Street, which we entered, and found the plate hidden in the mattress, but Bristol Jem had not yet returned. We waited till next morning, and yet he did not come back. I sent one of the men to get some information about him. He soon returned, and stated that he had traced the burglar to the New York and Erie railroad depot, and he had no doubt he had gone off in the early train.

I was very much vexed to think that he had escaped us. But by some means he had received information that we were on his track. I have since thought he must have detected me through my disguise when in the tavern, for I was aware that he knew me well in my professional character. Be that as it may, it was certain he had left New York.

My professional pride was wounded at letting the criminal escape through my fingers. It is true, all the stolen property was discovered, for the remainder was found at Mother Adams's. My mind was soon made up what to do. I determined to follow him, and if possible bring him to justice. I had an idea that he had gone to Minnesota, as I knew he had relatives in that State. I arrived there without much delay, and there received information that the burglar had visited his relatives, but had left for Davenport, Iowa. To Davenport, accordingly, I directed my steps.

In due time I reached it, and found a long straggling town, not half built up. I need not detain the reader with an account of the search I made. Suffice it to say I was entirely unsuccessful. I believe almost every town and village in the territory was visited by me. Many times I received descriptions which made me believe that I had at last got on the right track; but perhaps after a journey of a hundred miles, I would find myself as far off the scout as ever.

Two months were wasted in this manner, and I gave up the matter in despair. I must ac-

knowledge I felt considerably crest fallen. It was the first time I had ever been foiled, and I hated to go back again to New York and run the gauntlet of the jeers of my companions, whom my previous successes had already made very jealous. But there was no help for it, and one fine morning in August I started on horseback from Dubuque in the direction of Iowa City. I should say that I was habited in the garb of a furman, which disguise I thought the best for my purpose. I had concealed on my person a revolver and a bowie knife, so that I had no fear from any single antagonists; but I determined to keep out of the way of the numerous Indian bands who were traversing the whole territory.

My road lay through a magnificent prairie, and I travelled for hours through one vast undulating ocean of grass, without a single tree or shrub to be seen, as far as the eye could reach. The day was intensely hot, and, hark! my poor heart and myself began to feel the effects of it. I have no idea how many miles I travelled that day. I had been told on leaving Dubuque that I should reach a tavern after I had proceeded twenty miles on my road. But I was certain that I had ridden more than twenty miles, and no house made its appearance. Nothing but the same unbroken sea of prairie grass as before. I then became conscious that I had lost my way, for the road from being a well beaten track, every hour showed less signs of travel, and, by-and-by I found myself soundering in the midst of the long rank grass, without a sign of any human foot having passed that way before.

I am not naturally of a nervous or timid temperament, but it was impossible for me to shut my eyes to the danger of my situation. The day was now closing, and it was in vain I looked for some sign of human habitation. There was nothing before, behind, on each side of me, but a vast unbroken desert. I stood as it were in the centre of an immense round plain, bounded everywhere by the fiery horizon. To add to my discomfort, I began to suffer horribly from hunger and thirst, and the poor animal I bestowed doubtless suffered from the same cause, for its tongue lolled out of its mouth, and it every now and then uttered a most distressing sound.

The sun sank slowly beneath the horizon, and intense darkness soon followed. The wind began to rise, which was very grateful after the intense heat of the day. The stars were soon also obscured by clouds, and a distant rumbling promised a coming storm. At last it came upon us with the most intense fury. The thunder roared and the lightnings flashed, but strange to

say it did not rain. Even in the horrors of my situation, I could not but be struck by the grandeur of the lightning as it descended in distinct blue streaks from the heavens to the earth. At one time it appeared at a considerable distance from me. At another time it came directly in front of my horse, and for a moment blinded me by the vivid glare.

My situation now was perfectly horrible. I saw no prospect before me but death—and a fearful death, too—death from thirst, hunger and exhaustion. My tongue felt as if it were swollen enormously. My throat was dry and husky, and when I spoke to my horse, I was astonished at the harsh, grating sound of my voice. My head, too, began to grow dizzy, and I could scarcely keep my seat. My faithful horse, however, still continued his course. At the very moment when I had given up everything as lost, we entered a clearing, in the midst of which was a hut. I immediately dismounted, led my horse to the hut and knocked at the door. It proved to be the very tavern I was in search of. My summons was answered by an old woman.

"I want lodging for the night," were the first words I uttered.

She invited me in, while her husband took charge of my horse. I found myself in a dreary looking room, which was feebly lighted by a single tallow candle. The only thing that looked as all cheerful was a stove, in which the wood burned brightly. The furniture was of the most meagre description, consisting of a deal table and two or three chairs. About ten feet from the stove, standing about three feet apart, were two benches on which was placed a flat board. On this board lay something evidently bulky, which was covered over with a white sheet.

After I had had a copious drink of water I felt considerably revived, and asked the old lady if she could give me something to eat. She immediately spread on the table the best that her house afforded, which was not much, but hungry as I was it tasted perfectly delicious. Soon afterwards the tavern keeper entered, having watered and fed my horse.

"By the way, stranger," said he, as soon as he sat down, "are you afraid of a dead man?"

"Afraid of a dead man! what do you mean?"

"I ask you the question because you will have to have one for a companion to-night."

"Indeed!" I replied, glancing at the board placed on the benches; the something on the top of it I now recognized as a corpse.

"Yes, this is the only room we have to spare. This morning a traveller arrived here, and he was seized with a fit and died. He now lies

there waiting for the coroner's inquest. It will meet to-morrow morning."

"I don't suppose a dead man will do me any injury," I replied, "and as I have no option, I must be content to pass the night with him."

We now turned the conversation to other subjects. I found my host to be quite an intelligent man. We discussed the crops, the state of the country, and the future destinies of Iowa. At last he and his wife rose up (she latter had prepared me a bed on the floor) and lighting a candle, left me.

I must confess when I was alone with the corpse I felt an involuntary shiver running through me, which I was ashamed to confess even to myself. The confined, heavy atmosphere of the apartment appeared to exert a depressing influence on my nervous system, and I almost repented that I had not asked the landlord to contrive a bed for me in some other room. I strove, however, against this silly feeling, and reasoned with myself that a dead body was nothing but a collection of gasses. I succeeded at last in dispelling in a measure my uncomfortable feelings.

I threw myself back in my chair, and lighting a cigar, began to puff at it furiously, and tried to persuade myself that I was very comfortable. All at once a sudden desire seized me to go and examine the dead body. I tried to combat it, but it was irresistible. I felt that I must see what my companion was like. The candle had gone out and the fire was very low, giving but a very feeble light in the apartment.

I advanced to the bier and turned down the sheet which covered the body, but there was not sufficient light to distinguish his features. I could tell, however, that it was a strong, powerful man that lay before me. I passed my hand over his face, and its icy coldness sent a chill through my blood. I could also distinguish that his face was very black as if it were congested with blood.

I re-seated myself by the side of the stove with my back to the body, and endeavored to think of something else, but he haunted me still. I almost fancied he was sitting upright on his bier. The supposition was too hideous, and I moved my chair so as to face the body again. I had forgotten to replace the sheet over him, and the moment I turned round his black congested face met my eye. By a strong effort I rose up and again advanced to the body. I took up the covering which had fallen to the ground, and replaced it over his head; while doing so the peculiar form of his hands arrested my attention. They were exceedingly long and bony, each of

his fingers showing that his hands had been endowed with great strength.

I returned to my seat beside the stove and endeavored to think of something else. I remained musing there an indefinite length of time, for I became so much wrapped up in my thoughts that I could not tell whether it had been ten minutes or an hour. At last I thought it was time to go to bed. I threw a couple of fresh logs on the fire, undressed myself and threw myself on the pallet.

I soon fell asleep, but how long I slept I cannot tell, for I was awakened by a dream. I fancied that the corpse came to life again and rose up from the bier. When I awoke the logs of wood I had thrown on the fire were burning brightly, shedding quite a vivid light through the apartment.

I instinctively turned my eyes to where the corpse lay, and fancied that I saw the sheet move. No, it could not be, it was only an hallucination of my senses, and I endeavored to chase away the idea. Again I thought I saw the covering move—there was no mistake about it this time—the fact was plainly visible to my senses. I gasped horror-stricken. I could feel the blood receding from my cheeks. The movement in the covering continued. O, heavens! what was it that I saw? One of his long bony hands projecting beyond the sheet, the fingers convulsively opening and closing in the palm of the hand! I was dumfounded and could not move hand nor foot, but could only gaze in mute horror at the terrific spectacle.

Slowly the body of the corpse rose to a sitting posture and glared toward the room. His horrible features seemed familiar to me, but I did not at first recognize them. In a moment the truth flashed across my mind—it was Bristol Jem, the burglar, that I saw. He had had one of his cataleptic fits, and had been supposed to be dead. He was a powerful man, possessing three times the strength that I did, and my clothes in which my weapons were concealed were on the other side of the room. The hideous monster had found me out. When he saw me the devilish smile which crossed his features told me that he had recognized who I was, and he gibbered and glared at me like a maniac. He continued to work his hands convulsively. I remained spell-bound, and could not utter a word.

The burglar continued his hideous contortions for some minutes, when, imagine my horror, to see him slowly getting off the board on which he had been placed. Yes, I could see his leg emerge from the sheet. He endeavored to reach the floor—he succeeded. He slowly draws his

body after him, and stands erect in the middle of the room. Good God! he approaches me with outstretched hands—he is walking towards me. I utter a cry of horror, and starting up from my bed move away. The burglar follows me, his eyes all the time fixed on me with a basilisk's glare. I endeavor to turn my eyes from him, it is in vain. He still approaches. I dart round the room—he follows me with a horrid laugh. He gazes upon me. I can feel his blating breath on my cheek. His hand is on my shoulder. I sink exhausted to the ground. The demon raises another mooking laugh and clasps my neck with his long bony hand. His grasp tightens—I am suffocating—I am dying! I can feel my eyes protruding from their sockets. I can no longer breathe.

At this critical moment I heard a crash followed by a blow, and the grasp was released from my neck. I looked round and saw my host with a thick club in his hand and Bristol Jon extended his full length on the floor.

To bind him securely was but the work of a few minutes. I then entered into a full explanation with the tavern keeper. The next morning Bristol Jon was on his way to New York, and in six weeks he was tried and sentenced to the State Prison for life.

HAY AND GOLD.

We have heard a very wise prediction that gold would ultimately become so very common and vulgar, that no one would be willing to have it about his person, and that it would be used only for such purposes as coal-scuttles. This will do to amuse one's self with, but as to its probability, we may refer to the statement of the Ohio Farmer, that the value of the hay crop in the State of New York exceeds the annual value of the gold crop in California, taking it in the long run, and that taking the average of all the gold dug, is costs about twice its market value. No wonder so many have found it more profitable to raise field carrots in New York than carats of gold in El Dorado.—*Country Gentlemen.*

GOOD AND ILL LUCK.

Shall not one varlet ruffle in its robe, floundered through many dirty ways, struggle through a maze of briars, and still have his good name—we mean his superfine cloak—without a wrinkle in it, a spot upon it, a tear—yes, even the fracture of a thread in it? And yet, put the same cloak upon another, and though he shall suffer from a casual jostling, though he shall tread a muddy walk carefully as a cat, and only tarry a moment to gather a dog-rose from a bush at the wayside, and—phew!—what an unsightly rumbling of his garment—what splashes of foulent mud upon it!—*Jerrold.*

The heart loves repose, and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action.

JASMIN, THE BARBER-POET.

There is a feature, however, about these recitations which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. His last entertainment before I saw him was given in one of the Pyrenean cities (I forgot which), and produced 2000 francs. Every sou of this went to the public charities; Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps overstrained, but certainly exalted chivalric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money the gifts with which nature has endowed him. After, perhaps, a brilliant tour through the south of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his daily bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted that the man capable of self-denial of so truly heroic a nature as this, is no poetaster. One would be puzzled to find a similar instance of perfect and absolute disinterestedness in the roll of minstrels, from Homer downwards; and, to tell the truth, there does seem to be a spice of Quixotism mingling with and tinging the pure fervor of the enthusiast. Certain it is that the Troubadours of yore, upon whose model Jasmin professed to found his poetry, were by no means so scrupulous. "Largesse" was a very prominent word in their vocabulary; and it really seems difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for a man refusing to live upon the exercise of the finer gifts of his intellect, and throwing himself for his bread upon the daily performance of mere mechanical drudgery.—*Claret and Olives.*

HOW INDIGO IS PREPARED.

The indigo is a shrub-like plant, two or three feet high, with delicate, blue-green leaves, which, at the harvest time—about the month of August—are cut close off to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and everything depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture flows, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.—*New England Farmer.*

FLOWERS.

"The earth, all light and loveliness, in summer's golden hours,
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with
festal flowers.
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect
bliss and love."

(ORIGINAL.)
EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY GEORGE H. COMER.

I've little faith in fortune's star—
 The busy days mid which we live,
 Like unromantic tradesmen are,
 That sell to us, but seldom give.

For fancied rose or fancied dove,
 Pray ne'er with heedless spirit pass
 The daily scenes where happy love
 Grows common as the homely grass.

If e'er the royal flower we meet,
 In bright addition are we blest;
 But e'en the rose, however sweet,
 Must still on earth's foundation rest.

Be frank with life, and life to thee
 Will unsuspected beauties show;
 And where it offers modestly
 Plain things for graces, take them so.

Indeed the heart has need to seek
 Some object not completely made;
 Since Fancy feels, if none were weak,
 Or poor, or plain, 'twould spoil her trade!

And thus the mind may ever find
 Employ in all the days that pass,
 Sweet as the work to mena assigned—
 The hanging pearls on homely grass.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DEMOISELLE DE FROMENTEAU.

BY DR. C. L. FENYON.

In a magnificent bedchamber, in the palace of the Duke of Lorraine, two young girls were inspecting bridal-robcs and jewels with all the eagerness of that age "when Time goes smiling by with diamonds in his glass." They scanned scarcely fifteen, and were both very beautiful, although differing in the style of their beauty. One of them—and evidently it was she who was about to become a bride—was tall and queenly, apparently born to command, and wearing in every look and gesture a regal dignity. The other was of a slighter figure, with a face of singular sweetness, and manners which attracted by their winning gentleness. The eyes of the former sparkled with vivacity, while those of the gentler girl were large, soft and pleading, like those of Raphaelle's Madonna.

"I could never have borne to leave you, Agnes," said the bride, playfully throwing the rich

bridal veil over the head of her companion. "See!" she continued, leading her to the mirror, "I never shall look half so beautiful as you do in it."

The young girl gently removed it from her head, saying quietly, as she did so, "I shall never wear one, Isabelle!"

"Never wear one! Nonsense, Agnes! Before one year I shall attend your bridal, as you will mine to-morrow." The girl shook her head almost scornfully. "Ah, I know your ambition, Agnes, darling! You would not wed below royalty; and truly you would make a queenly bride. For me I am content to wed Count Rons. His love will repay me for the lack of kingdom."

Agnes smiled sadly. "No, Isabelle, I have not that ambition. Believe me, I shall never find the man whose heart can keep equal step and flow with mine; or if I do," she added, with an almost prophetic glance into the future, "he will belong to another."

"I will soon unburden you of all these melancholy fancies," said the other, "when I have you safe with me in Provence. Well as I love Rons, I could not go without you, too. We will have rare times in that old castle, Agnes. I warrant me the old echoes have not been broken by harp, or lute, or the merry sound of girls' laughter, for years."

The merry damsel who spoke these words was Isabelle, only child of the chivalrous and accomplished Charles, Duke of Lorraine. From the earliest of infancy, whose existence seemed to hang upon the feeblest thread, the little Isabelle had become strong in body and mind, partaking liberally of her mother's sound sense, and her father's refined genius and graceful manners.

The friend and playmate of her childhood, as she was now of her youth, was Agnes Sorel, daughter of the Seigneur de Sainte Gerand, whom the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine had brought up and educated as their own—making no difference between her and their darling Isabelle. Their care was repaid by the true and warm affection that bound her to their daughter, and by the tenderness and gentleness that marked every word and action of their protégé. So strong was the still unbroken friendship between the two beautiful girls, that Agnes was to share the new home of Isabelle in Provence—the duke and duchess resigning her only that she might still be near their daughter.

He who was to be the husband of the young girl was the grand-nephew and heir of the aged Cardinal of Bar, who had adopted him. The young count was the son of Louis of Anjou, and Golande of Arragon. His grandmother was a

princess of Bar, and sister to the cardinal; and the latter had educated her descendant as became a wealthy prince of high rank. The sister of Rene, Marie, was already married to the heir apparent to the crown of France, the daughter, afterwards Charles VII.; and there was a chance that Rene might eventually inherit the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, bequeathed by Queen Joanna, and of which his father was titular king.

Bright and beautiful indeed were the first years of Isabelle's life in Provence, in which brightness Agnes liberally shared. Four children, said to have been the loveliest on which the sun ever shone, were born to the heritages of Bar and Lorraine; and had it not been for the jealousy of Isabelle's cousin, Antoine de Vandemont, not a cloud would have dimmed the happiness of that sunny home. Isabelle was the first female who inherited Lorraine; and Antoine, deeming it all too valuable for a woman to enjoy unalloyed, made war upon her possessions, aided by the Duke of Burgundy.

Rene, whose noble courage had nearly saved the battle, was defeated, and taken to the gloomy castle of Dijon, a prisoner-of-war in close captivity, and suffering from many wounds. Ah, what news was this to carry to the Provençal home! What was to be done? With woman's ready wit, Isabelle bethought herself of her husband's royal brother-in-law. Charles was now king of France; and the wife besought herself to Chinon, where the court was held, to beg his interest with the Duke of Burgundy to release her husband from his gloomy prison. He was soon released, and once more the clouds rolled away from Isabelle's life.

It was the very night before she left Chinon, however, that another affliction came to her affectionate heart. Agnes, who had accompanied her to court, entered her apartment with an embarrassed air, that struck her friend by its singularity. Something, she knew, must have occurred to cause a change in one usually so frank and open. With that winning and cordial manner so natural to Isabelle, and so like her father's, she drew from Agnes the secret that was burdening her young heart. Queen Maria had asked her to become one of her maids of honor, and had sent her to ask her friend's permission thereto.

"And you wish it, Agnes?"

The deep blush that mounted to the fair girl's forehead was interpreted into anger at the question, and the true heart of Isabelle hastened to remove the impression.

"Nay, darling, I did, but just. I would fain

have you do as you think best. I would not mar any brighter prospects that you may have, by tying you to my interests. But O friend, sister!—how can I live without one who has been my heart's twin since infancy?"

"Then we will never part, Isabelle. If the queen's flattery blinded me for a moment, and made me covet a situation so fraught with seeming advantages, your steady, long-tried friendship, has dispelled it all. I cannot—will not leave you. Let me go back to Provence, and forget that I was ever within the charmed circle of a court."

"Nay Agnes, I will confer with the queen before I decide upon accepting any sacrifice. Meantime our affection knows not any change, let us decide how we may."

Would to Heaven that the affectionate Isabelle had never waived her right to the society of her beloved friend! Then might she have remained in peace and innocence. The beauty of Agnes, Sorel, the grace of her person, and the winning charm of her manners, joined to the fascinations of her conversation, had won the heart of the susceptible and indolent Charles, and he determined that she should reside at his court. Chinon had its charms, too, for one so romantic as Agnes. Its situation, so picturesque, being on a rock overhanging the river Loire, and surrounded by the green pastures and deep woods of Touraine, could not but interest her. In her admiration of its beauty, she forgot how much she had enjoyed her home in Provence. Her inclination led her to prefer a situation where she could thus dwell with nature in her wild and attractive beauty.

Still her heart was sad at parting with the beloved companion of her life. If Isabelle could be with her there, her happiness would be indeed complete. Thus Agnes missed upon the strange future that seemed about to open upon her; and meantime her fate was wearing on to its fulfilment. In the private apartment of the queen of France, Isabelle, while weeping at her own sacrifice, was still sternness in renouncing all claim to her, rather than to keep her from a destiny apparently so enviable. And Marie was too happy in the thought of possessing such a treasure, to heed her sister-in-law's tears or regrets.

Some historians have ventured to assert that both the queen and her mother, having observed the passion of the king for Agnes, had determined to sacrifice her to it for the purpose of awakening him from the slothful idleness in which he indulged. But this is too monstrous to be believed of the wife of any man, be he sovereign or subject; and surely even the patriots of

of Golande would not induce her to consent to such dishonor.

However, and by whatever means, this effrless king was aroused to exert himself. This second Sardanapalus had his Myrrha in Agnes; while her devoted friend Isabelle believed that she had done all she could do for her advancement, and that a brilliant destiny awaited one who could so well adorn and embellish a court.

And now came that long twenty years' unparalleled devotion of a king to his mistress, and the still more strange friendship existing, unbroken and even tender, between her and her generous rival. Marie, knowing that only through the influence of Agnes could Charles be brought to do a wise or brave deed, was fondly attached to her, treating her in all respects like a sister. And truly, the "*Demoiselle de Fromenteau*," as she was called, was almost worshipped by the people of France; for to her were they indebted for everything that made France in those days a happy country—freely bestowing her wealth in jewels and money to assist in freeing the kingdom from foreign foes, and promoting in every possible way the happiness and prosperity of all. It is well known that Marie was never disturbed by any jealousy of "her good and gentle Agnes;" and indeed neither her contemporaries nor posterity have ever seemed to cast a shadow upon her good name; save the one inevitable blame which arose from her guilty attachment to Charles.

In November, 1437, the king entered Paris, accompanied by the most brilliant procession on record. "A thousand archers, some of them composing Charles's body-guard, led the way. Then came the king, clad in shining silver armor—the trappings of his noble steed were of blue velvet, which swept the ground, embroidered with fleur-de-lis. The queen was also splendidly attired; but as far surpassing her in magnificence as she did in beauty, *Agnes Sorel* rode by her side." Could this have happened in any country, save France, without a demonstration of anger, or at least uneasiness on the part of the people?

We quote again from the same authority. "The royal pages, the nobles of the household, and the young dauphin, afterwards Louis XII., succeeded, and the procession was closed by a corps of one thousand men-at-arms, the elite of the French armies, headed by their gallant commander, the Count de Dunois. His armor was sparkling with gold and silver, and surpassed in splendor that of the monarch himself. The populace were not behindhand in their preparations. We can scarcely refrain from smiling when we

read of their arrangements for the effective reception of the king, now for the first time entering his capital. The seven cardinal virtues and the seven cardinal sins met him on the threshold, if we may so speak; then, on various platforms which lined the way, were represented those mysteries, or sacred dramas, which had for the middle ages such significant import, and were so popular with all classes. The preaching of St. John the Baptist, the nativity of the Saviour, the adoration of the shepherds, the passion, crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord, were all represented; even the despairing Judas figured alone, apparently hanging himself in hopeless grief."

Soon after the death of Margaret of Scotland, who had wedded the dauphin Louis, Agnes Sorel asked permission to retire from court. This unhappy wife had been tenderly attached to Agnes, and doubtless her death wrought strongly upon her mind. She retired to the castle which her royal lover had built for her near Loches. Here may still be seen her device A. S. (*À Sorel*), which identifies it with her name. Here she proposed to herself to spend her days in devotion. She was still young, scarcely thirty-six years of age, when she voluntarily withdrew herself from him who still madly and devotedly loved her.

One of the coldest seasons ever known in France, was the winter of 1449-50. Charles, after the subjugation of Normandy, had taken up his abode in the Abbey of St. Junteges. On one of the most bitter days of that season, Agnes had braved the snows of winter to apprise him of a conspiracy, in which his son was the principal. Her duty to the king had outlived her passion, and prompted her to warn him at once, without counting the risk to a system already too feeble for exposure. Her warning given, she retired to the neighboring hamlet of Morsil, where she was taken suddenly ill. It was then that her past life rose up before her like an accusing spirit, and body and mind were alike agonised. How painfully she deplored that fatal beauty which had worked all the woe of her life! How truly repentant became that erring soul! She continued to suffer intensely until death came to her relief; her only hope being in Him who once pardoned a sinner like herself.

After the death of Agnes, Charles again resigned himself to the cruelties and wickedness which she only could keep in check. To the queen he was no longer even decently respectful; and Marie felt that in her departure from earth, she had lost her guardian angel. She mourned

has sincerely, as she would have mourned a beloved sister; never forgetting perhaps that she had helped to make her the Magdalen that she was, yet trusting that as she had "loved much," she would be forgiven by Him who looks upon sinners with other eyes than ours. So may it be!

PREVENTIVES OF MOULDINESS.

An interesting paper on this subject has been published by Dr. Macculloch. We presume our readers are aware that mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetables. Ink, paste, leather and seeds, are the substances that most frequently suffer from it. The effect of cloves in preserving ink is well known; any of the essential oils answer equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any essential oil are sufficient also to keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended. Bookbinders, in general, employ alum for preserving their paste; but mould frequently ferms on it. Shoemakers' resin is sometimes also used for the same purpose; but it is less effectual than oil of turpentine. The best preventives, however, are the essential oils, even in small quantity, as those of peppermint, spice or cassia, by which paste may be kept almost any length of time; indeed, it has in this way been preserved for years. The paste recommended by Dr. Macculloch is made in the usual way, with flour, some brown sugar, and a little corrosive sublimate; the sugar keeping it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. After it is made, a few drops of any of the essential oils are added. Paste made in this way dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it. If required to be kept always ready for use, it ought to be put into covered pots. Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils; and this is of great consequence when they are to be sent to a distance. Of course moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils or otors prevent only the bad effects of mould.—*Geology*.

THE ARABS.

The intensity of the sunshine is reproduced in the Arab eye; the sirocco is a terrible symbol of these gnats of wrath which desolate the human soul. Luxury and indolence are their characteristics as well as fiery tempers, and we are at a loss to reconcile the one with the other. Our sky, bright as it is, is not to be compared with that of the East. After fifty days of desert travel I left it fascinated by the variety of its scenes. In its solitude it resembles the ocean, but it is sweet and refreshing. Providence leaves none of the desert-places of the earth without some amazing quality. God has breathed upon the desert this sweet and cleansing breath. I could point out many traits of resemblance between the sailor and the Bedouin. Both are free and roving in their tastes. Among either you will rarely find a coward. I prefer hear speaking of

the wandering Arab as a type of the race. The Arab dialect, in which the Koran is written, is still spoken in its pristine purity in Ægiris, around Mecca. The Arab is brave, and his sense of honor irreproachable. He is devoted to the Muses. I have no doubt that Christian knights first learned their sense of honor and chivalry among the Saracens at the time of the Crusades. The law of protection is held in as much respect among the Arabs as is the Koran. The pride of the Arab is his birthright, and dignity is his natural manner. The Arab is generous, and his hospitality is universal; the guest confers an honor upon his host, and the name of strangers is sacred.—*J. Bayard Taylor*.

FORWARD, NOT BACKWARD.

It is not strange that men recoil from a plunge into the world's cold waters, and long to creep back into the bath from which they have suddenly risen. But that man or woman, having fully passed into the estate of man and woman, should desire to become children again, is impossible. It is only the half-developed, the badly-developed, the imperfectly-nurtured, the mean-spirited, and the demoralized, who look back to the innocence, the helplessness, and the simple animal joy and content of childhood with genuine regret for their loss. I want no better evidence that a person's life is regarded by himself as a failure, than that furnished by his honest willingness to be restored to his childhood. When a man is ready to relinquish the power of his mature reason, his strength and skill for self-support, the independence of his will and life, his bosom companion and children, his interest in the stirring affairs of his time, his part in deciding the great questions which agitate his age and nation, his intelligent apprehension of the relations which exist between himself and his Maker, and his rational hope of immortality—if he have one—for the negative animal content and frivolous enjoyments of a child, he does not deserve the name of a man; he is a weak, unhealthy, broken-down creature, or a base poltroon.—*Timothy Titchener*.

CURE FOR THE TOOTH ACHE.

An exchange gives the following:—

"My dear friend," says H., "I can cure your tooth ache in ten minutes."

"How?—how?" I inquired; "do it in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced. My friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the powder to adhere, and then placed it in my hollow and aching tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to every one, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, and with it—the alum and salt—I cured the torment of the tooth ache.

[SPECIAL.]

ABOVE THY TOMB, O LOVELY ONE!

BY W. HOWARD FERRIGO.

Above thy tomb, O lovely one,
 I've shed affection's tears;
 I've wept and prayed in hopeless gloom
 For long and bitter years.
 And still thy early loss, beloved,
 As deeply feel I now,
 As when in grief and agony
 I kissed thy icy brow!

I've strayed in other lands afar,
 Beyond the deep blue sea;
 I've mingled in the halls of mirth,
 Of revelry and glee;
 And mid them I have smiled perchance,
 And seemed by joy blessed,
 When mountains of despair and grief
 Upon my soul were pressed.

Yes, dearest one, though years have passed,
 I can forget thee never;
 No years to be, no change from me,
 Thy memory can sever.
 And though in gloom I wander now,
 This blessed hope is given,
 That though we're severed here below,
 We'll meet again in heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

RECOMPENSE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was under circumstances the most singular and appalling that I first met John Secinburg. I am in the mood for garrulousness, and I think I will tell you just how it was. Six years ago, a large party of us—gay New Yorkers—left the metropolis early in July, for a tour of the boundary lakes, and the great West. Wearied of Saratoga, Newport, Niagara, and like places of general resort, we had determined on something novel; and it was even proposed that we should, if practicable, pursue our journey as far as the Falls of St. Anthony.

By the last of August we had filled the programme, and still I was not satisfied. The larger portion of my companions were anxious to return home by the shortest route, but that was not my intention. I had heard much of the wild, romantic scenery along the banks of the Ohio River, and beside, I had long cherished a desire to visit western Virginia and Pennsylvania, with their wild hills and defiles—and now seemed to me the proper time.

I succeeded in persuading four of the company—two ladies and as many gentlemen—to accept my view of the case, and at St. Louis our party was divided, the homeward bound portion taking the short cut by railway, and we five adventurers proceeding down the Mississippi River to Cairo. Then, after a few days spent in exploring the surrounding country, and “doing the few curio-ities,” we commenced our journey up the Ohio, and in due time found ourselves installed in a hotel in the smoky city of Pittsburg.

From my youth up, I had never been accustomed to having a wish left ungratified. The only child of a widowed father, and he one of New York's merchant princes, I had dwelt in the atmosphere of luxury; and being possessed of no inconsiderable personal charms—so my partial admirers said—it is small matter of wonder that I, Henrietta Vane, should be exacting, wilful, and perhaps selfish.

I had lived twenty-four years of life, and never felt an emotion warmer than that of friendship. I regarded love as one of those ridiculous myths with which impulsive people delight to deceive themselves, and gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, confident as I was that I should never commit the absurdity of falling in love.

But to return. I soon wearied of Pittsburg, and longed for a new sensation. A conversation in the sitting-room of the hotel among the gentlemen, furnished me with a luminous idea. They were speaking of the iron mines in the vicinity, and one of them was describing a visit he had lately paid to those subterranean localities. I listened quietly but attentively, and before the description was half finished, I had formed my resolution. Our next pleasure trip should be to the iron mines.

It was as I had decided. Of course the ladies exclaimed at such an outé thing, and the gentlemen protested against it, but that did not trouble me. I carried my point, and two days afterwards we stood at the top of a shaft preparing to descend into the bowels of the earth. Even then my friends would have dissuaded me from the undertaking, but I scorned their scruples, I wondered then what wild impulse hurried me on! Now I have ceased to wonder, for I knew that it was something out of and beyond myself—the inscrutable power of destiny!

I was conscious of a mad elation of spirits in descending the spiral shaft, while I was impressed with the conviction that the spirits of my companions had sunk like cold lead. I could feel the hands of Miss Randolph, which lay upon my arm, tremble like an aspen leaf, and there was certainly a quiver in the voices of the gen-

klemen, which the jostle of the great bucket in which we crouched could not have occasioned.

Like an arrow we shot down the narrow tunnel, and alighting, were conducted along a separate passage, whose glittering, oval, black sides reflected the ghastly light of our guide's lantern in a thousand fantastic flashes. We wandered around hither and thither, enjoying the weird scene intensely, because of its entire novelty; and gazing upon the dark-faced miners as one looks upon a series of nicely adjusted machinery which stands ready to obey the will of the master. Suddenly, while we were watching the operations of a group of workmen, we heard apparently from afar off, the fearful cry—"The water! the water! Great God!"

Scarcely understanding the nature of the danger, I knew that something terrible menaced us, but I felt no terror; I did not even join in the simultaneous shriek which issued from the lips of my blanched companions! I heard a frightful crash, as of the falling of masses of rock and earth, then a deafening, thundering roar, as of a mighty river. For an instant the red light of the lantern flashed in every direction, then all was deepest night, and I felt myself drawn upward and away, until the roar of the water receded, and only the faint gurgle of the flood came up from far beneath me.

All was utter, it seemed to me eternal, darkness—there was not the remotest ray of light—the gloom was so thick as to be almost palpable! I could hear the strong, regular beating of my companion's heart—beating so steadily and coolly, that I knew he had the spirit of a hero—I knew that whoever he might be, he felt no fear, that he could meet death without a single throe of terror. And held so close to that fearless heart, there in the blackness and void, I consented for that nameless stranger a passion strong and unchangeable as the foundations of the everlasting city. For a long time no word was exchanged between us. I was content to let it be thus. I felt a sense of safety, rest and satisfaction, hitherto unknown. There was no doubt, apprehension, or vague questioning of right in my heart. I was simply content.

Let the upper world go on! This was death in life, and yet to me it was the glorious dawning of a new existence! Why did people prate so dimly of the horror of being buried alive? I found no horror in my immurement. At length my companion spoke, and his voice thrilled through every fibre of my being. It was a simple question that he asked; why did it stir me so?

"Are you cold?" he said, gently. "Permit me to wrap this cloak around you."

I knew that he took the garment from his own shoulders, but I did not remonstrate, because I instinctively felt assured that he desired to give it up to me.

"Well," I said, after another pause—"who are you?"

"I am John Steinburg, a miner."

A miner! A man who labored daily for the bread he ate! and his arm had been around the waist of my silken robe—his laborer's toff-stuffed clothes had touched my patrician garments! Humph! yesterday I should have laughed the idea of such a plebeian touch to scorn; to-day I was proud of the reality! The distance between velvet and cotton yarn was not worth a thought.

"Then, Mr. Steinburg, I will support myself, if you please. I am not weak or faint—I will no longer trouble you to hold me."

His arm tightened almost imperceptibly around me.

"Pardon me. I should not have continued the liberty taken in a moment when danger brook down the barriers of etiquette, had I not deemed it necessary to your safety. We are standing upon a meagre shaft of rock barely two feet square, and fathoms above the ragged bottom of the mine, and the slightest movement might precipitate you into the cauldron of water boiling below us! You must submit to my unwelcome support, or we must die together in the gulf below! which will you choose?"

He bent over me—I felt his breath on my cheek—his soft magnetic hair touched my forehead. I gave him both my hands, and shrank closer to his side.

"Keep me," I said; "your will is mine. I yield myself to your judgment."

I, who had never before allowed my most devoted admirer to press the tips of my fingers, now suffered myself to be held to the breast of an utter stranger, and experienced no sense of impropriety. Verily, life is full of mystery and contradictions. There, on that precarious foothold we passed—so they told us—three days and nights! There was no measure of time to us. Those three days were to me more than the whole of my previous existence. We had no expectation of being rescued; no thought but that we should die there of slow starvation. Yet we were cheerful and undismayed, I might say fully resigned, only dreading that one might pass through the shadow before the other. If we could but go together, the cold tide of death would have no terror for us!

What a strange thing is this which we call love! Subtle as the air we breathe; yet life-giving, life-inspiring, heaven-dawning; and when

once born in the heart, it lifts us above and beyond the world into the pure regions of immortality. For love is immortal, and can know no change through all eternity. I cannot tell of what we talked during those hours of sweet suspense. I know that his strength upheld me—that I slept resting my head on his breast, with the same feeling of security with which years ago I had laid my face at night on the bosom of my tender mother.

All my life long, since that beloved one had gone to her long home, I had carried about a void in my heart; it was now a void no longer, but a swept and garnished room; wherein I had set upon the altar stone the love of my woman's nature for John Steinburg! My life reached out no longer after perfection, for the glorious heights were gained.

At last, just as the confinement was beginning to tell upon me—when languor and torpid lassitude were slowly fastening upon me, we heard from a great way off the faint, scarcely distinguishable sound of human voices. After a while they came nearer, and directly the faintest possible streak of light broke the monotony of darkness below us. We could distinguish the words now.

"It is useless to go further," some one said, in a sad tone—"they are dead long ere this, and washed out into the current of the flood. We must wait a few days before we search for their bodies."

"This way, with your lantern!" called out the voice of John Steinburg. "This way, friends, here is work for you!"

I knew and heard no more. The thought of being rescued overcame me. When I awoke I was lying on the grass at the mouth of the shaft leading to the mine. The sweet air of heaven fanned my brow, the clear blue sky with its bright sunshine smiled over my head, and I knew that I was saved. Bending above me, his arm supporting my head, was a man whose face, though I had never before looked upon it, I should have recognized at the Antipodes as that of John Steinburg.

"Thank God!" he said, as he met my eyes—"all is well!"

I rose to my feet and stood up before him. My eyes took in at a glance the noble contour of his person, arrayed as it was in the coarse garb of the miner which could not destroy the mark of regal integrity and pride fixed upon him by the hand of Nature. His face was cast in a mould whose perfection no evil passion had marred, his clearly cut features, dark, earnest eyes, broad, thoughtful forehead, and dark wavy

hair, made up a whole whose attractiveness I had never seen excelled. In all my life I had never seen so handsome looking a man as John Steinburg.

My scrutiny over, I gave him my hand and tried to thank him for the life he had preserved, but merely failed, and I stood silent and motionless. He understood me, for he led me away from the crowd which had collected. I felt his hand tighten on mine, and saw that the light in his eye grew tremulous and dim with some unexplained emotion. He told me very cautiously the brief story he had to tell. The rain had swollen the river, near the banks of which the mine was situated, and the fierce beating of the tide had weakened the outer walls of the mine, until at last they had given way and flooded the works. The catastrophe had been so sudden and so unexpected, that not more than half a dozen of the workmen had made their escape, and they were those who had been employed near the termination of the shaft. My late companions—my New York friends—had perished with the rest; their bodies had been taken out the previous day. And I was alone in a strange land, yet not alone, for he was by my side, and what cared I for other companionship?

The blackness of desolation fell upon me. At the hotel, whither Mr. Steinburg had taken me for rest and refreshments, he related to me, two days after our escape from the mine, the history of his life. I will jot it down here, very briefly.

English by birth, he was the youngest son of a proud nobleman, who, by the right of succession was obliged to bequeath all his property to his eldest son, and leave the youngest to comparative poverty. Lord Wertley, of course, sought to provide for John by marriage. It is the usual course with those English aristocrats, I believe. A wealthy wife of his selection awaited the young man, who, always obedient to his father, and reared to believe marriage as merely a form of prudential convenience, made no objection to Catherine Leister, and at the age of twenty-two he led her to the altar.

Love he had never known—respect for his wife he could not feel, when the first gloss of her deception had worn off by a few weeks' intercourse. Beautiful, fascinating, and passionate, Catherine Steinburg was the most reckless and unprincipled of her sex. She despised the boy who had been made her husband, and her shameful conduct made her name the theme of every tongue.

After the first desperate efforts of her husband to reclaim her, he relinquished her entirely, and though they dwelt beneath the same roof, they

were literally strangers. Twelve months after their marriage Mrs. Steinburg gave birth to a son, and three months afterwards, the babe was strangled by its inhuman mother. Its fretfulness kept her from society—she could not brook the confinement, and had silenced it forever!

This atrocious fact Mr. Steinburg did not learn until the guilty woman was separated from him by many leagues of sea and land, yet from the first he had mistrusted as much, and in consequence, had left his home and his wife, and taken lodgings in a distant city. A few months after the sudden death of her child, Mrs. Steinburg had fled to France with a French adventurer, and her course on the continent was so fraught with shameless iniquity, that John Steinburg's lofty soul shrunk from his country and his kindred, because they constantly reminded him of the abandoned woman whom he had called wife. He procured a divorce, gave up all the vast property with which Catherine had endowed him, and without a word to any of his friends regarding his intentions, sailed for America.

For three years he had toiled daily in this dismal mine, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, but to forget what had been. On the day we had visited the mine, his heart had swelled with a new emotion. When he had first beheld me, he said he knew what the word love meant. It was this which had made him fly to me, and with a strength given him by desperation, ascend the craggy walls of the mine to the narrow ledge where there was safety.

He finished, and stood gazing into my face. I read his thoughts in those clear truthful eyes, as we read the words on a printed page. And I said to myself, that though it would wring my very heart strings to go away from the great bliss that had come upon me, I would not prove myself unworthy of that man's love.

"Henrietta," he said, at length, "you have already divined my feelings. You know all that I would tell you of the mighty passion which surges through my heart for you! Be my judge—mark out for me the path my feet must tread in the future, and I will stray never from the track! Speak, Henrietta."

"John Steinburg," I said, solemnly, "I love you and none other, and I shall never transfer the allegiance! But I believe with you, that it would be a sin for me to marry the husband of a living woman, notwithstanding the law of man has proclaimed your freedom! Therefore, God helping us, we will walk apart below, but our paths shall meet at last! I feel the certainty within. I will dwell in your heart—you shall always be in mine. And now farewell!"

We joined hands—he touched mine with his lips—gave me one last look, turned away and left me. This was our parting.

Through Mr. Steinburg's agency I had a pleasant escort to New York, and when I arrived there, I set myself to work at once to secure for the man I loved a more suitable situation than that which he now occupied. My influence was powerful, and my father assisted me. Four weeks after I had parted with John Steinburg, an official paper reached him, notifying him of his appointment to the station of head clerk in the Custom House, with a salary liberal enough to satisfy a more ambitious person than the humble miser. He accepted the place, and time proved that my selection had not been an unwise one. He more than fulfilled the expectations of the authorities, and they sent my father a note thanking him for recommending to their notice a gentleman so well fitted for the responsible position. How happy this intelligence made me! Every word spoken in his praise was a source of sweet blessing to me, balm as I was from his presence, though not from his heart.

By-and-by, I heard him spoken of among learned men, as rising rapidly in the profession of letters; and the following winter all New York rang with the fame of John Steinburg, the great and justly celebrated author. And I, not daring to trust myself within the sound of his magic voice, listened to the warm encomium his genius received, and life was not dear to me.

Well, time passed on. My father had met with ill luck in his business, and recklessly risking all in one mad speculation, which failed, he lost everything! We were literally friendless! I want to think that the suddenness of the blow crazed him. I cannot bear to think of it in any other light. My poor misguided father! We found him dead in his bed, and beside him on the carpet an empty phial which had contained strychnine! Let me pass briefly over this—I cannot learn to look back on this fearful hour with anything like calmness.

It was necessary that I should adopt some method of earning my living, and I was not long in deciding that matter. To their credit be it said, two of my most zealous suitors stepped forward in this time of my sore trial, and offered me the shelter of their homes; but I had chosen the hard path of the day laborer. An old friend of my father's, dwelling hundreds of miles away, in a New England village, offered me the situation of teacher in the village school, and anxious to separate myself entirely from scenes so painful to me, I accepted his offer. Six weary months I went through with that uneventful round of

virtues. There were times when heart and flesh failed—times when the burden seemed too heavy, but strength always came to me when I asked it.

One quiet autumnal day, I had dismissed my scholars, and was sitting in the placid twilight in the shadowy schoolroom. The remembrance of "what might have been," stole over me. I bowed my face to my hands and wept. A gentle hand lifted up my drooping head—tender arms drew me close into their precious shelter—my cheek rested against his—and the voice of John Seaburg spoke to me through the soft gloom.

"Look up, darling, look up to me! Henrietta, I have come all this weary distance to ask of you the pledge of your love. Kiss me, dear child, and let it seal our betrothal."

I did look up to meet the clear, unshrinking eyes fastened upon my face. I knew that this man would never tempt me to do wrong. This request was granted.

"Henrietta," he said, directly—"I am a free man. My miserable Catherine died in Italy two years ago; I was free before I met you. Last Monday I received a letter from my brother's attorney informing me of the death of my brother, Lord George Wortley, and of my own accession to a title and a fortune. Through all this dreary time that we have been apart, I have recognized your hand in my success, and I have always known where I could find you. Night and day I have travelled to lay myself and my fortune at your feet. Receive the unworthy gift, and make my happiness!"

"John," said I, in an unsteady voice—"I am poor—I cannot lay myself under the weight of such an obligation—"

"Henrietta, when I was poor I did not refuse to accept the place you procured for me. I rejoiced in being indebted to the woman I loved! Will my darling be less confiding?"

I was not; I was glad to owe my all to him I loved. I told him so; and there in the quiet of this desolate school-room, we pledged ourselves to each other. My husband's English estates were sold out. Our home is made in America, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and my existence is blessed. God be thanked for the fulness of joy he has vouchsafed!

THE POET.

The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak;
He must believe the best of everything,
Love all below, and worship all above.

BAILEY.

THE JAPANESE AT PARIS.

Galignani has the following account of the recent proceedings of the Japanese ambassadors: "They were much struck with the beauty of the empress, and by the grandeur of the spectacle which met their eyes at the Tuileries. On returning to the hotel after the audience, the chief ambassador invited Baron de Lajus, introducer of ambassadors, and Baron Sibuet, secretary to that body, to dinner, as well as several other of the personages who had accompanied them, and Baron Feuillet de Couches, who had received them on their arrival in the capital. Among the dishes served at table was an uncooked fish cut into pieces, and with it was eaten boiled rice, which they conveyed very adroitly to their mouths by means of chop-sticks. They also partook of a number of other dishes said to be delicate, and took their wine with great gusto. During the whole of the repast they drank a prodigious quantity of warm water, for the purpose, it was said, of assisting digestion. At the dinner, the chief ambassador proposed a toast to the health of the emperor, which was replied to by one to the emperor of Japan. After the dinner the guests were protracted with fane and beautiful little Japanese pipes. The entertainment was kept up to a late hour in the evening, and during the whole time the members of the embassy continued smoking and drinking liquors of different kinds. In place of a pocket-handkerchief they use large square pieces of paper, which they then put away into another pocket, without doubt to get rid of them at their leisure."

INFANT-EATING HYENAS.

There are man-eaters among the hyenas, and these hominivorous animals are greatly dreaded, on account of the exceeding stealthiness and craft with which they achieve their object. They very seldom endeavor to destroy the adult men and women, but limit their attacks to the young and defenceless children. On dark nights, the hyena is greedy to be feared, for he can be guided to his prey by the light of the nocturnal fire, which do not daunt an animal that is possessed by this fearful spirit of destructiveness, and at the same time can make his cautious approach unseen. As the family are lying at night buried in sleep, the hyena prowls round the enclosure, and on finding a weak spot, the animal pushes aside the wattle-bands of which the fence is made, and quietly creeps through the breach. Between the human inhabitants and the fence the cattle are picketed by night, and would form an easy prey to the hyena, if he chose to attack them. But he slips cautiously amid the sleeping beasts, and makes his way to the spot where lies a young child wrapped in deep slumber. Employing the same silent caution, the hyena slightly withdraws the sleeping child from the protecting cloak of its mother, and makes its escape with its prey before it can be intercepted. With such marvellous caution does this animal act, that it has often been known to remove an infant from the house without giving the alarm.—*Illustrated Natural History.*

We seek for riches and do not find them; we do not seek for death, but alas, he comes!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ROSE AND THE MYRTLE.

BY MARIA M. JONES.

The rose that freshly blooms at morn,
Fades e'er the hours of day are closed,
And on the evening breeze in-borne
To sleep the faded flower's repose.
At morn it wore a queenly crown,
Suffused with night's refreshing dew;
But now 'tis scattered on the ground,
And void of its bright crimsoned hue.

'Twas brightly flushed and sweetly fair,
Ever emitting sweet perfume;
O, who would deem that death was there,
To cull it midst its embryon bloom!
The stars that watched the budding gem,
Now shine above its pallid leaves;
Look sadly on the broken stem,
And for the short-lived flower grieve.

But near that flower with its crown,
The sweet and lowly myrtle grew,
Trailing its vines upon the ground,
And almost hid from every view.
At dawn each bright emerald leaf
Shone with a verdure rich and rare;
Fair as the rose, but not so brief,
For eve still finds its freshness there.

So 'tis with life—the fair ones bloom,
But fade before the day is closed,
And night then finds them in the tomb,
Pallid and sleeping death's repose.
They, like the rose, were flaunting high,
Not gazing once on lowly friends,
Nor did they deem that death was nigh,
Their hearts from life's frail thread to rend.

Then for a friend, O, to me give,
Whose lot is poor and mine is sweet,
One that is true while we shall live,
And change not when misfortunes meet.
Not as the rose I'd have them be,
To lose their freshness all so fair;
But as the myrtle may they be,
That eve may find them blooming there.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SHAKER MAIDEN.

BY GUSSEIN LAURIE.

VERY quiet was the little maiden, sitting there
in the open doorway. Her tiny hands, slightly
browned by labor, were folded meekly in her lap.
The heavy fringe of her blue-veined eyelids
rested upon cheeks round and fair. Her full lips
were quivering with some unspoken grief. A

plain Shaker cap covered her brown hair, which
was tightly bound by a black band passing twice
around the head. Her brown woollen dress was
cut in strict conformity with the stern Shaker
rule, very narrow in the skirt, and perfectly
straight. A muslin vandyke was crossed upon
her breast, and a high stiff collar of the same
material finished the dress at the throat. Collar,
vandyke and cap were deeply tinted with bluing,
of which article a Shaker laundress is ever
lavish.

Sister Mary was fast ripening into a beautiful
woman. And now, sitting there in the doorway
of that large, plain building, with the last rays
of the setting sun shining through the overshad-
owing branches of an old oak tree, down upon
the Shaker maiden, Mary formed a lovely picture
upon which Elder Taylor gazed with wicked eyes
and a heart filled with wicked resolves. He was
standing before Mary, one hand raised menac-
ingly. The other held a tiny bit of paper, from
which, in sonorous tones he read the following:

"Do not ask me, Brother Frank. 'Tis very
sinful for me to speak to you. And, O, Frank,
so very wicked for me to think of you."

"MARY."

"Mary, Sister Mary," continued the elder,
"didst thou pen these fearful words?"

No reply came from the quivering lips save a
low sob, and the tears came trickling one by one
over the rosy cheeks.

"Mary, I take this, thy silence, as an ac-
knowledgement of thy guilt. Knowest thou the
fearful penalty for thy crime?"

Now the face was buried in the little brown
hands, and a convulsive sob shook her frame.

"Mary," in louder, sterner tones, "Mary,
thou must answer me."

"O, spare me! It did not seem so very wrong
to talk with Frank. I cannot help— O, I must
not like him."

"Like, Mary! Are you sure *like* is the word
thy carnal heart tells thee to speak?"

"Nay, I will not love him, for then I
should—"

And the voice was choked by sobs. The cruel
elder finished the sentence as he had taught her
to believe:

"Lose thy soul!"

Starting, at those ominous words, to her feet,
the Shaker maiden clasped her hands, and look-
ing toward the "Holy Hill of Zion," while her
face was ashen pale, sobbed:

"Mother Ann, darling Mother Ann, take now
thy sinful child to thy loving arms! O, save
her, save her!"

Elder Taylor's small, black eyes fairly danced with delight as he noticed her anguish.

"Mary, thou must meet me in the council-chamber at 8 o'clock, to hear thy punishment. Our holy mother will not listen to her sinful child. I, with my spiritual eyes, can see her beautiful face saddened by thee. O, Mary, Mary!"

And the hypocrite covered his face with his hands as in great grief. Poor little Mary slowly turned away, her heart nearly broken with the weight of her imaginary sin.

She was brought to the — Shaker village when a babe, by her mother, from whom she was immediately taken, as, according to the doctrine of Mother Ann, all natural affections are sinful, and as such to be shunned. They thought to stifle all love for the child, in the breast of the mother, by early separation. But that is an impossibility. Parental love may sleep for a while, but 'twill awaken, sooner or later. Mary, at this time, knew nothing of her darentage save that an old Shakeress had told her that her mother was living, and among the Shakers. Very innocently, one day, she asked an elderess which sister was her mother. She never ventured to repeat her inquiry. The answer she received silenced her effectually.

"Holy Mother Ann is thy mother, wicked child."

But though reared in such a chilling atmosphere, Mary's pretty, loving ways endeared her to all. Many a pale, prim Shakeress would secretly clasp the little prettler in her arms, and holding her tightly there, fondly kiss the cherub mouth. Sweet kisses, because stolen — dear caresses, because forbidden!

In the quaint school-room, she was the brightest ornament, the quickest scholar. And now, at the age of sixteen, she filled the responsible station of Shaker school mistress. Very gentle was her rule over those round-headed, closely-shaven Shaker boys. Many an embryo elder and elderess learned his or her first lesson of forbidden love from the violet eyes of their pretty teacher.

One of the nurses, a pale, sad-eyed woman, with a fearful cough, daily visited the little school. First, she was fearful Johnnie was going to have the measles, and she just stepped in to see how he might be. Then Jane had shown symptoms of whooping cough one night previous, and may be she would give it to the others. These and similar excuses would she give at every call. Yet very little attention would the urchins receive, for, seating herself in a corner, she would follow Mary's every movement, listening eagerly, greedy to catch but the slightest

word. Mary grew to love Sister Rebecca as she loved no other sister. After school, seating herself on a low stool, and laying her head in Rebecca's lap, she would, in charmed silence, listen to some thrilling story of Mother Ann, or the recital of some wonderful vision which had blessed the eye of some pious elder, till, not unfrequently, overcome by the labors of the day, or soothed by the gentle tones of the nurse, she would fall into a gentle slumber. Then an observer might have seen this pale Shakeress press her lips upon the pure brow of the maiden, upon the tiny hands, caress lightly the rounded cheek, and listening, murmured words of endearment might have been heard, short, earnest prayers for the spiritual and temporal welfare of my child!

A short time previous to the opening of our story, in the thick woods, in the rear of the village, there was heard a sharp report of a gun. Shortly after a young man, in a hunter's garb, suddenly stepped out before Mary and Rebecca, who were returning from school, and held up a bleeding hand.

"Ladies, do not be frightened — only an accident."

Even while he spoke, the color receded from his face, and he would have sank to the ground, had not Mary offered the support of her arm.

"Rebecca, sister, wilt thou run for Brother John? He is planting in the ground beyond."

Rebecca obeyed. For the first time Mary was alone with a young man from beyond the limits of her Shaker home. A handsome fellow, one of the world's people. With an anxious face she besought him to seat himself upon a wayside log. Being weak from the loss of blood, he was glad to comply. Then the fair Shakeress knelt beside him, took the poor, bleeding hand, and bound her handkerchief tightly about it.

"Poor hand!" she said, turning her face to meet the hunter. "How did thee hurt thyself?"

Till now the close Shaker bonnet had hidden her features from view. A sweet face Frank Harper gazed upon; just such an one as we would take between our two palms, and looking down into the modest eyes read the pure soul within. Her beauty caused him to forget his pain and her question for the moment.

"Are you an angel?"

"Nay," was the naive reply, "I'm only Sister Mary."

"Sweet little Shaker maiden, you shall be my Sister Mary. May I call you that?"

"O, yea, every one calls me so. What do thy people call thee?" queried Mary, thinking the while how very handsome "world's people" must be.

"Frank—Frank Harper, sweet sister."

By this time Rebecca and John had joined them, and they listened to his account of the accident.

"I have been out gunning all day," said he. "The fruits of my labor you can find a little way in the woods. Knowing I was quite near your village, I thought to get a peep, perchance, at some pretty Shakeress—"

"Stranger, thee must not speak thus," interrupted John, fearing for the two women.

"The truth must out, friend, anyhow. Well, as I was coming on rather fast, my foot hit a bothersome stone, and I fell. My gun thereupon discharged its contents in this hand, you see. By the way, friends, that hand aches tremendously."

His fine face was now distorted with pain. Seeing this, John hurried the poor fellow away to the office, the building occupied by the higher members of the community. Rebecca, being nurse, bade Mary good night and followed after.

But alas for Shaker Mary! Her little head was filled with the image of the wounded stranger, and that image was fast finding its way to her heart. She only wondered if all the world's people were as handsome as this, the only one she had ever met. Dreaming thus, she did not notice the approach of Elder Taylor, till, laying his hand upon her arm, he started her with these words:

"In holy meditations, little one?"

Dropping a reverential courtesy, she answered, "Nay, I was thinking of the handsome stranger."

"Handsome stranger?" And the elder's wicked eyes scintillated like the eyes of a serpent. "What hast thou to do with strangers, Sister Mary?"

"I saw him by the hazel wood. He was wounded. I bound up his hand, brother."

"Thee take the hand of a stranger! Knowest thou not there was contamination in his touch?"

"Nay."

"Yea, verily, thou art contaminated. Where is the stranger, erring one?"

"Gone with Brother John and Sister Rebecca to the office."

"Whither thou goest not till he returns."

"Nay, but may I not see Frank any more? He called me sister. Perhaps he'll be a holy Shaker. I would so like to have him!"

Mary's eyes beamed with delight at the thought; in her earnestness she laid her hand upon the elder's arm. Placing his own broad palm upon the tiny head, and looking down into

her face, while his breath came heavily, in husky tones he kissed in the maiden's ear:

"Dare to speak to the stranger again, and Mother Ann will curse thee! I will curse thee!"

Like a startled fawn she sprang from his retaking hand.

"Sister, stay." His tone was gentle now.

"O, unsay those fearful words."

"Nay, dear sister, they cannot be unsaid. A spirit—your guardian angel—bade me speak thus. The world's people are fearfully wicked. Thee must not hold converse with them. Dost listen?"

"Yea. But if I should meet him—"

And the modest eyes fell as the word *him* tremblingly came from her lips. Too artless to disguise her thoughts, Elder Taylor read the deep interest she felt for the young man. It suited not him that any one should interest this sweet maiden but himself. For he had plans for her future.

"If thou meet this young man it will be becoming the purity of a Shakeress to modestly evade his bold glance, and answer not a word to his insolent remarks. Sister, retire to thy chamber, and there meditate upon my words and those of thy guardian angel speaking through me. Pray to thy holy mother as thou takest thy stocking from thy right foot, and lie not upon thy left side during the long night, that the evil spirit, hovering round thee in the form of this stranger, harm thee not."

Saying which the wily elder turned away and left her to her meditations. She retired to her little chamber—a closet in size, scantily furnished. Superstitiously she undressed the right foot first—a habit almost universal among Shaker women—breathing a prayer the while to the spirit of Mother Ann, who, she was taught to believe, was the only true spiritual medium, then laying down upon the bed with her right cheek resting upon the hard pillow, trying the while to believe herself very wicked, she soon forgot her fears in sweet slumber.

Ah, me! Elder Taylor's admonitions were all in vain, for visions of the bright, saucy eyes of the hunter visited her the night through, and Mother Ann, with her attendant satellites, sank into comparative insignificance. The next day Mary was strangely oblivious. One little wretch was wonder-struck upon asking:

"Poase, toolmarm, what's dis word?"

"Frank Harper, child! Go to your seat."

"Nay, toolmarm, 'tis r-a-i-l—"

"O, railroads, child. I looked not in the right place."

Rosy blushes covered her face upon discovering her queer mistake. When Sister Rebecca visited her that day, Mary's questioning eyes drew from her this answer :

"His hand pained him severely all night, and to-day he is feverish. I have been with him to-day. He's a brave youth, Mary, very patient. He asked me if Sister Mary were not coming to see him. When I told him thee would not be allowed to do so, he only answered 'bother.'"

A little silvery laugh rippled from pretty Mary's lips at this quaint reply.

"Did he say nothing more, dear sister?"

"Yea, Mary, he bade me tell thee to remember Brother Frank in thy prayers to-night."

"Yea, brother, sister will."

That evening, in the wild Shaker dances, Sister Mary's feet kept time to the beatings of a strangely agitated heart. She felt that Elder Taylor was reading her very soul. Never before had his small black eyes such strange power over her. She felt like a poor bird, as she was, being charmed by a serpent's fiery eyes. Turn which way she would, his eyes were there, burning into her brain. She grew faint; the dancing Shakers around her were distorted into shapeless, writhing images. The elder's voice called all eyes upon her, as in low tones he said :

"Sister Mary, thee mayst retire to the council chamber; an evil spirit is striving with thee."

Tremblingly Mary retired. A deep gloom settled upon them all. They believed the elder's words must be true, yet they loved the gentle maiden. The dance was suspended. Elder Taylor arose, to allow the spirit within him to make itself heard. Folding his hands sanctimoniously, and rolling his eyes piously, he thus began :

"Brethren and sisters in the Lord—devout followers of our holy mother—tribulations and sorrows are about ye all!" The elder's words were accompanied by a balancing movement, going from heels to toes, alternately. "A bright flower of our holy flock (here he rested upon his heels) is now in yonder council chamber filled with an evil spirit. That spirit must come out of her. (On his toes.) Dance, then, brethren and sisters in the Lord, followers of Mother Ann! (Heels.) Dance, that the evil one may come out of her, while I go unto her and speak words of holy love and Christian counsel. (Heels and toes were equal.) Dance, brethren and sisters, followers of our holy mother."

Then the sisters ranged themselves in long rows on the right and the brethren on the left.

In loud, shrill tones they sang a weird-like melody, keeping time with strange, uncouth movements, they denominate dancing.

Elder Taylor found Mary seated in a chair, her arms falling by her side, her head thrown back, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her whole countenance expressive of despair. He passed his hand caressingly over her head; then taking a seat beside her, took her little hand in his. Her face lost the despairing look, a heavy weariness seemed oppressing her. Her head sank upon his shoulder, and the violet eyes were covered by the blue-veined lids. For a moment he gazed upon her childlike features, while his own grew dark with evil thoughts, then placing a hand over her closed eyes, he spoke very gently :

"Mary, what seest thou?"

Her lips opened slowly, and the words came gaspingly :

"I—see—the—stranger."

"Yea."

"And he—mercy—he's killing me!"

"Yea."

"Save me, save me!" shrieked Mary.

"Sister Mary, the stranger, with honeyed words, will steal thy soul from thee. Then wilt sink down— What seest thou, Mary?"

"O, mother, holy mother, save me!"

"Nay, what seest thou, Mary?" again asked the cruel follower of Meesmer.

"I see—I feel the awful torments of hell!"

And Mary sank in convulsions at his feet. Again he made those gentle passes, and she was quieted. Then lifting her up, he spoke sharply and quickly, "Mary!"

Her eyes opened wide—she was herself again. Passing her hand over her eyes, as if to dispel the horrid vision, she asked :

"Where have I been?"

"Thee has been a little way into the boundless future of the world's people. Dost recall what thou hast seen?"

A shudder was her only reply. The elder took her hand and led her in before the people. They were resting now, but at sight of her they all arose. As they passed Rebecca, she asked in fierce tones of the elder, what he had been doing to the poor child?"

"Sister Rebecca had better calm herself a little," was his reply.

"Mary, tell me," continued the Shakeress.

"Nay, sister, I cannot tell thee now."

The now told her she should know all.

Frank was conducted by Brother John to the nearest of apartments. In one corner was a bed so high in its downy plumpness, that the young

man wondered how, maimed as he was, he could ever hope to surmount it. Turning to John, he asked :

"Friend, by what process can I ever hope to get up there?" pointing to the bed.

Honest John replied 'would be very easy. "Just step upon a chair."

"I understand."

After having accomplished the deed, he sank so gently down, the feathers rising so softly around him, he uttered an exclamation of entire satisfaction. The Shaker surgeon was called, and the wounded hand was dressed. He then requested John to write a note to his father, who was stopping in Boston temporarily.

"I must not write the letter. I will ask Elder Taylor—he's a powerful writer."

And so Elder Taylor, that night, indited a letter to James Harper, Esq., Revere House, Boston.

Very glad was Frank, on the morrow, to awaken from a feverish sleep, and find the quiet, sad face of Rebecca gazing down upon him. A tear just trembled upon her eyelid, and its fellow rested on his cheek.

"Right glad am I to see you, sister. You are all brothers and sisters here, are you not?"

Rebecca smilingly nodded an affirmative.

"A sort of pleasant idea, is it not?"

"'Twas to me, when, sixteen years ago, I came here a broken-hearted, lonely woman."

"Is it presuming in me to ask you to tell me something of your life?"

He spoke hesitatingly, fully realizing how bold in him, a stranger, to make such a request. Rebecca's eyes filled with tears as she gently smoothed his dark, wavy hair with her thin hand, and her voice was plaintive as she made answer :

"Nay, my son. When thou art stronger, perchance to-morrow, thee shall listen to my story. Thy face is like that of a friend, once very dear to me. Thou seemest near to me."

"I am grateful to you, Sister Rebecca, for your kindness. You seem quite a mother to me. May I call you so?"

"Nay, these would not like a Shaker mother."

"That I would, too. My own dear mother has been dead many years. Let me call you mother?"

His bright face looked up so beseechingly that, bending over him, the lonely Shakeress imprinted a kiss upon his brow, and answered very low :

"Thee may call me mother when we are alone."

"Dear, good Shaker mother, father will come soon, and he will thank you for loving his only

son. Will not my sweet Sister Mary come to see me?"

"Nay, my son, she will not be allowed to visit thee."

"Bether?"

After musing awhile, he looked up with a dewy, softened light in his handsome eyes, and asked very gently :

"Shaker mother, dear, will you ask Sister Mary to remember Brother Frank in her prayers to-night?"

"Very willingly, my dear son. Prayers from such pure lips as hers can but bring a blessing upon the head of the one prayed for. Now, Frank, obey the first command of thy newly-adopted mother, and close thy bright eyes in sleep."

When Frank awoke Rebecca was gone, and in her place sat the uninteresting John. Very little inclination had Frank to talk with the Shaker, who answered very little but the monosyllables, yea, nay. He lay awake long hours that night, thinking of the violet eyes of his Sister Mary, and the loving face of his Shaker mother. The morrow brought a letter from his father, expressive of his deep solicitude for his son, and regret that business of importance would defer his coming for several days. After reading, Frank placed it under his pillow, that he might show it to Rebecca. Nearly the whole day he waited for her coming. Late in the afternoon she came. Her face was paler and thinner than yesterday, and the dark circles round her eyes told their story of grief.

"How has my son passed the day?"

"Not so well as might have been, good Shaker mother. I have missed you sadly, to-day. Are you not well?"

"Yes, my son. Dost expect thy father to-day?"

"No, he cannot come. But here is his letter, you shall read."

He drew out the letter and placed it in Rebecca's hand. On glancing at the superscription she gave a slight start. Then turning to Frank, she gazed earnestly upon him.

"You may read the letter, gentle mother."

"Yes, my son."

She opened, but without scanning its contents turned to read the signature.

"James Harper—James Harper thy father?" in startled tones came from her, as, standing up, she bent over the young man. Her eyes were wild and her breath came gaspingly.

"Tell, Frank Harper, who is thy father?"

"James Harper, mother dear. But why so agitated?"

"James Harper, of—"

"Baltimore, mother."

The letter dropped from her trembling hand, and her head fell upon the pillow, while low sobs told she was bitterly weeping. Frank reached his well hand out and placed it upon the prim, stiff, starched Shaker cap.

"Mother, dear, do not weep. Tell me your sorrow. Has my father wronged you? Do not hesitate to tell. I should hate him could he have done thee harm."

Lifting her head, she took his delicate hand between her own, so transparent, covered it with kisses, murmuring the while:

"My son—dear, dear Frank. Thou art his image—the image of my noble James."

Then in stronger tones she asked:

"Art ready to hear my story, Frank?"

The wondering young man could but answer yes.

"The city of Baltimore is the city of my nativity. Well do I remember the beautiful home of my childhood. There I reigned a very queen. Servants came at my command. Toys, costly and numerous, were mine in my early years, and later, rich and rare gems rested in their satin-lined caskets in my escritoire. My first sorrow was the death of my mother. Consumption early marked her for its own, and we, her sorrowing husband and weeping child, followed her to her last resting-place, in the autumn of my sixteenth year. Pure as the lilies upon her breast was the spirit of my angel mother, and she now is waiting for her child on the other shore."

For a moment Rebecca gazed heavenward, while her countenance was lighted by a sadly beautiful smile. Frank thought the angel mother would not long wait on the other shore for Sister Rebecca.

"At the age of eighteen I was a reigning belle. Being wealthy, and so called, handsome, I had many suitors. One, who shone pre-eminently above all others, not only for his manly beauty, but for his intellect and sterling good qualities, I soon selected as the recipient of my especial favor. Encouraged by this he offered me the wealth of his great love. I loved him, my son, God knows I did. We were engaged. Among the foremost to congratulate me upon my approaching nuptials was one whom I had rejected. Smothering his disappointment he met me with a smile, saying he hoped I would spend long years of happiness with him, my heart's choice. James was called south to New Orleans on business. On his return we were to have been married. Gaily I bade him adieu, telling him I should count the hours of his absence.

"'What,' said he, 'if I should fall in love with some southern belle, and never come back to claim my Minnie!'"

"Minnie?" queried Frank.

"Yes, Minnie. That was my name when one of the world's people. We receive a new name when we join the Shakers."

"Tell me now, dear Shaker mother, who was this James?"

"James Harper, thy father, Frank."

"Tell me, quickly, was he true or false?" earnestly asked Frank.

"He was true, but I thought him false."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the young man.

"I answered, laughingly, in such a case, I should marry Gus Van Weick. We promised to correspond regularly. Well for a time did I keep my word. Scarcely had he looked his last on the spires of Baltimore, ere I hid me to my boudoir and commenced my first love letter. How strange it seemed to be tracing on paper what I had been accustomed to say to him daily! That written and despatched, I did little else for the rest of the day, than to wonder what he would think of my letter—what he would write to me. The next day, thinking of more I would say to him, another was written and found its way into Gus Van Weick's hands, as he happening in just then, offered to take it to the office. He came in often. I thought him very kind. A week passed and no letter. Van Weick readily found excuses for him.

"'You must not doubt him yet, Minnie Devine.'

"'Doubt him?' exclaimed I, indignantly; 'Never!'

"But alas! I was not proof against the wiles of a false friend. Weeks passed. I continued to write to him, but still no answer. And thus five weeks dragged heavily by; and then there came a letter. Gus brought it. Eagerly I took it, nor stayed to thank him for it. Going to my boudoir that I might enjoy my treasure alone, I seated myself on a *futon*, looked the letter over and over, trying to realize my great joy. It bore the New Orleans post mark, and was in his own dear hand. 'Dear letter,' thought I, 'how I love thee!' I broke the seal and read every word of that fatal letter. Do not be distressed, Frank. 'Twas forged, though I knew it not for many months after. He told me in cruel words that he no longer loved me—that he had met his ideal—that on the day he once thought to wed me, another, fairer, dearer, it would be his joy to call wife. My proud blood was on fire. Casting the letter from me, I cursed James, my injured James. 'Now that he has found his hand-

some southern belle,' exclaimed I, thinking of his last remark, 'it remains only for me to show him I can be as heartless as he. I shall marry Gus Van Weick.' And I married him. Shortly after he proposed for my hand, and 'twas readily granted him. On the day I had hoped to be James Harper's wife, I became Mrs. Van Weick. We went to Boston where we resided till I came here. For a while my husband was very attentive. But at length I awoke to find I had been basely cheated—that I was an unloved, as well as unloving wife—that gold had been my greatest charm in the eyes of Van Weick—that my husband was a gambler and spendthrift.

"One day in his absence one month after the birth of our little girl, I discovered in his scribble, a bundle of letters addressed to me in the well remembered chirography of James Harper. Like a revelation the whole truth flashed across my eyes. I broke the detaining string and the letters, a dozen in number, lay scattered before me. I opened and read, one after the other, till all had been perused. O, how deep the love of the man I had doubted! With sorrow he spoke of the non-receipt of letters from me. In a few of his last he spoke of Van Weick; cautioned his Minnie to be chary of receiving attentions from him.

"I sat down among those opened letters, and gave way to the grief so bitter, because unavailing. How I hated the father of my child! I would never meet him again. I would go somewhere, anywhere, to shun the faces of those I had known in happier days. I thought of the Shakers. O, blessed retreat! I would fly to them. My property I still held in my own right. My father died about one month after my marriage. He bequeathed his immense property to me and my heirs. My husband could touch but the interest. I sent a servant immediately for my agent, a lawyer of much repute in Boston. He came. I then settled one half of my property upon my infant daughter, and the other half I determined to bring with me to this place, with which to endow the kind people who should take me in.

"The most fitting explanation I could offer Van Weick were those letters; so I left them scattered and opened. I came directly to this village, and was received kindly. I liked not the taking of my child from me. She knows not her mother, but I know my dear daughter."

"And your daughter is my sweet little Mary, dear Shaker Mother. Is it not so?" inquired Frank.

"Thou must not ask, Frank."

"I am answered."

"My daughter at the age of eighteen, is to come into possession of my property. She then will be allowed to choose between the world and the Shakers."

"She shall choose sooner than that, mother."

During the recital, Rebecca had unconsciously adopted the vernacular of the world's people. Such is the force of early associations. Old times had come back to her.

"Shaker Mother, will you give these lines to Sister Mary?" asked Frank, handing Rebecca a slip of paper, as she was leaving the room. She read aloud the lines:

"Will sweet Sister Mary meet Brother Frank by the hazel wood, as she comes from school to-morrow noon? He walks out for the first time at that hour. FRANK."

"Yea, my son, but 'twill not be prudent for me."

The note reached Mary safely that eve. It made her timid heart flutter strangely. It seemed a fearful thing to ask of her, so she pencilled the answer, which Elder Taylor had in his possession in the opening of our story. Rebecca was to be the carrier pigeon. But strange to say, when she entered Frank's room in the morning, it was nowhere to be found. She was in great distress. But how much greater would it have been had she known at that moment the serpent eyes of Elder Taylor were devouring its contents.

"Bother! I do not care for thee not so long as Mary won't speak with me."

"My dear son, Mary's prejudices will not allow her to hold intercourse with thee. Do not blame her."

While they were so busily talking, a gentleman of large proportions and noble mien entered unobserved. For a few moments he stood wondering what beneath that prim Shaker cap could be so interesting to his son. At length, becoming impatient, he made a slight noise to attract their attention. The Shakeress and the young man turned to notice the intruder. Frank's exclamation of joy was silenced by seeing Rebecca fall from her chair in a swoon. James Harper raised the light form in his arms, and laid her gently upon the bed, thus bringing her face to view.

"My God!" he exclaimed, in great agitation. "Minnie, my Minnie, found at last! Poor little darling, have they driven you to this? O, Minnie, Minnie!" And he laid his bearded cheek upon the pillow beside the ghastly face of the Shakeress, while tears of agony bedewed his face and hers. And Frank, he could but cry in unison with them.

"Minnie," continued Mr. Harper, "Minnie, love, speak to your James once more."

As obedient to the never forgotten voice, Rebecca's eyes opened, and "James" came gaspingly forth. O, how that word thrilled through that strong man! What a tide of recollections came pouring in! He saw not the emaciated Shakeress, but Minnie Devine, gloriously beautiful, at last he saw her, warm with life and love, gay with health and strength. He took her in his arms, laid the stiff, prim Shaker cap which covered the head he loved upon his breast, took the thin hand nearly covered with the long plain sleeve, kissed it over and over, held it to the light, murmuring the while words of endearment.

And the Shakeress lay quiet as an infant being lulled to rest, dreaming that she was young again, that James Harper was her James still. But alas! there came an awakening. Her dream of bliss was short-lived. Putting away the detaining arms she arose and stood before him who was her God ordained husband. The hectic now burned brightly, restoring something of her youth. James thought her very beautiful, even as she was dear.

"Minnie, there is nothing to part us now. Do not drive me from you!"

"James Harper, we have suffered, yet our lives have not been unblest. What I was to you I can never be again. I am the bride of the church, waiting a little while to go up yonder." She pointed heavenward. So holy seemed she, the air around her seemed filled with heavenly spirits, waiting that "little while" to hear her company.

"Minnie, I cannot have it so. Go renounce your Shaker vow, take off that Shaker garb, and come to be my own little Minnie, once more."

"James, it may not be. I am dying, James, slowly, day by day. I would finish my days with the people who have sheltered me these many years. I cannot go with thee. Never ask it again. Yet I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dearest, it shall be granted."

She seated herself at a little distance, and commenced a recital of her life since last they had met. She told him of her daughter, and then she named her request.

"I desire that my daughter may see something of the world I was once so happy in. She is rich and beautiful. I wish that thou, James, would take my daughter with thee. Thee I can trust."

"My dear Minnie—"

"Rebecca," interrupted the Shakeress.

"O, what an impassable gulf, then, is between us! Rebecca, I realize it now."

"It is well that thou shouldst."

"Your daughter shall be as my own. Lead me to her. I would see the dear girl."

"Have patience, James. I would ask permission."

That evening Rebecca arose before the assembled brethren and sisters, and in a clear voice stated to the astonished assembly her wishes in regard to her child. Then she asked permission to send Mary out into the world. At this point Elder Taylor was observed to leave the room. As it was eight o'clock, Mary was in the council-chamber awaiting his coming with fear.

The Shakers rolled their eyes in pious horror at her bold request. When she had finished, they sat for a half hour or more in deep silence. Then an aged elder, one much loved and respected by all, arose; lifting his withered hands, he thus invoked the spirit of Mother Ann to counsel them in their dilemma:

"Holy Mother Ann! Celestial bride! Spiritual embodiment of all that is pure and holy, that is kind and true, great and good! Dear Mother, aid us now that our answer to the petition of Sister Rebecca be just and true. Holy Mother, should we let this child of our adoption, Sister Mary, go forth into the world, wilt thou go with her, guard her, protect her, and finally, wilt thou bring her back to our arms, like a stray lamb returned to its fold? Wilt thou, holy mother, grant that she be an instrument in thy hands for the conversion to our holy faith, those whom she may there meet? Holy, beautiful mother, thy intercession before the throne we crave!"

Then lowering his hands he thus addressed the assembly:

"Brethren and sisters, I join my voice with Sister Rebecca's. A spirit within tells me it will be well with her. Mary is a true Shaker at heart. Though the novelty of her new life may for a while possess a charm for her, her heart will return to the home of her childhood, and we shall have her with us again. Listen ye to the voice of our mother. 'Let her go, that a blessing may return with her.'"

Then they arose and shrilly sung "Let her go, that a blessing may return with her," commencing on a low note, and ascending till it ended in a perfect scream. Then three women stepped into the centre of the apartment and commenced the giddy Shaker whirl, the while muttering unintelligibly—talking in an unknown tongue, they say—and distorting their faces into every possible shape. They were thought to be possessed of a spirit; when they should sink exhausted on the floor, Mary's fate would be decided by them.

The Shakers watched those figures, spinning round like tops, till their eyes ached and their brains were dizzy. Unwearied seemed the dancers. At last, suddenly they dropped upon the floor, the three simultaneously, and lay motionless and silent for several minutes. The aged elder went and stood over them, with his hands spread out, and murmured an unheard blessing, so the Shakers thought. We should say the sentence he wished them to speak. Then aloud:

"Spirit, what say'st thou?"

They arose and answered together:

"Let her go, that a blessing may return with her."

"It is well. Sister Rebecca, where is Mary?" asked the elder.

"In the council-chamber with Elder Taylor."

"Thou may call her."

Eagerly Rebecca obeyed. But no child was there, neither was the elder. She had long been afraid of him, for with a mother's instinct, she read his thoughts in regard to her daughter. Rushing quickly back, she wildly exclaimed:

"My child, save her, save her!"

"What is it, sister?"

"O, he has stolen her away!"

At this instant there was heard a tap at the door.

"If it be a friend, enter," spoke the elder.

The door was opened and Patrick Flynn entered. He was an Irishman—not a Shaker—who had been employed upon some out door work.

"Sure," said Pat, making a low bow, "I'm a friend to yes all. An' that's the reason I'm here. Sure, an' Pat's not the man to see that swate little school marm who tached my little bye a an' b an' c as natly as she did the Shaker byes, ah, an' I'm not the man, as I was tellin' yes, to see her ill treated, if 'twas by Elder Taylor. Faith an' I'm not the man."

"O, Patrick, what of Mary? tell me quickly!" asked Rebecca.

"Ah, the darlint is out here beyent wid the murderin' old ilder."

"Murdered?" shrieked a dozen voices.

"Ah, no, not at all a bit. Well, yes sees the old villain, he jist axed me, says he, 'Pat, will yes do a wee bit of a job for me?' And by that he put a note bill in my hand."

Knowing Pat would tell the whole or none at all, they thought best to hear his story without interruption.

"Thinks I, 'Pat, this money is money, if 't'as been in his dirty fingers.' So I put it in me pocket, and said, 'Faix, an' I'm agreeable.'"

"Speak wid rivrence," said he. "Who are

yes?" said I. 'One of the Lord's 'lect.' 'Faix,' said I, 'the chap what has a mortgage on Purgatory knows yes bether than him.' Then he axed me to tackle up Swift with the lightest waggin, and bring him round to the council-chamber door. Thin cum up an' help him bring a sick gal down to put in the waggin. I knowed, he warnt no doctor at all a bit, so I jist fixed a wheel so it would cum off convaniently soon. When I seed the teacher's face all white an' pale, I was skared. But he told me she was only asleep, an' we put her in, an' I was comin' to tell yes all about it, when he jist made me get in an' ride till now. Most likely the wheel has come off by this time, an' yes can dhrive afther thim an' catch thim with ase."

Soon four of their swiftest horses were in hot pursuit. James Harper, on learning the cause, of the tumult, joined in the chase. Frank remained with Rebecca.

On hearing Rebecca's story, Elder Taylor repaired to the council-chamber where Mary awaited his coming. He knew that the wily Shakers would grant Rebecca's petition, for a refusal might injure their reputation. James Harper was rich and powerful, and they would not displease him. For a long time he had been perfecting plans for his removal from the Shakers, and this but hastened the event. He would go directly and take fair Mary with him. He trusted to his mesmeric power over her to bend her to his will. Upon entering the council-chamber he put her into a calm sleep, and left her thus, to find Patrick.

He did not dream Pat would betray him thus soon. He cared not for the morrow, for then the steam cars would have borne him far away. Pat seemed willing enough to help him, but he was in a great hurry to get home again. He asked him to drive them to a house where he had selected fashionable articles of wearing apparel, male and female, by means of which he trusted to pass through Boston undetected. But Pat said no. Sure his old woman would bate him didn't he git back airly. It was a clear starlight night. The moon smiled down upon them as unconscious of wrong. Alas, for Elder Taylor! Scarcely had the Irishman left him when one of the hind wheels came off. Poor man! what should he do? He determined to awake Mary. Placing the lantern so that the light might strike full in her face, he spoke sharply:

"Mary."

With a start she opened her eyes.

"Elder Taylor, where am I? speak!" She sprang from the carriage.

"Mary, stay!"

He was by her side, and would have taken her hand, but she pushed him from her. Unmasked, he stood before her the villain that he was. Well that the friendly moon lighted up her features, for she looked like a tragic queen in her honest rage. Fire flashed from her violet eyes, and her cheeks were crimsoned by the angry blood. In vain did he try his hitherto all potent charm—mesmerism. Gone was his power over that beautiful maiden. His eyes fell before her gaze, for the strong, stouf man was a coward. Then, growing desperate, he told her of the love he bore her, of the beautiful home he would lead her to, where sorrow and trouble should never come.

"Love me, Mary; be my wife."

"A Shaker, and talk of love? Out upon thee."

"Nay, Mary, my Shakerism is confined to my Shaker garb. See me in the dress of the world's people, and you will like me even as you do the stranger."

"Hypocrite, I hate ye. O, that some one would come. They are coming! I can hear them!"

The cowardly man also heard them, and thinking more of his own safety than anything else, he hurriedly unharnessed the horse, leaped upon his back, and was off in a twinkling.

Mary knew not they were friends, she only knew she was glad Elder Taylor had gone. The wagon came up, and Mary was safe. James Harper made himself known, and desired she would ride back to the village with him, that he might tell her all.

The Shakeress listened gladly. She was ready to go with Brother Frank and Father James, for Elder Taylor had cured her of her devotion to the Shakers.

"If Sister Rebecca would only go too!" pleadingly said Mary.

"Nay, Mary, thou must go, I must stay."

In a few days she left the home of her childhood, her weeping mother, whom she might never be permitted to call anything but sister, with her new found friends, for Baltimore. There teachers were procured for her. Under their careful training Mary the Shakeress became Marie the belle. Rich and beautiful, she was flattered by all. Frank loved her with a love strong and enduring. James Harper saw in her the reflection of his deeply mourned Minnie, and he was happy only in the society of his two children. And Mary, she was the same gentle maiden still, forgetting old friends never, remembering the new with gratitude.

Her Shaker prejudices removed against mar-

riage, she one day promised Frank to be his wife. O, how the old Shakers rolled their eyes at the news! The aged elder cried aloud:

"Her soul is lost—lost—lost!"

Of the life of Marie Van Weick among the "world's people," I have to do hereafter.

CORK.

Many persons see corks used daily without knowing from whence come those useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries in Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weight in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples. The ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which being spread on the inside with resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the seventeenth century, cement being used until then for that purpose.—*History of the Arts.*

EXPECTED DISAPPOINTMENTS.

What you are prepared for rarely happens. The precise thing you expected comes not once in a thousand times. A confused state of mind results from long experience of such cases. Your real feeling often is: Such a thing seems quite sure to happen; I may say I expect it to happen; and yet I don't expect it, because I do; for experience has taught me the precise thing which I expect, which I think most likely, hardly ever comes. I am not prepared to side with a thoughtless world, which is ready to laugh at the confused statement of the Irishman who had killed his pig. It is not a hail; it is a great psychological fact that is involved in his seemingly contradictory declaration—"It did not weigh as much as I expected, and I never thought it would."—*Boyd.*

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

Sit by nature's side and pray,
And join her service for the day;
Every whispering leaf's a preacher,
Every daisy is a teacher.
Writing on the unsullied sod
Revelation straight from God.

ERNEST JONES.

[ORIGINAL.]

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY MRS. R. B. EDGOW.

A sturdy farmer was Jacob Giles,
He had houses and lands in store;
Yet still from earliest dawn till dark
He dug and delved for more.

His cattle were sleek and fat, and his crops
Yielded a good fourfold;
And all that he touched, men said, somehow
Had a way of turning to gold!

Yet still as the years ran on he grew
Harsher and colder each day;
And more hard with the poor—he did not like
Unfortunate men in his way!

No beggar called at his gate for alms,
No wandering minstrel dare
Sing over his simple stock of songs,
Or ask for a penny there.

And the children at play in the village street,
With frolicsome laugh and shout,
Left noisy games and grew suddenly still,
Whenever he chanced about.

And some men marvelled, as doubters will,
And said in their hearts,—"Behold
How God rewardeth our honesty,
While he has heaps of gold!"

As if God kept virtue, and love, and life,
To be let out in contracts to men;
To be paid for in houses and current coin,
And an office now and then!

Now it came to pass that Farmer Giles
Fell suddenly ill one day
Of a pestilential, dread disease,
And his servants fled away,

And left him alone to die—men said,
"He scorned all friendship in health,
And hugged his gold to his heart, so now
Let him buy a friend with his wealth."

But there fell on his burning brow one day,
When his fever was fierce and wild,
The cooling touch and the soft caress
Of a tender little child.

None knew from whence she had come, and some
Of the superstitious said,
'Twas the spirit mayhap of his little May
Come back again from the dead!

Ah, well did the townfolk mind of the time,
More than twelve years before,
When he cursed his only motherless child,
And drove her from his door.

And why?—forsooth, she had wed a man
Who had neither lands nor gold;
Who had empty hands, but a noble heart
That was honest, brave and bold.

And all that the townfolk knew—the tale
Farmer Giles had heard some way:
That they both had died, and his heart was like
stone
Forever from that day.

Time sped, the crisis was past, he lived
To look in the tearful eyes
Of his sweet child—nurse, as soft and blue
As the depth of the summer skies.

The days dragged on, but to Jacob Giles
They were freighted with tenderest peace;
He had not known for a score of years
Such golden ones as these.

He was softened, men said, as one by one
They dropped in as the story spread;
He was tender, and gentle, and loving—ah, sure,
Old Jacob Giles was dead!

One day, as he lay with closed eyes,
He felt a light kiss on his brow:
"Dear lamb," he said, "you never have told
Me your name—tell it me now."

"Will you promise to love me just the same?"
She said, as she softly smiled;
"Yes."—"Well, then, it is only May Adair,
Your own May's little child.

"I promised mama before she died,
That wherever I might be,
To come to you, if the time should come
That ever you needed me.

"I came for her sake"—"Dear child, you never,
No never, shall go away!"
and he clasped her neck, and her sunny hair
Mingled lovingly with his gray.

And the story spread, till the little town
With joy ran nearly wild;
Ah, well, full many a stubborn heart
Has been led by a little child!

YOUTHFUL HEROISM.

In the attack on the ill-fated Cumberland at Hampton Roads, an incident occurred that is worthy of record. A lad about fourteen years old from this city was one of the last to leave the ship; and when in the water, seeing a Lieutenant sinking, he swam to him, urged him not to fear, but to strike out boldly. As the danger increased, he sank himself under the Lieutenant and raised him on his head; and this he did repeatedly till they safely reached the shore, the boy being greatly exhausted by his heroic efforts. The lieutenant, who was no swimmer, was as full of gratitude as the lad was of pride at his successful endeavours.—*Newburyport Herald*.

EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON HEALTH.

Seclusion from sunlight is one of the misfortunes of our civilized modes of life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed, and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with a lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge, and turning over, from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases, which seemed waiting only for the shroud, were galvanized into life and health by this process.

Many years ago, a clergyman, who had for years been a victim to dyspepsia, and who had earnestly prayed for death as the only door of escape, came at length, through the advice of a mutual friend, to consult me. I advised the disuse of all medicines, the generous use of cracked wheat and good beef, and much exposure to the sun. To secure the last mentioned item, I directed him to build a close fence, covering a space twenty feet square in his garden, and plant the earth within with something to occupy his mind and time. Then, when the weather was warm, shutting himself in, he was to busy himself, *quite nude*, with the cultivation of his vegetables, from ten to sixty minutes each day, always indulging in a thorough bath and vigorous friction before dressing. *He was speedily and radically cured.*

I was practising my profession in Buffalo, N. Y., during '49 and '51—those memorable cholera seasons. I saw at least five cases of cholera on the shady side of the street and houses to one on the sunny side. One eminent physician in New Orleans reports, from his own practice, eight cases of yellow fever on the shady side of the street to one on the sunny side.

Who has not read Florence Nightingale's observations in the Crimea in regard to the typhoid fever as between the shady and sunny side of the hospitals? In St. Petersburg, the shady side of the military hospitals was so notoriously unfavorable to the sick soldier, that the czar decreed them into disuse.

The shade trees about our dwellings have done something to make our wives pale and feeble. Is it not enough that our women should have placed between them and the great fountain of light and life six inches of brick wall, without the addition of twenty feet of green leaves? Trees ought never to stand near enough to our houses to cast a shade upon them; and, if the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curtain within, with which to lessen, on the hottest days, the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor.

The piazzas which project over the lower story always make that inferior to the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I cured, during my professional career, a great many cases of rheumatism, by advising the patients to leave a bedroom shaded by trees or a broad piazza, and sleep in a room and a bed which were constantly dried and purified by the rays of the sun.—*Leavis's Journal of Physical Culture.*

ADDISON'S DEATH-BED.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his step-son is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness, to which he ascribes all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.—*Edinburgh Review.*

"IF YOU PLEASE."

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. In all your home talk, remember, "If you please." Among your playmates, don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "if you please."

CRITICS.

A man must serve his time at every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready-made;
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skilled to forge or find a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attie salt;
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling, pass your project jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.—*Byron.*

[ORIGINAL.]
BEAUTY.

BY JAMES F. FRANKLIN.

Fair forms of being pass before mine eyes,
Bright faces with God's likeness animate,
As though His children here could scarce await
The full perfection wrought beyond the skies,
Supernal loveliness, that never dies.
And yearnings wild within my heart arise,
Swelling resistlessly, beyond control—
The deep, strong fervor of a craving soul,
Marking the perishable as it flies,
And knelling forth its sadly-cadenated sighs
For beauty vanished, which returns no more.
O Good, and True, and Beautiful!—my tears
Have fallen wearily upon your grave;
The willows of despair above ye wave,
And, still, "Life's fitful fever" shall be o'er,
Adown the dim, dark vista of the years,
Still must ye vanish, even as before.
But peace, wild heart!—the earth may pass away,
The stars in final darkness shall expire,
And naught material survive the ire
Of that one wrathful, recompensing day:
Yet, loosed forever from its thrall of clay,
The soul of man shall wear the beauty of its Sire!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OLD COLONY A CENTURY AGO.

BY ONE OF ITS CHILDREN.

THE Plymouth of to-day, as known and loved by those who have grown up within its quiet precincts, and by many more, is a calm, sedate country, or rather sea shore town, combining the elegant cultivation of the cities with the frank cordiality and hospitality of the traditional country. Does any brother, be he white or black; stand in need of sympathy and succor, let him make known his want to one of the calm and gentle meane which sway the tide of Plymouth thought and action, and from that hour he is a made brother; richest gifts from heart and purse are showered at his feet, friendly hands are extended, and happy homes are opened to their acceptance, and, with simple, undoubting faith and love, the Plymouthians do to him as they would he should do to them.

Sometimes the brother is an impostor, and repays the good Samaritan with deception and ingratitude; but not for that is he utterly cast out by these kind hearts. Should he again fall among thieves, and again cry out for help, again are the oil and wine of comfort and encouragement poured out upon him; sadly and some-

what reproachfully perchance, but with as much substantial effort as before, and then if the brother is a base brother, he goes away well pleased, and his name is never mentioned more in the peaceful seaside town.

Nor is philanthropy the only amusement of the Plymouth people. A gentleman visiting there once said that he never could tell "who belonged to which house." He entered one home or another, and there were the same ladies that he had seen domesticated somewhere else, seated, knitting-work in hand, apparently just as settled here as where he had before seen them; they are a social people, the Plymouthians.

Then, in the college vacations, when the boys are at home, and the married daughter comes for the annual visit, to show her baby and make her boast, and the young girls who are finishing in the city are released for the long summer vacation, then, Plymouth wakes up and is a gay place. Riding parties, dining parties, picnics at Billington Sea, and South Pond, drives on the beach, boating parties to the Gurnet on the island, all these follow rapidly on each other's heels. Then the old ladies (my mother was born and bred a Plymouth girl) shake their heads and say:

"Ah, it is all very well, but Plymouth is not what it was when we were young, when the young men did not go to college and bring home all these strange ways and notions, but learned to be ministers, and doctors, and lawyers, in the study and offices of our good old townsmen."

Sometimes, by way of bringing her out, a pretty girl asks innocently:

"Did they do nothing but study, grandma?"

Then the old lady smooths her silken lap, lays down her glasses, the *purpureum lumen juvenutis*, flashes lightly her withered cheek, and she speaks, sometimes softly, sometimes joyously, of the good old times. She tells how twice or thrice in a week, the students, issuing out at nightfall replete with learning, dispersed through the high-ways and byways, taking prisoner whatsoever they encountered young or fair, seeking the dwellings, ruthlessly breaking up quiet chats, nice long sewing evenings, feminine walks and talks, and bearing off the laughing, unreluctant captives, to Old Colony Hall, where, to the squeak of Black Dauphin's fiddle, the joyous youths and lasses danced Money Musk, Fisher's Hornpipe, four-handed and eight-handed reels, deep into the summer night.

Then the rides, the walks, the boating, and the picnics, were not like those of to-day, they were so much gayer and heartier. The young ladies did not have to be careful of their silk, and mus-

lin; calico was quite sufficient dress, and to wear a pretty gingham was to be envied and admired.

But these, after all, were not the real "old times;" those were long and long ago, before the Revolution; and our dear old lady now narrates what was told to her, a wandering girl, by her grandmother, who has walked in white these sixty years, but her old world tales are fresher now in the mind of her grand-daughter, than the events of yesterday, and she tells how a hundred years ago, there stood in the main street an old brown tavern, its second story overhanging the lower one; and swinging from each corner of this projection was a huge bunch of wooden grapes, from which the inn took its name, and here every morning was to be seen a strange spectacle.

Plymouth at that day possessed in surplussage, what now it is deficient in, young gentlemen. These were the soul of the first families, the young aristocrats, who, having no professions, and caring for no learning, were destitute of occupation for their time, save such as consisted in herding together, drinking much wine, and contriving all sorts of mischief. These were the times, when, to be a great drunkard was to be brave, manly and honorable, when a morning dram was as much the necessity of a gentleman, as a good dinner; and so sure as eleven o'clock was tolled out by the old timepiece of the Grapes, so sure was the summons sounded for the toddy, by the clamorous voices of old men and young, fathers with white hairs and gold-headed canes, with Sambo respectfully waiting a little behind, to carry home the fish massas was presently going down to the beach to buy, middle-aged men looking a little jealously and reproachfully at the band of rufflers, the youths, who, standing together, exchanged somewhat languidly, jests and repartees, allusions to the frolic of yesterday, and plans for the frolic of to-day. Here, under the swinging grapes, beside the door of that old brown inn, our great grandfathers drank their matutinal toddy, heard the daffy news, and severely criticised the waist, the ankle, or the features of whatever venturesome damsel showed herself upon the paré. Indeed, it was considered decidedly bad ton, and even somewhat immodest for any young lady to leave her father's house, till after this assemblage had broken up. Then, after the fathers had gone to see after the fishing boats, or to receive the skipper of their ship, just arrived from the West Indies, laden with rum, sugar, spices, liquors, etc., the band of young bloods mounted their horses, and set off for a easy gallop along the beach, or through the for-

est, to one of the neighboring towns. Many legends remain of the prowess of these wild horsemen. Here are two.

Assembled one evening at the Grapes for a nightlong frolic, the revellers discovered that the Mermiad, not having arrived from Jamaica as soon as expected, there were no lemons, either in the tavern or the town.

For a moment despair glared from every eye, but then one, the maddest of that mad group, volunteered, if his comrades would solemnly swear to wait in that room, and at that table for him, to ride to Boston, procure the lemons, and come back to brew the punch. The oath was taken, and Blank departed, the ringing hoofs of his good horse echoing through the overhanging chamber, where silently grouped around the table, waited his companions.

The distance from Plymouth to Boston is forty miles, and before it was considered possible that any horse could have galloped eighty miles, the stumbling, uncertain clatter of hoofs again resounded through the low-browed tavern chamber, and with an affectation of lightness and elasticity, the rider sprang to the ground, just as the noble horse fell dead at his feet. The creature who had worthily used every faculty of his nature was sacrificed, but the lemons and the man were saved, and the punch was brewed and drank, and the rafters of the Grapes trembled at the song, the jest, and the laugh which went up from under them.

I do not remember whether it was this worthy or another, who performed the second equestrian feat, but it was the same party who went down one day to the Gurnet, which is the terminus of the long spit of sand running out from shore, and half embracing Plymouth Harbor. There is a light-house on it, and then as now it was the bourn of many a pleasure party. Our young fellows of course did not go without the means of having one of their drinking bouts, and the consequence was, that on mounting the horses to return, they were all ready for any mad frolic which might present itself. Some one proposed that the fifteen or twenty miles between the Gurnet and town should be extemporised into a race course, and that the first one home should have the privilege of entertaining the rest at supper. Upon this they all set out, whooping, singing, shouting, and reminding one of a party of young cavaliers, in those other good old times, when flourished the second Charles.

But in the headlong race, one, certainly not the soberest of the party, fell from his horse, and on remounting found himself helplessly in the rear. So casting his eyes about for some means

of yet outwitting his repentant companion, it occurred to him that the chord of an arc is much shorter than its curve, consequently the nearest road from the Gunnet to the town was across the mouth of the harbor, some two miles of salt water, with a strong tide running out; the idea no sooner entered our hero's brain than he proceeded to put it in execution, and actually swam his horse the whole distance; fortunately the tide was almost low, and the current not so strong as ordinary, as instead of being swept out to sea a strangled, sudden corpse, the rider reached land, rode straight to the Grapes, and when his comrades arrived, jostling at his imagined discomfiture, he stood gaily at the door, inviting them in to the waiting supper.

These suppers were, however, of indefinite extent; once assembled in their carousal room, the door would only be opened to call for more wine, and day and night would pass over, only marked by alternations of eating, drinking, and sleeping, until tired out with the carousal, the revellers opened a window, took the table cloth solemnly by its four corners, and swinging it slowly to a solemn chant, precipitated the whole, viands, glasses, china, and cloth into the street below; then home to bed.

What finally ended these Grape orgies, was an affair, which, commencing with a witty jest, came near terminating in a tragedy similar to that from which arose the famous question

"Who killed Downie?"

One of this band of cavaliers, either from some offence of his own or some caprice of his friends, had been sent to Coventry, the rest declining any companionship with him, and the poor fellow moped about the door of the Grapes like the Peri at the gates of Paradise.

In this way he discovered that his ancient comrades were deep in one of their suppers, and coming under the windows he called out to one and another by name, to admit him. Meanwhile a furious summer shower came up, and one of those appealed to put his head out at the window, consulted the clouds a moment, then looking down at the lingering outlaw, inquired with drunken gravity:

"Pluit tantum, nescio quantum, sis ne tu?" (And grandma always translates.) "It rains some, I don't know how much, do you know?"

To which the wet and wrathful outsider responded, by seizing a huge stone in each fist, and sending them right through the window into the midst of the table, called out in return:

"Frangi tot nescio quot, sis ne tu?" ("I have broken something, I don't know what, do you know?")

When the excitement consequent upon this invasion had somewhat subsided, a council of war was called, and it was concluded that such audacity must be punished, and the troublesome petitioner receive an answer once for all. So one of the party summoned him in, and as soon as the poor delighted victim had entered, locked the door behind him.

Unfortunately, there stood in the chamber a bedstead, on which were two feather beds. Dragging these upon the floor, the crazy young fellows forced their comrade to lie upon one, while they placed the other over him, and mounting upon it, performed a war-dance accompanied by shrieks, howls, choruses of songs, and, piercing through all, the smothered cries of the victim. At last the landlord, thinking this terrific clamor was a little too much for the credit of his house, came up to the door to expostulate; he was unable to make his voice heard, but his ears soon informed him that something very like murder was being perpetrated under his roof; so summoning assistance he burst open the door, and with some difficulty succeeded in removing the dancers and the bed, and releasing the prisoner. He was apparently dead, and we can imagine the chill horror creeping like death through the hot blood of the thoughtless young revellers, sobering them in a moment, and recalling their scattered senses, each to give its own stern verdict of murder.

But after much effort the unfortunate victim was partially recovered, although his health had received an irrecoverable shock, and he was probably often reminded through life of the lesson given him by his comrades at the Grapes.

Of course there was an uproar through the town, the young man's friends demanding vengeance, and the friends of the others helping them to escape or to hide. I believe they all went unwhipped of justice, save such as their own conscience administered, and as they were of good stock, and brave gentlemen at heart, let us hope that this punishment was more intolerable than the prison or the rope.

Howbeit, the suppers at the Grapes, and the wild rides were over, never to return. The group still collected at eleven o'clock to drink the toddy, but the mad club were not among them. Soon came the Revolution, and that great convulsion swallowing up all smaller events, I suppose many of the refugees gave their mad young lives to the service of their country, and after the war, were merged into honored patriots, such at least as did not lie down on the battle field to shut their eyes on earth, or did not join the Tories, who still held to church and king,

and finally went, some to England, some to the provinces, to end their homeless days.

I will end this Old Colony sketch with two or three anecdotes of slavery in the free Revolutionary days, for if Plymouth is now the stronghold of abolitionism, our great grandfathers undeniably were slave holders, before they learned better. The old ladies even now remember the manumitted negroes who haunted old massa's house as a home, and treated them (their children) with the respectful familiarity so pleasant in an old family servant.

Black Dauphin, who has been mentioned as the fiddler in grandma's day, was one of these, and a very droll and original fellow. I believe he was a brother of Cato, a negro owned by a physician and his wife, who, having but one other servant, a woman, thought it would be decorous that they should be married, which ceremony was accordingly performed—a regular *mariage de convenance*. Soon after the nuptials, the doctor sent Cato a voyage to the West Indies, for some purpose. Of the parting there remains no record, but the meeting was characteristic. Phillis, busy on Monday morning at the wash tub, heard a footstep behind her, and turning her head over her shoulder, saw Cato, who said quietly:

"Ah, Phillis, how you do!"

"Indifferent, tank you, Cato," was the cool reply, as the wife restored her undivided attention to the wash tub.

Then there was Pompey, called Eely Pompey, who gained his sobriquet in this manner. After his manumission Pompey earned his living by catching and selling fish and eels, and one of his patrons was his former master. This gentleman encountering Pompey one morning budging into town, basket on head, called out:

"Good morning, Pomp, what's the price of eels this morning?"

"Two shilling a dozen, massa."

"Two shilling, you rascal? why, yesterday you sold me some for one shilling."

"Know dat, massa, but dis morning as I coming trew de woods, hilly bird he set on a bush close by road, and he sung out: 'Pompee, Pompee-e!' so I top, and say, 'what is it, picaninny?' and hilly bird he sung again: 'Pompee, Pompee-e, heffy eely oney shilling twoey shilling,' so massa mus hab de two shilling."

Pompey also it was, who, passing his former master's house with a sack of potatoes on his back, was hailed by one of the boys with:

"Hullo, Pomp, what you got there?"

"Nutting, Massa Biffy, nutting but what you'll have plenty on, rheumatism and poverty," was the reply, and Pompey proved a true prophet.

Then there is the pretty story of the French surgeon, who was wrecked on the beach somewhere near Plymouth, the only survivor of the whole crew. Waiting till nightfall, he stole into the town (this was the French war before the Revolution), and after reconnoitering one of the most hospitable looking mansions, ventured to approach it. Fortunately no one was at home but a young lady, who taking compassion on his desolate and helpless condition, led him up to the rambling old garret and concealed him in a nook behind the great old-fashioned chimney. There she fed and nourished him for three long weeks, until he had recovered his strength, then gave him a disguise and showed him the way to rejoin his countrymen.

Happy am I to say (for he was my ancestor), that he did not forget his sweet benefactress, but came back when the war was over, persuaded her (easily I dare say) to marry him, and settled in Plymouth. His gravestone, setting forth that he was "Phthysician, Chirurgion, and Petter-carrier," may be seen on Burying Hill to this day.

UNNOTICED HEROES.

When I see a man holding faster his upright-ness in proportion as it is assailed; fortifying his religious trust in proportion as Providence is obscure; hoping in the ultimate triumph of virtue more surely in proportion to its present afflictions; cherishing philanthropy amidst the discouraging experience of man's unkindness and unthankfulness; extending to others a sympathy which his own sufferings need, but cannot obtain; growing milder and gentler amidst what tends to exasperate and burden; and, through inward principle, converting the very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victorious virtue; I see an explanation, and a noble explanation, of the present state. I see a good produced, so transcendent in its nature as to justify all the evil and suffering under which it grows up. I should think the formation of a few such minds worth all the apparatus of the present world. I should say that this earth, with its continents and oceans, its seasons and harvests, and its successive generations, was a work worthy of God, even were it to accomplish no other end than the training and manifestation of the illustrious characters which are scattered through history. And when I consider how small a portion of human virtue is recorded by history, how superior in dignity, as well as in number, are the unnoticed and unhonoured saints and heroes of domestic and humble life, I see a light thrown over the present state which more than reconciles me to all its evils.—*Channing.*

TIME.

O Time! than gold more sacred; mere a load Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise. What moment granted man without account? What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid? Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.

YOUNG.

[ORIGINAL.]

MUSINGS.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I'm sitting by my window,
My aching, throbbing head
Leaning on my hand,
It seems a weight of lead.
And through my temples shooting
Are sharp, sharp darts of pain:
It seems to me as if
Joy would never come again.

For life to me looks dreary,
The sky o'ercast with clouds,
The darkening shades of sorrow
The cheerful sunbeams shroud;
The star of hope no longer
Sheds light upon my way,
The flowers of sweet content
Have faded, passed away.

The wreath I fondly braided
Of flowers of love and truth,
When life was new and sweet,
In days of early youth,
Is faded, withered now,
Its fragrance all is spent,
And I am left without
Love, truth, or sweet content.

They call me proud and haughty,
My heart, they say, is cold;
But they know not of the miseries,
The miseries all untold,
That fill this throbbing heart,
This sorrowing heart of mine,
That's longing, ever longing,
For love and peace divine.

They say I feel above them,
Because I am not gay,
And in the halls of pleasure
Pass midnight hours away;
Because I do not mingle
In merry song and dance,
They criticize my movements,
My every word and glance.

I cannot mingle with them
In scenes of joy and mirth,
When my heart is slowly breaking:
'Tis like a fireless hearth;
The last red spark extinguished,
Nought, nought but ashes left;
Of every hope I ever knew
I am at last bereft.

I'm waiting with impatience
The hour when I'll be free,
When clouds and disappointments
No longer 'll circle me;

When I'll be sleeping sweetly
Beneath the cold, damp sod,
My spirit in bright heaven,
With its Maker, Ruler, God!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE THREE ANCHORS.

A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

BY GEORGE A. BANCROFT.

"AVAST there, you landlubber! What are you doing? Let go o' that gal, or blast my tarry toplights if I don't silence yer main-top for ye!"

These words were uttered by a young sailor, just home from a three years' cruise in a man-of-war, immediately after landing from a boat, upon one of the wharves at New York; and they were occasioned by his perceiving as he moved along, a young girl struggling in the arms of a rude, rough man, who was ineffectually striving to prevent her wild, shrill screams for assistance. It was almost dark, when the young son of Neptune, eager to reach his home, first heard the cry of the female; and he was some distance from the two, when he gave utterance to the words with which our story commences. However, he soon reached their near proximity, again exclaiming:

"Let go of the girl, you shark, or I'll fetch you over on your beam-ends!"

"No you won't," said the ruffian, who was the possessor of a strong and masculine frame, and whose features were an appearance sinister and demon-like. "I made up my mind to meet some opposition, and am prepared for it. So get out of my way, and don't attempt to further molest me, unless you wish a portion of the contents of this joker!"

And as he spoke he drew forth a revolver with one hand, and aimed it at the young sailor, still firmly holding the maiden with the other.

"You swab, d'ye think your barker'll frighten me?" exclaimed the sailor, springing forward, and seizing hold of it with his left hand, while with the other he grasped the villain by the throat, and then dexterously tripping up his heels and landing him fully upon his back, he caused him to relinquish his hold both of the weapon and the young girl.

The maiden was just turning to thank the young man-of-war's man for his timely assistance, when her would-be abductor, uninjured by his fall, having again regained his footing, shouted loudly to some one apparently not far off.

"Hillo, Bryant, where are ye? Come this way, quick as you can!"

"What's the matter, Beckwith? can't you manage her alone?" was the reply of another, some thirty or forty yards distant.

"Yes, I could, but she's got help—so be quick—hurry!"

"Ay, ay!" returned Bryant.

The young sailor did not, however, wait for Bryant to join his friend, but quickly stepping forward a pace, knocked Beckwith down with a well-aimed blow of his clenched fist, and then stood ready to meet his companion. That companion, witnessing the agility of the new comer, and the discomfiture of Beckwith, immediately after paused, as though fearful of meeting so strong and so skillful an antagonist.

"Come on," exclaimed the young man, himself advancing. "Come on, you black muzzled son of a seacock, and let me take the measure of your figure head, will ye?"

Bryant, however, was not willing, but retreated instead, with all commendable haste; seeing which, the young sailor pursued only a few steps, after retracing which, he addressed the maiden, who still remained in the neighborhood of the fallen Beckwith.

"It's a shame," he said, "that such a slight little pinnacle should be boarded by such a shark of a pirate! Marlinspikes and grappin'-irons, but when they run afoul of Jack Davenport, it's ten to one but they generally have to sheer off, if not dismasted, or with water in their hold, at least in somewhat of a crippled condition!"

"Gracious heaven!" at this moment exclaimed the young girl, "is it possible?"

"What?"

"That you are Jack Davenport?"

"I am no other," was the sailor's response.

"At all events that's the name I've sailed under ever since I was a bit of a piccaninny! And you?"

"Don't you know me, Jack?" asked the maiden.

"Know you?" echoed Jack, approaching yet nearer, placing his hands upon his thighs, and gazing earnestly upon the young girl's features. "Dash my tophights, but may I be put on short allowance, if you're not Phebe Parsons!"

"You're right, Jack Davenport," was Phebe's answer, "and I thought I knew you as soon as I saw you and heard your voice."

"Give us your flipper, Phebe," said Jack, a smile of intense gladness immediately lighting up his countenance, as he extended his hand, which the young girl took in her soft white palm. "Excuse my lingo," he added, "but I am so glad to see you! You were the first I intended to visit, after reaching my home."

"And yet, I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?"

"Yes, you did not know me just now."

"But I had no thought of seeing you here, Phebe, and besides, you know it is quite dark."

"True—true—and yet I recognized you."

"It is more than I expected, and I thank you."

At this instant, Beckwith, half stunned, succeeding in again arising to a standing position, was noticed by Jack and Phebe.

"Away with you, you black muzzled scoundrel!" at once shouted Jack, "and go and keep company if you wish, with your cowardly companion."

Beckwith deigned no reply in words, but he paused and regarded the two, with a demon-like expression upon his features, which resembled those of a fiend incarnate as much as anything.

"Come, come, don't hesitate," spoke Jack, "or I'll have you off the deck in a twinkling, and send you to keep company with the fishes."

"You triumph at present," muttered Beckwith, "but you shall not always."

"What, do you threaten?" began Jack, advancing, as the villain commenced moving away.

"Don't follow him, Jack," said Phebe, placing her hand upon his arm to stay him. "Let him go away if he will, without molesting him."

"If he only keeps a clapper on his jaw tackle, he may steer off any way he pleases," answered Jack.

Without venturing any further remark, the discomfited Beckwith moved away, and joined his comrade, Bryant.

"And now, Phebe, tell me the meaning of my finding you in convoy with this piratical craft. I little expected to meet you in this manner, after a three years' absence."

"Nor I you," said the young maiden. "Yet, during that period, Jack, I have always kept you in remembrance."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Phebe, for many a time, when far away, I've hoped I again might meet you."

"That you have not changed, I am thankful, Jack," returned Phebe. "And now to tell you why I am here. This Richard Beckwith—for such is the name of the man who has just left us—for upwards of two years has sought my hand in marriage, and was first introduced to me at the Three Anchors, my father's tavern, by some of his intimate friends. He, as well as his comrade, Bryant, were reported to be men of wealth, and still are believed to be, which accounts for the fact of their still being favored by my parents, who, as you well know, have always been desirous of accumulating money."

"Well, well, Phebe, go on."

"Notwithstanding my open and expressed hatred of this man—this monster, rather, in human form—during the whole long period of two years, I have been pestered with his unwelcome attentions. But when he at length found that he could not get me to listen to, or favor his fulsome protestations, he began to threaten, and spoke of using force to compel me to become his, as he knew my parents sanctioned his addresses. If I despised him when first annoying me, you may be certain I treated him after threats with contempt and scorn. I have always believed him capable of almost any evil, and yet I have never believed that he would dare to attempt violence. I have this very evening learned my mistake. Scarcely half an hour since, walking in this direction with my sister Mary, we both saw Beckwith approaching, and some distance behind him, his companion, Bryant. Mary hates him—hates them both, as much as I, and she at once hurriedly started to retrace her steps, while I, also started back but leisurely, as though disdainful flight. Beckwith soon gained my side, and after a few sharp words, the vicinity as now, being quite still and deserted, seized me in his arms, as he said, to take me to a boat moored at one of the nearest piers."

"But what object had the land-shark in view?" asked Jack, as feeling quite indignant with the ruffian he had so summarily chastized, he gazed earnestly upon the open, regular and lovely features of the young girl.

"I can scarcely tell, unless he intended taking me to some secluded place where he might have me fully in his power," was Phebe's response. "On seizing hold of me, he bade his comrade keep a sharp lookout for any one coming along the street, and told him further, to follow him as soon as he should get me near the boat. A minute after, I gave utterance to the screams you heard, and the rest you know."

"It is indeed fortunate that I came in time to thwart him," said Jack, "or, after so long an absence, I should have further been disappointed in not being able to see you or know your whereabouts. I have but this day returned from the Mediterranean."

"In the man-of-war, just abreast of us?"

"Yes, Phebe."

"I saw her, when, with her sails spread, she was coming up the bay."

"Is she not a neat, trim, stately craft?" asked Jack.

"Old Father Neptune could not but himself admire her," replied the maiden.

The two conversed one or two minutes longer

in relation to the recent adventure, and upon other trifling topics which suggested themselves, and then both spoke of repairing homeward.

"I wonder that neither of my parents has been down here to meet me," at length said Jack, as both left the vicinity of the wharf.

"Perhaps they have not heard of the arrival of the frigate," replied Phebe.

"It may be so," responded Jack. "Otherwise they would have certainly come to the wharf."

"There is no doubt of it," said the young girl. "But, Jack, will you not visit my parents before you go to your own home?" she asked. "It is on the way, you know, and not far distant, while your parents' abode is far up into the city."

"All that's very true, Phebe, but it's getting late, and besides—besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I don't know as your folks would be glad to see me."

"O, yes they will, Jack," replied the maiden, "you needn't have any fears on that score!"

"But your parents never cared much for me, Phebe, as I can well remember, although I have not seen them for three years or more."

"If they did not they will now; and then there is Jim and Mary and Susan."

"I know, and I shall be glad to meet them."

"And besides, Jack, you have not forgotten the jovial times you once had at the Three Anchors?"

"I have not, and to-morrow—"

"And I shall be there, and many others who knew you, and who were your friends," interrupted Phebe.

"I know it, and I will stop, if it be but a few minutes."

"Have you forgotten, Jack," continued Phebe, hesitatingly, "our last words ere you went away?"

"Forgotten them, Phebe! Guns and blunderbusses—no! they are indelibly fixed upon my memory!"

There was a brighter smile than ever upon the young maiden's countenance, as Jack Davenport so emphatically responded to her speech, and he immediately after continued:

"I remember our last words together as though they were spoken yesterday, and I have thought of them, have dreamed of them, when far away upon the angry main, when the billows ran mountains high, and the storm-god reeled in all his terrible majesty and grandeur. Still more, I have never changed since then. I am the same to-day as when we last met three years ago."

"And I, too, Jack, am not altered," said Phe-

be, in a low tone, as the two walked along the sidewalk, by the now lighted lanterns.

"It gives me joy to hear you so speak, Phebe, for now I believe we may yet realize the wishes of years. When last we met—it was in the sitting-room at the Three Anchors—we said that we would one day become all in all to each other, if the life of both was spared, and we both declared that absence should not change us."

"I am not changed," said the maiden.

"Nor am I," answered Jack.

"But my parents, they will oppose—"

"They would have refused me three years ago, because I was poor," interrupted Jack.

"And will refuse you now."

"But I am no longer poor."

"You are not?"

"I have sufficient to aid my parents, and to stay at home myself, now that my term of service has expired."

"Then of course my parents will favor you," said Phebe. "You know their failing."

"As well as I do the sign of the Three Anchors, which I think we are not far away from, even now. But, Phebe, do not tell your father and mother that I have any shot in the locker!"

"I will not."

"I would not have them know aught of my worldly prospects just now."

"They shall not, through me."

"I would awhile deceive them if I can, and yet it shall be only a harmless deception. But here we are, I think, at the tavern."

"Even so," said Phebe.

And without more ado, the two entered the dwelling, and in a minute after were in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons—the landlord and landlady of the Three Anchors—as well as of others of their acquaintance, including Mary, the young sister of Phebe.

Young Jack Davenport was at this period not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and besides three years' service in the navy, he had been some four or five years in the merchant service, since the age of twelve. Previous to enlisting in the naval service, he had been home a long period, and had been a frequent visitor at the Three Anchors, such being the designation of the tavern, which had been many years kept by Mr. Parsons, a close-fisted Yankee, originally from the Pine Tree State. Quite often seeing and conversing with Phebe, upon the occasion of these visits, an attachment quickly grew up between them. But as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Parsons heard of this, Jack was frowned upon and coldly treated by them; it being their wish rather, that Phebe only should en-

courage some man of wealth. Nevertheless, Phebe still kept on meeting Jack, and, as we have seen, upon our hero's departure in the United States man-of-war frigate, or just previous, the two had pledged a lasting regard for each other.

About a year after the departure of Jack, Richard Beckwith and his friend Bryant became frequenters at the Three Anchors, and dressing in the height of the reigning fashion, and displaying a good deal of gold, silver and bank-bills, they were soon looked upon by Mr. Parsons and his spouse, almost as miracles, and of course, Beckwith's expressed regard for Phebe was warmly favored by both father and mother. We have already seen, in Phebe's brief description to Jack, how the maiden was annoyed and threatened, and what ill success Beckwith met in a persistence in his suit.

That Bryant and Beckwith were wealthy men, was a great deal doubted in the neighborhood, although the landlord and landlady of the Three Anchors placed implicit faith in all that the two villains said regarding the matter. Moreover, it was darkly hinted in the vicinity, that the two men were noted gamblers, house-breakers, bank-robbers, or something of the kind, although these reports were not widely spread.

Upon the advent of Jack and Phebe, as related above, and their appearance before the parents of the maiden, they, or rather Jack alone, was received with the most cordial welcome. Jack afterwards told Phebe that he was surprised at the warmth with which he was received by her parents, considering the coolness which had been exhibited prior to his going away to Europe.

Yet the changed manner of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons was easily accounted for by the lovers. The two former had heard of the coming home of the man-of-war, and had received information concerning the payment of the crew, which led them to believe that Jack probably had a small Spanish mine in each pocket.

Our hero did not tarry long upon the night of his first visit to the Three Anchors; but repairing to his home before the hour of nine, where he stayed until late the following day, he then again visited the tavern.

He was as warmly received as upon the night before, and Phebe's parents conversed with him as though they had always been on the most friendly terms with him. In the course of a conversation of some length, Mr. Parsons spoke of the bright prospects which Jack now had for the future, and spoke feelingly of the regard which Phebe had always entertained for him.

"Pikes and ramrods, Mr. Parsons, but I'm

not ignorant of the fact that Phoebe has always been attached to me, ever since the first days of our acquaintance. She often confessed as much to me, both in words and looks. But before I slipped cable three years ago, you didn't approve of my attentions to your daughter. No—you thought I wasn't worthy of her! You believed me too poor!"

"You are in error, Jack, my good friend," responded the landlord of the Three Anchors. "I always looked upon you as my future son-in-law. I told you that you were poor three years ago, but I only did so to give you an incentive to struggle and acquire something. I always meant to befriend you, whatever might take place—even though you returned as poor as you went away."

"Cannons and bombshells!" rejoined Jack, who was almost always full of nautical and war-like expressions. "I'm glad to hear you say so much, for now I may tell you the whole truth—now I may tell you—"

"What?" interrupted Phoebe's father.

"I will tell you in a minute," Jack answered, turning away and joining the young girl, who was in another portion of the apartment.

"My friend Tom Taffrail, often told me to keep a bright lookout for landsharks, and for those who would fawn upon me for what I might have," he continued to Phoebe. "And he knew the landsharks well, and knew how to keep a tight strain upon the lanyards of their fine words. Bless me, if I didn't mind his advice, I should be thrown aboard altogether."

"What do you mean, Jack?" spoke Phoebe.

"I understand your father's palaver, well enough. He don't care for me, only for what he thinks I have."

"You are right, Jack," was the maiden's answer, "although he is my father."

"I'm sure of it, Phoebe, but I'll still make him believe that I'm poor."

"Do so, Jack, and we will soon see if he will not change his tone!"

"And yet I've been paid, Phoebe, and am the possessor of two thousand in gold," said Jack. "I don't like sailing under false colors, but I'll do so for the present, if only to prove the truth of Tom Taffrail's words. 'All landmen are sharks,' said he, 'and if they can, they'll get all your money, and turn you adrift without a shot in the locker, and leave you on your beam ends. But tell them that you've got nothing, and you'll soon find out all their bearings.'"

"What were you about to tell me the whole truth of, friend Jack?" at this minute inquired Mr. Parsons, approaching Phoebe and our hero.

"In a minute more you shall know," was the reply of Jack. Then turning to Phoebe, and drawing her aside, he added: "We will always be all in all to each other, dear girl, and get spliced, whatever happens, before many days. But until we do, that old shark, your father, shan't know the real truth of my prospects. We'll presently see how we'll turn and twist and lead him to change his thoughts of me!"

A few more words with Phoebe, and then Jack again turned to the landlord of the Three Anchors.

"It is all settled, Mr. Parsons," said Jack to him, smilingly, "and with your consent, Phoebe and myself are agreed to moor our fortunes together through life."

"My consent shall not be wanting," said the landlord, "and with Phoebe's mother's, in fact, is already given. But was this the truth which you wished to tell me?"

"No, no; but you were speaking of befriending me, if poor; and I was about to say—to say—" Jack hesitated.

"What were you about to say?" asked Mr. Parsons. "Speak freely. You have rescued my daughter from a villain, and you are about to wed her. We will have no secrets."

"But you may be disappointed—perhaps angry."

"Proceed, my dear Jack, and do not fear."

"Then," returned Jack, "I was about to say that I am not rich—that I am—"

Mr. Parsons started at these words, but he quickly recovered himself, and said:

"But if you are not rich, at least you have sufficient! The earnings of three years are not trifling. Two thousand dollars is a good sum to begin life with."

"I should think so, if I had so much."

"But you have not much lacking of that."

"I have nothing like it."

The miserly landlord began to look decidedly blue.

"In short, my good father-in-law, that is to be, I'm without a cent!"

"Without a cent?" in a colder tone spoke Mr. Parsons, while surprise was depicted upon his features, "you are joking with me."

"Shiver my timbers, but I am not," returned Jack, "I'm as poor as I was before I went away. I haven't a single shot in the locker!"

"It may be that you haven't received your three years' pay yet?" spoke the landlord.

"Every cent of it has been drawn by me," was the answer of the young sailor.

"Where, then, is it?"

"I drew it monthly, and spent such portions

of it as I did not send to my father, soon almost as I got it."

"And you could save nothing?"

"As you say, nothing!"

"You have been imprevident!"

"I acknowledge it, but dash my toplights, if it can be helped now!"

"But if you were not a spendthrift, you would have saved it."

"Bless me! but you are right," returned Jack. "However, we'll let bygones be bygones, and I'll do better in the future."

"There's no use in farther putting trust in you," still more coldly and severely uttered Landlord Parsons.

"Belay, belay, my good father-in-law—that is to be. What's the matter? It doesn't matter if my money is all gone! You know I have your consent to wed Phoebe, and you know that you said that you would befriend me if I was poor."

"Befriend you, be hanged!" said Parsons. "A man capable of squandering money in such a manner is unworthy of further regard!"

"The wind is beginning to change," said Jack, "and I see what the upshot will be."

"I care not for your sailor expressions, Mr. Davenport," said Parsons, in an ice-like manner, "but of this be assured, I shall never dare to trust Phoebe in your keeping. I begin to feel that you are not worthy of a wife like her!"

"Shiver my toplights, but I understand you, Mr. Parsons, and I begin to perceive that you judge of a man's worth, by the amount of money he may be the possessor of," returned Jack. "But since you are so changeable in your regard of me, be assured of this, that I will have your daughter in spite of you!"

Other angry words between the two followed, and in a few minutes thereafter, both deeply angered took their leave of each other, Parsons immediately leaving the room, and Jack the house, after the interchange of a few words with Phoebe.

"Wouldn't even give a hearing to my signals of distress, as they were," said Jack, as gaining the outside of the Three Anchors, he started once more for his own home. "Tom Taffrail was right, and he's nothing but a regular land-shark! However, I've got money in plenty, despite what I've said, and Phoebe shall become mine unknown to him. This very night I am again to meet her and the knot shall be tied!"

In the meantime, deeply indignant at the non-success of their attempt to abduct the young maiden, Phoebe, Beckwith and Bryant, after leaving the wharf, repaired to a drinking-saloon to talk over the matter.

"What is to be done, now that you have fail-

ed to capture the maiden?" spoke Bryant, after some previous words upon the subject.

"I don't know, further than this," replied Beckwith, "that a second attempt must be made."

"A second attempt will be even more difficult than the first," said Bryant.

"Yes, certes upon the sailor's interference," said Beckwith. "If I might but again meet him, I would be fully avenged upon him for the blows he gave me!"

"If he is to be found in New York, we will yet waylay him," returned Bryant.

"I am eager to do so, if it may be possible, before we further strive to obtain the maiden."

"Undoubtedly he has attended the maiden home. What if we at once repair to the Three Anchors?"

"I am agreed."

"And yet it may be dangerous, after the attempt we have made to abduct Phoebe."

"No, no, it will not," said Beckwith. "Mr. and Mrs. Parsons are both our friends, and they approve of a marriage between myself and Phoebe, although they are aware of the deep hatred which she experiences for me. At the maiden's residence we may learn something of the sailor."

"If you say so, let us then go thither, without any longer delay," returned Bryant.

Beckwith was willing, the two arose from the seats which they had been occupying, and when they had paid their respects to a decanter of brandy, both quitted the place.

We may briefly state that the two villains, after leaving the saloon, repaired to the tavern of the Three Anchors. They did not, however, enter, but without doing so, learned that Jack had gone to his home, and further learned that he had just returned from Europe, and that he was well acquainted with Phoebe and her parents.

The next day, without visiting the Three Anchors, they gained still farther information of the antecedents of Jack, and heard that he was, and long had been the accepted lover of Phoebe. With this knowledge, angered as they were with him for baulking their villainous attempt, they after a good deal of converse upon the subject, resolved to concoct some hellish plan to put him effectually out of the way. What that plan was, and how far it succeeded, will be seen hereafter.

To return to our hero. The night succeeding the angry discourse between Jack and Mr. Parsons, was rendered eventful to our young sailor here, by another meeting between him and Phoebe, by their repairing together to the residence of a minister, engaged by Jack, and by a final consummation of the marriage tie, which rendered the two one.

After the ceremony, Jack attended Phoebe to the near vicinity of her home, and then took his departure, promising to again visit her, and her parents as well, early the day following.

Phoebe resolved to say nothing of the marriage to her father and mother, as she had not asked them to sanction it, but concluded to wait until Jack saw fit to reveal it, believing, after knowing of its final consummation, that her parents would readily forgive her and Jack, poor though they might still think him to be, the more especially as they would see that further anger could avail them nothing.

Upon leaving his beautiful wife of an hour in her near neighborhood of her own home, Jack Davenport moved quickly forward again for his father's residence, thinking deeply of the recent event, and determined in his mind, should the landlord of the Three Anchors remain obdurate against Phoebe and himself, to as quickly as possible remove Phoebe to the residence of his parents.

He had reached one half the distance towards his home, and was walking rapidly along a somewhat deserted street, when suddenly he was confronted, and his career checked by a tall, burly ruffian.

"Who are you, and what do you mean?" involuntarily ejaculated Jack, somewhat surprised at the bold demonstration of the intruder.

"Your name is Jack Davenport, is it not?" questioned the ruffian, giving no answer, and replying by making a further inquiry.

"It is, but I don't know how you should know it, for I can't remember of ever having seen your figure head before!"

"Perhaps you never did, but if you're Jack Davenport, as you say, you are the man I want."

"For what?"

"To come along with me."

"Where?"

"You will know, when you reach the spot."

"But if I don't know what course you're going to steer, or for what purpose you want me, mesemate, sky-rockets and hand-grenades, it's scarcely likely that I shall follow you."

"But you must go with me!" said the ruffian.

"Must! if I must, I will—but I will wait until you prove that I must."

"It will be better for you to come peaceably, than to compel me to use force," said the man.

"You speak boldly and insolently, whoever you may be, and I will not accompany you," replied our hero. "So give lee-way, and sheer off, you pirate, or I'll run into you without more palaver!"

"Two can play at the game you mean," the

ruffian replied, throwing himself into a pugilistic attitude, and holding his clenched hands well up in front of him, as though ready for action.

"If so, I'm ready to show which one of the two is the better man," Jack rejoined, clenching his fists, suddenly knocking up the guard of his opponent, and skillfully striking him so severe a blow in the face, as caused him to fall to the ground, as though felled like an ox.

But he had scarcely made this successful hostile demonstration, ere the effect of a heavy blow from behind staggered him. Severe, however, as it was, Jack maintained his footing, and quickly turned around to face some half dozen men, probable comrades of him now lying *hors du combat*.

"Seize upon him, men, and let us away with him as quickly as possible!" cried a voice, unmistakably that of Beckwith. "Finished pugilist as Baker has always thought himself, he's done for with a single blow! Upon him, all at once, and then we will bind him hand and foot, if it is necessary!"

Jack Davenport resolutely confronted his adversaries, disdaining flight, although there was every opportunity to retreat, and the villains with Beckwith, noticing his defiant front, hesitated to attack him.

"What is the matter?" Beckwith exclaimed. "Do you fear a single man, comrades? Set upon him, gag, bind and bear him away, or we may be interrupted!"

"Back, you cowardly swabs, or 'twill be worse for ye!" ejaculated our hero, sternly.

The party, notwithstanding, pressed upon him, and quick, almost, as the lightning's flash, he tripped up the heels of Beckwith, knocked down another close beside him, and violently pushed backward a third, almost causing him to lose his equilibrium.

For all this it would have fared hard with him, considering the number opposed to him, but for the fact that a number of persons were, at this minute seen approaching. They were two or three of the guardians of the night, and a sight of them caused the myrmidons of Beckwith to make an instant stampede, while Beckwith himself, and his fallen comrade, quickly picked themselves up, and followed their retreating footsteps.

"It was their intention to subdue me, and take me away with them, probably for the purpose of putting me to death," were the words of Jack to one of the watchmen, when they had all reached his side, and inquiry was made of the occasion of the dastardly attack.

"Do you know any of them?" was the next question asked.

"One of them, only," said Jack. "He is known by the name of Beckwith. I knocked him down the other night upon one of the wharves, and rescued a lady from him, who is now my wife, and whom he was striving to carry away in a boat, against her will. He and the villains with him just now came upon me, no doubt at his instigation, he owing me a grudge for the punishment I gave him!"

Further words followed, some of the watchmen said that the matter should be more closely looked into, and then, after a little while, Jack Davenport took his leave of them, and started once more towards his residence, which he reached without further incident of moment.

At quite an early hour the next morning, Jack once more repaired to the abode of his lady love—the tavern of the Three Anchors. He found Mrs. Parsons and Phebe at home, but the landlord had gone out some time before, and was yet absent.

Phebe warmly greeted him, and there was a loving smile upon her countenance; but upon the other hand, the features of the mother wore a severe expression, and it was plain to be seen by Jack, that she had no welcome for him. Addressing her, after a word or two with Phebe, he was assured of it, by the answer she made to his speech.

"Mr. Davenport," she began, in a cold, harsh tone of voice, "that you are not welcome here you should well know, after the last words of Mr. Parsons, before you left us yesterday. I see not, therefore, why you should still persist in visiting us, when you must be aware that my daughter cannot hereafter be aught to you!"

"On the contrary, I expect she will hereafter be everything to me," Jack replied. "If I am not welcome to you, at least I am to Phebe, and I hope ere many days to be to both you and Mr. Parsons!"

"You think so, but you will be deceived, and your hopes of becoming the husband of my daughter will prove evanescent ones!"

"It is you, Mrs. Parsons, who are deceived," returned our hero. "I never wish to be more to Phebe than I now am."

Phebe smiled, and her mother noticing her, and seeing the intelligent look which Jack cast upon her, said:

"What do you mean?"

"There is no need of further secrecy, Mrs. Parsons," answered our hero, "Phebe and I are already spliced."

"What?"

"Phebe is already married to me!"

"Married to you?"

"Yes, she is now my wife!"

Mrs. Parsons was astonished.

"'Tis false! She is not married! you are but striving to deceive me!" she exclaimed. "Speak, Phebe, and tell me that he has but uttered a base lie!"

"Here is the proof that he has told you nothing but the truth," replied Phebe, quietly taking the marriage certificate from a pocket of her dress, and placing it in one of her mother's hands.

Mrs. Parsons read the certificate, which was written in a clear legible hand, and then folding it up, raised her eyes, and for a minute sternly fixed them upon her daughter. She was about to give utterance to some words of an angry nature, but was checked from so doing by the opening of one of the outer doors, and the quiet appearance of the landlord.

"Ah, Jack, you here!" he immediately said, rubbing his hands, and looking infinitely pleased about something, and acting as if he had never spoken an angry or uncivil word to our hero in his life. "I am glad to see you again. You must forgive what I said the last time we met. I am sorry for the language I made use of. I do not care if you are poor, because I am convinced that you are worthy of my esteem."

Mrs. Parsons looked aghast. She was too much astounded to speak. And Jack and Phebe too, were not a little surprised at this unlooked-for change in the landlord of the Three Anchors.

"I am glad that you have finally a good opinion of me," said Jack, "and Phebe, I'm sure, also rejoices at the fact."

"My opinion is so good, that you shall wed her whenever both of you may mutually determine."

"They are already married!" Mrs. Parsons managed to articulate, wondering greatly at the sudden change in her husband.

"What do you say? already married?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Yes, father," spoke Phebe. "Jack and I were married last night. We thought we would get married first, and then ask your forgiveness afterwards, as is so often the custom of late."

A minute after, Mr. Parsons was glancing at the marriage certificate, and finally convinced that Jack and the lovely Phebe had outwitted him, as far as their greatest wishes were concerned, he at length said:

"Well, well, well, I am glad of it, and it shall not be my fault if this is not the happiest day of my life. I don't care a cent if you are poor, Jack, you may not be always so. We will hope; at least, that you will not, and hope, the poet says is a glorious prophet of the future."

"I am not so poor, now, as you may think me, for I have deceived you, as I have been thinking to try your friendship. I am glad that I have found you true. I have three thousand dollars, the savings of more than three years, and they are all my own!"

"You surprise me, and yet I am glad that what you say is true," said Mr. Parsons.

"But that Phebe is now mine, I should not so soon have told you so much, but I have no longer a reason for secrecy, as I am one of the family."

Mr. Parsons had learned abroad that Jack had been deceiving him, and hence the reason of his so cordially receiving him upon his return home. Jack shrewdly suspected that his father-in-law had learned something, to which might be attributable his changed demeanor towards him, but he gave no hint of this suspicion, as he believed it would be as well not to, as the husband of Phebe.

Mrs. Parsons soon left the room, ashamed of the language she had spoken in the presence of our hero, but she afterwards mustered courage to again enter his presence, and to welcome him as the husband of Phebe.

It was late in the afternoon, and Jack and Phebe were still together in the sitting-room of the Three Anchors, and Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were present as well, when all were suddenly startled by a double knock upon the outer door. A servant answered the summons, and immediately after, Beckwith and Bryant were ushered into the presence of the quartette.

A look of surprise was upon the features of each and all, as the two entered, and the villagers evidently were somewhat taken aback at the presence of their sailor enemy. However, they resolved to make the best of the matter, and at the invitation of Mrs. Parsons, they became seated. A constrained conversation of some minutes took place, in which, however, neither Jack nor Phebe joined, and the two feeling somewhat uncomfortable, were about again to take their leave, when another knock was heard. Upon its being answered, four policemen unceremoniously entered, and Beckwith and Bryant were at once arrested, as being two of a number recently engaged in an extensive bank robbery.

Both were bold in their speech, and indignant at the accusations preferred against them, but they were nevertheless obliged to accompany the officers, and soon the house was cleared of their presence.

"Shiver my timbers," said Jack, using one of his nautical expressions, "but may I have a round dozen, if I didn't always think that them

chaps were regular landsharks; and I guéss now that they'll meet their just deserts, despite all their boldness of speech, and asseverations of innocence."

Reader, our little sketch is concluded. A period of joy and mirth occurred upon the following day, in honor of the marriage of our hero and heroine, and many a health was drank to the future prosperity of the lovely bride and her noble husband.

Beckwith and Bryant were tried, found guilty of being participators in the bank robbery, and were sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the Sing-Sing State Prison.

After tarrying a few days at the tavern of the Three Anchors, Jack took his lovely bride to the home of his parents, where they were cordially received, and where they resided many years after, frequently receiving visits from Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, and as often returning them.

We have only further to add that Jack Davenport is now one of the wealthiest of the merchant princes of New York, and that thriving children born to him, are an honor to him and his still charming spouse.

ON THE TABLE.

A funeral in Norway is a very simple affair. The creed of the country is Lutheran; and the mysterious and lugubrious pomps and ceremonies called into action by the rites of the Roman Catholic or the Greek Church are dispensed with. On the night following the decease, the corpse is "watched," in the principal room in the house inhabited by the deceased. The coffin is placed on the table (a custom common in the north of Europe; in Russia, to say a man is "on the table," is equivalent to saying that he is dead). Lighted sconces are placed upon it, and prayers are recited by a minister retained for the purpose; the sorrowing relatives and friends gathering round. A moderate repast of milk, soup, porridge, and trout from a neighboring fiord, is served in the course of the evening; but no attempt is made towards the "wakes" and funeral feasts—or rather orgies—that disgrace the funeral rites in some countries. On the following day the coffin is borne to the church, the relatives following in procession, and is thence carried to the grave, and sprinkled with flowers; the clerk remaining to chant over the lonely coach.

THE YEARS.

They do not go from us, but we go from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that wait with us not further, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

Though far away I wander
 From the scenes of early youth,
 I shall ne'er forget its pleasures,
 Hours of innocence and truth.
 Oft my spirit hears the voices
 Of the loved of long ago:
 Father, mother, playmate brother,
 Cease to love thee?—never, no!

Yet of all the welcome voices
 That my spirit loved to hear,
 Causing joy to banish darkness,
 Drying every sorrowing tear,
 Was the sweet voice of my mother,
 With its tones so soft and mild,
 Oft in love so gently chiding
 Her wayward, thoughtless child.

Its softness seems to linger
 All along through manhood's years,
 And its cadence, sweet and cheerful,
 Bids me banish all my fears.
 Though the world may prove unfaithful,
 And its friendship fade and wane,
 When disgusted with its follies,
 All its bables I disdain.

The sweet voice of my mother
 Shall my joy and comfort be,
 As I dream of love unfathomed
 Cherished kindly still for me.
 Yes, I hear her voice as ever,
 Though long years have passed and gone,
 While my mind oft wanders backward,
 As I journey on alone.

[ORIGINAL.]

MAUDE:

—OR,—

THE TIMES OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY CLARENCE LIVINGSTONE.

AMONG the noble Saxons who swelled the train of William the Conqueror, returning from the successful battle that gave him that pompous title, was the Earl Waltheof. He was accompanied on that occasion by his beautiful young daughter, Maude. Timid as the fawn, that is startled by the sound of her own soft footfalls, the sweet maiden blushed to find herself the centre of a group of admiring gaze, the children of him whom her father came reluctantly to honor. Numerous, indeed, was that band of

newly-fledged royalty. There were Robert, the slow; Richard, the monkish boy; William Rufus, the fiery-hearted, as well as fiery-haired; Henry, the refined scholar, who had received the pretty name of Beauclerk; Cicely, who had been the promised bride of the slain Harold; Agatha and Adela, the two maidens whose friendship for the young Maude ended but with their lives; and, lastly, the three little girls, Adeline, Constance and Gundred.

The young Saxon beauty, dressed in snowy white, above which a robe of purple satin was leaped above the knee at one side, and girt with a rich, soft scarf fringed with gold, was led up to the new queen, Matilda, and received the caress which she willingly bestowed upon lips so lovely. Still, there was sadness on that sweet face. Her father's destiny and her own had been embittered by the temper of her step-mother, Judith d'Anmale, the niece of William. Judith sided with the conqueror, while Waltheof saw, with bitterness, the downfall of the Saxon reign.

Not yet did William feel secure of the throne of England. There were those around him whose stern and dissatisfied looks proclaimed to him as loudly as the tones of a trumpet, that they needed but a master spirit to tear him from his new-found dignities, and bid him back to Normandy. He was restless and uneasy, although seeking to wear the kingly look which he believed became him, and the bland aspect which should betoken the gracious sovereign.

Exulting in his conquest, he heeded not that the slain Harold was the affianced husband of his gentle daughter, Cicely, nor that her heart was broken by his death. Regardless of her faded cheeks, and sunken eyes, he was already planning a marriage for her with young Edwin Atheling, the rightful heir to the throne of Alfred the Great. Not that he feared the youth, for his indolent and feeble mind was not equal to the exertion of claiming his rights; but he believed in strengthening his own hands by alliances with the blood royal; and, had it not been for the queen, he would have trampled on the broken heart of his daughter with as little remorse as he did over the bleeding form of Harold. The mother shrank from this desecration of her daughter's affections, and suggested Agatha as a substitute. They were speedily betrothed; but not long after the conqueror revoked his plighted word to the lovers, and doomed his child to resign Edwin for King Alphonso, of Spain. Hearts were but playthings for the redoubtable conqueror.

But the curses which he had brought upon others, came home to roost. Richard died of

fever, brought on by hunting in the New Forest; Agatha mourned herself to death beyond the sea, with Edwin's name upon her lips, remembered still tenderly in Spain as in England, and, as if to affright his soul by accumulated horrors, the handsome head of Edwin Atheling was brought him by one who supposed he was doing an important service to the king. Ah, never yet did Heaven smile upon ill-gotten wealth or dignities.

Yet even all these terrible warnings failed to satisfy the conqueror's boundless ambition. Fearing Earl Waltheof's disaffection, he retained the beautiful Maude at his court, as a hostage for her father's good faith; intending to dispose of her hand when it should suit his ambitious views and bring strength to his rule. Maude had bestowed her heart upon Edwin Atheling, and had secretly mourned the policy which sought to wed him with Agatha. Now, he was lost to both the fair girls. It seemed to be the conqueror's sole employment to sever hearts that loved. A deeper tragedy than he had yet enacted was to come. The treacherous step-mother of Maude had discovered that her husband had been drawn into a conspiracy against the king, and she betrayed him to William. A French count had gained her affections; and, for his sake she willingly doomed her husband to death. He was beheaded near Winchester. The tidings following so speedily the terrible fate of Edwin and the death of her beloved Agatha, so wrought upon the gentle Maude that a fever seized her. She lay, for a long time, in happy unconsciousness of what had passed, but awoke to new calamities from the same iron hand that had worked all her woes.

In accepting the proffered service of Judith to bring her noble husband to death, he had laid a plan to marry the treacherous widow of Waltheof to a Norman noble, Simon, a man who was attached to him as his sovereign, and as willing to cling to his fortunes as King of England, as when Duke of Normandy. Simon was wretchedly lame and deformed, and the proposal of the conqueror to unite her to such a person, exasperated the perfidious, but handsome and elegant woman to such a degree that William, to punish her, stripped her of power and wealth, and banished her to Yorkshire.

Still intending to give his Norman favorite some token of his regard, he next proposed to marry him to the beautiful Maude. Mesentius, who chained a living to a dead body, was scarcely more cruel than he who thus wedded beauty to deformity without the affection that might have overlooked the sacrifice. The decree was gone

forth, however, and Maude, overwhelmed with amazement and grief, and scarcely recovered from the lingering sickness which she had been thrown into by her father's death, was led to the sacrifice in dumb woe. It was the impersonation of beauty and the beast. And then the aggravating thought that there was no affection to smooth over the deformity, for Simon would as gladly have married her step-mother as herself, had but the lands of Northampton and Huntingdon been the gift accompanying her hand. Now they were Maude's, and the bridegroom was ready to marry their owner.

But no one could live with Maude without being softened and subdued by her meek and dove-like gentleness. She, who had tamed the whole crew of the conqueror's obstinate and self-willed children, might well hope to have some refining influence upon a husband. Nor was her hope vain. Simon learned to regard his beautiful wife with a devotion that amounted to reverence. One glance of her meek, violet eyes could turn him from any purpose, or incite him to any brave or heroic deed. He believed her scarce lower than the angels, and so wrought upon her gentle heart by his tender and reverential love, that when he died, which was not many years after their marriage, Maude grieved, as she never thought to grieve, over his dead body. The poor, weak, suffering frame was forgotten, save to pity its pains, and her only thought was of the worshipping love he had borne her.

Much, indeed, of sorrow had the youthful widow endured. She had seen the death of almost all who were dear to her. Her father, Edwin, Agatha, her husband, that of William the Conqueror—who, although cruel to her in one sense, had yet shown her great affection when not drawn into cruelty by state policy—the death of William Rufus, who had usurped the throne of his brother Robert; and last, not least, the living death of Cicely in a convent, and the loss of her firm friend, the Queen Matilda.

Rufus, indeed, had sought her hand in marriage. She declined the honor of being the queen of an usurper. Her heart told another tale when David of Scotland wooed her. Malcolm, the King of Scotland, called Cean-mohr, from the size of his head, had married Margaret Atheling, and Henry Beaulerk, who, by the delay and indecision of his brother Robert, had been enabled to seize the throne of England at the very moment of the Red King's death, had long sought the hand of her fair sister; Matilda. Henry eagerly seized the opportunity of obtaining the influence of Maude with the princess, and she became Henry's queen.

It would be injustice to the gentle nature of Maude, if we did not relate how tender and devoted was the friendship between herself and Adela. The latter had married Count Stephen of Blois and Chartres. An ambitious woman was Adela; ambitious, not for herself, but for her husband, her brothers, and the sons who were soon growing up around her. Her first-born, who bore his grandfather's name, was fated never to walk in the conqueror's steps, for good nor evil. A fretful, sickly fancy was succeeded by an utter prostration of mental strength, until the boy became an idiot. All her other sons, Thibaut, Stephen and Henry, had, in one way and another, disappointed her, while the youngest child, a daughter, early married to the Earl of Chester, met with an untimely death in the ill-fated White Ship, the same in which her royal cousin, Prince William, went down, off the coast of Normandy. The father of the prince, the first Henry, he who succeeded to the throne of the conqueror, was never seen to smile after that terrible disaster, nor was he a deeper mourner for his son than the now widowed Adela for her darling Lucy.

Adela's ambition had driven Count Stephen a second time to the Holy Land, where he died from wounds received while defending the banner of the cross. This remembrance caused her the deepest woe when the tidings of his death were brought to her. As her father had counted over the misfortunes which his vaulting ambition had cost his own children, so did Adela—a true daughter of the conqueror, inheriting his boundless pride—sit down, in her hopeless misery, to blame herself bitterly for every woe her children had suffered.

In these hours of lonely grief, she thought of that sweet sister who, at her first sorrow, had turned aside from the world, and had become the bride of Heaven. How much had she thereby escaped? Cicely was now abbess of the convent of Caen. Why could she not carry her bleeding heart thither? She remembered how frantically she had pleaded with her sister, not to enter the gloomy cell of a nunneries. She remembered what were her own sensations when the lovely hair that had been twined so often around the fingers of the slain Harold, was severed from the beautiful head of Cicely. Now she would have given worlds to blot out memories far more bitter.

Her resolution was taken. Henceforth, one roof shall shelter them both—the sister whose meek head bowed like a lily beneath the first storm, and the prouder one who had only broken when the tempests came too thick and fast for mortal endurance.

When she entered the convent of Caen, to spend the remainder of her life in prayer and supplication for that peace which she had never yet found, the happy Maude was on her way to Stirling, where she was to be crowned Queen of Scotland. A bright day had succeeded the cloudy morning of the orphan's life. The only drawback to her happiness in reigning over her loving people, was, that it was purchased by the widowhood of Malcolm's queen, the beautiful and gentle sister of him she had once dearly loved—Margaret Atheling, the sister of Edwin, and of Henry's queen, Matilda.

"Thus shines the splendid morrow,
When the heavy night is past,
And thus from holy sorrow
Spring Heaven's own smiles at last!
Lovelier even light may be
From darkness burning forth—
O, suffering! it is from thee
We learn Hope's costliest worth."

REALITIES.

There is life and death going on in everything; truth and lies are always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying *pehew!* and sneering. A man in life, a humorist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supportable, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its man veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and darings, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow frame-work. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See, there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast, we find a gravestone; and in place of a mistress a few bones!—*Thackeray's Lectures.*

AFFLICTION.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue;
Whence patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.
MALLET.

(ORIGINAL.)

"SOME DAY."

BY EMMA F. CLARKE.

"Some day" is the burden of many a song
That never was told in rhyme,
It comes to the ear like the peal of a bell,
Or the sound of a musical chime;
And we almost list for the wind to say,
"It shall come to you again 'some day.'"

There are friends we meet on earth to love,
From whom it is hard to sever;
And we loosen the links of the golden chain,
To be clasped no more forever;
But we sadly smile and gently say,
We may hope to meet in heaven "some day."

While the stars shine on and flowers bloom,
And verses are written in rhyme,
I catch by a glance of a dreamy eye
A view of the "river of Time;"
Where, in clouds of crimson, and gold, and gray,
Are hanging the gilded words, "Some day."

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CLUB FOOT.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

ONE cold January night I was seated cosily by my fireside, enjoying a cup of tea which my wife knows so well how to make, when a violent ring at the front door bell disturbed the reverie in which I was indulging, and made my wife spill the sugar she was in the act of putting into my cup.

"I do hope, James," said my wife, "that this is no one to take you out to-night."

"I hope so too," I returned, "but if it should be, I must obey, business must be attended to, my dear."

"But it is snowing so fast, and you work so hard."

"Everybody, my dear, has to work hard to obtain a livelihood," I returned, philosophically.

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of our servant girl, who stated that a young lady wished to see me on important private business. My wife, who is in no wise of a jealous disposition, discreetly withdrew, and the party wishing to see me was immediately ushered into the parlor. I rose as she entered, and handed her a chair.

My visitor was a very handsome young girl of about eighteen years of age. She was dressed

with great taste, and evidently belonged to the upper ranks of life. She appeared somewhat embarrassed, as if she were at a loss how to begin the conversation.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. James Brampton?" she said, at last.

"That is my name," I replied.

"You are a private detective officer, are you not?"

"I am, madam."

"O, sir," said she, "I am in great trouble, and I have come to seek your assistance."

"Anything I can do, I am sure I shall be very happy to oblige you," I returned.

"My name, sir," continued the young girl, gaining courage, "is Eliza Milford."

"Milford," said I, "what, the daughter of the gentleman who has lately so mysteriously disappeared, with the account of which the papers have been so full for the last few days?"

"The same, and it is on that very business that I have come to consult you. You are perhaps aware that a young man has been arrested on suspicion of having taken his life?"

"Yes, a Mr. Henry Waring, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that is his name—that young man is innocent."

"Indeed!"

"I will make a plain statement of the facts of the case, and then I am sure you will agree with me. My father's name, as you are aware, is Mr. Herbert Milford. We live on the banks of the North River, about twelve miles from New York. My father was devotedly attached to me, and we lived as happily as possible together. He gratified my every wish, and for years not a single cloud obscured my calm and peaceful existence. About a year ago, I was introduced to the son of a gentleman living in the neighborhood, and mutual love sprang up between us. My father did not oppose our union, and as it was a desirable match on all sides, it was to be settled that we were to be married next spring. Things went on in this way for several months. Henry Waring visited my father's house every night. But suddenly our dream of happiness was dissipated, and that, too, by an extraordinary circumstance. Henry was early one morning found in the garden attached to our house in a half senseless condition, his clothes and hands were covered with blood, and my father had mysteriously disappeared. Every search was made for him, but without any avail, and Henry was arrested on the charge of having murdered him and concealed the body somewhere."

"That was a very strange conclusion to come to," said I, interrupting her.

"Yes, but you have not heard all," she replied. "My father's watch and purse were found in Henry's pocket at the time he was arrested."

"How does Mr. Waring account for that?" I asked.

"I don't know," returned Miss Milford, "for I have not been permitted to see him. He has been removed to the county jail, and his case has not yet been investigated, owing to the fact of my father's body not having been discovered. But to suppose that Henry could be guilty of murder and robbery, is too preposterous to be believed for a moment."

"Such would certainly appear to be the case," I returned; "but did not the place where Mr. Waring was arrested reveal nothing?"

"O, yes, a terrible struggle had evidently taken place there. The flowers and roots were torn up, the shrubbery broken, the ground in various places was covered with blood, and a knife was found which was proved to have belonged to Henry, was also stained with the vital fluid."

"Do I understand that your father imposed no obstacle to your marriage with him?"

"None at all, sir, in fact my father loved him."

"How long ago is it since your father was missing?"

"This is the fourth day. My motive, Mr. Brampton, in applying to you, is to free Mr. Henry Waring from the imputation of a crime of which I am sure he is as innocent as I am."

"It does indeed seem very improbable that he committed the deed. There appeared to be no possible motive for it. The first thing I must do is to see Mr. Henry Waring, and hear what explanation he has to give."

"Thank you, sir," replied Miss Milford. "When shall I come and see you again?"

"Are you staying in New York?"

"Yes sir. I am staying with an aunt at 115 East Broadway."

"Very well, when I have anything to communicate to you I will call."

She then wished me good evening, and took her leave. When she had gone I reflected a few minutes on the strange case, for to tell the truth, at first glance, I did not know what to make of it. The whole affair appeared to be involved in mystery. Of course, I did not for a moment suppose that Henry Waring was guilty of Mr. Milford's death. The utter absence of motive, and the fact that he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the death of the father of his betrothed, satisfied me that he could not be the guilty party. Then the thought naturally arose in my mind was Mr. Milford murdered at all? I passed several hours in these

vain conjectures, and was no nearer a conclusion after all.

The next morning I started for the town of L—, situated on the Hudson River railroad, in the prison of which place Mr. Waring was confined. I had some little difficulty in obtaining admission to the prisoner, but when I stated that I was a detective officer, an order was reluctantly given me.

The moment I entered his cell, Mr. Waring advanced to meet me. In a few words I told him of Miss Milford's visit to me, and that I was acting by her instructions.

"The dear girl," he replied—"I knew that she could not think me guilty of this foul crime."

"Mr. Waring," said I, "it is necessary that you should state exactly what occurred to you in reference to yourself. You are aware that suspicion points very directly at you as having committed the deed. You were found on the night Mr. Milford disappeared in the grounds attached to the house. Your clothes were covered with blood. Evidences of a struggle were apparent, and the old gentleman's watch and purse were found in your possession, to say nothing of the concealed knife which was proved to be yours."

"I own the circumstantial evidence appears to be very strong against me," he replied, "and I am afraid my plain unvarnished story will not do much towards disproving it. But the following are the simple facts of the case. On the night in question I visited Mr. Milford's house as usual. I stayed there until eleven o'clock and then took my leave. I was accustomed to return home by the garden at the back of the house, as I saved something in distance by so doing. On the night I refer to, I was about a dozen yards from the back gate when two men started up from behind some bushes, and seized hold of me. Before I had time to defend myself, one of them struck me a violent blow on the head which knocked me down senseless. When I recovered it was daylight, and I must have been there all night. I found my hands and clothes covered with blood, and my knife which I carried for self defence abstracted from my pocket. I had scarcely risen to my feet when I was seized and accused of having murdered Mr. Milford."

"But how about the watch and purse?"

"I assure you no one was more surprised than myself when they were taken from my pocket."

"How long a time had you parted with Mr. Milford when you were assailed in the garden?"

"Mr. Milford usually retired at ten o'clock, leaving Miss Milford and myself up together."

After a little more conversation with the prisoner, I withdrew, not very well satisfied with the result of my visit. It is true it served to confirm me in the opinion I had formed of Waring's innocence, but I was no nearer discovering the truth than before.

My next proceeding was to make a strict examination of the premises lately occupied by Mr. Milford, and especially the spot where Mr. Waring had been assailed. The house afforded us no clue, but the garden convinced me that the disorder there had been made after the young man had been struck, and that it was not occasioned by any real struggle that had taken place, but to induce the belief that such a struggle had occurred. There was too much regularity in the uprooting of the flowers and roots, and the shrubbery was broken too systematically not to set this point at rest to the eye of the detective.

I discovered that the most minute search had been made for Mr. Milford's body, but without any success. After making these investigations, I returned to New York, and really saw but little hope of being able to unravel the mystery.

Three weeks passed away, and I had not discovered one single link in the chain I was seeking to find. One day Miss Milford called on me again. In a few words I told her, that up to the present time my researches had all been fruitless. She looked disappointed.

"Have you heard," she said, "that my uncle, Mr. Oliver Milford, is occupying Linden Manor House?"

"Your uncle occupying Linden Manor House!" I exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest surprise.

"Yes, he appeared there two weeks ago, and claimed all my father's property by virtue of a will which he exhibited, and by which he was made sole heir to all my father's estate."

"Are you sure the will is a genuine one?" I asked, a ray of hope entering my mind.

"There can be no doubt that it was signed by my father," she replied.

"But who is this uncle of yours? I never heard you mention him before."

"I had almost forgotten his existence, for the fact is, my father and he were not on good terms together, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned."

"And you are left nothing in this will?"

"Nothing."

"Is it not very strange, Miss Milford, that your father should have left your uncle all his property?"

"It is, indeed, very strange," replied the young lady. "They have never spoken to each

other for years. My father could never bear to hear the name of his brother Oliver mentioned, and whenever he did speak of him, which I have before said was seldom, he always spoke of him as a bad-hearted man."

"And yet you say the signature to the will was in your father's handwriting?"

"Yes, sir, I am perfectly satisfied of it, so much so, that when some of my friends advised me to contest the validity of the will, being firmly convinced that my father really did sign it, I refused most positively. I care nothing about my father's wealth, and it is not to regain this that I ask your assistance, sir; my simple wish is to obtain Mr. Henry Waring's release."

"Has the will been proved?" I asked.

"O yes," she replied, "my uncle has taken full possession."

"And what have you been doing since?" I asked, more out of curiosity than anything else.

"I have obtained some music pupils, and I am doing very well, as I before said. I have no concern about myself."

"Have you any letter or document with your father's signature attached to it?"

"I have a number at home," she replied; "by-the-by, I think I have a letter of his with me now, written to me some six years ago, when he was in Albany."

So saying she took from her reticule the letter in question, and handed it to me.

"Will you allow me to retain possession of this?" I asked.

"Certainly," she replied; "but I can assure you that if you suppose the will to be a forgery, you are mistaken. The will is undoubtedly genuine."

"Well, my dear young lady," I returned, "I do not doubt your word, but you may be mistaken. At all events I should like to judge for myself."

I then bade her good morning, and expressed a wish to see her again that day week. When she had gone, I immediately put on my hat and coat, and directed my steps to the recorder's office, for the purpose of examining the will. Aided by the index I found it readily, and commenced to read every word of it.

It was by no means a long document, but went on to state that he, Mr. Herbert Milford, being of sane mind, did thereby bequeath unto his beloved brother all his personal and real estate, etc., etc. The document appeared to be drawn up in a perfectly legal form, and the most captious special pleader could take no exception to it whatever. At last I came to the signature. I took from my pocket the letter Miss Milford

had given me, for the purpose of comparing the signatures. There could be no doubt whatever but the signature was genuine; the letters were formed exactly the same, and were evidently written by the same hand. Still there was a marked difference between the two. That attached to the letter was bold and firm, while that attached to the will was weak and tremulous. The will was witnessed by John Dorsey.

The fact of this difference in the signatures immediately aroused my suspicions. A person's signature rarely differs except when the mind is influenced. But then again I reflected that time might impair a person's writing, and I compared the date of the will with that of the letter. What was my astonishment to find that they were both dated on the same day, namely, January 1st, 1840. I next held up the document to the light, for the purpose of seeing if there was a water mark on the paper. I found such was the case, and the words, "Connecticut Mills, 1843," could be made out most distinctly.

Here was a will purporting to have been signed in New York on the 1st January, 1840, by a man who was in Albany on that very day, and on paper that was made three years afterwards. And yet there could be no disputing the fact that the signature was a genuine one. The whole truth in a moment flashed across my mind, and I immediately set about unravelling the web. I went to work with a good heart, for I had but little doubt of success.

My first proceeding was to make inquiries as to the exact date of Mr. Milford's disappearance. I discovered that it was on the 10th day of January, and that Oliver Milford had come to take possession of the property on the 21st. I also made inquiries as to the past life of the heir of the property, and found that in Boston, from which city he came, he bore a very disreputable character, and that no one would trust or believe him. I then returned to L—, and putting up at the country tavern, I called the landlord on one side.

"Mr. Adams," said I, "do you know any one of the name of Dorsey living in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir, there's a Mr. John Dorsey who lives over the river."

"What kind of a man is he?" I asked.

"He's a very tall, strong man," he replied.

I mean what kind of a character does he bear?"

"Well, I can't say much in his favor, so I would rather not say anything."

"I suppose he is not very much liked by his neighbors?"

"You may well say that. Ever since he at-

tacked poor Mr. Milford so savagely, nobody speaks to him."

"He attacked the late Mr. Milford, did he?"

"Yes sir, a most unprovoked assault. It seems that Mr. Milford offended this man in some way, and one day there was a sale in town, and Mr. Milford and Dorsey both bid for the same article. It was knocked down to the farmer, and it was after the sale that the assault was committed."

"Was Dorsey prosecuted for it?"

"Yes, he was imprisoned for a year, and had to pay a heavy fine."

I learned all I wanted to know, and changed the conversation. I now determined I would visit Linden Manor House again. My purpose was to have an interview with the new proprietor, so that I might observe him well, and perhaps gain a few points by my scrutiny.

I soon reached the dwelling, and ringing boldly at the bell, demanded an interview with Mr. Oliver Milford. After some delay I was admitted into his presence. I found him to be a gentlemanly man enough, but with rather a forbidding cast of features. I noticed two things in particular about him; one was that he had a club foot and a restless manner.

"Mr. Milford," said I, "I have been informed that you wished to dispose of Linden Manor House; if that is the case I should like to purchase it."

"Who the deuce told you that?" said Mr. Oliver Milford, an angry flush mounting to his face.

"A friend of mine," I replied.

"He told you a lie, then."

"If I have been misinformed, I apologize," I replied.

Mr. Milford was somewhat mortified, and I bade him good morning. When I left the house I determined to visit the stable, for a reason the reader will discover by-and-by. I found two very fine horses, and the ostler, a good-humored Irishman there.

"Fine horses, there," said I, as I entered the door.

"Sure, an' you may well say that," replied the ostler, proud of my notice.

"You keep them well groomed, too."

"Faith, and it's but little grooming they require."

"I suppose they can travel pretty fast?"

"You've just hit the nail on the head. You should just have seen them the day they came down here from New York. Why, they didn't sweat a hair, and it's a good twelve miles, too."

"Indeed! they did not belong to the late Mr. Milford, then?"

"No, indeed. Sure an' Mr. Oliver Milford brought them down with him when he came."

"They were not at all distressed, you say?"

"Divil a bit! they looked as fresh as if they had just come out of the stable."

"Did Mr. Milford arrive here in the day time or night time?"

"It was dark night."

"I see you come from the old country; here's a quarter to drink my health. Good day."

"Good day, and God bless you, sir—may the holy saints preserve you!"

I made inquiries at the tavern as to the exact spot where the witness of the will lived. I learned that it was across the river on a small island, the whole of which he owned. I procured a boat and rowed directly across—the river was not very broad. I then skirted along the shore until I came to a landing place. After I had proceeded a quarter of a mile, I reached a spot where the marks of horses' feet were plainly to be traced on the snow. It was evident that horses had been embarked at this point on a boat or raft, and had been conveyed to the other side at the point from which I had started.

I made my boat fast and looked about me. I found that the island was small, and so thickly studded with green trees that I could see but very little in advance of me. Taking, however, the horses' hoofs for my guide, I came upon an old dilapidated stone building which had evidently been built long anterior to the Revolution. It seemed to be entirely unoccupied, for the shutters were closed, and thick grass and weeds grew in profusion.

I walked all round the house, but could not find a living soul visible, but I was rewarded with a sight which made my blood tingle in my veins, for it served to substantiate my theory with respect to clearing up the mystery, and this sight was nothing less than the impression of a club foot many times repeated, near the front entrance of the house, thus showing conclusively that Mr. Oliver Milford was a frequent visitor at Mr. Dorsey's.

I rung the bell, and receiving no answer, I opened the door which was unfastened. It was evident that Mr. Dorsey lived by himself, for there was only one room furnished, and that but meagrely. The first thing that I noticed was a candle and box of lucifer matches on the table in the room. Although it was daylight I lighted the candle and began to explore the house. I first of all examined the upper portion of it, but found nothing. I then examined the ground

floor with the same success. I did not feel discouraged, for I felt almost satisfied from the fact of the candle being there that such would be the result.

I next proceeded to examine the cellar, and had not descended half a dozen steps before I heard a faint groan. I rushed forward, and entered a spacious vault. In a corner of this damp, dark and dismal dangeon, reclining on a heap of straw, with manacles on his wrists and ankles, I saw an old man whom I was satisfied was Mr. Herbert Milford. I held the candle over his head and saw that he was sleeping. At that moment I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and turning round, saw that it was Mr. Oliver Milford advancing towards me with all the ferocity of a tiger. A terrible struggle ensued, but I was the younger man of the two, and finally succeeded in overpowering him, and in fixing the manacles with which he had loaded his poor brother, on his wrists and feet.

The joy of the poor old man at his release, knew no bounds. In a very few words he informed me of all that had passed. On the night of his disappearance, he was seized by his brother and Dorsey, and conveyed to this prison without being able to give the slightest alarm. While there he had been compelled, under threats of instant death, to sign a document, the purport of which he did not know. His brother or Dorsey visited him every day, bringing him a supply of food, but he could not have lasted much longer, as he was getting weaker and weaker every day.

Everything had turned out exactly as I had expected. The trembling characters of the signature to the will, and the fact that it had been ante-dated, convinced me that it had been obtained by force. I then argued that Mr. Herbert Milford was not dead, but in some place of confinement. This place I was satisfied must be near Linden Manor House, as it would be impossible to convey him any long distance without detection. I was also satisfied that Mr. Oliver Milford must have been in the neighborhood long before the time he was supposed to have come from New York, and it was to discover if my opinion were a correct one that I paid a visit to the stable.

The poor old gentleman was conveyed back to his residence, and was soon gratified with his daughter's presence. Young Waring was immediately released from confinement.

I may add that in a month or two Eliza Milford and Henry Waring were married. Oliver Milford died after four years' confinement in the State Prison, where he had been condemned for life. Dorsey escaped. By some means he learn-

ed that his victim had been discovered, and at once started for New York. I need scarcely add that it was Dorsey and Oliver Milford who had made the attack on Waring, and placed the watch and purse of their prisoner in his pocket, for the purpose of causing him to be suspected of having murdered the old gentleman.

BATAVIA.

Batavia, the capital city of the island of Java, according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of oriental splendor. The houses, which are white as snow, are placed two or three hundred feet back from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees, literally alive with birds, and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house has a piazza in front, decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, bird cages, etc., while rocking-chairs, lounges, etc., of the nicest description, furnish luxurious accommodations for the family, who sit here mornings and evenings. At night the city is in one blaze of light from the lamps. The hotels have grounds of eight or ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flower-gardens, etc. Indeed, so numerous are the trees, the city almost resembles a forest. The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets, and but few curtains. Meals are served up in about the same style as at first-class hotels in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to the guest's room, and again at eight o'clock with light refreshments. At twelve breakfast is served, and at seven, dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day and night. No business is done in the street in the middle of the day, on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool and delightful; birds are singing all night. The thermometer stands at about 82 degrees throughout the year. The island of Java contains a population of 10,000,000; the city of Batavia 180,000. The island abounds with tigers, leopards, anacondas, and poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are produced in great profusion.—*New York Tribune*.

A HINT TO THE SOLDIERS.

The captain of the barge on an Oxford boat-race, just as they are starting, gives each rower a little slice of lemon to hold in his mouth. He knows the philosophy. Anything in the mouth that promotes the flow of saliva, and keeps the throat moist, answers as well or better than drink, which often in quantities weakens the stomach. A physician, who understood these things, used in his long drives to take a clove in his mouth, instead of drinking frequently, as his inclination would have led him to do. The advantage of cloves is, that they contain much in little space, and do not lose their strength. For the soldier they would be peculiarly useful, since they are aromatic, stimulating and astringent, which last quality would tend to counteract that tendency to irritation of the bowels, which is the bane of the soldier's life. Half a dozen a day are enough; one clove may remain in the mouth for hours.

THE LAKELETS IN MICHIGAN.

The lakelets in this State are worthy the attention of the naturalist. Recently, a man by the name of Briggs, while washing sheep in one of a series of three in the township of Scio, was drowned. He had swam across it some forty rods, and on returning was probably seized with cramps, and sank near the middle. All efforts to recover the body being fruitless, Messrs. Harrington and Phillips were sent for, to search with their submarine armor. Accordingly they made numerous descents at various depths, discovering most singular irregularities of bottom and curiosities of formation. In some places the plummet will strike bottom in a short distance. A few feet distant and down it goes to an almost unfathomable depth. Sometimes, on arriving at what seems to be the bottom, the diver's feet rest on nothing, and down he goes into impenetrable darkness and a soft mass of mingled water and sediment, until prudence warns him against further progress. Down sixty-five feet went Mr. Harrington, in the vain search for solid bottom, and still his lead sank through "deep obscure." At one time the plummet will show a current which carries the line rapidly away from the perpendicular, and again it swings around, indicating a whirling eddy. This lake, or rather pool, has hitherto been little known, many old residents never having heard of its existence. A man present among the spectators of the diving operations, said that on his first discovery of it, a few years since, it abounded with the fish common to our streams, of a large size, and so little alarmed at the sight of man that they were to be caught by the simplest means—when within reach, almost by hand. As there is no inlet by which they could have entered the lake, how came they there?—*Michigan Herald*.

THE POWER OF MONEY.

The power of money is on the whole overestimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment than a stimulus for action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth, is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavily on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a poly-pus over which the tide floats.—*Transcript*.

LABOR.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy.

Mrs. Osgood.

The Florist.

TO THE JACKSONIA ROSE.

Dear little Rose, companion of the lily,
Thy home is by the shaded, sluggish pool,
And thou dost draw the elements of beauty
From the same source; here in the morning cool,
With lilies, sweetbriar and sweet-fern, I come
To transfer so much beauty to my home.
Beauty and fragrance! how they are combined
In this sweet month of flowers, delicious June,
While trees in leafy fulness, to the wind
Wake each with a distinct, melodious tune;
Yet naught of all that makes the meadows fair,
Or the wild woods with fragrance rich and rare,
Can thee excel for green and glossy leaf,
And crimson petals, though thy term is brief.

M. LEWIS

Clarkia Pulchella.

This is a hardy annual, of great beauty, discovered by Captain Clark, in his expedition, with Captain Lewis, to the Columbia River. It is a native of the Rocky Mountains. Plants from seed sown in August or September flower much stronger than when sown in the spring, but succeed very well when planted in April or early in May. The soil should not be over rich or moist, as they frequently die very suddenly in such a location. In a good, sound loam, rather light, it flourishes best. The flowers are light purple; plants one foot high; in bloom from June to September. There is a variety with white flowers. All the varieties and species, when grown in large masses, are very ornamental.

How to save your Mignonette.

Your cottage window-box of mignonette will often wither away, because a small grub gets to the pith at the cellar, or at the surface of the bed, eats out the heart of the plant, and death is instantaneous. The cure is very simple. Fresh soot raked in with the seeds is an invariable protection against this, and very many other garden grubs and evils. Soot, wood-ashes, lime, salt and deep trenching—especially the latter—will remove earth-grubs and insects.

Venus's Looking-Glass.

An annual border flower of some beauty, very hardy; having it once in the ground, it will sow itself; the young plants may be taken up in the spring and planted where to remain, and should be set one foot from each other; or sow the seed very early in the spring. One foot high, very branching, producing a long succession of blue flowers, which close at the approach of rain, and at evening. Speculum, because the form of the corolla resembles a little round, elegant mirror (speculum); whence it is called Venus's Looking-glass.

Garden Orysanthemum.

This is a handsome hardy annual, one variety with white and another with yellow flowers; two feet or more high; in bloom from July to October. Sow the seed in April. The double varieties alone are worth cultivation. The fine double varieties are propagated by cutting.

Everlasting Flower.

The Golden Eternal Flower is a hardy annual, growing two feet high, producing flowers from July to November. There is a variety with white flowers. The Large Everlasting Flower is of the same height as the preceding, flowering at the same time; flowers much larger; one variety white, tipped with red; another yellow, tipped in the same way; all are easily cultivated in a rich, loamy soil. Plants, forwarded in a frame, are in bloom from June to November. This is a family of plants much admired on account of the beauty of their flowers when dried; which, if gathered when they first open, and carefully dried, retain their color and shape for many years. They are, therefore, highly prized for winter mantel bouquets, and ornaments for vases, etc.

Rocket Candy-Tuft.

This hardy annual is of considerable beauty, being very showy, and of a pure white. The clusters of racemes are numerous and very large, being three or four inches long. At a distance the fine flowers very much resemble the double white rocket. It blooms for several months during the summer. It well deserves a place in every flower-garden. All the species and varieties of the candy-tuft are very hardy, and easy to cultivate. The fall-sown seeds flower early; those sown in April, from July to September; and some of the species until the frost in October. There is a variety, called the new crimson, that is not crimson, but a deep, rich purple. All the varieties look best in beds or masses.

Skeletons of Leaves.

These may be obtained by the following process: Macerate the leaves in water until they are in a state of putrescence or complete decay. The pulpy part of the leaves being thus destroyed, pour some boiling water over them, which will detach the soft parts from the fibres. If carefully done, the fibres will remain unbroken, however delicate they may be. To insure success, it may be well to do only one leaf at a time. The skeletons being obtained, they should be dried by placing them in the sun rather than at the fire, which would have the effect of wrinkling them and putting them out of shape.

Flowers.

The most humble abode is made pleasant to the sight of all persons of good taste and refined feelings, when it exhibits flowers in its surroundings, or plants peeping out of the windows. Flowers are a luxury that the poorest may enjoy—the most common are among the most beautiful—and a few seeds sown in the garden patch, however small it may be, or in a pot or a box, will in a short time gladden the heart of the sower, and all who look upon them, in the spirit of love, with a beauty and fragrance too exquisite for description.

The Housewife.

Asparagus.

Let the stalks be lightly but well scraped, and as they are done, be thrown into cold water; when all are finished, fasten them into bundles of equal size; put them into boiling water; throw in a handful of salt; boil until the end of the stalk becomes tender; it will be about half an hour; cut a round of bread, and toast it to a clear brown; moisten it with the water in which the asparagus was boiled, and arrange the stalks with the white end outward. A good melted butter must accompany it to table. Asparagus should be dressed as soon after it has been cut as practicable.

Apple Sauce.

Pare, quarter and core a quarter of a peck of rich, tart apples; put them in a stewpan, with a teacup of water; add some finely-chopped lemon-peel, and a large cup of sugar; grate half a nutmeg over, and cover the stewpan; let them stew gently for half an hour, then mash them fine; add a teacup of butter, and serve with boiled rice or boiled batter pudding.

Cheep Apple Pudding.

Peel the apples, cut in small pieces, and put them in a deep dish with water enough to keep them from burning. Place over them a cover, half an inch thick, of pastry made the same as for cream of tartar biscuit; place on a moderate fire, and cover with a deep dish to allow the crust to rise. Cook twenty minutes. Serve with braided butter and sugar.

A good Drink.

A very refreshing drink for hot weather, or when feverish, is made by taking twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and an equal quantity of white sugar, and twenty-five grains of either lemon or tartaric acid; mix this in two glasses of water as usual. If you substitute half a lemon for the acid, it will be a still more delicious draught.

Broiled Salmon.

Cut the fish in slices from the best part; each slice should be an inch thick; season well with pepper and salt; wrap each slice in white paper, which has been buttered with fresh butter; fasten each end by twisting or tying; broil over a very clear fire eight minutes. Serve with butter or tomato sauce.

Caper Sauce for Fish.

Take some melted butter, into which throw a small bit of glaze; and when the sauce is in a state of readiness, throw into it some choice capers, salt and pepper, and a spoonful of essence of anchovies.

To clean tainted Barrels.

The best method for cleaning tainted barrels is to put one peck of charcoal and one teacup of potash into each barrel, fill them up with boiling water, cover tight, and let them stand until cold.

To blacken Fronts of stone Chimney-Pieces.

Mix oil-varnish with lampblack, and a little spirit of turpentine to thin it to the consistency of paint. Wash the stone with soap and water very clean; then sponge it with clear water; and when perfectly dry brush it over twice with this color, letting it dry between the times. The lampblack must be sifted first.

Oup Cake.

Two cups of flour, one cup of butter, half a cup of sour cream, three well beaten eggs, and a little saleratus dissolved in hot water; beat these together for a long time; add grated nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of lemon extract or orange flower water; bake in a quick oven, in buttered tins lined with paper.

Dandelion Beer.

Take of dandelion roots, well washed, two ounces; boil them in six quarts of water for thirty minutes; strain, and add one pound of molasses, and half an ounce of yeast—to be put in a bottle and left to ferment for twelve hours. To be drank night and morning.

Citron Pudding.

Take a pint of cream and the yolks of six eggs, and beat them together; add four ounces of sugar, the same of citron shred fine, two spoonfuls of flour, and a little nutmeg. Place this mixture in a deep dish; bake it in a quick oven, and turn it out.

Syrup of Ginger.

Steep an ounce and a half of beaten ginger in a quart of boiling water, closely covered up for twenty-four hours; then, straining off the infusion, make it into a syrup, by adding at least two pounds of fine loaf sugar, dissolved, and boiled up in a hot water bath.

Currant Pudding.

Take a pound of currants, a pound of suet, five eggs, four spoonfuls of flour, half a nutmeg, a teaspoonful of ginger, a little powdered sugar, and a little salt. Boil this for three hours.

Cherry Pudding.

Line a well-buttered basin with a paste made of butter, or suet chopped small, rubbed into flour; put in picked cherries; cover the top with a crust, and boil it.

Gingerbread.

Mix together three and a half pounds of flour; three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pint of molasses, a quarter of a pound of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

Brown Graham Bread.

One quart superfine flour, one quart unbolted flour, and one pint Indian meal, sifted and scalded. Add a little molasses, if preferred. Mix as wheat using yeast, salt, etc. Bake when light.

Curious Matters.

A Military Kitten.

When the 23d regiment left Lynnfield, last fall, one of the members of Company A, Charles L. Getchell, of Salem, took a young kitten in his haversack as a soldier's pet. The specimen was so young as to require a milk diet for some time; but notwithstanding her youth and inexperience, she shared all the perils of the campaign, and waxed fat and strong in spite of them. Surviving the hardships of the voyage to Hatteras Inlet, and the battles of Roanoke and Newbern, she became a very contented denizen of the latter locality when the regiment went into camp there, and doubtless did her fair share of scouting and picket duty on her own hook, if not on the public service. Last April her young master and protector died, but the pet was still kindly cherished, and a few days ago was brought back to Salem by the brother of the deceased, a member of the same company, who returned on sick furlough. If the adventures of this military kitten could be fully and fairly written out they would form an interesting chapter in the annals of the feline race.

Peculiar Case.

Perhaps as sad and peculiar a case of sudden death occurred in this village, says the Woonsocket Patriot, as is usually recorded. Mrs. Esther Stearns was attending the funeral of her daughter, who had died at Milford, and whose remains were brought to Woonsocket for burial. The mother, who had been in poor health for some time, and who had not seen the corpse of her daughter, requested at the grave that the coffin might be opened, and the "last look" of maternal affection be gratified. No sooner were the pallid features of the corpse seen, than the mother swooned, fell and expired almost immediately.

An ancient People.

There is a remnant of a race of Indians in New Mexico who are entirely different from any other tribe on the continent, and are supposed to be descended from the Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar conformation of skull and face, are of peaceful habits, and live by agriculture. They weave cloth, build with tools made of stone, and build towns of stone and mortar with walls. They have now seven small towns; but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

Curious.

The Manchester (N. H.) American says there is a woman in that city who has been three times married, but has never lost a husband by death. She has been twice married to the same man, with whom she now lives; also that there is a young woman there of twenty-four years, who was married lately to her third husband. She has had four children, two of whom she has buried.

Died of Grief.

Among those afflicted by the death of Mr. Rogers, who died lately at Lowell, none seemed to be more affected than a small black dog which he owned. Although a house-dog, not in the habit of following its master about, it always manifested the greatest affection for him whenever he was about home. As soon as Mr. Rogers died, the poor animal showed at once that it comprehended the extent of its loss by howlings and moanings which could only come from an animal in grief. Some of the family endeavored to console it by bestowing such attentions upon it as they could; but it refused to be comforted, and continued its moanings, and it was found necessary to remove it to the stable. The day after a man skilled in diseases of animals, examined it, and was of opinion that it had a sort of brain-fever. It refused food, though it lapped a small quantity of water, thus showing that it did not have the hydrophobia. The poor dog grew worse rapidly, and shortly died—a victim of grief.

Abraham's Burial-Place.

While the Prince of Wales was at Hebron he and his suite obtained permission to visit the cave of Machpelah, Abraham's burial-place. They are the first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the Crusades, nearly seven hundred years ago. Dr. Stanley says everything is kept in the most beautiful order, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah, Rebecca and Leah are buried there.

A long Fast.

The Keane Sentinel says a hen was discovered under a *girl* in a barn in that town, on the 28th of March last, where she had been accidentally covered up with clover hay about the 10th of July—having lain there nearly nine months without any food but clover heads around her, and without anything to moisten her throat but the snow that fell near crevices of the barn in winter. The hen was found alive but much emaciated, and she "still lives."

Singular Accident.

In Cazenovia, New York, recently, a district school gave an exhibition, embracing a dramatic scene, in which a deserter was to be shot. The act was performed, and the lad who acted the part (a son of Rev. E. Swan) fell dead upon the stage. It was found that in loading the gun a brass ferrule on the ramrod had slipped from its place and remained in the barrel.

Singular.

Mr. Weston Earle, of Dighton, has a calf which has only three legs, and is without any tail. The fore leg comes down in about the centre of the breast, instead of one side, as in the case of two legs. It is now about eight weeks old, healthy and remarkably sprightly, having jumped out of the pen nearly four feet high.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

A Frenchman of to-day, "newly caught," complains bitterly of the lugubriousness of a New England Sabbath, and contrasts the observance of the day, as he notes it, with the riding, racing, promenading, drumming and fifeing, picnics, theatricals, gay music and balls of his godless native city. But what would a rattle-pated Parisian say, were we to renew the rigidity of the Puritanic Sabbath of the old colonial days—when no man was allowed to "walk in his own garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting"—when no woman was allowed to kiss her children, or man to kiss his wife—and when Sunday began on Saturday night? We have lapsed away sadly since those days of grace. And the structures devoted to worship with us differ as much from the old colonial meeting-houses, as the people of to-day do from their remote ancestry. To the good old pilgrims, one of our splendidly ornamented Gothic churches would have appeared an abomination—a temple of Dagon. The old meeting-houses were another sort of affair. The earliest one was built of logs and mounted with cannon, while, during service, a grim sentinel, with breast, back and head-piece of iron, and a firelock on his shoulder, strode to and fro on the lookout for "heathen salvages," who were wont to choose the Christian Sabbath as the most promising season for their incursions on the infant settlements. Within, a sense of the sanctity of the place and the day rested on every individual of mature age—while the boys were kept in awe by the close vicinity of "ye constable," and "ye whipping-post and stocks alsoe." Those rigid days are gone—but with all our boasted liberality, can it be said that the tone of moral and religious sentiment is higher now than then?

REMEMBER THIS.—Never retire to sleep at night without leaving the window open, top and bottom, a few inches, even in winter. This is a great aid to sound health.

MERRIE ENGLAND!—A quarter of a million people in England are at work in the different mines, to whom the fresh air and the light of the sun are scarcely known.

PRAYING BY MACHINERY.

In Japan, according to M. Huc, there is a contrivance, in general use among the devout, "for simplifying their devotional activity." This instrument, says that adventurous traveller, is called a *cho-ko*, that is, "turning prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and go on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths, that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family. Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity, is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written, in Thibetan characters, the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, drink and sleep at their ease, while the complaisant machine does all their praying for them.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—While in many of the old countries the plow is precisely the implement it was thousands of years ago, in this, since the formation of our government and the establishment of the patent office, there is said to have been one thousand improvements made and patented.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—Open war is to be made upon crinoline! A pantomimic reproof of it is to be expressed at Coventry, in England, by a procession in honor of its entire opposite.

OLD TIME TOILET.—It appears, from the eighth satire of Horace, that the Roman ladies, like the American, were not unacquainted with the use of false teeth and false hair.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

SELF-RELIANCE.

The driver in the fable who called upon Jupiter to assist him, instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel of his wagon to extricate it from the mire, is a type of that class, who, from want of self-reliance and self-exertion, are overwhelmed by the misfortunes that beset humanity. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," is an adage, the truth of which has been tested by the experience of ages. "What man has done man can do," should be the motto of every individual. It is a reliance on his own powers that enables the victorious general to conquer overwhelming odds; that made Columbus the discoverer of a new world. That man, no matter what his sphere of life or occupation, who is distrustful of his own powers, and can undertake or perform nothing without the aid and co-operation of his fellows, leads at the best but a mendicant kind of existence. The spirit of Cardinal Richelieu's motto, "There's no such word as fail," has carried many a man onward to fame and fortune. It was this quality of self-reliance that enabled Fulton, under every discouragement, to carry out and perfect the application of steam to the propulsion of boats upon the water. It was this quality which made a poor lieutenant of artillery the arbiter of the world's destiny, the greatest man that ever filled the throne of empire.

Those unsuccessful individuals who rail against fortune, and constantly complain of ill luck, are of that class of persons who have never exerted their own powers to command success; who have waited for golden showers to fall into their laps; who have expected that laurel crowns would drop unsought upon their head. Such people do not deserve success or fame. To make us really value the possession of anything, we must have earned it at some cost. He who at one swoop becomes rich by a freak of fortune, almost invariably becomes a spendthrift, exemplifying the saying, "put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride himself to death;" whereas he who accumulates a fortune by his own exertion and care, knows its value, and takes suitable care of his stores. The universal success of the Yankee is the direct result of self-reliance; the true-blooded Yankee thinks he can do anything, and hence he does almost everything; for confidence is an admirable substance to oil the machinery of life. Hiram Power's visitor finding that "stativity had riz," it at once occurred to him that he "could sculp a little himself," and no doubt he could have done so had the sharp spur of necessity supplied him with an impetus. It was this spirit of self-reliance which carried our fathers

through the war of the Revolution, conducted us through the fierce conflict of 1812, and the desperate trials of the late war with Mexico. It is this, in short, which has made America what she is.

It seems as though an American no sooner conceives an enterprise than he feels the ability to execute it, and he embarks on it with a certainty of success, which is in itself the largest element of triumph. Whatever charges may be brought against us, we are quite sure that no one ever accused us, as a nation, of diffidence or distrust in our own powers. The truth is, we are emphatically a self-reliant, and therefore a successful, people.

WEIGHT OF CANNON.—A navy 64-pounder weighs 184 times as much as one of its shot. The English wrought-iron 13-inch gun, of Horsfall's, is 170 times heavier than its shot. The Rodman 15-inch gun weighs 150 times more than its shell, and 114 times more than its solid shot. The projectiles fired by the Monitor were 11-inch shells, with a small cavity, and very thick walls, weighing 169 pounds, and 93 1-2 of them weighed as much as the gun. It is laid down as a general rule that a cannon should be at least 100 times heavier than its shot.

COMMENCING EARLY.—A brutal teacher whipped a little boy for pressing the hands of a little girl who sat next to him at school, after which he asked the child "why he squeezed the girl's hand?" "Because," said the little fellow, "it looked so pretty I couldn't help it." How very natural!

A BIG FIGURE.—The national debt of England is about four thousand millions of dollars, and the annual interest on it is one hundred and forty-one millions, being at the rate of three and one-half per cent. per annum.

EXACTLY.—The English papers continue to speak of the battle of Pittsburg Landing as a drawn battle. It was so in the same sense that the battle of Inkermann was a drawn battle.

JUST SO.—We may as well expect that God should make us rich without the least diligence or application, as make us good without the concurrence of our own endeavors.

THANK YOU.—The London Times says it was always ready to make allowance for Northerners. How kind, and how gracious!

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

Men need and will have some kind of recreation. The body was not made for constant toil, the mind was not formed for constant study. God has not ordained that life should be spent in one continued series of efforts to secure the things of this world. He has fitted man to enjoy as well as labor, and made him susceptible of pleasurable emotions. He did not design him for a slave, to dig the earth awhile and die—to toil on until the hour of death comes to conduct a shattered system back to dust and ashes. On the contrary, he has given him a physical system which, like the harp, may be touched to any tune. He has made the eye, the ear, the mouth, all inlets of pleasure. He has so constituted us, that we may be wound up to the highest degree of pleasure, and receive through the medium of the senses a flood of happiness. Besides this, he has arranged the outward world in such a manner as to give the highest enjoyment. Had God designed man for ceaseless labor and heartless moroseness, he would not have given him such a body as he now possesses—he would have darkened the eye, deadened the ear, and blunted all the nicer sensibilities, and made the hand as hard as iron, and the foot as insensible as brass. But formed for enjoyment, we find men seeking it. After the labor of the day is over, and the toil of life is done, they turn from business to find some source of recreation, some avenue of life which is fragrant with flowers, and which echoes with sweet music.

There is nothing to which one can so well turn at such a period, nothing so conducive to a spirit of cheerfulness, no such tonic to a morbid mind, as the perusal of such authors as have taken a pleasant view of human nature. Fortunately, the roll of comic writers is a long one, and the number of comedies and farces that grace the collections of literature, far exceeds that of tragedies. The reason of this is, that a demand always creates a supply, and the number of those who, like Tony Lumpkin's mother and cousin, "cry over a book by the hour together, and say the more it makes 'em cry the more they like it," is very small in comparison to those who call for more jovial and genial compositions. Tragedies are very well for those who have a superabundance of animal spirits, and can therefore afford to have a "good cry" once in a while; but, generally speaking, there are tragedies and troubles enough in life, to enable us to dispense with heart-rending scenes and stories upon the stage and in books. Let us for the staple of our amusements have something lighter and more cheerful. It would have been better

for the world, if the Romans had anticipated the Italian Punchinello with his antic tricks, instead of feasting their eyes upon the fearful and bloody shows of their mighty amphitheatres.

The English language is particularly rich in comic writings. Shakespeare's comic characters are fully equal to his tragic heroes. What, for instance, can exceed in richness, exuberance, wit and humor, the "fat knight" Falstaff, the companion of "Prince Hal," in the roystering days of his juvenility? How admirably drawn are "Ancient Pistol," the ruby-nosed Bardolph, Justice Shallow, Master Slender, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the lively and witty Mercutio, Touchstone, and that curious specimen of humanity, Launcelot Gobbo! If the perusal of such delineations as these cannot "minister to a mind diseased," "pluck from the memory the rooted sorrow," nay, "create a soul beneath the ribs of death," then is the case of the patient utterly hopeless. Life has no sunny side for him. After Shakespeare, the host of comic writers is numerous. The dark days of the Commonwealth, with the exaggerated spirit of Puritanism, quenched for a time every spark of wit and humor in "merry England." But with the restoration of Charles II., the "merry monarch,"

"Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

"quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles" resumed their sway again. Humorists revelled in sparkling sallies, gay flashes of humor lighted up the court, the street and the stage; all were one blaze of merriment. It is true that the wits of this period did somewhat overstep the "modesty of nature." Their productions are offensive to morality; they err on the side of freedom as far as the Puritans did on the side of severity. It was reserved for the present century to present the combination of wit and humor, unalloyed by indelicacy or immorality. Goldsmith, however, had previously set the example in his exquisite productions. His comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," is one of the finest and purest specimens of humor extant.

Sheridan's "School for Scandal" is a perfect blaze of wit; his "Rivals," a most happy illustration of humor, wit and eccentricity. Sheridan was a professed wit, and the most amusing table-companion that ever lived. He possessed in a most eminent degree the faculty of looking at the sunny side of life, and making the best of what occurred. When Drury Lane Theatre, in which his property consisted, was burning down, some one found Sheridan seated at the door of an ale-house, smoking and drinking, and calmly contemplating the ruin of all his hopes and possessions.

"What, Sheridan! can you look quietly on such a scene?"

"My dear fellow," was the reply, "why shouldn't a man take his pipe and pot at his own fireside?"

At the name of Scott, how many images of fun and humor are conjured up, though humor is by no means the staple of his writings—he merely introduced it, as Shakspeare did clowns and fools, to temper the graver characters of his creation. If a person can read the sayings and doings of Caleb Balderstone, Cuddie Headrigg, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, Dominie Sampson and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, without relaxation of his facial muscles, then galvanism would fail to excite them.

Sidney Smith, Hook, Hood, Lamb, and the author of the "Rejected Addresses," may be mentioned among the brilliant host of wits, who have illustrated our own day, and contributed to lighten the burthen of life by making their readers happy. But who stands foremost among the wags of Christendom in this blessed Anno Domini 1862? Unquestionably Punch—Punch the immortal; Punch the humorist; Punch the wit; Punch the satirist; Punch the great moral reformer; Punch the daring wag, who aims his shafts at high and low, sparing neither the peer in his palace, nor the queen on her throne, nor the bishop in his stall, nor the knight in his shire. What the immortal Cervantes, in his glorious Don Quixotte, did to a single abuse, the exaggerated chivalry of his day, Punch has sought to do with all abuses; with what effect we may judge from the fact that the despots of Europe have forbidden his circulation in Russia, Germany, France and Italy, for the czar, the emperors of Austria and of the French, and the pope of Rome, have all come in for a share of his hard knocks.

We cannot close these allusions to some of the writers who have contributed weapons wherewith to fight "dull care," without mentioning Dickens, the most eccentric and mirth-moving of all modern humorists. The "Pickwick Papers" alone are a fund of mirth wherewith to banish ennui. The genial and simple-hearted Pickwick, the sympathetic Tupman, the amiable Snodgrass, the aspiring Winkle, the jovial Wardle, the dashing Jingle, the lachrymose Trotter, the vinous Stiggins, the somnolent Fat Boy, the elder Weller, and above all the inimitable "Samivel." These are our referees when we have a quarrel with the world. In social philosophy, Sam Weller is our teacher; his apothegms and genial illustrations are worthy of being written in letters of gold.

HEYN, THE DUTCH ADMIRAL.

During the maritime wars of the seventeenth century, Peter Heyn, an admiral of the Dutch navy, distinguished himself by deeds of prowess, which won for him the highest honors of his country. In 1627 he conquered Saint Salvador from the Spanish, and destroyed twenty-six of the enemy's fleet. Shortly after this he sailed in pursuit of the Spanish "Silver Fleet," on its annual voyage from the West Indies to Spain, and captured nineteen vessels, carrying all his prizes but two to Holland. The booty of this capture was immense, including one hundred and forty thousand pounds, or about sixty-two and a half tons of pure silver. Heyn was a man of honorable origin, and as modest as he was brave. He refused to receive any portion for himself of the vast treasure he had won, and when exalted by the States general to the high and honorable post of lieutenant admiral, he would have declined it, on the plea that it was too high a dignity for one of his mean birth and unpolished manners. The next year Heyn died gloriously, on the deck of his ship, which he had lain between two Dunkirk pirates, and was fighting with the utmost bravery. His death was publicly mourned by his country, with the most honorable testimonials to his worth. His body was interred in princely state in the royal mausoleum at Delft, and a magnificent marble monument was erected to his memory.

WHY NOT?—Notwithstanding the vast burdens of our war, it is proposed to ask Congress for an appropriation and collect private subscriptions, to relieve the distress in the English manufacturing districts, which now prevails to an alarming extent. It wouldn't be a bad thing to do this Christian charity, and show England at the same time that we have enough and to spare.

CURIOS.—The affinities detected by chemistry are truly surprising. Who would suppose that the sugar in the basin and the linen cloth on the breakfast table were of the same materials?—that the cloth could be converted into sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine? Yet such is the fact.

A SAD WARNING!—We hear of a young lady in New York who has committed suicide because her lover kissed her on the cheek instead of the lips.

KNOW.—If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

DRESS.

To wear fine clothes is the "be-all and the end-all" of some people's ambition. They study fashions to adorn their persons, as if life were only one long carnival, and the only reflection required of a responsible, being were a reflection in the mirror. The wretched state of dependence in which such people live is truly pitiable. They do not belong to themselves; their being is shared by their boot-makers, tailors, hosiers, hatters and hair-dressers. We have often thought that the epitaphs of such people when they died, should record the glories of their attire, as other funeral inscriptions embody the qualities for which the deceased were most famous. They might be written somewhat in this way:

"Here lies the body of Samuel Pumpkins, gentleman; neither his existence nor his pantaloons were uncheckered. He expired in a fit that did credit to his tailor!"

"Here lies the body of Julius Fitz-Frizzle, Esq. He died in the 44th year of his age, and the first of his gossamer wig. Let there be flowers strewn on his tomb, as there was on his waistcoat!"

The passion for dress certainly continues in some persons to the very gates of death. Many ladies give particular directions about the final robes which they are to take their departure in.

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

The Mexican *senoritas* are borne to the grave on open biers, whereon they lie attired in all the finery that was the delight of their young hearts while living. There they lie, with flowers heaped around them, their tiny, bronzed hands clasped upon crucifixes, and the robes gracefully draped around them; their skirts fringed with costly lace, and the delicate ankles and feet showing, yet more delicate in trim, silk hose and Cinderella slippers.

We do not think the present age is amenable to such severe censure as preceding time for extravagance of attire; a republican equality now pervades all ranks. You cannot tell a peer from a peasant in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes. The only difference between a gentleman and his servant is, that perhaps the latter is a little the best dressed of the two. A lady's waiting-maid may be known by her having somewhat more Parisian fashions than her mistress; and as for factory-girls, the elegance of their attire is surprising. We regard this as one of the conclusive proofs of the progress of the age.

Old men who have survived several generations, and cherish fresh memories of the past, shake their heads (as old men are apt to do), and

declaim in querulous tones about the extravagance in dress exhibited by the present generation; but with all deference to these "most potent, grave and reverend seniors," we must say that we fear their memories are treacherous with regard to the details of the times they profess to remember so well. Extravagance in dress! What fashionable extravagance of modern time can equal the old sumptuousness of the holiday apparel of our forefathers? Fancy an old gentleman with a laced hat, a full-bottomed perwig, lace ruffles and shirt-bosom, a flowered satin waistcoat, often embroidered with gold, purple or violet-colored velvet coat with gold buttons, black or scarlet silk velvet breeches, sword, silk stockings, and gold knee and shoe buckles! Fancy all this—a true picture of the past—and then you will hardly talk of the extravagance of the present generation.

The same extravagance attached itself to the attire of the sex of that day, except perhaps that, in the ladies' case, it was a little more on the extreme; their hair reared like a tower over their heads, immense long-pointed waists, high-heeled shoes, hoops (abomination), and no end of Brussels lace. The truth is, that the masses are better dressed with us than they were of yore; but we have nothing to compare with the extravagance and oddity of attire which was our fathers' pride, and which justly brought forth a crusade from the pulpit to suppress!

RUNNING AGAINST TIME.—They are getting up trotting matches "against Time." They think, because Time is old that they can beat him, but we'll bet on him for a long run; a good many of our friends who began a race with him, gave up long ago and withdrew from the track.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The ladies may not go much upon the highways, but they are complained of by their husbands as being very much addicted to buy-ways.

A SUFFERER.—A friend of ours has a painful affection of the eyes, caused by trying to read "by the light of other days."

SUBMISSION.—When Heaven sends storms upon men they must imitate the humble grass which saves itself by lying meekly down.

TRUE.—Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with weeds.

SELF-MADE MEN.

Almost every man who has made his mark upon the world has been self-made. It is a common error to suppose that great men owe their greatness to education, that the sum of their acquisitions, or, indeed, the most valuable part of them, was obtained from the school or college from which they graduated. School and college do but furnish the keys to unlock the treasure-house of knowledge, and the man who puts these keys in his pockets, and makes no use of them, goes to his grave an unnoted member of society. In men of distinction, it is singular to note how different the talents and the pursuits, by which they win renown, from those displayed and followed during their educational career. Goldsmith gave no evidence of the ability he afterwards displayed, when he was at college. Our greatest painter, Washington Allston, did not receive the education of an artist—it was his self-improved studies which made him what he became, the Titian of America.

Surely, the military and scientific training forced upon Schiller, did not enable him to produce "The Robbers." That remarkable drama was a fiery protest against the iron yoke, to which the grand duke sought to bend his glorious mind. From these illustrations we perceive that few men, who are not generally classed among self-made men, were indeed so. The training of genius must be self-culture, for it is impossible to frame rules that shall guide its footsteps. Genius pursues its course as the wild chamois takes its way among the mountains, leaping from point to point, fearlessly and safely, springing over frightful abysses, standing on dizzy pinnacles, which the hunter can never attain, and bounding onward and upward, ever tending to the empyrean heights above. For this reason, men of distinguished genius make the poorest teachers in the world, for the processes are inapplicable to the masses, and with them unavailing. The example of such men would lead to many a headlong tumble, and many a fatal loss, if it were followed. As well might the traveller, ascending Mont Blanc, take the bounding chamois for his guide. But because schools and colleges do not make great men, we are not to infer that they are useless. To resume our figure, the laborious teachers are like the guides on Mont Blanc, who cut steps in the ice for the patient and plodding traveller, by which even the least enterprising, if he have but courage and endurance to carry him to the greatest heights, may yet attain a respectable elevation. And, moreover, even to the gifted ones of earth, the systematic training of educational institutions is

not without importance. It imparts that order and system by which self-culture is afterwards made easy, abridging labor by imparting method.

There are men, however, who have discovered their own processes by their own wants. Take, for instance, the memorable example of Franklin, emphatically a self-made man. His manner of acquiring information, like his mind, was original, and what glorious results he attained! From the wit, statesman and philosopher, turn to Washington. His life shows us how from a very early age he labored assiduously to form his own character, and cultivate his own talents. So with Napoleon, he owed little more than the tools of labor to his early education; he made himself the greatest general that ever lived, and invented his own system of successful warfare. The great prizes of the world are won by self-made men, who recognize the great truth that education, in its widest sense, is not the culture we receive from others, but that which we bestow upon ourselves, and that the reception of a collegiate diploma is but an order to go to work in earnest.

"MARRIED FOR MONEY."—What an odious comment this on the union of a man and woman for life! Cupid speculating in stocks! How degrading! The Egyptians held dowries in such horror, that he who had received one from his wife, was adjudged to her as a slave. Solon and Lycurgus also sought to deprive men of the possibility of making a wealthy marriage; and the Spartan who sought to repair his fortune by a marriage was severely punished. How very fastidious those old fogies were!

TRUE.—Henry Ward Beecher says:—"Life would be a perpetual flea-hunt, if one were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, the invectives, the insinuations, the suspicions, etc., which are uttered against him."

NEW INVENTION.—Mr. Charles Montague, of Hartford, has invented and put in successful operation a polychromatic job-press, which will print one thousand sheets per hour in four colors.

IMITATING NATURE.—We are often told to imitate Nature. Still we shouldn't imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer because she does.

QUITE A NEW ONE.—Why is a chimney-sweep like a lucky player at whist? Because he has the suit (soot?) in his own hands.

Foreign Miscellany.

Two Spanish slavers have lately been captured by the English on the coast of Africa.

Charles Dickens has again been reading his own works before the public in London.

In Switzerland, English travellers will hereafter be exempted from the passport laws.

A female fanatic at Poilly, France, who thought she could live without eating, died on the ninth day of her fast, from sheer starvation.

The Journal de Rouen announces the discovery of a common wild plant, which will enable manufacturers to dispense with American cotton.

Prince Demidoff, who was divorced from Mathilde Bonaparte seventeen years ago, died recently in Florence.

Speculation in stocks is just now a mania in Vienna, and the Bourse there is crowded by ladies who speculate largely.

In 1860, more than fifty thousand postage stamps were found in letter boxes and mail bags in London, rubbed from their proper places on letters and newspapers.

George F. Train's tramways—horse railroads—are being constructed in Switzerland. They are the first on the continent, barring a small one-horse affair in Paris.

R. Rolin, a conjuror, exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, London, suspends by a single hair of his head a little boy about three years old. He declares that this is done by means of a magical pomade.

The salary which Heenan receives in England, for sparring, and exhibiting his muscle, is said to be £100 a week, which is exactly the amount of the pay of the President of the United States.

Goldfinches are so plenty in Hampshire, England, that the peasants shoot them by the dozen and hang them up in festoons to ornament their cottages. They become dry, and keep without stuffing or preparation.

The Japanese ambassadors, now in Europe, have made an arrangement to obtain manufactured metallic objects to the amount of 80,000,000 francs, in return for a similar value in cotton and other textile fabrics.

The national debt of England is about four thousand millions of dollars, and the annual interest on it is one hundred and forty-one millions, being at the rate of three and one-half per cent. per annum.

There are two institutions near Dublin for the deaf and dumb, and one in Belfast, for the blind. The number of deaf mutes reported in Ireland is 4534—3030 males and 1504 females that are born such, to which are to be added 1213 who have become so from other causes—in all 5747, or one in every 1300 of the whole population of the country.

Mr. Gladstone says that the Americans are propagating free institutions with the sword, and that, he says, Englishmen don't like. Certainly they never have done much business of the kind, though ever ready to use their swords and to spend their money in the cause of despotism.

Lamartine has now reached his seventy-fourth year, and enjoys robust health.

The King of Madagascar, we see, has narrowly escaped assassination very lately.

Late statistics show that there are more Jews in London than in all of Palestine.

The wife of the King of Denmark was once a milliner, named Lolla Rasmussen.

Victoria is living in strict retirement, and will do so, it is said, for one year.

Mr. Heenan has become a member of an American circus company that is making the rounds of England.

People are starving to death in Ireland. The fact has been formally announced in the British House of Commons.

In the cotton manufacturing town of Blackburn, England, out of a population of 40,000, one half are said to be starving for want of employment.

The French government is seriously occupied with a scheme for replanting the mountains in France, the diminution of timber trees creating considerable alarm.

The Sultan of Turkey lately sent for the editor of a leading Constantinople newspaper, and requested him to discuss public affairs more frequently and freely in his journal.

The Cork (Ireland) Examiner says the emigration to America, notwithstanding the civil war raging here, is greater at present than it was in the corresponding period of last year.

A writer to a London paper proposes that the £300,000 which it is thought the different Albert memorials will cost be devoted to buying American sewing machines for the twenty thousand poor needlewomen in England.

George Muller's Orphan Houses at Bristol, England, now contain 700 orphans. A third house was to be opened recently to accommodate 450 children. Mr. Muller received during the year ending May last, nearly \$125,000 in aid of his various schemes.

An English company with a capital of £200,000 sterling has been organized for the cultivation of cotton in Venezuela. It is stated that the country is admirably adapted for the crop, and that it can be raised very cheaply.

The Emperor of Russia has authorized the importation into Odessa and other southern ports, for six years, for purpose of trial, of detached portions of agricultural implements—as plowshares, coulters, teeth of harrows and cultivators, cast iron wheels for wheelbarrows, free of duty.

In Prussia there has been a remarkable revolution achieved by the people, by means of the ballot box. The conservative government has been huried from power. Every minister of the crown has been defeated, in some cases by a vote of four to one.

The revenue of Great Britain from tobacco alone was last year \$28,000,000. The revenue of France from tobacco for nine months in the year 1860, was \$28,000,000, to which add one third for the remaining three months, and we have an item of \$36,000,000 going into the coffers of the Gallic emperor every year from the smoking and snuffing habits of his people.

Record of the Times.

The largest and most valuable private library in the United States belongs to Edward Everett.

Half a million letters lately passed through the New York post-office in one day.

Over \$2,000,000 are invested in school houses in this city. Heaven be thanked!

There are over 100 German newspapers published now in the United States.

Sad case of bigamy! Rev. Mr. — married three ladies in one day lately in this city!

There is said to be one house to every six persons living in these United States.

Missouri will raise a very large crop of tobacco the present year, more than ever before.

A four-inch plank 107 feet in length, was recently turned out at a saw mill in Oregon.

The people of Sweden—his native country—have voted Ericsson a medal for services in connection with the Monitor.

A joint stock company for the purpose of working the soap-stone quarries a little west of Wolcottville, Conn., has been organized, with a capital of \$16,000.

A well sunk at any point along Saginaw River, Michigan, to the depth of 700 feet, will bring to the surface the strongest and purest salt brine found anywhere in the United States.

An army of 600,000 men carry on their shoulders 15,000 tons, and eat 600 tons of provision, and drink 1200 hogsheads of water per day.

A sugar planter in Cuba writes to a friend in New York that, after being a good deal around among his fellow-planters, he has discovered, with some surprise, that the leading and intelligent ones are in favor of the emancipation of slavery in the island—a gradual emancipation.

There is a pair of Colt's revolvers, nearly finished, at Colt's armory, in Hartford, which are inscribed, "From the President of the United States to the King of Denmark." The pistols are the improved army pattern, made in the most perfect manner, and elegantly inlaid with gold.

The old adage of carrying coals to Newcastle will soon be verified in the case of New Orleans; the articles most required there now are flour, beef, and pork, articles which in times past that city has furnished to the North to the amount annually of hundreds of thousands of barrels.

The navy department deserve praise for one thing—it promotes men who do their duty, and thus does its own duty. It has appointed Lieutenant Warden to the command of the new iron-clad ship Ironsides, and given the Juniata to Captain Boggs, who behaved so splendidly in the fighting that took place before New Orleans.

The London system of printing one side of country newspapers in the city, and then sending the edition to the respective offices in the country to have the local news and advertisements added, has been adopted by several papers in Wisconsin, the work being performed in the office of the State Journal at Madison.

Nearly any kind of wine or liquor can be so counterfeited as to defy chemical analysis.

Madame Land Goldschmidt is at the present time the "rage" of fashionable London.

Mormons are still arriving from Europe at New York, weekly, bound for Salt Lake City.

Cæsar, being asked by Brutus how many eggs he ate for breakfast, answered, "*Et tu, Brutæ.*"

The French have got rather more than they bargained for by invading Mexico.

The whaling business in Connecticut is reviving. Several schooners are being fitted out for the Hudson Bay and Pacific Ocean fisheries.

Seven hundred and twenty-seven ships have already been wrecked from the first of January to the first of May, 1862.

A wit says that the successes of our navy on the southern coast will soon enable the president to be hospitable enough to open a little port almost every day after dinner.

Mr. Job Steary, of Essex, a short time since found a lot of jewelry and several watches in his workshop, concealed in a pile of oakum, where they were doubtless placed by some thief. The oakum had not been disturbed for several years.

Sir William Don, who will be remembered by many of our citizens as an actor with a title of nobility, is dead. The event occurred at Hobart Town (Van Diemen's Land), March 20. With his death the title of an ancient house becomes extinct.

The shipment of gunpowder from Cincinnati for the South recently became so brisk and extensive that the government officials "smelt a mice," and put a stop to it. The powder, it has been ascertained, was all sent to rebel sympathizers in Kentucky, whose disposal of it is obvious.

There are two places in Massachusetts east of Portland, Maine, namely, Cape Cod and Nantucket. At the former place the time is thirty seconds faster than at Portland, and at Nantucket it is thirty-eight seconds faster. Boston time is three minutes and fifteen seconds slower than that of Portland.

It is computed that the amount of the precious metals consumed in various ways is from forty to fifty millions of dollars value per annum. The quantities used in the manufacture of watch cases, pencil cases, plates, household materials, and in the arts, is enormous.

D'Orsay's rival, the wealthy Lord Pembroke, died in Paris a few weeks ago. He was "immense" on dress, affecting the severely plain, while D'Orsay favored colors. Pembroke kept horses and women in abundance, spent no end of money in Paris, where he resided all his life, considering it the only habitable spot on the face of the earth.

Some of the California papers are becoming alarmed by the renewal of a heavy immigration from China, since the commencement of the present year. The tables show an increase of arrivals over departures of 57,020, and as something like a dozen vessels were on the berth in Chinese ports, at last accounts, there will soon be still larger acquisitions of this class of population.

Merry-Making.

When are gloves unsaleable? When they are kept on hand.

"Drop me a line!" as the drowning man said to the fellow on deck.

When is a clock guilty of misdemeanor? When it strikes one.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

What joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder? A fillet (fill it).

The young woman who marries an unworthy man takes her lord's name in vain.

"I tell you, wife, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

A barn-door fowl and a lawyer who talks for pay pick up their living with their bills.

When a poor fellow is about to be burned by the savages, his very existence is at stake.

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in his chest.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it is continually light'ning.

Why is the Union like a crab apple? Because to be worth anything it must be preserved.

A man who is building a house says he doesn't want a dumb waiter in it because it won't answer.

"Sir, you are just like the motion of a dog's tail." "How so?" "Because you are a wag."

A down-east paper wants to know if a man with wooden legs can be considered a foot passenger.

Why are our fingers particularly reliable in case of breakage? Because they are always on hand with nails.

Why are military officers the most unlucky of men? Because they are always in some mess or another.

Even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way to it.

Money is said to be a drug at the present time; when it is in the form of mint drops we suppose it may be also called confectionery.

"Well, Susy, what do you think of married ladies being happy?" "Why, I think there are more *ain't* that is, than is that *ain't*."

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

Your poverty will never prove a disgrace to you, unless you hasten to be rich by any illegal proceedings.

A farmer, a lawyer, or a doctor, may be a very respectable individual, but a hotel-keeper is a whole host.

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

An Irish gentleman, on reading the late accounts of stealing children, observed, with great concern, that if this practice became general, it would put an end to the rising generation.

How many hoops does a good barrel need? No hoops.

Why is a farmer impressed by the letter G? It will convert oats into goats.

Why are worn-out shoes like children without parents? Because they are *left off* us.

"Hard times, and we must make the most of what we have," as the grocer said when he watered his vinegar.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star? Because the comet has got a tail, and the dog-star hasn't.

A bag to hold money is a purse; but the officer in charge of the provisions on board a man-of-war is a purser.

A green grocer having unexpectedly come into property, sends for a tailor to come and measure him for a coat-of-arms.

A respectable gentleman don't like to have a heavy charge levelled against him—especially if it is in a gun.

The soldier who marches up undaunted to the cannon's mouth may cower before the mouth of a scolding woman.

An ark is now being built by a man out West in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the storm.

A Yankee has just invented a suspender that so contracts on your approach to water, that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over, and drops you on the opposite side.

It may be a question whether an army is or is not brave, when, on being attacked at its morning meal, it resolves at all hazards to *break fast*.

"Do you know, sir, that when I left home, my neighbors honored me with a musical escort?" "O, I understand, you were drummed out of town."

A lover sees his sweetheart in everything he looks at, just as a man, bitten by a mad dog, sees dogs in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all round him.

Children are generally very noisy, but we must except the children of the brain, which do not often make so much noise in the world as their parents desire.

Why is a man who has just carried his carpet bag on shore from a steamboat, like the owner of soil? Because he is possessed of landed property.

The consumption of tea and coffee in London does not appear to have fallen off lately; and as the population of the metropolis have taken a good deal of *chalk e' late*.

A young woman of Martha's Vineyard, who was married to a man on the "sea-girt isle," Nantucket, returned home a short time since, because he wouldn't give her all the butter she wanted.

An old almanac, among other domestic recipes, has one to convert a "calm into a hurricane," which is as follows: "Help a good-looking chambermaid cord a bed, and let your wife catch you at it."

MR. FAT-BOY'S MILITARY EXPERIENCE.



|| Mr. Fat Boy, aged 18, didn't think he would be ordered off, when he joined the "Home Guard."



Becomes reconciled, however, when he is made the recipient of many good things.



Somehow he kinder gives out just before the enemy.



But being urged forward by his companions, adopts a new mode of serving his country !



Comes out of the fight, if not wounded, yet showing a very dilapidated condition of clothing.



Is supposed to have done his "duty," from appearances, so is promoted, and duly glorified !

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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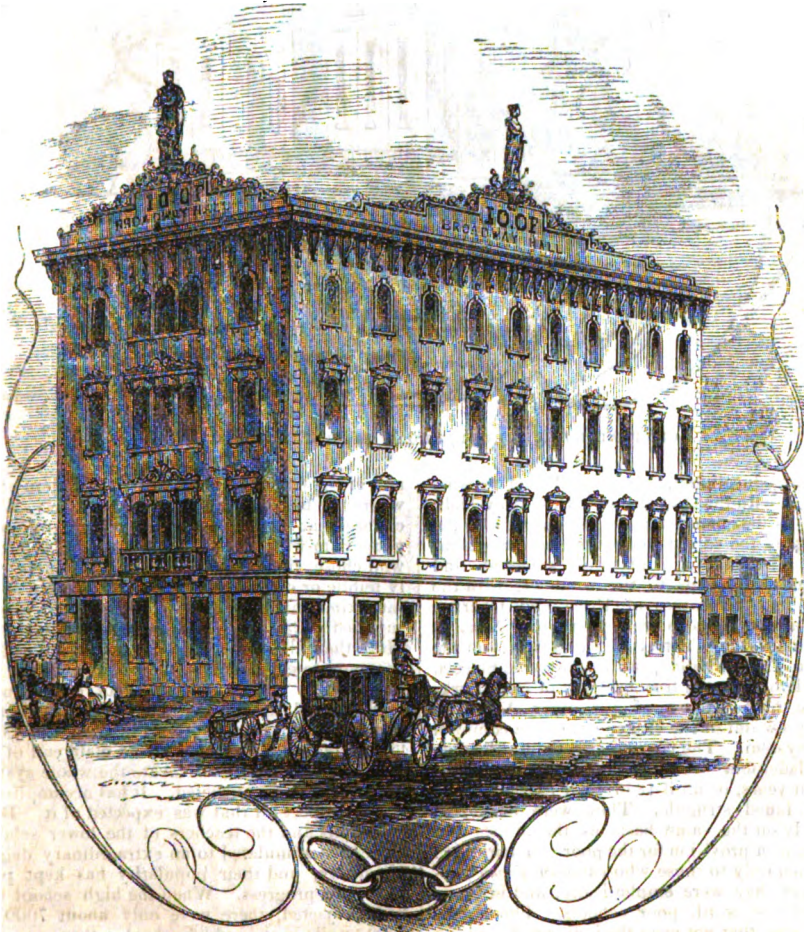
BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1862.

WHOLE No. 93.

VIEWS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The pictures we give in this opening series are views of public buildings and works of note in Philadelphia. Rich in architectural display as Philadelphia certainly is, the scenes we present are not the finest specimens we might have

given. But we desire to give in these pages views of such localities and public enterprises as have in them a local interest, as well as being worthy of observation for their beauty and ornamentation. Our series embraces, therefore, views



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, BROADWAY, PHILADELPHIA.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

which are educational, mechanical and artistic. We begin with the Odd Fellow's Broadway Hall, which, as its name implies, is devoted to the meetings of the various lodges of that benevolent order. The building is of brick, stuccoed, and the ornamental caps to the windows, with the cornice, and the statues of Hope and Charity, give it a very handsome appearance. Next in order comes the Central High School, on the corner of Green, Broad, and Brandywine Streets. This school, like the free academy of New York, and the high schools of our other American cities, grew out of the exigencies of the common school system. The common or public schools of Philadelphia began in 1818. For the first eighteen years, or until 1836, their existence was one continued struggle. They were organized originally on the same basis as the almshouse, namely, as a provision for the poor. Their doors were open only to those who came in *forma pauperis*, and they were emphatically, and in every sense of the word, poor schools. The consequence was, that not even the indigent, for whose benefit they were designed, would attend them;

and at the end of eighteen years the system stood where it began—confessedly a failure. Wiser counsels at length prevailed. The stigma of pauperism was removed by allowing all to attend who chose, rich or poor, thus making them really public or common schools. They were at the same time made better worth attending, by being supplied with a more adequate array of teachers. More than all, a special inducement to attendance and to excellence in the public schools, was furnished by the establishment of one Central High School, for the more thorough instruction of successful competitors from the schools of lower grade. The primary and main end of the high school has been to elevate the whole system with which it is connected. It has accomplished in this respect all that was expected of it. Both the pupils and the teachers of the lower schools have been stimulated to an extraordinary degree of activity, and their popularity has kept pace with their progress. When the high school was first projected, there were only about 7000 or 8000 pupils in the public schools; there are now more than 55,000. When the school was first

opened, candidates went to the lower schools the term required, only in obedience to an odious restriction law. Now those lower schools have become most attractive places of education, and some of the richest and most aristocratic people of the city send their children there, not merely as a stepping-stone to the high school, but because they offer the best training which the city affords for a common English education. The high school was first opened in October, 1838, by the appointment of four professors and the admission of sixty-three students. During the period that it has been in operation, innumerable students have enjoyed the benefits of its course of instruction. It has a liberal course of study, running through four years, differing somewhat from a college course, but equivalent to it, and those students who complete the course receive regularly the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, a charter to that effect having been granted by the legislature. The success of the Philadelphia high school contributed largely to the establishment of the New York free academy, an institution of similar character and on a still more liberal footing. Both of these noble institutions, as well as all the subordinate subsidiary schools by which they are fed, are absolutely and entirely free, the only test and the only chance of admission to them being the individual and personal merit of the applicants themselves. The building originally erected for the high school was on East Penn Square, just back of the U. S. Mint. In 1853, however, a favorable opportunity occurred for selling the premises, which had become very noisy. The controllers thereupon proceeded to purchase a site and erect a building elsewhere. The building is on the east side of Broad Street, having Green Street for a boundary on the north, and Brandywine Street on the south. It has a front of 150 feet and a depth of 95 feet, and the building is 100 feet long by 75 wide, and 82 feet high to the floor of the observatory. The building finished and furnished, was dedicated to the purpose of its erection on the 28th of June, 1854. The cost of the lot was \$17,000. The entire cost of the lot, building and furniture (not including apparatus) was \$75,000. The school has an astronomical apparatus valued at \$6,000, and an apparatus in physics valued at \$13,000. The building is constructed throughout in a substantial manner, with good materials, and with a main reference to utility rather than ornament, although the latter has not been lost sight of. In the immediate vicinity of the high school—on the corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets—is the Spring Garden Institute, shown on page 209, which is devoted to the purposes of a free reading room and library, and other means of disseminating knowledge among a class who would, without the aid of this valuable institution, perhaps waste the time which they are now enabled to improve and render valuable, by having at hand the appliances of a library and reading room of the most approved kind. Since the establishment of this undertaking, the commissioners of Kensington have started a similar one, and it is to be hoped that every district will follow the example, until all are possessed of institutions of a like character and object. Spring Garden Street, or rather that portion of it near to Broad, is a model street.

Another engraving shows the Drove Yards, a place established and opened for the use of the drovers who supply the market of this metropolis of Philadelphia. The illustration exhibits the hotel and a portion of the yard for neat cattle, sheep, etc.

WHAT IS FAME?

The Boston Transcript has the following in a review of the Life of Irving:

We have read one hundred and fifty pages of this work, and no more, and are, therefore, competent to speak of the pattern only. It is, thus far, a work of unusual interest; and though prepared by a relative and friend, and at the suggestion of the celebrated author himself, it bears evident marks of impartiality and candor.

It is not our purpose to say more of its merits at present. An anecdote on page 134, has turned the switch, and put us upon a train of thought, which we propose to follow a little way, for our own amusement—possibly for that of our readers.

Gentlemen, who have had official stations, even they who have been stated editorially to have "been seen upon the platform," when some distinguished orator held forth, can have but an imperfect idea, how little they are known, and how readily they may be forgotten. Perhaps some little comfort may be derived from contemplating the fortunes of others, whose celebrity has been common property for many years.

A correspondent of ours, a few days ago, recited a brief anecdote of the venerable Dr. Beecher. When he was in all his glory in Boston, and the region round about, he attended a ministerial convention at Worcester, and happened to overhear the following dialogue between a couple of worthy farmers in attendance:

"Well, they have a heap of ministers here."

"Yes, and Beecher is here."

"Beecher, Beecher—who is Beecher?"

The old doctor used to be quite merry while relating this anecdote.

When Cicero returned from his questorship in Sicily, he admits that he was inordinately puffed up with a sense of his own importance and the value of his public services. Great, therefore, was his mortification on his return, when landing at Puteoli, to find that nobody at that place of fashionable resort knew where he had been or what he had been about. He had not even been missed.

"Why, Cicero, where have you been for an age?" said one.

"You've been writing books at Tusculum, haven't you?" cried another.

On page 124 of these memoirs of Mr. Irving, we have an amusing example of this species of ignorance:

Not long after Mr. Irving had attained celebrity in Great Britain, by his writings, an English lady and her daughter were passing along some gallery in Italy, and paused before a bust of Washington. After gazing at it for a few moments, the daughter turned to the mother with the question, "Mother, who was Washington?"

"Why, my dear, don't you know?" was the astonished reply, "he wrote the Sketch Book."

To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise.—*Goldsmith.*



NEW DROVE YARDS, PHILADELPHIA.

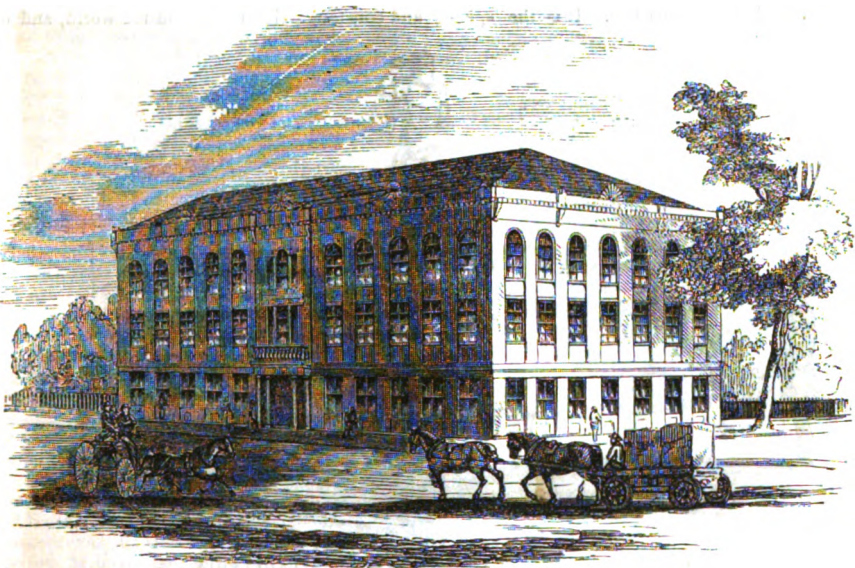
SOMETHING ABOUT POCAHONTAS.

It will be remembered that Pocahontas, when about thirteen years of age, saved the young English Captain, John Smith, from the death which her father, Powhatan, had resolved he should suffer. As the tomahawk was about to descend on his head, the girl rushed forward and clasped that head in her arms. The stern heart of Powhatan relented, and he consented that the captain should live to make tomahawks for him and beads and bells for Pocahontas.

Captain John Smith was, without doubt, an imperial kind of man. His personal appearance was fine, his sense and tact excellent, his manners both cordial and elegant. There is no doubt, as there is no wonder, that the Indian maiden felt some tender palpitations on his account. Once again, when, owing to some misunderstanding, Powhatan had decreed the death of all the whites, Pocahontas spent the whole

for reasons of State, we fear—a link of friendship between the reds and whites being thought desirable. She was of course Christianized and baptized, as any one may see by Chapman's picture in the Rotunda at Washington, unless Zouave criticism has demolished it.

Immediately she went with her husband to England. At Brentford, where she was staying, Captain John Smith went to visit her. Their meeting was significant and affecting. "After a modest salutation, without uttering a word, she turned away and hid her face as if displeased." She remained thus motionless for two or three hours. Who can know what struggles passed through the heart of the Indian bride at this moment—emotions doubly unutterable to this untaught stranger? It seems that she had been deceived by Rolfe and his friends into thinking that Smith was dead, under the conviction that she could not be induced to marry him if she thought



SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA.

pitch-dark night climbing hills and toiling through pathless thickets to save Smith and his friends by warning them of the imminent danger. Smith offered her many beautiful presents on this occasion, evidently not appreciating the sentiment that was animating her. To this offer of presents she replied with tears; and when their acceptance was urged, Smith himself relates, that "with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were dead; and so she ran away by herself, as she came."

There is no doubt what the Muse of History ought to do here—were she a dame of proper sensibilities, she would have Mr. John Smith married to Miss P. Powhatan as soon as a parson could be got from Jamestown. Were it a romance, this would be the result. As it is, we find Smith going off to England in two years, and living unmarried until his death, and Pocahontas married to the Englishman John Rolfe,

Smith alive. After a long silence, before mentioned, she came forward to Smith and touchingly reminded him, there in the presence of her husband and a large company, of the kindness she had shown him in her own country, saying, "You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him 'father,' being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so I must call you." After a pause, during which she seemed to be under the influence of strong emotion, she said, "I will call you father, and you shall call me child, and so I will be forever and ever your countrywoman." Then she added slowly, and with emphasis, "They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimoth; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much."

It was not long after this interview that Pocahontas died; she never returned to Virginia.

VIEWS IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

The views we give upon the succeeding pages are representations of noted localities in the flourishing city of Rochester, N. Y. We refer to them not in the consecutive order in which they follow each other, but with a general recapitulation of their character and design. One engraving shows the engine houses of the Niagara Railroad, noble and substantial structures, with massive domes surmounted by cupolas. An engine and tender are seen entering and a locomotive leaving one of the houses on separate tracks. Another engraving is a view of the aqueduct of the Erie Canal, passing over a bridge of graceful form and solidly constructed. The ruined arches of another bridge are seen in front. The foaming rapids in the foreground, the busy factories that rise on either hand, make this a picturesque and interesting scene. The last engraving brings before us the Court House, a very handsome building, surmounted by a cupola of somewhat peculiar construction. The gallery at its summit, in which persons are seen standing, affords an admirable and extensive view of the city and its surroundings. It is situated in Buffalo Street, the principal business street of the city. It is built of granite. Strangers in Rochester should not fail to ascend to the cupola referred to above, if they desire to obtain a panoramic view of the city. A supply of excellent spy-glasses is kept here to aid the natural vision in embracing the wide expanse of scenery. Another picture is a view of the depot of the New York Central Railroad, a very large, appropriate and elegant structure of brick, with three large arches opening in front. Through the central one a train is seen issuing on its career, while a group of travellers are "looking out for the engine while the bell rings," as in duty bound. Still another engraving shows the entrance to Mount Hope Cemetery, so noted for its wild and picturesque scenery. This beautiful necropolis is about two miles south of the railroad depot. In natural beauty it vies with Mount Auburn or Greenwood, though, as yet, it contains but few monuments. It will be observed by the engraving that the gateway is of the Egyptian order, although the column which surmounts it, though pretty in itself, strikes us as being rather incongruous. The engraving on the opposite page is an accurate delineation of the far-famed Genesee Falls, unsurpassed in beauty by any falls in New York State. The principal fall, here shown, has a perpendicular descent of 105 feet. Just above it is seen a railroad train crossing the bridge which spans the foaming and rapid river. From a small tabular projection, on the brink of the precipice, Sam Patch took his last leap in 1829, and perished, the victim of irregular ambition. Just below the lower falls of the Genesee, stood the celebrated Carthage bridge, completed in 1819. It consisted of an entire arch. Its length was 718, its width 30, and the summit of the arch was 196 feet from the water. It was the largest arch in the world. The structure stood only one year and one day, thus saving the builders from loss, as they had only guaranteed it should stand a year. It contained 70,000 feet of timber, running measure, besides 64,640 feet board measure. The immense weight of the

timber, pressing unequally on the arch, threw up the centre from its equilibrium, and the whole tumbled at once into a heap of ruins. Rochester is the capital of Monroe county, N. Y., and is situated on both sides of the Genesee River, seven miles from its entrance into Lake Ontario, 230 miles by railroad west by north of Albany, and 68 miles east northeast of Buffalo. The site of the city is nearly level. The streets vary from 60 to 80 feet in width, and are, with very few exceptions, straight. The principal street, extending east and west, through the centre of the town, and crossing the river on a bridge, is called Main Street on the east and Buffalo Street on the west. Most of the public buildings and many of the private residences are built of material supplied by the limestone quarries in the vicinity. The streets are generally bordered by shade trees, which, in summer, give a very charming appearance to the city. The large squares here and there are peculiar and attractive features. Rochester is not very compactly built, but its corporate limits comprise an area of seven square miles. Among the public institutions are the Western House of Refuge for juvenile offenders, the Rochester University, under the direction of the Baptists, the Baptist Theological Seminary, and the Rochester Athenæum, all in a flourishing condition. The Rochester Sunday School Union has 4347 pupils, and 8000 volumes in its different libraries. Rochester supports thirteen newspapers and periodicals. It has forty-four churches. Among the hotels, which are excellent, we may mention the Clifton, Blossom's Hotel, the Mansion House, the Rochester and Congress Hall. The city contains six banks. The canal, the railroads, and the facilities for navigation, render Rochester a very active business place. The unlimited water-power derived from the Genesee River has been the principal cause of the prosperity of Rochester. Within a course of three miles, the river has a total descent of 226 feet. The total amount of flour manufactured here annually is estimated at 600,000 barrels, which, computing five bushels to each barrel, would require 3,000,000 bushels of wheat. Various other manufactures are carried on here, producing machinery, farming implements, iron castings, cotton and woolen goods, paper, lumber, leather, cabinet ware, and edge tools. Rochester has been noted for the number, extent and character of its fruit nurseries. It is stated that within ten miles of the city, there are one thousand acres devoted to the raising of fruit trees. Messrs. Elwanger and Barry have a garden and nursery embracing two hundred acres of land, under a high state of cultivation. This nursery enjoys a very high repute. Mr. Barry, of this firm, is the author of the "Fruit Garden," one of the most reliable works on the culture of fruit trees with which we are acquainted. Joining practical knowledge to extensive research, he has shown himself a master of the science of arboriculture. He is the editor of a monthly magazine devoted to horticulture, and published in Rochester. The population of the city is not far from 50,000. The growth of Rochester is an instance of the remarkable rapidity with which flourishing cities

GENESSEE FALLS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



spring up from small beginnings in this country. In the year 1810, there was not a single house where Rochester now stands. In 1819, Nathaniel Rochester, Charles H. Carroll and William Hugh surveyed a lot of land comprising an area of one hundred acres, to which the name of Rochester was given, out of compliment to the senior proprietor. The tract thus laid out was known as the mill lot, and had been given by Phelps and Gorham to a personage known as "Indian Allen," as a bonus for building saw and grist mills for the accommodation of what few settlers were found in the region at the date of the conveyance. There was not, however, sufficient business to sustain the mills, and the buildings were suffered to run to decay. Allen then sold the property to Sir William Pulteney, who was the proprietor of a large section of the Genesee county. The sale to Rochester and his co-partners was effected in 1802, at the rate of \$15 50 per acre, or \$1750 for the entire lot, with whatever improvements there were upon it. In 1790, excellent land on the east side of the Genesee brought only 18 pence per acre. The war with Great Britain checked the incipient growth of the place; but the opening of the Erie Canal established its prosperity on a permanent basis. The Rev. Henry O'Reilly, in a work of great value, entitled "Sketches of Rochester, with incidental notices of Western New York," gives the following account of the "Last Sacrifice of the Senecas," which took place in 1813, on a spot near which the Bethel Church now stands: "It may be premised that the Senecas, and probably others of the Six Nations, have five feasts annually; on which occasion it is customary to return thanks to Nauwanew for his blessings, or to deprecate his wrath. At these times, also, the chiefs conversed upon the affairs of the tribes, and generally urged upon the people the duty of demeaning themselves so as to ensure a continuance of the favor which had attended them in their pursuits of peace and war. These feasts followed the consummation of the matters usually watched with most interest by Indians in peaceful times—one of the ceremonies occurring after 'sugar-time,' another after planting, a third called the green-corn feast, when the maize becomes fit for use, the fourth after the corn harvest, and the fifth at the close of their year, late in January, or early in February, according to the moon. The latter ceremony was performed in Rochester for the last time in January, 1813. The concluding rites were seen by some of the few persons then settled in 'these parts.' From Mr. Edwin Scrantom, now a merchant of the city, who was among the spectators, we have an account of the ceremonial, as far as he beheld it, which corresponds with the accounts given by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, long a missionary among the Six Nations, and by the 'white woman,' that remarkable associate of the Senecas. The latter personage related that when the Indians returned from hunting, ten or twenty of their number were appointed to superintend the 'great sacrifice and thanksgiving.' Preparations were made at the council house, or other place of meeting, for the accommodation of the tribe during the ceremonial. Nine days was the period and two white dogs the number and kind of animals formerly required for the festival; though in these later days of reform and retrenchment

(for the prevailing spirit had reached even the wigwams and altars of the Senecas), the time has been curtailed to seven or five days, and a single dog was made the scape-goat to bear away the sins of the tribe. Two dogs, as nearly white as could be procured, were usually selected from those belonging to the tribe, and were carefully killed at the door of the council-house by means of strangulation, for a wound on the animal, or an effusion of blood would spoil the victim for sacrificial purpose. The dogs were then fantastically painted with various colors, decorated with feathers, and suspended about twenty feet high at the council-house or near the centre of the camp. The ceremonial is then commenced, and the five, seven or nine days of its continuance are marked by feasting and dancing, as well as by sacrifice and consultation. Two select bands, one of men and another of women, ornamented with trinkets and feathers, and each person furnished with an ear of corn in the right hand, dance in a circle around the council fire, which is kindled for the occasion, and regulate their steps by rude music. Hence they proceed to every wigwam in the camp, and, in like manner, dance in a circle round each fire. Afterwards, on another day, several men clothe themselves in the skins of wild beasts, cover their faces with hideous masks and their hands with the shell of the tortoise, and in this garb they go among the wigwams, making horrid noises, taking the fuel from the fire, and scattering the embers and ashes about the floor, for the purpose of driving away evil spirits. The persons performing these operations are supposed, not only to drive off the evil spirit, but to concentrate within themselves all the sins of their tribe. These sins are afterwards all transfused into one of their own number, who, by some magical dexterity, or slight of hand, works off from himself into the dogs the concentrated wickedness of the tribe! The scape-goat dogs are then placed on a pile of wood, to which the fire is applied, while the surrounding crowd throw tobacco or other incense on the flame, the scent of which is deemed to co-operate with the sacrifice of the animals in conciliating the power of Nauwanew, or the Great Spirit. When the dogs are partly consumed, one is taken off and put into a large kettle with vegetables of various kinds, and all around devour the contents of the 'reeking cauldron.' After this, the Indians perform the dances of war and peace, and smoke the calumet; then, free from wickedness, they repair to their respective places of abode, prepared for the events of the new year." A serious alarm occurred in May, 1814, when Sir James Yeo, with a fleet of thirteen vessels appeared off the mouth of the Genesee, threatening the destruction of the rude improvements in and about Rochester. Messengers were despatched to arouse the inhabitants. There were then only thirty-three people in Rochester capable of bearing arms. The little band threw up a breastwork called Fort Bender, near the Deep Hollow, beside the Lower Falls, and hurried down to the junction of the Genesee and Lake Ontario, five miles north of the present city limits, where the enemy threatened to land, leaving behind them two old men, with some young lads, to remove the women and children into the woods, in case the British should attempt to land. Francis Brown and Elisha Ely acted

as captains, and Isaac W. Stone as major of the Rochester forces. They marched and counter-marched, disappeared in the woods and re-appeared again in such a manner as to impress the enemy with a belief that a considerable force were collected. An officer with a flag of truce was sent to parley and to say that Sir James Yeo

would spare the settlements if their provisions and military stores were surrendered. Captain Francis Brown received him. "Will you comply with the demand?" asked the British officer. "Blood knee-deep first!" was the emphatic reply of the gallant Brown. While this parley was in progress, an American officer and his staff, returning from the Niagara frontier, accidentally appeared, and confirmed the British officer's impression that a large regular force was at hand. He returned to the fleet, which opened a fire of shot and shell, gallantly answered by the Yankees with a rusty six-pounder. After a few hours spent in this unavailing exchange of fires, Admiral Yeo ran down to Pulteneyville, about twenty miles eastward from the Genesee River, where, on learning by what an inconsiderable force they had been deterred from landing, all hands could not refrain from laughing at the ingenuity of the Yankee trick. The historical reminiscences of many of the towns

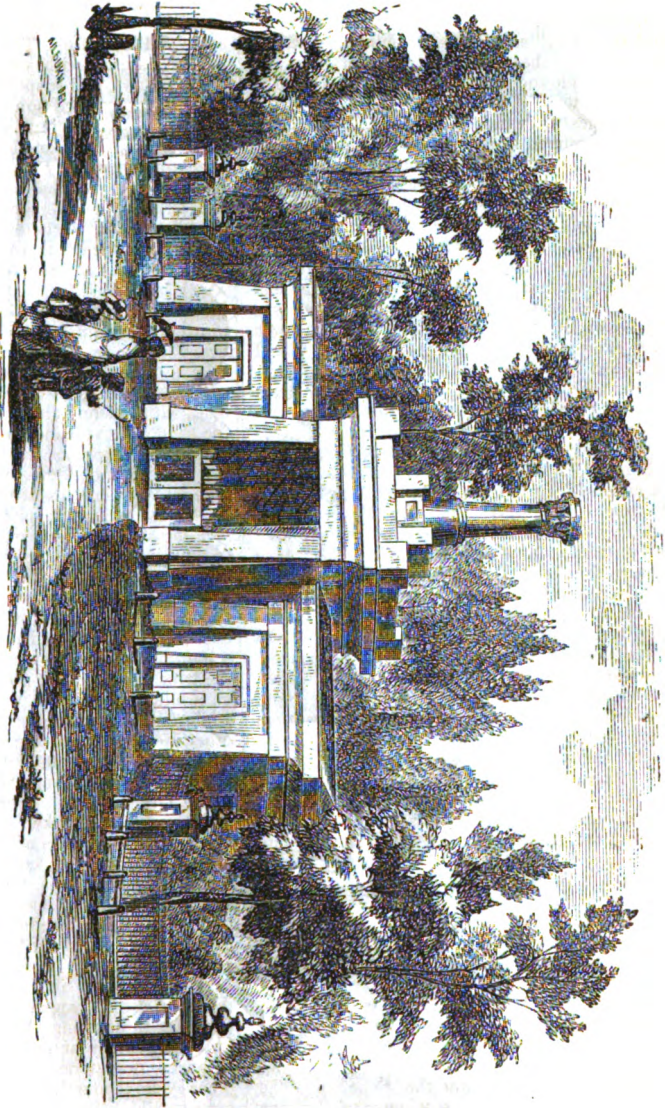
in the interior of New York are replete with incidents of valor and stratagem.

An Iowa regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath shall read a chapter in the Bible. Several have got very nearly through the Old Testament.

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.

When men go a fishing for trout, they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and a sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, which nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely on

ENTRANCE TO MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



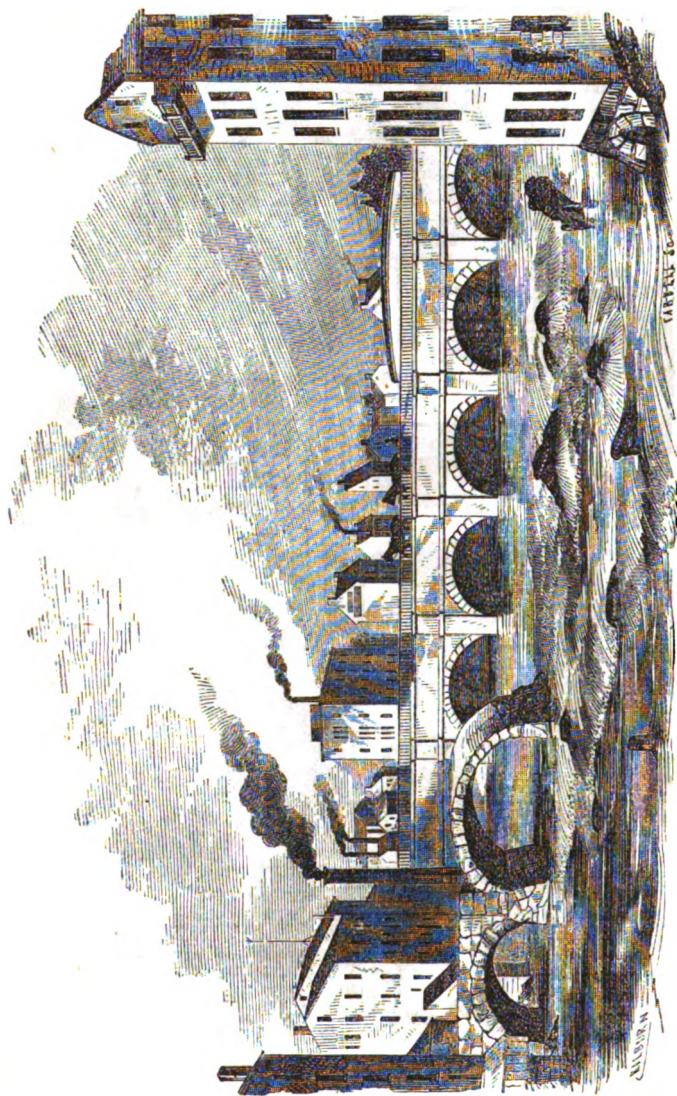
the bank. But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, "Bite or be damned."

A RUSSIAN FIRE.

A terrible fire has consumed one of the most remarkable and characteristic features of St. Petersburg—the celebrated Apraxin Dvor, or, as it is called by the English residents, the Louse Market. This was a large space, some fifteen acres in area, surrounded by uniform rows of

respectable in appearance, would lead one to expect a regular and even elegant series of stores. But once inside, all this changes. The entire area is covered by a most intricate labyrinth of streets or paths wide enough only for pedestrians, and flanked by little wooden houses, never more than two stories high, and generally but one.

Occasionally the paths expand into little open spaces filled with peddlers instead of houses. Every conceivable thing, and a great many that are not conceivable, could be bought here—from a ton of lead to an old pamphlet worth two coppers; from a feather bed to a needle; from a pianoforte to a broken candlestick. The old bazaar was destroyed, together with rows and rows of stores in all the adjoining streets. The great government building, occupied by the Minister of the Interior, was in flames, while the soldiers and the police were dashing around to rescue human beings from the flames, for it was useless to try to save property. The fire engines from Moscow, five hundred miles distant, were sent for, but only staid one day, being needed in their own city, where four fires had also broken out. Toward evening the priests came out in their rich robes, flashing with gold and purple, and with banners and Greek crosses they marched through the streets, the choristers chanting the magnifi-



ERIE CANAL AQUEDUCT, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

cent chorals of the Greek church. At night the church porticoes and the halls of the palaces were crowded with homeless people, who would have starved but for government aid. During the night the emperor came down from his country palace at Tsarkoe Selo and visited the frightened, weeping crowds, personally, assuring

stores, and situated near the great Gostinnoi Dvor, in the heart of the city, and but a few minutes' walk from the Nevsky Prospekt, the Broadway of St. Petersburg. This Louse Market is the favorite resort of the poorer classes. It is entered by wide gates between the cordon of buildings which enclosed it, and which, quite

them of his care and protection. For three days the conflagration continued, and at latest dates was not yet entirely subdued. The property destroyed in the stores and dwellings (apart from the edifices themselves) is estimated in St. Petersburg at 15,000,000 of rubles. In some quarters this fearful fire is attributed to Polish incendiarism, and there are fears that it is not the last the city will suffer. The Gostinnoi Dvor comprises the most important stores in the city, representing the local wealth of St. Petersburg, is closed day and night, and extra watchers are placed in all the public buildings. All St. Petersburg is in an excitement such as it has not known for many, many years.—*New York Post.*

FRENCH ROGUES.

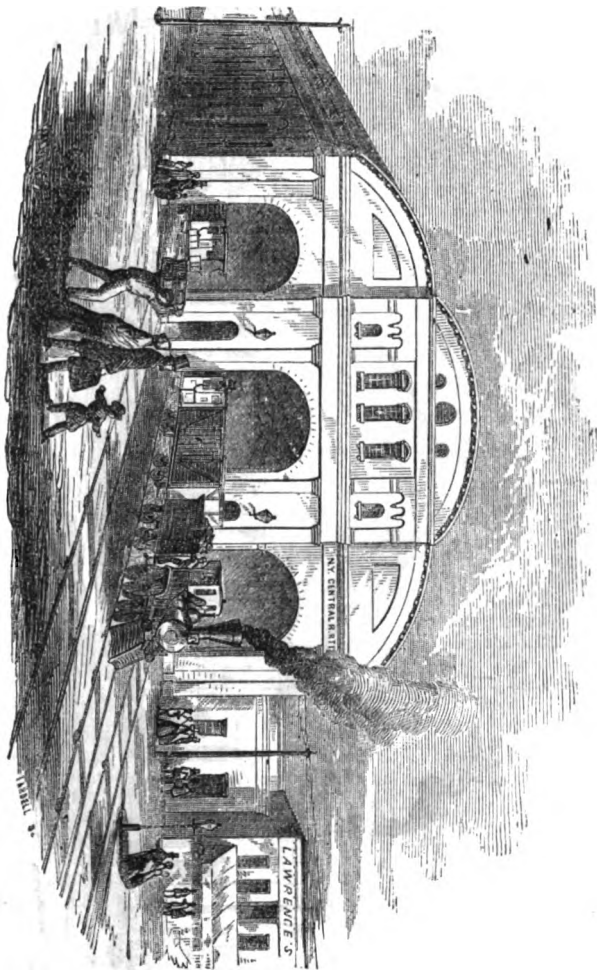
A trick was once played off at the Fair of Breaut. A well-dressed gentleman sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand, was stopped by a wretched looking man, who had dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver, "How can you be so foolish," cried a man standing by; "that fellow is an impostor, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar, then throwing down his crutches, ran off as fast as he could. The other, amidst roars of laughter from the by-standers, ran after him, menacing him with the cane, and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town, and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time, expecting to see the man return with his cane, but the expectation was in vain. It was then clear that the whole scene had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to walk home, feeling very foolish at having been so victimized.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The names of houses are for the world outside. When you read "Rose Cottage" on the wall, think of the lot of thorns inside.

ONE OF THE SAFES.

The agents of two rival iron safe establishments were presenting the claims of their respective articles to an admiring crowd. One was a Yankee—the other wasn't. He that wasn't told his story. A rooster had been shut up in one of his safes, and then it was exposed three days to the most intense heat. When the door was opened, the rooster stalked out, flapped his wings and crowed loudly, as if nothing had happened.

CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



It was now the Yankee's turn. A rooster had also been shut up in one of his safes, with a pound of lump butter, and the safe was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for more than a week. The legs of the safe were melted off, and the door itself so far fused as to require the use of a cold chisel to get it open. When it was opened, the rooster was found frozen dead, and the butter so solid, that a man who knocked off a piece of it with a hammer had his eye put out by a frozen butter splinter!

WAR WEATHER.

A recent article in an exchange industriously furnishes a list of illustrations of the influence which the weather has had, in history, on the result of important battles. It clearly proves that "Mercury governs Mars;" that a hero is stripped of his plumes by a tempest, and his laurels fly away on the invisible wind, and are seen no more forever;" that "empires fall because of a heavy fall of snow," and that "storms of rain

of June, which so softened the soil as to compel him to wait until noon of the 19th, before opening the battle, previous to which time the Prussian allies had reinforced the English, and the hopes of the French were lost. A change of wind gained the cause of William of Orange, when he landed in England. The Stuarts failed more than once of regaining the throne, by the occurrence of a tempest. A severe storm prevented General Howe from assaulting the works on Dorchester Heights when he wanted to do so, and General Washington in the meantime made the position impregnable.—Washington saved his whole army, in his memorable retreat from Long Island, by reason of a timely fog. And finally, Cornwallis was prevented from escaping from Yorktown, by an autumnal tempest, and so American liberty was secured.

GLASS.

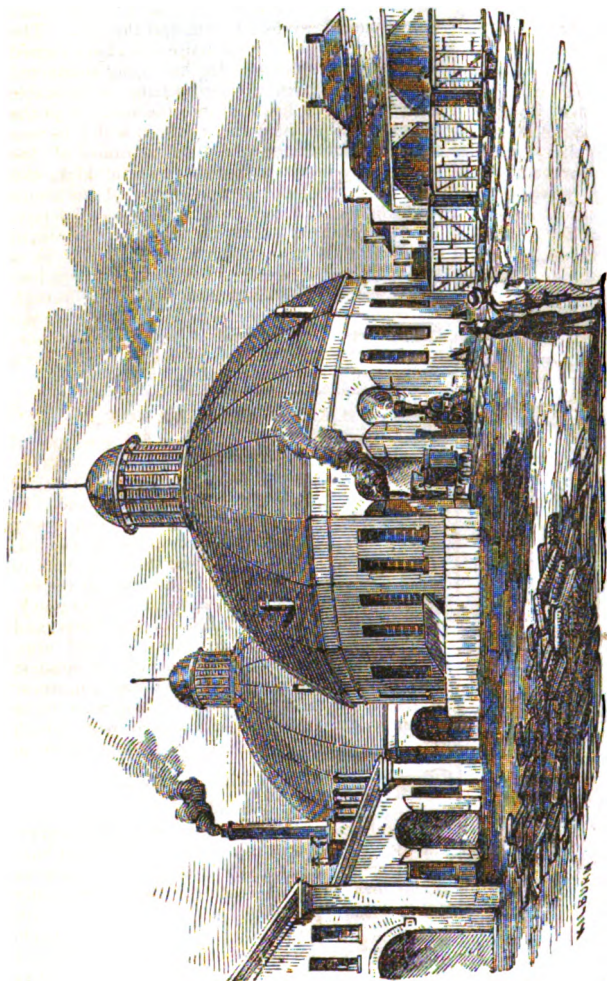
The elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with a finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces from the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled, possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shattered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of its breakage.

Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from three inches high, has made them fly.—*Laws of Science.*

How beautiful is victory, but how dear!

have more than once caused monarchs to cease to reign."

Greece was saved whole from the Persians by the working of the weather in destroying their fleets. Salamis was fought and won, because the previous state of the weather had shattered the foreign fleets and given the Greeks time and courage. England was saved from invasion by the famous Spanish Armada, by the intervention of a terrible storm. Napoleon lost Waterloo by reason of the drenching rain on Saturday, 17th



ENGINE HOUSES OF NIAGARA RAILROAD, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A GREAT MAN'S AUTOGRAPH.

It is well known that towards the latter years of the late Duke of Wellington's life, it was next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. All the stratagems used to get a reply from him to letters failed; he either did not answer them at all, or directed his private secretary to do so, and thus the famous signature of "Wellington" became a rarity highly prized by collectors. A lady who had an album garnished with the autographs of most of the great men of the day, but who wanted that of the "Great Captain," mentioned her distress to the late Mr. H—, and a few days after, he, to her great surprise and pleasure, brought her a note from under the hand of the victor of Waterloo. It ran thus:—"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces of the Messrs. Simpkin. If F. M. the Duke of Wellington had ordered the articles he could not forget it. F. M. the Duke of Wellington always pays for his braces."

This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted, and it therefore found the best place in the interesting collection. The way in which this singular note was elicited was this:—Mr. H— filled up one of the Bankruptcy Court forms, and signed it, informing the duke that in winding up the affairs of Messrs. Simpkin, he (the assignee) found on their books the sum of 6s. 6d. due by his grace for a pair of braces, which he requested the duke would immediately pay or have paid. Mr. H—'s ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded; and now in a certain lady's album may be seen the curious note of which we have given a copy.—*London Herald*.

BROKEN HEARTS.

Some time ago we alluded to two cases of sudden death, which could not properly be classed under any ordinary title of disease. We have since come across an anecdote related by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, while lecturing to his pupils, in Jefferson College, upon diseases of the heart, and which furnishes an additional proof that the expression "broken hearted" is not merely figurative. On one occasion, in the early period of his life, he accompanied as a surgeon a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports. The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed Dr. Mitchell some costly jewels, ornaments, etc., which he intended to present as bridal presents. On reaching his destination, he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hands to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground; he was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on board the vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease—his heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of blood consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life ceased.—*Philadelpia Sun*.

A DARING CRIMINAL.

An assassin of the name of Lemaire, whose ingenuity in escaping from jails and from the gendarmes is remarkable, has been captured by the French authorities, after bidding them defiance for upwards of a month. The prisoner was brought into Amiens in an open cart, surrounded by gendarmes; such was, however, the terror inspired by the man's boldness and activity, that the following precautionary measures were adopted:—His hands and his feet were chained, screws were placed on his fingers, and another chain was attached to his left arm and the cart. The last escape effected by Lemaire was characterized with great simplicity. He was being conducted by three gendarmes, when, seizing a favorable moment, he ran his head into the stomach of the gendarme who held the chain to which he was attached, facilitated the disappearance of the functionary into a ditch by a powerful kick, and then with a violent exertion wrenched the chain from the hand of the latter, and made off safely. The whole operation did not take two seconds to perform. He subsequently took refuge in a wood, where he remained concealed until he had accomplished the fearful labor of sawing through his manacles with his teeth. The truth of the last feat is, however, granted by no better authority than the word of the prisoner.—*New York Times*.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

In an article upon the financial position of the United States, the *London News* says:—"There is nothing to be compared with this for grandeur in the annals of European finance. In the midst of a terrific struggle, in which every energy and resource of the country is needed, with an army of seven hundred thousand men to raise, pay, feed, discipline and equip, at the excessive cost which proverbially attends urgency, and with a numerous flotilla of gunboats and iron-clad vessels of war to construct and arm, exerce duties, reaching every article of comfort or luxury have been imposed without a murmur of discontent, and public credit continues to be unfalteringly sustained at a figure with which the exchequers of monarchy seldom hope to attain."

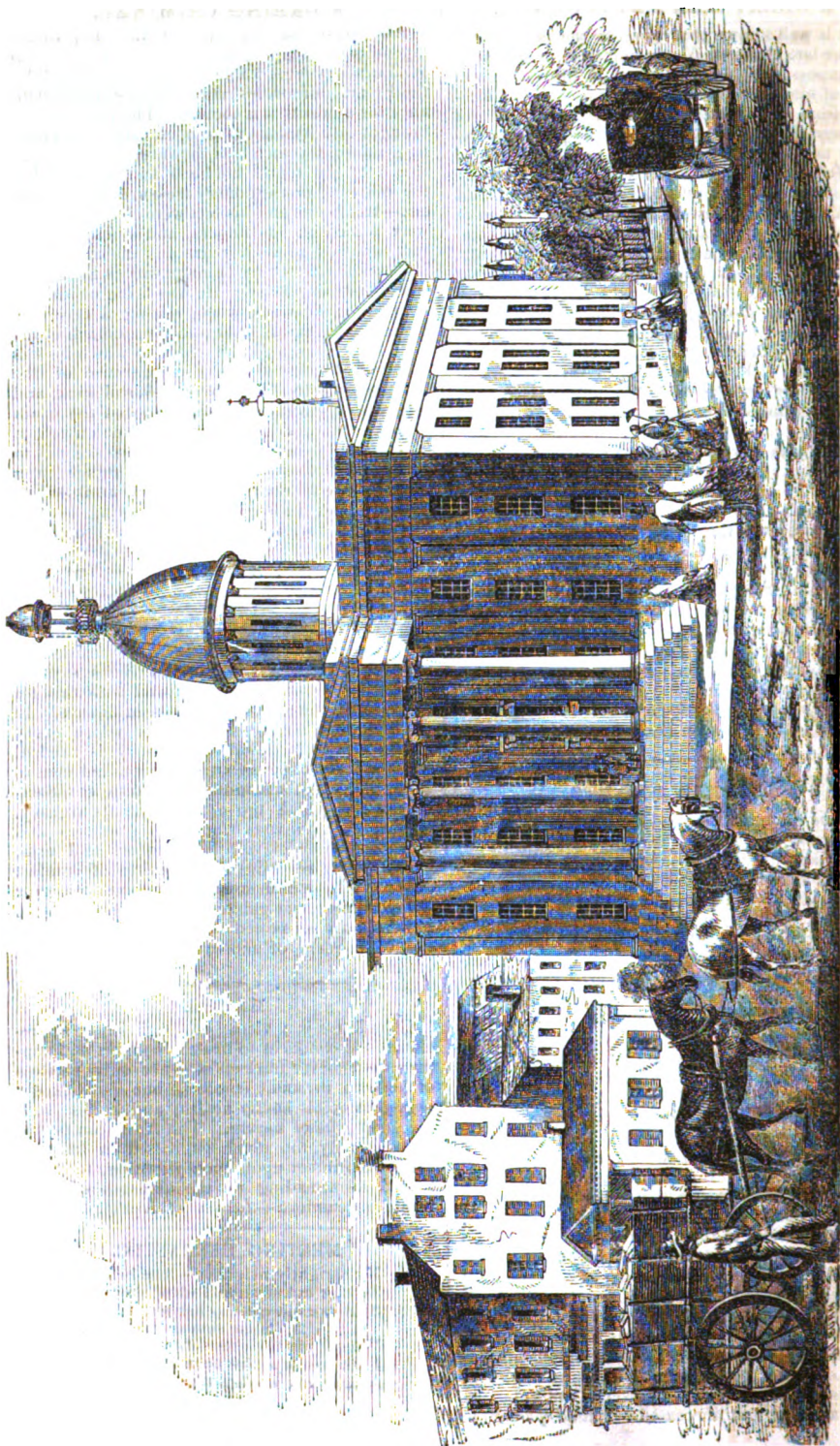
BATHS.

Cleanliness is a virtue not sufficiently appreciated. It conduces to health, comfort and happiness—whoever neglects it is not only careless of his own personal comfort, but is wickedly negligent of his bodily health, and trifles with the good gifts of nature. The American people are generally too much engrossed in business cares—to intent upon money-getting, to "lose time" in attending to the demands of their health, or comfort.—*Journal of Health*.

MEETING HEREAFTER.

My sprightly neighbor—gone before
To that unknown and silent shore:
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day;
A bliss that would not go away—
A sweet forewarning.

CHARLES LAMB.



COURT HOUSE ROCHESTER, N. Y.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY SUMMER PETS.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

The voices of my summer pets
Come in at my window to-night,
And I stop my hurrying pen,
And listen with keen delight
To the words they are ever saying:
Praising the bountiful Giver,
Who dwells in the City Celestial,
Beside the Beautiful River.

The robin, my red-breasted friend,
Gazes in at me through the vines,
And his voice gives joyous emotions,
Far better than rarest old wines.
Four summers has he and his helpmate
Built their nest in the old apple-tree,
And while I toiled, in through the window
They tuned their voices for me.

I have a little friend of a bluebird,
Whose nest's in a hollow old beech,
Just over the wall on the hillside,
Where none of the children can reach.
One day he came in at my window,
And perched on my volume of Moore;
I stretched out my hand for a welcome,
But like a flash he went out through the door.

I have a funny old cricket,
Earth-brown, whom I've named Net,
He dwells in a hole 'neath the pear-tree—
Mayhap you think him a strange pet;
But he has such sparkling bright eyes,
And sings so merry a song,
That I've opened a place in my heart,
And he dwells there all summer long.

Many pets have I in the summer,
Save earth-brown crickets and birds,
Whom I can see from my window,
Moving me with cheering words;
But the burden of their song is ever
Praises to the bountiful Giver,
Who dwells in the City Celestial,
Beside the Beautiful River.

[ORIGINAL.]

FORT PEMAQUID.

A TALE OF MAINE'S OLD DOMINION.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

I.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE setting sun shone brightly over the rocky point of Pemaquid, in 16—, and gilded the spars of a weighty-looking merchantman which lay at anchor in front of the prosperous village, and the out-jutting fort, then perhaps the strongest in New

England. A boat pushed forth from the vessel and presently reached the shore. A man of commanding person stepped upon the beach, and was met by a quiet-looking, middle-aged citizen, who was evidently an old acquaintance.

"How goes the world with you, Master Henderson?" said the first, with rather a condescending air. "And the good wife, and the fair daughter?"

"I have been duly prospered," replied the other, in a subdued voice, "and as for my family, they are well."

"Humph," continued the other, moving up the narrow main street, "a snug little town it is, and well kept. Your very paving stones look as if the housewives had scrubbed them this identical morn. And the little stout houses all marshalled alike, and on to the street, in military rank as it were. Certainly, your magistrates and commanders have merited much praise in the ordering of their several charges."

"We have endeavored to do our duty in defensive preparation," said the other, bowing low, "for the times in which we live are somewhat perilous. But we have arrived at my poor habitation, will it please you to enter?"

He pressed open the door, and had hardly done so when a beautiful young girl came running forward, her cheeks rosy red, and her eyes sparkling with excitement; but, perceiving the stranger, she stopped with a blush, and instantly retreated. The stranger's iron features relaxed from their saturnine expression at the unexpected vision, but as he passed at his host's invitation into an adjoining room, he simply said, with a motion of his hand towards the door through which the girl had vanished:

"And this—"

"Is Margaret."

The visitor bestowed himself in the arm-chair which had been placed for his accommodation, and for a moment or two gazed steadily and in silence at the embers on the hearth, for the autumn had set in, and the ample store of wood had already commenced assault upon the evening chill. Master Henderson, meanwhile, with a certain uneasiness in his countenance, stole occasional glances at his guest. The latter presently aroused himself and turned his chair so as directly to face his entertainer.

"Friend Henderson," he said, "you know that I am a straightforward person, and when I have anything on my mind, am apt to say it at once, in order that the thing may be disposed of. In short, then, I have become tired of toil—I have enough and to spare—I would fain settle down in a home of my own. Though I say it,

few men in ordinary life can as well endow a wife with worldly goods as can Paul Askelyn. When I saw you, four years since, you spoke of my marrying, and somewhat carelessly added that if I did not soon choose me a mate, there might one grow up for me under your own roof. I have waited—the one whom I would choose has grown up under your own roof. Give to me your Margaret for a wife, and I will give you the word of a man whose word, as you well know, can be depended upon. I will cherish her as the apple of my eye. What say you, then, John Henderson?"

Henderson heard the speech with some surprise, and at least a slight discomposure. He answered slowly, and with hesitation.

"It was but a careless jest. I had not thought of your laying it up in mind."

"Turn the jest to earnest, John Henderson," interrupted the other. "Nothing easier."

"And she is but a child, while you—"

"I understand," broke in the other. "But a child! She may seem so to you; but not to herself, nor to others. And I—I am no boy, it is true. Am I the less fitted to protect her whom I would make my wife because that I am in the prime of my years, abundant in means, vigorous in health and strength?"

"You say truly, Master Askelyn," replied Henderson, casting a deprecating glance at his visitor. "There are few men, in good truth, whose alliance would be so desirable as that of yourself. But, in honesty, I must acknowledge that I have not mentioned what is like to be the particular obstacle in the way of your wishes and my own. I have marked of late that there appears to be some attachment between Margaret and a youth who has visited here, a boat-maker in the village, an honest, industrious lad. Her mother and myself, not having in mind any special plan for her future, have not objected to his visits. And, indeed, no one can say aught in the youth's dispraise."

Askelyn rose and walked across the room with a measured pace, and a lowering brow. He turned and faced his host.

"Henderson, this is folly. Is the passing whim of a boy like that to stand in my way? And what excellence has he to boast above me? Has he greater strength of limb, blacker locks, or eyes that are keener than mine? But I scorn to banter about personal appearance. Henderson, my heart is in this matter—I cannot be idly thrust aside. Remember the claims which I have upon you and your family. As your daughter's husband, they are cancelled, and I am bound to you forever. Reject my suit, and a

single word from me makes you a felon. Do you not understand me?"

The other attempted no reply, but bowed his head as if weighed down with sudden humiliation and dread. His visitor regarded him for a moment with a countenance whose stern displeasure was partly mingled with a contemptuous pity.

"Do not make a fool of yourself, Henderson. Look at the thing like a sensible man. Let us suppose that Margaret will object to me, decidedly even, at first. What then? Thousands of girls do so every year to their future husbands, and are none the less attached to them when their lot is cast. You and I do not need to learn so plain a fact as that. And as for the past, with all its secrets, when Margaret is my wife, all that past is buried forever. I pledge my word to that, whatever may happen between us in the future. No danger, thenceforth, that the steady, exemplary citizen of Pemaquid shall be shown us as the disguised smuggler, whose offences have been too rank to be forgiven. Nor, to speak of younger days, need you fear that a certain piratical venture—"

"Hush!" exclaimed the other, starting in sudden terror, and glancing hastily about him. "It must be as you say. But recollect that even walls have ears."

"Pho!" said the other, smiling quietly. "Your nerves are shaken to-day, friend Henderson. Bring forth a little of your old Madeira, and we will drink a glass to oblivion of our youthful follies, and a quiet life in the future."

II.—THE BOAT SHOP.

HUGH EVERETT stood with chisel in hand, but not at work. Standing thus in reverie, he would have formed no unfit subject for picture—tall and well formed, with pleasing features, frank in expression and tinged with ruddy health. Yet the attitude and downcast look plainly discovered an unwonted dejection. As he stood with his face averted from the shop entrance, a neatly-dressed damsel tripped lightly in, and approaching him touched him on the arm.

"A note from my young mistress," said the girl in reply to his inquiring look, at the same time depositing in his hand a billet.

As she turned away, Hugh opened it eagerly, and with a flush of joy which soon paled as he read, until he flung it down with a vexed exclamation. Again he lifted it, reading it afresh as if to detect some expression which might possibly have escaped his attention at first. Again he dropped it with a more hopeless countenance than before.

"Hilloa!" shouted a voice just behind him.

Startled at the sound, Hugh wheeled around, and with a half angry look, confronted the speaker. The latter was of middle height, black-haired and brown-skinned, and keen-eyed, a total stranger to the young boatmaker.

"This is the third time I have spoken to you," said the unknown. "I began to think you had turned into a wax statue, or something of the sort. I came to see about having a boat mended. Quite a shop, this of yours, as I live. Looks, too, as if they kept you pretty busy. I declare, I almost wish that I could leave seacraft and change places with you."

"I wish you were in my place, and I a thousand miles away," ejaculated Hugh, giving perforce some partial vent to his inward vexation. "Anything rather than this dull, gloomy old town."

"A thousand miles away!" echoed the other, lightly placing his browned hand on Paul's arm. "You say well, good sir. A thousand miles and more away, where silver and gold are freely to be had, for the sailor's daring, where a summer sea surges forever over shimmering coral, and kisses the balmy shores of the tropics. That is the region for free spirits who are not averse to running past the king's cutter on a dark night. A thousand miles away! You shall be further off than that in a dozen days from now, if you will but say the word."

"And who may you be, so free with your offers?" inquired Hugh, casting a sullen glance at the stranger.

"One who goes for free trade and sailor's rights. The right of a man who buys honestly to sell when and where he will, without let or hindrance. D'ye see that brig yonder in the harbor? I am skipper there, and though I wont say that I have brought many a piece of silk from over water, yet I will say that there are few men whose countenance has been more pleasant in the sight of some of your worthy citizens than that of John Waldron, skipper and trader. Come away, man, I have taken a liking to the cut of your jib. You're too free-faced and hearty-limbed a young fellow to be doling your life out in this little corner of the world. Come and try the ocean with me. Sell boats and shop to-morrow, or leave them unsold, and in a year from now you'll not think of coming back to tap nails on the head for a paltry subsistence. Put your best foot forward, on a good stout plank, with the sea underneath you, and toss a gay good-by to the jilt who has deserted you for a richer."

"Sconndrel!" shouted Hugh, as astounded

and enraged he caught the skipper by the collar. "How dare you come here to vent your slanderous jibes?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger, quickly disengaging himself. "I see that you have the right spirit in you. All that's needed is a little experience. Six months of sea life will make you as cool as a veteran. But, my lad, I have merely said the truth. I have passed through the like myself, and know the whole story. That crumpled paper in which you were so entranced—your dolorous sighs and bitter looks, can I not read them? But a little time and change will quickly cure all, and blacker eyes and fairer cheeks will smile on you in southern climes. Let yonder new-come graybeard keep the prize which his money bags have bought. If money is the talisman of life, and I'll not deny it, the thing is within your grasp. Say the word, then, your name on the Sea Gull's roll, and as soon as you have learned the ropes, your place shall be second in command. Come—will you go?"

"No, I'll not!" exclaimed Hugh, striking his clenched fist on the bench. "Your tongue is smooth, and your promises fair enough to lure the devil himself. But my reason is not clean gone yet. And, furthermore, it is very easy to talk about selling out stock and shop at an hour's notice, much easier than to do it. Not but that I'm more than half tempted (this he muttered almost to himself) to leave this miserable place at once and forever."

"Good," retorted the other, "I began to think I had mistaken a milksop for a man. Here," flinging down a purse upon the bench, "is a bunch of good, yellow guineas, which will settle the purchase money of your shop in less time than you mention. One word more. To-morrow night, at sunset fire, I shall await you by the fort water-way, and then—either the purse or yourself. We understand each other." And with a nod he disappeared.

Hugh lifted the weighty purse, and through the heavy blue silk netting saw the rich glitter of the gold, charming as the serpent's eye.

"And this can buy love!" he said. "For this Margaret sells her heart to an old gray beard! 'Requirements of parental duty!' 'Forgive, and do not despise me!' Some two or three mock tears, perhaps, what excuses are these when she well knows that Hugh Everett's offered home, poor as it is, will be sustained by stout and loving hands? Is it not too much to believe? I will see her once more, though she has commanded me not. I will learn the truth of this villany from her own lips, and then—"

III.—AFLOAT.

"In good season, shipmate. What bring you then, the purse, or yourself?"

"Myself."

"Right, man, and a sailor's grip on't. I'd sooner have spared double the gold than to have missed having you by my side. And the girl—ye have seen her once more, mayhap? I guessed it would be so, and how it would end, too."

The last was said, in a low voice, but the hearer clutched the gunwale as though he would have crushed it.

"You guessed truly," answered the latter. "I don't care to keep anything back now. I could not believe that she was so heartless—the blue-eyed, rosy-lipped girl who once, I was fool enough to fancy, loved me. If I could but see her, I thought. Well—I was ordered from the house. That was not enough. I sent by her servant girl a billet. I begged only to see her once more, if it were but for a moment. In vain. At last, hovering about the spot, I saw her open the garden gate. In an instant I was by her side. I spoke but a word, and she turned from me as though I had been a snake, and she flying for her life. Heavens, and I have made myself fit to be one, grovelling thus like a worm at their feet!"

"Never mind, my hearty, there's a better day in store. But here comes the boat; jump in, my lad, chock up in the stern sheets. Here we are. Now pull, boys, pull!"

The boat flew through the water, till, coming under the brig's counter, a rope was thrown, and she was drawn alongside. The breeze was freshening from the eastward, and as the skipper gained the deck and cast a look to windward, he said to Hugh:

"Well, my friend, we sha'n't spread our wings till daylight. Come down into my cabin, and the steward shall brew you some hot punch. That, and a good night's rest, will set you all right by morning."

Half an hour afterward Hugh was sleeping soundly in his berth. The sun was already shining through his little stateroom window, when he awoke, and the rush of water and the trampling feet overhead told that the brig was under way. Arousing from his half unconscious doze, he was quickly on deck. The brig was standing out of harbor, over a sea roughened by the easterly swell. The swart skipper was pacing the quarter, anxiously eyeing a ship which was approaching from the offing.

"I don't like the looks of yonder craft by any means," he said, turning round to Hugh. "There might be some inconvenience to me just

now in being brought to by a king's ship. These epauletted fellows sometimes ask very disagreeable questions. And I have reason to suspect that there is a growing prejudice against me among these gentry."

He put the glass to his eye for a moment, and then lowering it, shut it with a jerk.

"Stand by to tack ship!"

The brig was soon standing northward along the Bristol shore. Some twenty minutes had scarce elapsed when a gruff voice from the fore-rigging growled out: "Sail, ho!"

A large brig shot in view from beyond Massachussetts. A low exclamation of surprise broke from the skipper's lips as he levelled the glass at her.

"A Johnny Crapeau, as I live!" he exclaimed. "And yonder looms another! I see the whole story—a French fleet coming in to try powder and balls on old Pemaquid! Well, let them call me smuggler and outlaw; I am as ready as the straightest of them to fight for the old flag. 'Bout ship, boys!"

The order was quickly executed. A minute or two afterward, the grizzled-headed sailor at the helm, touching his hat as he caught the skipper's eye, exclaimed:

"Beg pardon, captain, but that yonder is the French brig-of-war, L'Agile. I was in her years ago. She's a good 'un to go."

"Very well, we'll show her that there is one craft equally well deserves the name with herself. Lay her straight for the fort, Robinson. Yonder there, two or three get out the cutlasses and muskets from our arm-chest, and see that they are in trim. If we are not to fight ourselves, they will be wanted ashore, perhaps."

A dogged gloom fell over the ship's company. No one stirred to execute the order, but each looked askance at his neighbor.

"What is this?" sternly demanded the skipper, taking a step forward. "Has a sulky fit come over you all, that no one starts?"

"I beg pardon, cap'n, once more," said old Robinson. "If I might be so bold, I know there arn't no sulk in the lads. Only they somehow don't seem to understand the idea of their fixin' up tools for other people to fight with, and they not have no handling of them. It's just kind o' confused 'em like."

"Ah, that's it, eh?" retorted his superior, casting a humorous side glance at Hugh, and turning again to the men. "Rouse out the arms, lads," he said, "I am going to use some of them myself, and you need not fear that I shall forbid any one from following my example, who chooses so to do."

All was now alacrity. Under the guidance of Robinson's steady hand, the brig dashed into the harbor, and up past the fort into the mouth of the river. She was still under headway when a boat was dropped from the stern, and in it the skipper, Hugh, and a portion of the crew quickly gained the shore. In five minutes the whole village was astir.

IV.—THE ATTACK.

"It's a blessing that I've taken good care to keep these war-dogs in trim," said bluff Major Christy, the garrison commandant, carefully inspecting his guns, and training them on the harbor entrance. "Lieutenant Homer, will you inform the townsmen that we have men enough to man the castle guns thoroughly. Let them bestow themselves around the outer wall and keep a good lookout landward. I shall miss my reckoning if we have not soon a few hundred of those copper-headed devils on our flank, while the Frenchmen batter in front."

The topsails of the French squadron soon appeared beyond the outer point of land, but it seemed an age to the expectant citizens before the leading vessel gained position, and opened fire on the fort. She was followed by another and another, till the air was filled with smoke, and the ear with the crashing of guns, and the whirr of balls. The fort guns replied gallantly, and obviously with good effect. All at once from the forest broke forth a yell which rose shrill above even the deafening noise of the artillery, and a dense array of painted savages dashed whooping wildly towards the landward wall of the village, which offered apparently an insignificant barrier against the assault. An instant, and they would have reached it, when a sheet of flame and the simultaneous volley, made them reel backward, decimated and dismayed. The recoil was but momentary, for a master-spirit led, and before the smoke had lifted, a column of the Indians, headed by a chief of giant frame, had gained the bulwark, and were pressing over it, despite the utmost efforts of the defenders. Of these, several were already down, lifeless or sorely wounded.

Among the latter was Paul Askelyn. He had fallen on one knee, one arm hanging broken by his side, his gun swinging in the other hand, in the futile essay to parry the tomahawk which flashed above him. But ere its fall its savage holder had sunk beneath another arm, and Hugh, looking down, caught a glimpse of the man whom he had saved. But it was a flash of sight and thought amidst the perilous work which

raged around. In the wild hurry of the conflict there was no opportunity for delay. The smoke of the conflict eddied in among the villagers, and amid the crash of musketry, the thunder of the fort and the ships, and the horrid yells of the savage assailants, Pandemonium itself seemed to be re-created. All around was confusion and desperation, when a heavy boom struck the ear from the direction of the river.

"Hurrah," cried a stentorian voice, "there goes the Sea Gull's popgun! Our messmates have snaked it out of the hold, and given it mouth. Bang away, my hearties!"

"Water!" gasped Askelyn, struggling for breath. "Would to Heaven I could have another half hour for those red-skinned fiends!"

"It is not needed," replied Hugh, as he turned away to fulfil the wounded man's request. "The savages are beaten back already, they are scattering like sheep."

Askelyn's face lighted up with exultation, and with a convulsive effort he raised himself on his elbow; but the flash of strength passed in an instant, and he sunk back heavily on the ground. Hugh found him on return, with his eyes closed, hardly more than a corpse. A little water, mingled with spirit, was forced through his lips. He revived, looked up, and smiled grimly.

"How goes the battle?"

"It is finished," said Hugh. "The old fort has been sadly pelted, but the ships are hauling off. It's plain enough they have suffered bad treatment, and are little like to repeat the trial."

"It is finished," repeated the other, dreamily. "My battle, too, is nearly done, and the shattered hulk is sinking to its grave—the fair prize escaped—the expected triumph dissolved to nothingness. Yet it is well."

One or two of the combatants, now that the imminent danger was over, approached with offers of assistance.

"Bear me to the house of Master Henderson," said Askelyn. "My moments are few for this world's business, and I must use them quickly."

The wounded man was soon conveyed to the house, whose scattered inmates were in a few moments more gathered together, and Henderson himself pressed with sympathy the hand that was now so powerless.

"Time presses," said the wounded man; "call Margaret hither."

"I am here," whispered the latter, laying her trembling hand upon his arm.

"Poor Margaret!" said Askelyn, with a husky voice. "I was about to do you a sore injustice, although I fondly thought that time would enable me to repair it. It has enabled me, but not

as I intended. Hugh Everett, take her hand. You are a gallant and honest lad, and I am thankful that I have it in my power to do you a good deed before I go."

Hugh did as he was told; but as for Margaret, she fell on her knees by the side of the wounded man, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Little soft-heart," murmured Askelyn, "should you not rather rejoice than weep at this? But, good friend Henderson, summon me a notary, or if there be none at hand, you must even act as such yourself. How is it?"

"Here is neighbor Gamage," replied Henderson, glancing around, "doubtless he will answer your requirements."

"Bring paper, then, and pen and ink. Those here present will act as witnesses to the last will and testament which I shall dictate."

His directions were obeyed, and then in a clear voice, and in accurate form, Paul Askelyn devised to Margaret Henderson all earthly goods of which he was possessed, with the exception of a moderate bequest to her father.

"I have no kin," he said, as the writing was closed, "whom such disposal can injure, and most freely do I make it. And now I yonder perceive the face of the good pastor—my last words must be with him. Yet stay for a moment, Margaret, and you, Henderson, and you, young sir, there is yet one thing more remains."

When the young pair came forth from that room they came as man and wife, for so the dying had willed it. And the new-born happiness which lighted their countenances was softly clouded by sadness for him who had passed away from earth forever.

THE CLEARING OF THE CLOUDS.

There is nothing in what has befallen, or befalls you, my friends, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. Every thing which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer—nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—*Bushnell.*

"Although the devil be the father of lies," remarks Swift, "he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him."

EFFECTS OF THIRST.

The oxen had now been four days without water, and their distress was already very great. Their hollow flanks, drooping heads, and low melancholy moans uttered at intervals, told but too plainly their misery, and went to my heart like daggers. My poor horse was no longer an animated creature, but a spectre of himself—a gaunt, staggering skeleton. The change that had come upon him within the last twenty-four hours was incredible. From time to time he put his head into the wagon into one's hands, and looking wistfully and languidly into his face, would reproachfully (his looks conveyed as much) seem to say: "Cruel man, don't you see I am dying; why don't you relieve my burning thirst?" The dogs, again, ceased to recognize my caresses. Their eyes were so deeply sunken in their sockets as to be scarcely perceptible. They glided about in spectral silence; death was in their faces. The wagon was heavily laden, the soil exceedingly heavy, the sun in the day-time like an immense burning-glass, and the oppressiveness of the atmosphere was greatly increased by the tremendous "veldt" fires which, ravaging the country far and wide, made it like a huge fiery furnace.—*Anderson's Okavango River.*

ARSENICAL PAPER HANGINGS.

A surgeon, writing to one of the daily papers upon arsenical green paper hanging, calls attention to the following facts:—1. Of four children who died, every one had been healthy until the green paper was first placed on the walls at Christmas last. 2. The father, mother, and all the children then began to sicken. The symptoms were smarting of the eyes, irritation of the nostrils, headache (over the brows in particular), soreness of the mouth and throat, with occasional sharp pains over the bowels, constant rubbing of the upper lip, and picking of the mouth. 3. The antiseptic propensities of arsenic are well-known. Seven days after death the body of the child was undecomposed. There was neither effluvia nor discoloration. 4. The undertaker noticed that all the three preceding children, after being four days, were in a like condition. 5. After the green paper was removed, all the symptoms ceased in the remaining occupants. He attributes much baffling disease to the unsuspected effects of arsenical papers.—*English paper.*

THE FUTURE.

Waste not your time in idle fears and thoughts of the future in this world. To you the future may be very short. The things you most fear will probably never disturb you. If evils come, they will probably be such as no foresight of men can anticipate. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

THE VICTORS.

Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

LONGFELLOW.

[ORIGINAL.]

ROSES.

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

June had scattered bloom and beauty
Through the garden-land all broadcast,
Drowned the sluggish air in faintness of perfume,
When we wandered through the alleys,
Through the flower-encumbered alleys,
Checkered quaintly with alternate light and gloom.

Little knew I but her presence,
But the gladness of her being,
But the holy spell that circled me that day;
Yet I thought the roses' color,
Red and white, had gained new lustre
From the color on her girlish cheek that lay.

So I told her of my fancy,
So I bared my heart before her,
Told her all my love, its madness and its pain;
Vanished then her cheeks' white roses,
While my passion breathed its story—
Died and vanished, yet they lived and bloomed again!

Yet another June was thrilling
All the garden-rows with gladness,
Faint the air with myriad roses overblown,
When I wandered through the vistas,
Through the blossom-tangled alleys,
In the hermit-mood of anguish—all alone!

She—where was she? Christ, have mercy,
Cleanse the Magdalen from error,
Wash the memory of the suicide away!
Thus I prayed, with hands uplifted,
While the Pharisaic roses
Proudly flaunted o'er the sod-heap where she lay.

Gorgeous roses, redly blushing,
Roses pure in blessed whiteness,
Marred with neither spot nor shadow of a stain;
But *her* cheeks' white rose had faded
In the fiery breath of passion:
Died and vanished—and it never bloomed again!

[ORIGINAL.]

AT LAST.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

It was Edith Ingersoll's twenty-second birthday. She sat with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, gazing gravely and seriously into the glowing fire. Her face expressed doubt and pain—a half formed resolution. She got up after awhile and went down to the library, where a gentleman sat waiting to see her. He rose as

she entered, and extended his hand with a glad smile. She took it without smiling in return, looking into his face with the same grave seriousness.

"I came early, Edith, hoping to be the first to greet you on your birthday; and I hoped, too, that you would be glad to see me."

"I am always glad to see my friends," she said, evasively. "You know you are always welcome here, Clyde." She smiled just the faintest shadow of a smile, but the sadness in her eyes rippled over her face till it seemed to be laved in tears.

He led her to a chair, and going up to a table, took from it a bouquet, and placed it in her hands. She uttered an exclamation of delight as its fragrance and beauty unfolded themselves to her. It was composed of white and pink moss roses and buds, and arranged with most exquisite taste.

"It is my birthday offering, Edith. Take it with my fairest and best wishes for your happiness. May it ever be an emblem of the purity, and truth, and loveliness of your life!"

She looked up gratefully into his handsome, earnest face, thanking him as much with her eyes as with her tongue.

"You are always so kind to me, Clyde. You treat me so much better than I deserve. I am sure I can never tell you how much I thank you."

"Do not try. I love so much better to see the glad light leap up from your eyes, and spread itself over your face."

He paused a moment, then he spoke, and the words came low and passionately:

"I have brought you another gift, dear Edith; but in accepting it, you will accept the heart and hand of the giver." He drew forth a heavy ring set with pearls. "Will you wear it, Edith?"

"I will wear it, Clyde." Her face was very white, but the hand she gave him did not tremble as he placed upon it the token that should bind their future lives together.

"My dearest little girl, how happy you have made me. I shall try all my life to repay you."

The words welled up joyfully from his soul, and gushed softly and sweetly through his lips. He laid his hand on her brown curls tenderly and proudly—she was *his* Edith then; his peerless treasure.

An hour afterwards he rose to go. He took her hand in his at parting; it was so cold it startled him, though they had been sitting by a warm fire. He drew her to him gently.

"My little girl must love me very much, and she shall never for one moment regret the step she has taken to-day. In another month you

will be my wife, Edith, and I shall take you to our home, to be its fairest light and sweetest blessing."

She did not say anything; but she thought in silent anguish of a time when just such sweet words had been said to her by one for whom she would have given up life itself. She scorned her own weakness—he was false to her and to himself now; and Clyde Wallace she knew was noble and true. She crushed down her misery, and said almost cheerfully:

"I hope I shall be all you think me, Clyde. I shall try to be."

He stooped and kissed her white brow. She made a slight movement, as if to recoil from the caress, then submitted calmly and passively. He attributed it to maiden shyness, little dreaming of the pain which racked and burned her soul.

She got up after he had gone, and returned to her room. As she looked at the ring on her finger, she felt that the past must indeed be forgotten, and that in Clyde Wallace's love she she must find a refuge from that other wild love that filled her life. She went to her desk, and took from it a lock of hair and a book of poems. She turned to the first leaf. On it was written, "To my dear Edith, from H. R." She smiled bitterly as she read it over for the last time, then laid it with the hair in the sparkling fire. It seemed to lift a load from her heart; she felt that in a measure the past was undone, and that one step had been taken to secure the peace of the future.

Edith Ingersoll had not entered into her engagement hastily. She had expected that what had occurred would occur. She knew that Clyde Wallace had loved her for many long months, and she knew that nothing would please her parents and friends so much as to see her his wife. She remembered with deep remorse how they warned her against trusting to the affection of Henry Rawlings, and how she had gone on heedless of their advice, only to find herself thrown aside, while another filled her place in his heart, and wore the name so precious to her. She was glad almost that she could do something to make her dear ones happy now—that she could partly atone for the error that had half blighted her existence. It is not much wonder that under such circumstances she had accepted Clyde Wallace; feeling sure that the future could not be more dreary than the present.

It was the day of her wedding. Fair young girls fluttered around her, their merry words rippling musically through the room; yet she scarcely heard them, as she sat half-buried in the cushions of her chair. She was serious and

thoughtful. It was a solemn thing to bind her life forever to another, while her heart did not throb lovingly for him. The girls roused her from her reverie, telling her it was time to prepare for the ceremony.

She got up mechanically, and went patiently through the process of dressing, though she manifested no interest in her appearance. Her young friends besieged her with compliments, and indeed it would have been hard to discover her equal in loveliness. The long, sweeping white silk dress, with its trimming of soft rich lace; the fleecy folds of her bridal veil; her brown hair adorned with a few sprays of pearls, that were a present from Clyde; the dainty white gloves on her small hands; all added new charms to her natural grace and beauty.

Some one came in with the information that a friend wished to see her for a few moments in the library. Supposing it must of course be Clyde, she ran down stairs, glad to escape from the noise and merriment that accorded so little with her feelings.

Some one came over from the piano as she entered, and took both her hands in his own, looking down sadly and tenderly into her face. She did not cry out, as she felt like doing at first, but every vestige of color fled from her face, leaving her ghastly white and trembling in every nerve.

"Edith, they tell me you are to be married to-night."

"It is true, Mr. Rawlings."

Her voice was firm and clear.

"It is *not* true, Edith Ingersoll! I will not let you make such a sacrifice! You loved me once; you must—you *shall* love me yet! What is Clyde Wallace to you?"

"He is what you never have been, and never will be, Henry Rawlings—a true, noble man! He is worthy of the purest love on earth; and before another hour has passed, he will be my husband."

She wrung her hands from his strong clasp, and stood proudly and defiantly before him. He had never seen her half so beautiful, and it urged him on in his mad words.

"You love me, Edith—fly with me! It is not yet too late to avoid this hateful life."

He made a movement as if to take her hands again; she shrank back from him with scorn and loathing.

"I do *not* love you, Mr. Rawlings! All the respect and tenderness I ever had for you died out in my heart long ago. There is nothing noble or lovable in your character. I hate myself for ever having cherished for you any other

feeling than contempt. How dare you come to me at such a time, and such a place? Have you no honor, no soul, no feeling, that you seek to plunge us both into such an abyss of sin and misery? Think of your wife! It would break her heart to know—"

"I can think of nothing, dream of nothing, hope for nothing, but your love. What is Florence to me?—my wife, and nothing more. I do not love her—she is beautiful, and cold, and heartless; but you, Edith—O, you are all that is pure, and good, and loving! Do not send me from you alone! Go with me to a home where our lives shall pass on like a long, beautiful dream!" His voice was hoarse with passion.

"Do not make me hate you even more than I once loved you. Go!—never let me see your face, or hear your voice, again. O, if Clyde were only here to protect me from this insult!"

"He is here, my darling. Mr. Rawlings, if I considered your pitiful life worth taking, your heart's best blood should answer for this outrage. Do not speak one word, sir, but leave before you tempt me to call the servants!"

He opened the door for Mr. Rawlings to pass out; then closed it, and took Edith in his arms, soothing her till she was calm and cheerful again. He told her that he had been sitting in the deep recess of one of the windows, absorbed in his own pleasant thoughts, when he was suddenly aroused by the sound of their voices, and held spell bound by the wild words of Mr. Rawlings. She was glad he had heard it, for now she had no secret from him. He held her fondly to him, thinking how pure and lovely she was.

"My noble little girl!" It was all he said, yet the few words contained a volume of love and tenderness. They touched her heart as his words had never done before; and for the first time in her life, she drew his head down and kissed him. She had never realized so fully before how generous and good he was; how immeasurably superior in heart and mind to Mr. Rawlings. Half an hour later they were married.

The first few months of their married life was spent in one continual scene of excitement and amusement. After that they settled down more quietly, and the time began to drag away slowly to Edith. She was lonely in her new home. She honored and respected her husband; she treated him with uniform kindness, because it was her duty as his wife—but she did not love him. Clyde never suspected this for a long time. So deep and true was his devotion to her, that he did not dream she could do otherwise than love him in return. But after awhile the painful truth grew plainer and plainer to him. Then he re-

doubled his kindness to her, determined to awaken her from her cold passiveness, and to learn her to love him, but his efforts were useless.

He came in one evening, looking unusually pleased and cheerful. Edith looked up in surprise, then went quietly on with her reading. He took the book from her hand, and drew her down on his knee.

"I have good news, dear. Honora Stafford, your old friend and mine, is coming to make us a long visit. I received a dispatch this morning, telling me to meet her at the depot at ten o'clock in the morning. Isn't that pleasant, my pet?"

"It is indeed. I am delighted that she is coming—it is getting to be so lonely."

"Are you not going to kiss me your thanks for such good tidings, darling?"

"What a foolish boy you are, Clyde! Will you never have done making love?"

She did kiss him, however, though as far as expressing any feeling was concerned, she might as well have been kissing a statue. It pained him deeply, and he put her down and left the room, his joy for the evening completely gone.

The next morning Honora Stafford came. She was a magnificent woman, accomplished and fascinating. Few women could compare with her in intellect and bewildering loveliness. She was not long in discovering that all was not happiness and content in the home of her two dearest friends, and she was not long in discovering the true cause. She saw that something must be done, and that speedily, too, to prevent actual misery from overtaking them. Her resolution was soon formed and acted upon.

As she stood in her room one morning, arranging with more care than usual her heavy black hair, Edith came in for a little chat, as she often did. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration, as she beheld her friend.

"How beautiful you are this morning, Honora. I never saw you dressed with such exquisite taste and elegance—you are perfectly superb. How many hearts do you expect to conquer to-day?"

"Not more than one. Do you really think I am looking well? I am glad of it, for your taste is excellent, and I can rely upon it. You see I said something last night about being so fond of a morning drive, and Clyde insisted on taking me out this morning. He said you never cared about driving; that you always preferred staying at home for a quiet chance to read; and he seemed delighted to have an excuse for going himself. Edith, you ought to be very proud of your husband. I think I never saw so fine a looking man in my life, or one so completely gentlemanly and pleasant. Is my bonnet on straight? Thank

you. Dear! I haven't got my gloves on yet, and I hear Cly—Mr. Wallace, I mean—in the hall, and of course he is impatient. I am sorry you don't like to drive; it would be pleasant to have you with us. Well, by-by, I'll leave you now to have a nice little time all to yourself."

She ran lightly down the stairs, leaving Edith with a vague feeling of pain and discontent in her heart. She wished they had invited her to go with them, and she wondered if Honora had taken so much pains with her toilet simply to please Clyde. Something prompted her to go to the window and watch their departure. A pang almost of jealousy shot through her heart, as she saw with what care and gentleness her husband lifted Honora into the carriage, and what a joyous look there was on his face. Evidently they would not lament over her absence! What a handsome, graceful, sensible-looking fellow Clyde was, anyhow—she did not know another anywhere that would compare with him. They glanced up to the window and saw her, and kissing their hands adieu, rolled swiftly down the street. Somehow her book lost its interest that morning; she caught herself looking impatiently at her watch a dozen times within an hour. She wondered if Clyde had noticed how beautiful Honora was; she wondered what they were talking about, and if they would think of her.

When they returned, Honora looked more bewitching than before, and Edith saw Clyde's eyes following the queenly form with unmistakable admiration. It seemed so strange to see Clyde gaze at any one save herself in such a manner—and the sight filled her with unacknowledged pain. She glanced into the mirror opposite—how plain she looked compared with Honora. She wondered if Clyde had made the comparison. She went up to him, and laid her hand on his arm with more affection than she usually displayed. He did not kiss her as she expected, but smiled absently, and walked over to where Honora had seated herself at the piano; and a moment later their voices mingled musically together, and Edith, with a feeling akin to bitterness in her heart, left the room.

Every morning after that they went driving together, both seeming to look forward to it as the pleasant hour of the day, neither of them inviting Edith to accompany them. Almost every evening they attended either the opera, theatre, or some other place of amusement. Edith went with them sometimes, oftener she pleaded some trifling excuse and stayed at home. She felt that Clyde only extended the invitation to her through politeness, more than from any wish to have her accept it.

Many a heartache it cost her to see them vanish from the room smiling, happy and handsome, leaving her in her loneliness without any apparent regret. She never knew before how necessary Clyde's love was to her happiness, until she began to fear that she was to lose it forever. He had ceased to annoy her with expressions of his affection, yet so soon as it was so, she yearned for them again. No need to chide him for his kisses now—they were rarely, if ever, bestowed.

She felt herself fading away from his heart, and she grew sad and miserable; she could not blame him either. Honora was so beautiful, and she prized his opinion and his attentions. She remembered with keen remorse all the kindness he had once lavished upon *her*—all the love he had poured at her feet, only to feel it frozen by her coldness. She wondered how she could ever have helped loving him. She tried to help it then, but the farther he seemed to place her from him, the dearer he became to her. How she prayed that Honora would go home and leave them alone again—mayhap she could win back his truant affections. But Honora did not seem inclined to terminate her visit, till Edith felt that if she remained much longer, she could not help hating her.

So two months passed away, and to Edith the time grew drearier, and her misery less endurable. She lived in a continual fear of awaking some morning to find they had deserted her. Then she knew Clyde was too honorable for that, and the fear fastened itself down upon her, that her life was looked upon by them as a burden, because it stood between them and happiness.

She was lying on a sofa in the parlor one night, her head throbbing and aching fiercely, but not half so painfully as her heart. Clyde and Honora had gone to a concert, after some commonplace regrets that she could not accompany them. She wept bitterly as she thought of her darkened life, almost praying that she might die, rather than to live as she was living. Some one came in so softly that she did not hear them, and taking her hands from her face, covered it with kisses.

She looked up in wonder, only to see Clyde looking down lovingly upon her. She wound her arms around his neck, sobbing out her sorrow on his bosom.

"What ails my little wife to-night?"

How his voice filled up and run over with the sweetest tenderness! She kissed him passionately.

"O Clyde, Clyde! If you would only love me as you once did!" She broke down again in sobs.

"How can I ever tell you, my dearest one,

how much I love you—what a sweet little treasure you are to me. My life would be a long, dark night without you."

He held her in his arms as if she had been a little child, smoothing down her brown hair, and every little while laying his face fondly against her own. Pretty soon she grew more composed.

"I thought you had gone to the concert, Clyde. What did you do with Honora? I should not have thought you could tear yourself away from her."

She said this a little bitterly, for her heart was yet full of jealousy, lest this return of Clyde's love should vanish when Honora appeared.

"I left her with her betrothed lover, Walter Grant. You know, my love, it is not pleasant to be the third in so small a party. And indeed, it was not a hard matter to tear myself away from her, when I knew that a sweet little girl sat in my home watching for me."

She listened eagerly, almost breathlessly.

"Did you know this all the while, Clyde? Does she love Mr. Grant? Do you love her?"

"You dear, simple little girl, you! Of course I knew it all the time, and of course she loves him, and of course I love her"—he paused long enough to see the sudden fear that broke out on her face, then finished the sentence—"as a friend, and because she loves my wife, and has taught her to love me. Will you forgive us both, my darling, when I tell you that all the show of love there has been between Honora and myself was a preconcerted plan, made for the purpose of creating jealousy in your tender heart? Nay, do not try to get away, little one! I have you fast, and here you shall stay till we are forgiven, and I hear from your lips again that you love me."

He smiled pleasantly and fondly in her face.

"You don't deserve it! You ought both to be tried and condemned as conspirators; but I will be merciful, and grant you a pardon. And Clyde, dear Clyde, I love you better than any and everything else in the world. Are you content?"

"More than content—I am blessed beyond words to tell you. O, my Edith, the past shall be forgotten, and the future shall be what I once hopefully believed it would be. We will never doubt or misunderstand each other again as long as we live."

"Never."

"What a sentimental pair of lovers! Upon my word, Edith, I'm astonished to see so calm and dignified a little woman—and a married one at that—so nonsensical!"

Honora's clear voice broke in on the sweet

silence, like a merry chime of bells. Edith released herself from her husband, and going to Honora, threw her arms around her neck.

"Honora Stafford, I shall pray for you and bless you every day of my life. You have made me the happiest woman living. I shudder when I think how lonely I was till you came and showed me how much real happiness and sunshine I had within my reach, only for the asking. But for you, I should never have crept out of the darkness to find it."

"My dear Edith, you need not thank me, for I assure you it was all a selfish desire to see you happy and smiling again. I am more than glad this has happened now, for to-morrow I start for my home; and I can go feeling that, for once in my life, I have done a good service. Indeed I cannot yield to your entreaties to remain, for I have already promised a certain handsome fellow, for whom I have a decided preference, that in less than a month I will be Mrs. Walter Grant."

AN EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

The shock of an earthquake was felt in London on the evening of Easter Wednesday, April 6, 1580. The great clock-bell of Westminster struck at the shock, and the bells of the various churches were set jingling; the people rushed out of the theatres in consternation, and the gentlemen of the Temple, leaving their supper, ran out of the hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St. Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church by the fall of a stone during sermon time. This earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout the kingdom, and was the cause of much damage in Kent, where many castles and other buildings were injured; and at Dover a portion of a cliff fell, carrying with it a part of the castle wall. So alarmed were all classes, that Queen Elizabeth thought it advisable to cause a form of prayer to be used by all householders with their whole family, every evening before going to bed. About a century after, according to the compilers of chronologies, Lyme Regis was nearly destroyed by an earthquake; but the historian of Dorsetshire makes no allusion to such an event. On the 8th of September, 1692, the merchants were driven from 'change and the people from their houses by a shock, and the streets were thronged with a panic-stricken crowd, some swooning, some aghast with wonder and amazement. This earthquake was felt in most of the home counties.

—*The Book of Days.*

GOLD.

Gold! gold! gold! •
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
Even to the verge of the churchyard mould,
How widely thy agencies vary!
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
And even thy minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now with a bloody Mary!—HOOD.

[ORIGINAL.]

ROSALIE.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

In this valley as I stray,
Waiting wistfully the day,
For the light has sadly vanished
From my eyes;
In my grief I cannot pray,
These are all the words I say:
Shall I know thee, cherished darling,
In the skies?"

Will you have the same look there
That your loved form used to wear
When I took you to my bosom,
Long ago?
With your wealth of sunny hair,
And your brow as pure and fair
As the tender lily's blossom,
Or the snow.

O, my darling, will your eyes
Have the same cerulean dies,
And sparkle with their brightness,
As of old?
Will your look of sweet surprise
Be my welcome to the skies,
When I've crossed the fearful river,
Dark and cold?

Will your step be light and free,
As on earth it used to be,
And your form of girlish grace
Be the same?
Will they call thee Rosalie,
Or have angels given thee,
In that other spirit world,
A sweeter name?

Tell me, darling, in some dream,
Give me of thy light a gleam,
To cheer up this darkened valley
As I roam;
And wait me by Death's stream,
Be the bright and starry beam,
To guide me through the darkness
To my home!

[ORIGINAL.]

STABBED IN THE BACK.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

I HAD been engaged in my profession about a year, when rumors reached New York that a small town in the extreme western portion of the State was the theatre of crimes. Several atrocious murders and robberies had been committed

there, and not the slightest clue had been found as to the perpetrators of these deeds. There was no telegraph or railroad to the town in question, therefore, the reports that reached the metropolis were in the first instance vague and contradictory, but they soon assumed a more decided character, and a full endorsement as to their truth was received in the shape of a letter from the local authorities to the police department, begging that a most skillful detective might be sent down, to ferret out the real criminal.

A brother officer of mine, Mr. George Lewis, was despatched to the theatre of these events, and he went with the full assurance that he would be successful. George was a good fellow, and a capital hand at discovering ordinary criminals, but he did not possess the subtlety necessary to make a first rate detective. He was too frank, too boisterous, too conceited, to deal with refined villany. He was fully acquainted with all the ordinary modes practised in such cases, such as disguise in dress, decoy letters, and tracing out a chain of circumstantial evidence when the first link was found, but he was deficient in the power of analysis, so that when he had to do with a more acute mind than his own, he was generally foiled.

I was not surprised to learn, then, that after he had been absent a week, a letter was received from him, to the effect that all his efforts had been entirely fruitless. On receipt of this letter the chief-of-police sent for me, and desired me to go at once and take Lewis's place. My instructions were written out, and the next day I started on my errand.

In the first place I provided myself with a book of patterns, clothed myself in a suit of chequered cloth, assumed a certain jaunty air, and was for the occasion transformed into a bagman or commercial traveller, travelling for a large commercial house in the cloth line.

I took the cars to Erie; from there I had to travel sixty miles by stage, in order to reach the town where the crimes had been committed. It was a cold day in February; the wind blew from the northeast, and the inside of the stage was by no means the pleasantest place in the world on such a day. But when I am engaged on special business, I never allow myself to think of my own comforts, and being also something of a philosopher, I made the best of it.

After a tedious journey of eight hours, I saw the spires of the two churches that the town of P— contains; and we were borne, bowling along the well paved street, for the town consists of only one long thoroughfare.

We stopped at the Eagle Hotel, and I was

shown into the parlor where I found a bright fire burning. After supper I went to seek for Lewis, who was staying at the Fountain, the rival inn to the Eagle. I found him there, and told him he must go back to New York and leave the business in my hands. He did not like it much at first, but of course he had to obey orders. He then gave me the information he had gathered, and the particulars of the various crimes which had caused such consternation in the little town of P——. Divested of all verbiage, the facts were simply as follows :

About two weeks before Lewis's visit, the inhabitants of P—— were one morning startled and horrified by the report that a fearful murder had been committed during the previous night. Jasper Copman, a night watch employed by Russell & Son, the bankers of the town, was discovered stabbed in the back. The murderer had evidently approached him from behind, and the blow had been so surely given that the unfortunate victim did not appear to have made the slightest struggle. The safe of the bank had been forced and the contents rifled, amounting to some \$10,000.

The town of P—— does not consist of more than three thousand inhabitants, so that the consternation spread by this murder may be easily imagined. Every effort was made to discover the assassin, but without the slightest success.

Three days afterwards, before the excitement attending this frightful deed had subsided, the dwelling-house of a retired merchant, who lived on the outskirts of the town, was broken into and robbed of its valuables. The inmates, consisting of an old man and two female servants, had heard and seen nothing, although it appeared the robber or robbers had actually entered the sleeping apartments, picking the locks in a most dexterous manner.

Four nights after that another fearful crime was committed, which raised the public excitement and fear to the highest pitch. A widow lady residing in the heart of the town was discovered murdered in her bed. She, too, had been stabbed to the heart. The house had been rifled, and in spite of every effort of the local authorities, not the slightest trace or clue could be discovered. It was then that a detective officer from New York had been sent for.

Such was the substance of the facts told me by George Lewis. He then entered into particulars of what he had done, which amounted to nothing. He had caused several worthless characters to be arrested, but they were immediately released for want of evidence against them. I found it to be Lewis's opinion that a band of

men had been concerned in these atrocities.

George had told everybody his business, and had shown but little tact in conducting his investigations. He left for New York by the night mail, and I returned to my inn, debating in my own mind the best way to begin my investigation. Everybody was talking of the recent murders, but I mingled very little in the conversation myself.

The next morning I paid a visit to the house of the late victim, the widow lady. It was a small dwelling, situated on the main street, and it really appeared surprising how such a deed could have been committed without alarming the neighbors. I saw in a moment that I had a most difficult case to contend with. The villain or villains were no ordinary persons. The first thing that struck me was the noiselessness with which the deed had been committed. No one had heard a sound. As I have said, the same person who had committed this deed had entered the merchant's chamber while he slept, without awakening the owner of the house who was lying in bed asleep at the time.

Here then was my first point. The question next presented itself to my mind, that for a man to have accomplished this he must have some soft covering to his feet. In minutely searching the apartment, I discovered clinging to a nail in the floor, some shreds of white woolen of very thick texture. I immediately surmised that the murderer must have worn thick woolen stockings over his boots, for the purpose of deadening the sound of his footsteps. I made the experiment myself, and found that I could move about in them without eliciting the slightest sound.

I also made the discovery that the murderer (for I had made up my mind that only one man had been concerned in the crime) was a small man and had light hair. I came to this conclusion from the fact that the opening through which he had entered the widow lady's house was a small one, not allowing a full sized man to enter. This opening had been made by the removal of an iron bar. Attached to the fragments of this iron bar were two long hairs of a very light brown.

My next proceeding was to go round to all the dry goods shops in town where they sold the peculiar kind of stockings to which I have referred, carelessly making inquiries as to who had purchased woolen stockings there during the last two or three weeks. Trade in that particular article appeared to have been dull for some time past, for in the first four shops I inquired at, I found they had sold none for the last two or three months, but I was more fortunate at the fifth and

last shop in town. Here I learned that a certain gentleman, whose name I shall not at present reveal, had recently purchased three pairs there. On inquiring, I found the purchaser to be a little man with light hair.

Here was a most important point gained. The simple fact of the man buying three pairs of woolen stockings was not in itself very suspicious, but the fact that he was small and had light hair was proof positive to me that I had found out my man. There was one thing, however, which to any one else might have proved sufficient to dismiss such an idea as soon as it entered the mind. The gentleman who had bought those stockings was a most respectable, wealthy, and influential man, and had I breathed my suspicions to anybody I should have been laughed at as the veriest blockhead that ever lived.

By the time I had made all this investigation it was late, and I returned to the hotel, determined the next morning I would make my grand coup. I retired to bed, very well satisfied with myself, and slept as soundly as if the murderer were already in jail. The next morning I was awakened by a tap at my door.

"Come in," said I.

The door opened, and the chamber-maid made her appearance with a pitcher of hot water. She looked as pale as a ghost, and trembled violently.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" I asked.

"O, sir, haven't you heard the news?"

"Why, what news could I possibly have heard?"

"Well, sir, another terrible murder was committed last night."

"What!" I cried, starting up from my chair.

"Mrs. Adams, of the Elms, was murdered last night."

"Mrs. Adams!" I almost screamed out, for the name was perfectly familiar to me.

"Yes, sir, she was found in her husband's study stabbed dead, and the house was robbed."

"And Mr. Adams, was he injured?"

"No, sir, they say he is almost distracted. It appears that he went to bed first, as is often his custom. He fell asleep and knew nothing of the murder until this morning."

Mary continued to converse for some minutes on this last fearful tragedy. At last she left the room, and I finished dressing as quickly as possible. This last crime caused me the greatest surprise. I could not comprehend it—it upset all my calculations, and left me wandering about in a sea of doubt and uncertainty.

I went down to breakfast. Consternation and fear were depicted in every face. Public excitement had now reached the highest pitch. Per-

sons appeared to be afraid to walk alone even in the day time. In the street groups were conversing together. Every face wore a pale, anxious expression. On the dead walls of the town I saw a handbill convening a public meeting on that day at noon, to decide what was best to be done for the protection of the town.

Mr. Adams, the husband of the last victim, was a most respectable gentleman, living in a large house called the Elms, about half a mile from town. He was reported to be very wealthy, and had recently made some heavy purchases in real estate. The unfortunate woman, his wife, was about twenty-five years of age, and it was stated by all who knew her that she was kind, affable and generous. She was very talented, and had made some contributions to the literature of the country.

The Adamses had not been long residents of P—; not more than two or three months at most, but they had brought with them excellent letters of introduction, and had at once been admitted to the very best society of the place. The family consisted of Mr. Adams, his wife, and two or three servants. The husband's grief at the loss of his wife can be very well imagined; it was stated that he was almost distracted.

The moment I had finished my breakfast I determined that I would repair to the scene of the tragedy. I had more than one motive for doing this.

I found the Elms to be a large building, evidently erected prior to the Revolution. It was surrounded by a high wall, on the top of which were placed broken glass bottles, a very common method in that part of the country for preventing the ingress of interlopers. The entrance was by means of a massive iron gate.

A large crowd had already assembled in the court yard, seeking for admission, but watchmen were at the door, and refused entrance to all except friends of the deceased.

Before entering the house, I made a thorough examination of the exterior. I found the wall was so lofty, and so well defended by the broken glass, that entrance except through the gate was almost impossible. I next proceeded to inquire if the lock had been forced, and learned that the gate was still locked when the murder was discovered. I now went to the main entrance, but was refused admittance, and it was not until I told them who I was that I could obtain it. I would rather not have done this, but there was no help for it.

The room where the young woman had been killed remained exactly in the same condition as when the deed was first discovered. She had

evidently been seated at the table writing, and had been utterly unaware of the assassin's approach. There was not the slightest evidence of any struggle having taken place; no disorder was apparent in the room, and the victim could not have uttered a single cry. She, like the others, had been stabbed in the back. On the floor were strewn some small pieces of paper, as if a letter had been torn up and thrown there.

In the ashes under the grate were also some pieces of paper, half consumed. I gathered them carefully together, and made out the following detached sentences :

"Fearful discovery—a falon's doom—my husband—life a burden—O, God!—what to do?—my husband—horrible! horrible!"

I made inquiry concerning the deceased of the servants, and learned that the whole of the previous day she had been in the lowest possible spirits, that she had kept herself shut up in the room all day, and had spoken but a few words.

I then asked to see the bereaved husband, but was told he was too deeply plunged in grief to be seen. I begged the messenger I sent to inform Mr. Adams who I was, and that the ends of justice demanded that I should see him. After some little delay I was admitted into his presence. He had on a mourning gown. He was fearfully pale, and appeared to be plunged in the deepest grief.

I conversed with him a few minutes concerning the late fearful occurrence, and learned that he had retired to bed about ten o'clock, and his wife told him she would follow him in a few minutes. He had fallen asleep, and did not awaken until morning, and it was then, that after a servant had entered the study the fearful truth became known to him.

When I had heard this statement, I left him, and going to the watchmen guarding the door, I begged that they would accompany me to perform a disagreeable duty. The men stared as if not comprehending what I said.

Accompanied by the watchmen, I returned to Mr. Adams's chamber, and knocking at the door, I informed him that I wished to ask him another question. As soon as the door was opened, I entered, and placing my hand on Mr. Adams's shoulder, I exclaimed :

"Mr. Adams, I arrest you for the wilful murder of your wife! I also accuse you of having murdered Mrs. B—, the widow lady, and the watchman in the employ of Russell & Son, bankers."

The man turned livid.

"What do you mean?" he said; "are you mad?"

"No, sir, not exactly; thank God, I am in full possession of my senses, or I might not have succeeded in discovering the perpetrator of these fearful crimes."

"Where is your proof?" he exclaimed.

"Here are the stockings," I replied, going to a corner of the apartment, and taking from it a pair of woolen stockings—"which you wore over your boots, and here are some small pieces of paper still adhering to them with which the floor of the study was strewn when you entered. I have also discovered a letter which your wife was writing at the time you stole behind her."

"That letter was destroyed," exclaimed the assassin.

"You see," I replied, turning to the watchmen, "he virtually confesses that he destroyed the letter after having committed the deed. What a pity it is that these clever murderers sometimes forget themselves. "Here," I continued, pointing to his dressing-gown, "is a spot of his wife's blood still on his wrapper."

The assassin saw that he had committed himself, and sunk down in his chair speechless. The moment I saw him I knew that I stood in the presence of the man who had committed those fearful deeds. I saw the woolen stockings in one corner of the apartment, and Mr. Adams was a small man with light hair.

He was removed to jail, and that same evening confessed his crime. It appears that he had the reputation of being wealthy, when he was really straitened in circumstances. He became desperate, and determined he would recruit his fortune by burglary. By some means his wife became acquainted with her husband's crimes, and accused him of them. He made a faint denial, and determined that he would sacrifice his wife. How he effected his purpose the reader already knows. While the lady was in the act of writing a farewell letter to her husband, the fatal blow was given. After the deed was committed, Adams tore up the letter and threw it on the fire where it had been partially consumed. The only way to account for the husband sacrificing his wife, is that the fear of detection became stronger than his love. Six months after, the wretched criminal was executed in the goal-yard of the town.

THE GRAVE.

'Tis fenced all round with fears, like triple brass;
Rocks of despair stand round it; seas of woe
Shut out that region from the sunny world;
And diabolic ghosts (whose care it is,
And penalty, to keep that silent land
Untroubled until doom), like ghastly giants,
Stand armed beside rebellious bones, and scare
The restless back to slumber.

BARRY CORNWALL.

[ORIGINAL.]
BUBBLES.

BY AURELIAN WILDWOOD.

As I sit and watch the bubbles
Floating down the silvery stream,
See them one by one collapsing,
Coming, going, like a gleam;

As I sit and hear the night-bird
Carolling above the spray,
Singing in the starlit evening,
Singing out the lovely day;

As I sit and watch the firefly
Gleaming on the river-bank,
While the dew comes gently downward,
Spreading o'er the earth its dank;

As I sit and watch the courses
Of the little wandering stars,
Gaze upon the brilliant splendor
Of the epauletted Mars;

As I look upon the moonbeams
Cheering up the hours of night,
Undulating through the forest,
Changing darkness into light;

As I hear the distant steeple,
Bringing midnight once again—
Bringing it so very quickly,
That it seems no more than ten;

Weariness begins to tell me
That my eyelids wish to sleep;
Now I'm 'gainst the willow leaning
Semi-gazing on the deep.

* * * * *
In the oriental blushing
Daylight's coming more and more;
And I've been so sweetly dreaming,
Dreaming on the river-shore.

Once again I watch the bubbles
Floating down the silvery stream:
Mortals, too, I think are like them,
Coming, going, like a gleam.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WEDDING AT F——.

BY MARY A. NOWELL.

"THERE was a grand wedding in your street last evening, Downer, I hear," said Mr. Thornton to his friend, whom he met in the street one morning.

Downer was one of those far-sighted, sagacious persons, who seem to see instinctively into the future, yet who have kindly hearts, and are un-

willing to believe their own prophecies. He therefore replied lightly to Mr. Thornton in the affirmative, and was moving away, when Thornton caught his arm.

"Stay," he said, "tell me of this marriage, and whether my old friend's daughter is likely to be happy or not. True, I was not asked to the wedding, but I hold no malice to the pretty creature who has so often sat upon my knee and treated me like a second father. Is the bridegroom one to make her life happy?"

"Alas, no! I may say thus much to you, old friend, although I would not that it went abroad. But last night's display is the prelude, I fear, to an unhappy life. It was a gay wedding. Her father's new house was splendidly lighted, and lined with flowers from top to bottom. A splendid supper (banquet, I should call it), plate in profusion, and wine flowing like water. Why, the bridegroom himself drank until he had to be carried off, and strong coffee was administered to him, to bring him into a state fit to lead his bride to the carriage. You know his father. Well, Dick Evarts himself was never half so variable, so haughty and exacting, nor so disagreeable, as that handsome but wicked son of his. Rosa Kingsford has not a day of comfort to promise herself in her whole married life. I thought last night, when the soft carpet was lying on her father's stone steps, how soon the little delicate feet, so tenderly protected now, would be bleeding over the rocky pathways, or be stung by the thorns which her husband will assuredly strew for her."

He stopped, half-smiling at his own earnestness, yet half-sad at what he felt to be its truth. Mr. Thornton shook his head and looked serious.

"It will kill Kingsford," said he; "he has freighted all his hopes in that one little frail bark, and if she does not ride out the storms of life and anchor in a safe harbor, it will be the death of him."

For a few months after marriage, Richard seemed to be disposed to give the lie to Mr. Downer's predictions. He was sober and attentive to the duties of his office, which was beginning to bring him a small income. He had been bred a lawyer. Of course, the main portion of the funds which set up the young couple in an elegance of style unsurpassed by any of their acquaintances, came from Mr. Kingsford. It was his foible to make a great appearance; and for this his only and beloved child, of whom he was so proud and tender, the best was scarcely good enough. Their establishment was perfect—everything was patented and of the latest approved pattern. Servants sufficient for a large family

were on constant pay, and the living was superb, surpassing the best hotel fare. Of course there was extravagance. Rosa was a child, as unfit for housekeeping as a baby; and her subordinates were crafty enough to take the advantage. But Rosa enjoyed her life. It was pleasant enough—this round of perpetual balls, and parties, and suppers; and day by day, hour by hour, Pleasure fastened her wiles upon the child-bride, blindfolding her to the bitter end which farsighted Mr. Downer had foretold so truly. He began to neglect Rosa; showed far greater attention to Sarah Henston, her intimate friend, than to her, and ended with actual personal abuse at a time when he had not even the excuse of drunkenness for his plea. Mr. Kingsford saw the shadow of this unhappiness reflected in Rosa's countenance. He saw her vainly try to hide her tears by stooping over her baby's cradle, and then he entered the house one evening, to hear the heavy oaths to which Richard was giving vent upon his unoffending wife, as he left the house by another door.

"Not a day nor an hour, Rosa!" said the justly-incensed father, when she pleaded what the world would say, if she went back to her father after one short year. "Not an hour even shall you stay with a being—a brute like that. I should abhor myself, if I permitted it. Get your bonnet and shawl, and wrap up the baby well. I will be here again in a moment with a carriage."

On his way he passed Richard Evarts without recognition, and on his return in the carriage he overtook him at the door.

"What is this for?" he hiccupped. "Take a man's wife from him! It is against the law." And he stood directly before the horses' heads, trying to prevent them from coming close to the steps.

"Stand away, sir!" shouted Mr. Kingsford, springing out. "I have no objection to your dying, but I don't want to see your death in this manner. If you go on as you have begun, the law which you prate so much about will settle you." And he forcibly turned him aside.

The sight of Rosa shawled and bonneted, and carrying her baby, maddened him. Mr. Kingsford quietly handed her in, shut the door, and whispered to the driver where to leave her; then coolly entering the house, he paid and dismissed the servants, and went out, locking all the doors, to prevent Evarts from entering.

His look was so resolute and determined, that it awed the drunken man completely. A few attempts at bravado were lost in the ringing of Mr. Kingsford's heel as he went down the street

to his own house. As he went up the steps, he recollected that it was the anniversary of Rosa's wedding. One year had passed since she came down those steps. She had gone back to-day. There was no soft carpet awaiting her footsteps, but a father's tender heart was beating as kindly for her as when upon that evening she had been held there as if he would never let her go. If he had kept there always! If he had never entrusted her to the keeping of one who knew not the value of the gem he was wearing, how happy might she now have been! Now, let him strew ever so many flowers in her path, there would still be the bitter memory, always at hand, to turn every enjoyment into gall. Then that poor, worse than fatherless babe! But Mr. Kingsford dashed away the tears that rose to his eyes and went in. He expected a scene. He thought Rosa would be weeping her heart out; but when he entered the parlor, the baby was already asleep in the cradle that had sheltered Rosa's infant form, and his daughter was quietly seated beside her mother, talking calmly about the events of the past few months. It was not mere stolid indifference. Rosa felt keenly; but she had come to such a sweet haven of rest for her weary soul, that she became tranquil under its influence.

Her husband, more vexed at the loss of the luxuries he had enjoyed than that of his wife and child, made no effort to be reconciled to her; and Mr. Kingsford, after informing himself fully of his morals during the past year, found sufficient cause why a divorce should be granted.

Then it was that Rosa first awoke to a sense of her situation. A divorced wife! The very thought brought with it a sense of degradation, which her proud spirit could not endure. Rather, far rather, she declared, she would bear even blows from him, than live to be pointed at as a divorced wife.

"Let me go to him, dear father. I can bear anything but this. Richard has been punished enough, and he will reform. He is my child's father. Let me go to him. O, I did not think, when I left him, that this would come upon me."

Her father and mother remonstrated in vain. She wrote a hasty note to her husband, entreating him to come back to his home, and she would forgive all. It was too late; already the plea submitted by her father had been admitted, and the separation was legal, and must be sustained. Mr. Kingsford took care that her commination by writing should be cut off. When he brought her the decision of the court in the evening, he also brought the news that Evarts had sailed for Australia.

Often after this, the poor young creature, who had been so cruelly defrauded of happiness, would remember and recount all the kind words she had received from her husband; but never a word of blame or reproach for his neglect or ill-treatment. It sometimes seems that in the heart of woman is a fount of love, at which patience and forgiveness stand as water-bearers; ready to dispense their wealth to the greatest offenders.

In the tenderest care of her child, Rosa at last regained something of her former spirits. She was a devoted mother, and the little Richard fully repaid all her care. He was a lovely and a loving child; and although Mr. Kingsford sometimes trembled to think that his future might be like his father's, yet happily Rosa did not suffer from this apprehension.

It was a terrible storm—the equinoctial of 1850. The elements seemed to have entered into a league to destroy. Windows and doors seemed but slight security against the gale which every moment increased in severity. The sea uttered its mournful wail, and was answered by the sobbing of the wind in the pine-tops. Rain and hail, thunder and lightning, all lent their influence to make the storm more terrific. Rosa, who was a martyr to her fears upon these occasions, had cowered beneath her father's protecting arm, and little Richard, in imitation of his grandfather, had thrown his childish arms around her, and stood by her side with a brave look, that told her that some time she would need no other protector than himself. There was a faint knock at the outer door, which was declared by Mr. Kingsford to be only the wind. It was repeated, but ascribed to the same cause.

An hour later the serving-man, who had been gone all day upon business for Mr. Kingsford and had just returned, found a body lying upon the steps. Lights were brought, and showed the tall, handsome figure of Richard Evarts. With a cry of anguish, poor Rosa first recognized him. He was brought into the warm temperature of the parlor; every restorative in the house was applied to relieve him. In the first emotion of pity that swelled the hearts of the whole household, the remembrance of his unworthiness was blotted out. Every one seemed anxious and eager to restore him to life; and the thought that he had been permitted to lie out in the tempest an hour longer than he need, filled Mr. Kingsford, especially, with the deepest regret.

In the course of another hour he began to exhibit signs of life and consciousness. He returned the pressure of their hands, but was unable to speak until morning. Rosa sat by him constant-

ly, and he evidently knew her; for if she withdrew her hand for a moment, he would reach his own for it, and would then contentedly shut his eyes and appear to slumber.

It was some days before he recovered sufficiently to relate the particulars of his journey. He had arrived in the steamer, and unfortunately lost the train, in consequence of the delay of a hack-driver in securing his baggage in season. The storm was coming on in all its fury, but he could not wait. There was no conveyance, and he walked, in the worst part of the storm, from Boston to F—. When he arrived at Mr. Kingsford's door, he was so exhausted that a feeble knock was all the effort he could make. To pull the bell was beyond his strength. He knew no more till he saw Rosa's sweet face, and thought he was in heaven with the angels.

Then he told of days of toil in Australia—toil and privation, for the sake of winning back his good name, which he had so basely forfeited. His penitence was sincere, for it bore good fruits. He cared for nothing that would befall himself, if he could win his wife's respect and affection once more. Never, in all the terrible scarcity of water, had he been tempted to wet his lips with what had been hisbane. The thought of Rosa was sufficient to make him withstand every temptation offered him. It now remained, he said, with her and her parents to say if he deserved to be restored to favor. It was like the return of the Prodigal Son, of which he had read in the dear old Book, at his mother's knee, in childhood; for whatever Richard Evarts's father might have been, he had one of the best of mothers. While she lived, he had never gone astray. Need we say that, even as the Prodigal was forgiven, so was he?

The house which they had formerly occupied had been sold; but neither Richard nor his wife regretted it, both preferring to stay quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Kingsford. And there they still are, with a lovely family of children, who are most tenderly attached to their father, and believe him all that a father can be. Richard Evarts has won respect and confidence from all, by his steady and uninterrupted control over himself. Many a young man has been turned from the errors of his life by his advice and example. And Rosa has no longer reason to blush for her husband, when she marks the cordial good will with which he is always greeted by men of pure and unstained lives. Even Mr. Downer and Mr. Thornton acknowledge that he is a striking proof of what a man may be, if he sets about the work of reformation with a hearty resolution to succeed.

[ORIGINAL.]

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Press on, ye ardent souls,
That labor for the right;
That are the earnest pioneers
Of freedom and of light.

Yours is a noble task,
And noble your reward,
To labor for the truth
Of God's eternal word.

Though some may vainly seek
To pass their halcyon days
Amidst the devious paths
Of error's flowery ways;

Yet soon the rose shall yield
The piercing of the thorn,
And from their sins a thousand woes
Forevermore are born.

Then forward urge your way,
Ye champions of the right,
Assured that you shall wear a crown
Of everlasting light!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PEARL OF PALERMO.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was a lovely summer morning, and never had Sicilian sun shone brighter than it now did on the white walls and clustering towers of Palermo, and the far and sparkling Mediterranean, whose deep azure rivals the hue of a Syrian sky, as seen by the pilgrim of the bleaching desert. In the gay gardens attached to a pretty villa in the environs of the city, a young man in humble attire was engaged in decorating with flowers a table spread out beneath the shade of immemorial trees. Through the iron gateway of a hedge that bounded the gardens on one side, a view was afforded of a range of picturesque and fertile hills, crowned by a village church. Over the nearest of these swells of land a glittering waterfall poured joyously into the valley, spanned by a rustic bridge, over which peasant lads and lasses, clad in their fanciful holiday costume, were seen passing at intervals. The young man paused a moment, and contemplated his handiwork with a pleasant smile of satisfaction.

"Well done, Pietro!" said a gay voice near.

Pietro turned with a start and saluted a young gentleman clad in the height of the fashion of

the day—the reign of the emperor Charles V. His purple cap was decked with a snowy plume floating from a golden broach. His countenance was handsome, and frank and manly in its expression, while his hair fell in luxuriant and soft brown curls to his shoulder. Yet with all his sumptuousness of attire and elegance of feature, there was nothing effeminate in his mien, and his bearing was that of a gallant gentleman.

"I owe you many thanks, Pietro," he said, kindly, "for the taste you have displayed in the decoration of these tables. And I know that Maria and her mother Signora Loretta will thank you too. You have shown yourself to-day, as you have ever done, less my servant than my friend. One day I may be able to repay you, it may be."

"I am more than repaid, signor, already, by the joy of the day that sees you united to the lady of your love," replied Pietro. "Ah, you will be a happy and a rich man, Signor Giulio."

"Happy! the happiest of men!" replied the young lover. "But as for riches, I never dreamed of them. You know that my father has the management of the dowry the Signora Loretta confers upon her daughters. That was arranged between them. I take my bride home to my father's house, and we shall form one family."

"I am sorry for that," said Pietro, gravely.

"Why so?" asked Giulio.

"The Signor Stephano is so gloomy and reserved, I should be afraid his melancholy would cast a shadow over the life of your young bride."

"Nay, Pietro. I hope her innocent gayety and filial attentions will dispel the mysterious cloud that ever lowers on his brow."

"What causes his constant sadness, signor?"

"I know not."

"Perhaps the loss of your mother."

"She died when I was born. Four and twenty years would have softened the memory of even such a loss as that. But a truce to this sad theme. Come with me, Pietro. I wish you to aid me in some preparations for this evening."

The Signor Stephano, the father of young Giulio, appeared in the garden so directly after the departure of his son and the servant, that it almost seemed as if he had been lurking in concealment waiting for their absence to show himself. He was a grave, and even stern personage, attired in black, whose furrowed cheeks, wrinkled forehead, hollow eyes and bent figure spoke of some secret and unmitigable sorrow. Yet, as he glanced around him on the tables, set out with costly plate, on the rare flowers, the fountains, the marble statues, the beautiful villa that rose above the trees in stately elegance, his eyes light-

ed up, and a gleam of strange satisfaction shot, like a wintry sunbeam, across his withered face.

"At last, at last!" he said; "the prize is almost within my grasp. A few short hours, and, thanks to the confiding folly of this love sick boy, and the carelessness of this old Italian hag, the rich dowry of Maria will be mine—in trust! In trust! they little know to what that treasure is destined. They little know it is designed to build up the fallen fortunes of a ruined house—to buy silence where words would be death—to gag babbling lips, and open a bright future path."

A hand laid upon the speaker's shoulder suddenly checked the current of his thoughts, and sent the blood curdling through his veins with instinctive horror. He turned shudderingly, as a superstitious wayfarer turns at midnight, expecting to meet the hateful eyes of some baleful phantom. And he beheld a sight more dreadful to the soul of Stephano than any spectre ever conjured up from the grave by guilty imagination. There stood a fateful shadow whose presence threw a sudden gloom over the whole summer-day scene. It was a brawny figure, travel-worn and weather-bronzed, bearded, and with lurid eyes, clad in squalid rags—no phantom, to be exorcised by prayer or spell, but a living, breathing man—the man of all the universe whom Stephano at that hour least desired to behold.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger, in a hoarse voice, and with such revolting vehemence, that his noisome rags fluttered as if the wearer had been smitten with an ague fit. "You don't seem particularly glad to see your old friend, Stephano."

"I—I was surprised at your sudden appearance," stammered Stephano.

"But give us your hand, old friend," said the ragged stranger, with a sinister emphasis on the last word. He took the hand that Stephano yielded, and wrung it with savage earnestness. "*Corpo di Bacco!* but I am right glad to meet thee again. You remember the grip and the oath, comrade?"

Stephano nodded feebly.

"Why, man!" continued the stranger, with another of his startling laughs, "you are looking bravely—like a gentleman—we always called you cavalier, you remember; while I," he added, glancing sarcastically at his squalid attire, "am still the same lazzaroni."

"But tell me, Rodolpho, how it happens that you are in such straits?" said Stephano, with an air of deep interest.

"How! how was it always with me? Dice and cards, and the weaknesses of a tender heart have made away with gold won by the stroke of

the stiletto and the peril of the wreck. But you were always more prudent—how much money have you hoarded up? I am in want and you are bound by your oath to aid me."

"I have nothing—nothing—except in perspective," replied Stephano, hurriedly.

"My prospects are fair enough," growled the ruffian; "the money I want is for immediate necessity. Haree, comrade, I'm on the trail of Count Ferrara—outlawed by Charles V., yet daring in spite of the law, to lurk somewhere within his Sicilian possessions. His head is worth its weight in gold. Now I have got the keen scent of the bloodhound; and I think I am already on the trail. Up here in the mountains, in the ruins of an old Benedictine convent, I am told there is an old fellow by the name of Marcello, leading a skulking life, and answering to the description of Ferrara. So you see, my business here is twofold—first to meet my old friend, and secondly to clutch this outlaw. Now, once more—how much money can you give me?"

"I have nothing by me; absolutely nothing," said Stephano, nervously. "The preparations for this wedding consumed my last balocco, for I was forced to make a good appearance."

"What! are you a gay bridegroom?" grinned Rodolpho.

"No—but my son is this day wedded to Maria, daughter of the Signora Loretta, an immensely wealthy lady, and I am to have the handling of the dowry, and probably the management of the mother's property."

"The management!" repeated Rodolpho. "Ho! ho! we all know what that means. As for the dowry, old comrade, half belongs to me."

"Half!" cried Stephano. "By what title?"

"By the dread oath sworn in the grotto of Pausilippo," answered Rodolpho. "It is mine of right, and have it I will."

"Insolent!" retorted Stephano; "there is a degree of extortion to which I will never submit."

"How will you help yourself, comrade?"

"I will denounce you to justice."

"And thus," said Rodolpho, "enable me to purchase pardon by revealing the crimes of my old friend, with direct and circumstantial proof enough to elevate him to a gibbet, while I go scot free. Methinks, comrade, that were hardly the wisdom of the serpent."

"Torturing fiend! are you bent on my ruin?"

"No, comrade. I only seek to share your prosperity. For the terms, I am inexorable, and shall follow you like your shadow till you buy my silence and absence by the stipulated ransom. Now, will you have me hovering about you in

this uniform of misery—or will you give me a decent suit of clothes?"

"Follow me, Rodolpho," said Stephano, "but at a distance, and secretly, I conjure you. I am going to my residence, and I will there see that you are provided for."

During the absence of Stephano, and his new found "friend," the bridal party assembled in the gardens. The aged priest was there—the village lads and maidens—the friends of the bride and bridegroom, finally the young couple, radiant with hope and beauty. Maria was simply attired in white, her beauty which had procured her the title of the "Pearl of Palermo," needing no ornament. Nearly the last to present himself was Stephano, looking sadder and more gloomy than ever, followed at a distance by a stranger, in plain but neat attire, who was no other than the infamous Rodolpho. The governor with his suite graced the ceremony by his presence. Everything was in readiness, and the priest was preparing to join the hands of the young couple, waiting only the presence of the lady's mother, when the latter made her appearance in a state of great agitation.

"Signora, we wait for you," said the priest.

"Father," said the lady, in an agitated, but perfectly distinct voice, "your services are not required—this marriage cannot—must not take place. My daughter shall never marry the son of that man," pointing to Stephano.

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of the bridal assembly, it could not have created more astonishment. With a faint cry, Maria clung closer to the hands of her lover; while Stephano advanced with an air of angry menace in his eye.

"Signora!" he cried, "are you aware whom you are insulting?"

"Ay, signor," retorted Signora Loretti, with a firm voice, and fixing her keen eyes on her interlocutor. "You came among us as a stranger—but you are no longer one to me at least. I have received certain information from a sure friend touching your antecedents. Do you wish me to reveal all I know, and give my reason for renouncing the honor of an alliance with you?"

"Enough!" cried Stephano, with desperate calmness. "I seek to force my friendship on no one. Giulio, you must renounce the dream of your manhood. You, I am sure, would never wed the daughter of a woman ready to believe every idle tale against the fame of your father."

It would be impossible to paint the anguish of Giulio, and the agony of the forced separation of the lovers. Had death stricken them as they stood before the altar, their fate would have been far preferable to what it was. The gay party

broke up in confusion and dismay. As Stephano left the scene of discomfiture in company with Rodolpho, he whispered hoarsely in his ear, "She has sealed her doom!"

That night, the moon, as it slowly climbed the eastern heaven, and silvered the dark ruins of the Benedictine convent, projected on the sparkling grass the long shadows of two persons engaged in earnest conversation. One of these was young Giulio, the other the aged Marcello, the recluse of the mountain.

"I repeat it, Giulio," the latter was saying, "you must not give up to despair. Rather believe that your father has been vilified by some secret enemy—that his character will stand forth the brighter for this trial—that Signora Loretti will sue for his forgiveness, and that you will be happy after all."

The young man pressed the hand of the speaker. "You were very kind, good friend," he said, gratefully, "kinder to me than my own father, who, with reverence be it spoken, is a stern, ungenial man. You have not chidden my despair, for you knew that never before had such sorrow fallen upon mortal man."

"Hush, Giulio," said the old recluse, "or rather, sit beside me on this fallen architecture, while in a few words I relate my own sad experience. I was not always what I am now, a lone hermit dwelling amid ruins, apart from all the world, and denied the sweet consolations that make this earth a blissful abode. I was opulent—my rank—but that is nothing. I dwelt at Messina, happy in conjugal and paternal love. My sweet wife was devotedly attached to me; my dear boy, a beautiful and loving child, was full of promise. But suddenly these peaceful joys were invaded by the breath of war. The Imperialists besieged Messina. You have read how it was carried by storm. I stemmed the invading torrent till all hope of resistance was gone. Wounded, despairing, I fled to my palazzo to secure the safety of my wife and child. Giulio, I reached it in time to see the roof fall in amidst the roaring conflagration, kindled by the ruffian soldiery—and learned that my wife and child had perished in the flames!"

The old man was silent—sobs had choked his utterance. "Now, Giulio," he continued, after a pause, "tell me if my trials were not at least equal to yours."

"Greater—ah, far greater," sighed the young man.

"And yet," said the recluse, "I, a childless widower—an outlaw—a hunted outlaw, stripped of everything, a price set upon my head—have attained resignation, and calmly await the hour

when my master shall summon me home to meet in heaven the dear ones lost on earth."

"Father," said the young man in a tone of deep emotion, "I thank you for the lesson. I trust that I shall profit by it. Good night! let whatever happen, I shall soon see you again."

He shook the hand of the recluse, and then slowly moved down the mountain side in the direction of the villa Loretta. At nearly the same hour, Maria left her mother's house and stole through the garden, to sit awhile in a favorite summer-house in its farthest extremity, there to muse over the sad and heart-rending events of the day—for sleep was entirely out of the question. Her footsteps had no sooner died away upon the gravel walk, than Stephano descended from the garden wall and glanced hurriedly around him. The stealthiness of his actions, the manner of his entrance, boded no good. After listening for awhile, he stole into the house.

In the meantime, Giulio, impelled by a vague hope of securing an interview with his mistress, entered the garden. As he stood, sadly leaning against the pedestal of a statue, and surveying the scene of the painful event of the preceding morning, a footstep struck his quick ear. He glanced hurriedly in the direction of the sound, hoping to see Maria, and beheld his father rushing precipitately from the villa. Giulio confronted him.

"You here!" cried Stephano, recoiling. "No matter. It will soon be known. Heard you no sound?" he asked, laying his tremulous hand upon the young man's arm.

"None," replied Giulio, shivering with fear.

"Yet, there was a cry—at least, a hollow moan," said Stephano, hoarsely. "But it was soon stifled."

"Father—father! what were you doing in the villa?" cried Giulio, in agony.

"Murder," answered Stephano, hoarsely. "I have removed the only obstacle that prevented your marriage with Maria. I struck the blow for you, my son—for you."

"Horror! horror!" cried Giulio. "This damning act completes my misery. Let go my arm—your touch is pollution. Let me fly—give the alarm—and summon all Palermo to witness the dread spectacle."

"Hush! Silence!" said Stephano, dropping his dagger, and seizing Giulio's arm. "Would you too commit murder, and destroy your own father? Hark! a footstep! Fly! fly!"

With a single bound he sprang over the garden wall and escaped. Giulio remained rooted to the spot, frozen with horror. Could he have stirred, he had no heart to fly. Still, the footsteps approached. Mechanically, he picked up

the assassin's dagger and concealed it in his bosom. Maria appeared, and the moment she recognized her lover, she flew to his side.

"O, dearest Giulio!" she cried. "This joy is greater than I hoped for. I so longed to see you, to tell you that I am yours, in spite of all and everything. But you are silent—cold—offended, perhaps. O, do not, Giulio, visit my mother's offences on my head. Forgive her. She was deceived—she will discover her error. We shall be happy yet."

"Never, Maria, never!" cried the young man. "Henceforth, an impassable gulf is between us."

"O, say not so. You will kill me. Unsay those unkind words. Give me your hand, dearest—let me press it to my heart."

"No, Maria, no!" said Giulio, with a sudden burst of horror. "You must not touch this hand—Go! go! your presence maddens me!"

"At least, say good-night, before we part," said Maria, sadly.

"Good-night!" said Giulio, sadly—for his thoughts were in that lone chamber where the dead was lying.

Why did he not fly from that accursed spot the moment he was left alone? He had not the power. His trials had so multiplied upon him—his present position was so hopeless, his future was so dark and dreadful, that all his energies were paralyzed. Yet, one of his senses, at least, was preternaturally sharpened. He could hear every step of his betrothed as she ascended the stairway to her mother's chamber—the poor, unconscious orphan! Then came a pause—and then a wild, piercing shriek rang forth on the midnight air. A moment, and the poor girl burst out of the house, and, wringing her hands, rushed to her lover, exclaiming, "my mother—my mother! She is murdered!" Giulio endeavored to calm her, but in vain. Shriek after shriek announced the calamity to the neighbors. The news spread with the proverbial speed of evil tidings. It flew from mouth to mouth. It reached Palermo. The governor hastened to the scene with a guard of soldiers. It reached Marcello, and the recluse left his retreat to hasten to the scene of terror. The intelligence was told to Stephano, who summoned hardihood enough to join the general throng. They came, pouring into the garden, governor, soldiers, citizens, all. Suspicion fell upon Giulio. It was suggested that he had committed the crime, in revenge for his disappointment of the morning. What tongue first suggested the idea was not certainly known, but Rodolpho was seen moving about in the agitated throng, whispering in the ear of this man and that, and then gliding away

like a shadow. At last some one denounced Giulio to the governor, and from that moment a cry of indignant condemnation rose against him. The recluse of the convent alone lifted his voice in defence of the unfortunate young man.

"My lord," said he, addressing the governor, "it is impossible this young man can have committed the crime. He was with me till the hour of moonrise on the mountain."

"At that hour my mother was alive," faltered Maria. "I left her asleep, and passed through the garden."

"Leaving the door of the villa unlocked?" asked the governor.

"Yes, my lord," replied the signorina. "I returned after a brief space of time, and spoke a few words with Giulio, whom I found here, before I entered the house."

"Enough!" said the governor, on whose mind a sudden light flashed. Then turning to the captain of the guard and pointing to Giulio, he added, "Captain Castelli, arrest that man."

"My lord, my lord!" cried the aged recluse. "This is cruel injustice. Giulio is incapable of this dreadful crime. He is the soul of generosity and gallantry. A year ago he rescued me from the hands of robbers on the mountain—and though he never mentioned the deed, he bears upon his bosom the scars of the wounds he received in my defence. Behold them!"

And the old man tore open Giulio's vest. The blood-stained poignard fell to the ground.

"Away with him!" cried the governor. "His guilt is manifest."

Days passed away. Giulio lay in prison awaiting his trial. The Signora Loretti, however, was not dead. The surgeon, sent to her chamber on the night of the crime, to make the customary examination and report, found her yet alive, though he saw no hope of her recovery. She lingered on from day to day, hovering between life and death. But she was only not dead. Weak and delirious, she could not point out the assassin. The public mind, however, was made up as to the author of the crime. It could be no other than Giulio. Even Maria's firm confidence in the innocence of her lover began to be shaken by the weight of circumstantial evidence against him. During all this time, Stephano had never visited his son in prison. Shut up in his house, he was a prey to all the horrors of a guilty conscience. So selfish had he grown, that he prayed for the death of the wounded woman, that Giulio might be brought to trial, and the crime irrevocably fixed upon his innocent son. What alarmed him most of all was the sudden disappearance of his accomplice, Rodolpho, the day after the murder

had been committed. Rodolpho's testimony would fix the guils on him. He had accompanied Stephano to the garden, where, in concealment, he had seen him enter the house; had seen him leave it with the bloody poignard in his hand, and had witnessed the interview with his son, in which he avowed his guilt. At last, unable to bear the suspense and agony any longer, Stephano left his house, and employed himself in searching for his accomplice in every direction. All his efforts were unavailing. Then, finally stung by remorse, he sought an interview with the governor, in which he implored him, in case of Giulio's condemnation, to spare his life, at least. The governor coldly replied, that if Giulio were found guilty, the law must take its course. While exerting himself to change the determination of the governor, the chamberlain announced that a man was without, insisting upon seeing his excellency on most important business. Stephano was about to retire, when, to his surprise and dismay, Rodolpho was admitted to his presence. He fixed a piercing glance upon his accomplice, as if to read his very soul.

"Signor!" said Rodolpho, "I accuse that man of attempting the murder of Signora Loretti. The proofs—"

"Die with the miscreant and traitor!" shouted Stephano, as he discharged a pistol full at the breast of his accomplice.

The dying ruffian fell, but he fixed a glare of triumphant hatred on his assassin. Rumbling in his bosom, he drew forth a packet of papers, and placed them in the hands of the governor.

"The proofs," he gasped, "are all there. My deposition—the motives of the deed—other documents—" he could say no more—it was a final effort.

The report of fire-arms brought a file of soldiers into the apartment, who instantly arrested the criminal. The governor tore open the papers. They contained proofs of Stephano's guilt—of other assassinations and robberies he had committed, and moreover, revealed the fact that Giulio was not the son of Stephano, but of Count Ferrara, living in the environs of Palermo as the recluse of the Benedictine convent. Stephano and Rodolpho had gained possession of the boy in the storm of Messina, and the former had reared him in the hope of obtaining a large sum of money for restoring him to his father. But the latter had been outlawed by Charles V., and all traces of him had disappeared. Just as Rodolpho had discovered his identity, he had received intelligence that the count had been restored to his honors, and the sentence cancelled. Rodolpho had hoped to secure a pardon for his crimes

by making these revelations, and had sought the governor for that purpose. But the hand of his accomplice had destroyed his life and hopes together. Stephano expiated his crimes upon the gibbet, while Giulio, restored to liberty, and the arms of his real father, had the satisfaction of witnessing the recovery of Signora Loretta, and of being finally united to the "Pearl of Palermo."

[ORIGINAL.]

MY BEAU IDEAL.

BY T. C. HANNEN.

I picture to myself a sprite,
Lovely and fair, with mild blue eyes,
Which shine with clear and lustrous light,
A pure reflection of the skies.

The rich brown ringlets of her hair
Cluster around a marble brow,
Where enters not a thought of care—
The casket of "a mind," I trow.

Always the same from day to day,
Helping and cheering all around,
Ever singing—warbling a lay,
Gladdening all within the sound.

As yet I have not found that sprite,
Lovely and fair, with mild blue eyes;
I have not seen that lustrous light,
Stolen as it were from the skies.

THE RUBY.

Mawe, in his *Treatise on Precious Stones*, says that the most esteemed, but at the same time the rarest, color of the ruby, is pure carmine, or blood red of considerable intensity, forming, when well polished, a blaze of most exquisite and unrivalled tint. It is, however, in general more or less pale and mixed with blue in various proportions; rose red and reddish white, crimson, peach-blossom red, and lilac blue. Pegu is the native country for the ruby, and it is said to be found in the sand of certain streams near the town of Sirian, the capital of that country; it also occurs with sapphire, in the sand of rivers in Ceylon. It has occasionally been met with embedded in corundum, but the geological history of this gem is as yet very imperfectly known. Rubies of small size and inferior quality are not rare; they are semi-transparent, flawed, and foul, have a bad, pale color, mixed more or less with a chatoyant milky lustre. But rubies that are perfect, both in color and transparency, are much less common than good diamonds, and when of the weight of three or four carats or upwards, are more valuable even than the latter gem. The King of Pegu and the monarchs of Ava and Siam monopolize the fine rubies, as the sovereigns of the peninsula of India have done with regard to the diamond. The finest ruby in the world is in the possession of the first of these kings; its purity has passed in-

to a proverb, and its worth, when compared to gold, is inestimable. The Subah of the Deccan is also in possession of a prodigiously fine one, a full inch in diameter. The European princes cannot boast of any of first-rate magnitude.

A BOILED DISH.

Almost every family has a dinner, as often as once a week of what is popularly known as a "boiled dish," and which, properly cooked, is one of the best dishes in the world; but all cooks do not know the best way to boil corned beef. The common method, in order to make it tender, is to put it into cold water and let beef and water come gradually to boil. This certainly makes beef tender, but also extracts the strength and the juice. A better way is to wait till the water boils before putting in the beef; it will then be equally tender, and will retain all its strengthening and juicy properties. Many housekeepers suppose that putting meat in hot water inevitably renders it hard and tough, and so it will if the water is only hot; but if it boils the effect will be the reverse. Just as putting a discolored tablecloth in hot water will set the stains, but put it in boiling water and it will take them clean out. The same rule applies to all boiled meats. Hams, after boiling four or five hours according to size, should be taken out, the skins taken off, and cracker and bread crumbs grated over them, and then baked in a brisk oven for one hour. A leg of mutton can be treated successfully in the same way, only it does not need to be boiled so long, and of course the boiling process should be gentle.

REPTILES FOR FOOD IN AUSTRALIA.

There is nothing which has life in Australia that is not turned to account for food—nothing at which the native nose is turned up, or against which the native stomach revolts. The Australian crocodile (which is also called an alligator) returns the compliment and is strongly suspected of liking the flavor of man. He is a formidable fellow, that crocodile or alligator; sometimes, according to Captain Stokes, as much as fifteen feet long. But the natives of Easington hunt him into a creek where there is little or no water, and, as he has a silly way of thrusting his head into the first hole he meets with, under the delusion that he is thus safe from his pursuers, his hinder quarters fall a pray to their weapons, and he is thus easily dispatched. His flesh is described as resembling veal. The tortoise of New Holland, which is more like a snake about the head and back than a tortoise, is a great delicacy among the natives of western Australia, and is eagerly sought for; as is also the Wango snake, and a horrible yellow bellied venomous snake, from five to six feet long, which they call dubyt. —*Benley's Miscellany.*

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of summer's sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun; so in life, the smile of God's love divides itself in separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love. —*Longfellow.*

[ORIGINAL.]

A LEGEND OF MONT DU CHAT.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

[And the bride was stabbed in the side on the wedding morn, and thrown from the cave into the foaming torrent which flows at its base. The bridegroom was seized with madness, and ever after as genii of the cavern held fierce revels there.—OLD CHRONICLES.]

Fill me a measure of wine,
In slender-necked crystal glass,
Drinking to thine and mine,
In deeps of this mountain pass.
Ah, ha!—in clefts of a rock
Let the genii bitterly groan;
The rafters of boulders mock
The genii's shivering moan.

Ah, moss is dripping with dew
Distilled from rank flowers above;
From nightshade, foxglove and rue
They form "Elixir of Love."
Ah, ha! in this cave grand mass
Suits the groaning genii's mood;
In deeps of this mountain pass
Bright wine is turning to blood.

Drink to the genii's bride,
And her famous wedding cup!
How the blood pours from her side,
And the torrent drinks it up!
Ah, the genii smites the rock,
And beckons the bleeding bride;
Ha, bumpers of wine to mock
Her sail on the crimson tide!

Drink till the world is hoary!
Shout with the genii's laughter!
Drink red wine clear and gory,
Which drips from rocky rafter!
Drink to the lover who died!
Ha, drink to the murdered maid!
Drink deep to the genii's bride,
To foxglove, rue and nightshade!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LAST OF THE BOURBONS.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

"NAY, my husband, it is not fitting that you, coming from a noble, a royal line, should demean yourself to the companionship of this man. It irks me to see him following you about with such a familiar air, as if he felt himself every inch your equal. He, too, who has held the office of a jailor!"

"Sacre! what should I do in this retreat if it were not for my good friend Chiappini? Why, he is more to me than the whole court of France. It is hard for a man who has lived at court, to be perched on the summit of the Appenines, without any of the resources to beguile the time."

The lady smiled faintly. It might have been that she thought her own case quite as lamentable as that of her husband; more especially as a practised eye might just then have perceived that the time was not far distant when women most need the solace and companionship of friends.

Perhaps her husband understood the mute sarcasm of her look, selfish as he certainly was; for he said, hastily, "and I think you would be all the better for cultivating the society of Chiappini's wife; a good sort of body, who would be an acquisition to you, I doubt not."

This time the lady did not smile, but her pale cheek flushed a deep crimson.

"That woman! an Italian Jewess! methinks, count, you are beginning to undervalue our birth and position, or rather to lose sight of it altogether. No—a man may condescend to stoop to inferiors, but when a woman has once descended in her scale, there is no backward step for her. I need no such companionship. I am content to dwell here alone, if it must be—or with you only, if it may be—that is, if you will but resign the Jew's society for mine a part of the time."

A half scornful laugh was the answer to the first part of this speech, but it was softened into a smile that had a little of the old tenderness in it.

"Come, love," he said, "we will not quarrel about our society. There is precious little of it at best; and if you do not fancy the Jew's wife, I certainly have not the bad taste to force you into it. If our expected child does but prove to be a boy, we shall some time or other take our true place in the world. Pray Heaven it may."

The above conversation took place in an old, retired chateau, in Modigliana, a little village at the very summit of the Appenines. The speakers were a French count and his wife—in short, he was styled Count de Joinville, the future Duke of Orleans.

One hope alone shed its balm over the exiled Bourbons—the hope of an heir, whose destiny it might be, in the far-off track of the future, to restore the family to France and the throne. The countess could not help dwelling upon this hope, because so constantly presented by her husband. She had begun almost to think that she should be actually blamable, if the advent of a daughter should disappoint him in his dearest expectations. So the poor countess put up in-

numerable prayers to saints and angels, that the tide of fortune might turn in her favor, and thus spare her the reproaches which she trembled to know would be unsparing from her husband's lips. Saints and angels were petitioned in behalf of the unborn child in vain. In spite of all that could be urged against the misfortune, the higher power that presides over mortal destinies, had decreed that the heir to the uncertain prospects of the Bourbons, should be a daughter.

It was in the winter of 1773, that the little girl, doomed so sadly to disappoint her parent's desire, was born. Yet the first weak cry from her baby lips thrilled through the mother's heart with a strength and sweetness that bound the child to it as firmly as her own life. What was it to that loving heart, that the child which God had given her for her own until death—what was it to the loving lips that pressed the first sweet kiss of a mother upon its velvet cheek, if it never should sit upon the throne of the Bourbons? Enthroned in a mother's affection, it would be enough for that fair girl. Dearer by far than fame or dignities, or the robes of royalty.

The father bit his lip until the blood came, as he looked upon the innocent agent of his blasted ambition. Brief and scanty were the greetings he gave to the poor countess, who, alas, speedily awoke to the sense of his bitter disappointment. He left his wife to recall his unfatherly conduct in her darkened chamber, while he went to receive the Jew's condolence upon his vanished schemes. Chiappini met him with similar tidings to those which the count had imparted. During the night his wife had given birth to a fine child, robust and promising. The count trembled a little with absolute jealousy, when he heard that it was a boy. He had been so anxious for an heir, and here was this low Jew, who had neither hopes nor expectations, save to scrape together the sordid gold which his scheming race love so well; and he—a Bourbon—a titled nobleman, must fain to put up with a girl, who could bring him no accession of wealth or position!

A sudden thought flashed through his mind. It was a thought more worthy of a demon than of a man—a father! and one which he might well have recoiled from uttering. Yet, then and there, he whispered it in the Jew's ear; and, as the bold, bad thought came freighted to Chiappini with promise of gold that the future should drop into his coffers without stint, he listened approvingly.

"Come again this evening, count," he said, almost patronizingly, for this time it was the grander of the two friends who was to be the

obliged party: "come this evening, and I will tell you what my wife says. I doubt if she consents."

The Jew bowed him out, and then went to his wife's room. To her startled ear he unfolded the count's plan. It was to exchange their boy for the girl so unhappily disappointing the hopes of his friend! She would have been no mother, no woman, had she not hesitated; but the cold, worldly tone of her husband's arguments were at last unanswerable. He pleaded their large family, their scanty means, the desirableness of being instrumental in restoring the lost dynasty, the honor of being the chosen friend of nobility—not nobility in its abasement, but in its restored and added dignity—above all, the riches that would flow in upon them and their children. Besides, their family were all of the very sex so coveted by the count. Surely, she could not object to having a gentle and delicate girl of royal blood in her house—one who could stay with her when her rude and roystering boys had all gone out into the world to make their fortunes, forgetting almost that they ever had a mother. And his argument prevailed. The mother agreed to sell her child!

The count returned to his wife, with a bland suavity of manner which fairly deceived the poor lady. Lying there, with the tiny atom upon her arm, and pressed closely to the breast from which it was drawing the first sweet nourishment of its life, she listened with a thrill of happiness long unknown, to the kind and tender words he uttered. He told her of Chiappini's child; and the sympathizing woman lamented his disappointment, and regretted feelingly that her own babe was only a girl.

Then the tempter seized that moment of regret, to press his suit with the wondering mother. How ingeniously he turned and doubled and resisted every plea. How he painted in glowing colors, that future that would open so royally upon her and upon the babe, born on the same night as her own, and which would draw its existence from her breast as this one was now doing. He appealed to every weak point in her nature, and especially to that ambition which he knew had long possessed her.

And when the morning light shone faintly into her darkened room, the first object that met her straining eyes was the swarthy face and square head of the Jewish boy, in the place of her own delicate child. While she slept, the exchange had been quietly made by Chiappini, who brought his child to her room, and took away the little pearl to shine amidst the troop of wondering boys at home.

Fortunately for them all, the count had not revealed the whole of his position to the Jew. He had, it is true, obscurely hinted that through his son's instrumentality, the race of Bourbons might be restored; but he had never told him that he was Duke of Orleans, but simply Count de Joinville.

There were two baptisms in one day, in the season following the children's birth. One was in the capital of France, whither the count had carried the Jewish boy. He was baptized by the name of Louis Philippe! The other was in the house of the Jew, after the manner of his sect, and consecrating a sweet and lovely little girl as Marie Stella Petronilla.

Had the count proved himself as wise as he was scheming and ambitious, he would have taken the Jewish boy far away from his real relatives, and would never have suffered himself nor his wife to look upon the sweet face of Marie. It was with a strange mixture of regret and gladness, that the countess heard that Marie and her reputed mother were bitterly averse to each other. She saw the child growing up in stately beauty, a wonder to all beholders how so fair a lily had its birth in such a household; and fear alone prevented her from taking her to her heart and sending home the dark-hued Jewish boy. But she knew the penalty she must pay for such rashness, and hard as was the alternative, she was forced to obey its requirements. These thoughts tortured her for seventeen years; until Marie had become a wife. Lord Newburgh, an English nobleman, saw and loved her; and he carried her to a beautiful home, where she felt no longing for the one she had left. Her childhood had been unloved and neglected; and her heart warmed to the love that met her upon a foreign shore.

When her husband died she did not wish to return; and soon after, she was again sought in matrimony by Baron Sternberg, a Russian nobleman. They went to St. Petersburg, and lived in the extreme of Russian style; but one thought still haunted Marie, rendering the sweetest cup a bitter one to her taste. Amid all her splendor, she felt that she owed it to her husband alone. She had nothing to bring him—nothing but the mortifying consciousness that she was only the daughter of Laurent Chiappini, the jailor—the parvenu! It was gall and bitterness to the handsome, stylish baroness, who for her husband's sake, was admitted to the *élite* of Russian society.

Meantime, St. Petersburg, as well as all the rest of the world, was ringing with the miserable death of the Duke of Orleans upon the scaffold,

and Louis Philippe, the jailor's son, but nominally a prince of the blood of Bourbon, became the next duke of that name. The baroness read and sighed. Perhaps she thought a disgraced nobleman was a more desirable ancestor than she had possessed—perhaps she deemed it more honorable to perish on the scaffold, than to have hanged others there.

But the wheels of time go on; and occasionally they turn up odd and strange chances that startle and make us pause with a sense of the insecurity of all human expectations. The poor baroness was again a widow, had travelled and seen the world. Her son—the only child she had ever borne—was the companion of her wanderings; and after years of communion with the past, she had again settled down at the age of fifty, to take life as it might come, or prepare herself to join the beloved ones gone before.

Memory was still busy at her heart. She thought of her early childhood, rendered miserable by an unloving, cold-hearted mother, who loved gold better than her daughter. She remembered the pale, sad countess, who used to look at her with such a yearning look when no one was by, but who shrunk from her when others came. And one day in the midst of her musings, there came a letter. She opened it and read. It was from one of those whom she had called brother; from Laurent Chiappini the younger. His father had died recently, and had left a letter for the baroness, which he enclosed, detailing her real birth, his own temptation, and her father's guilty ambition that had wrought so much that was wrong and woful!

Amazed, half frantic at this strange realization of her childish wishes, when she would have given worlds not to have called the jailor father, she sat like one under some strange and weird spell. The words seemed like blazing characters, that mocked, yet fascinated her gaze. She covered her face to shut out the spell, but she saw them, even with closed eyes as plainly as ever. One line had burned itself upon her heart—"Your father's rank was noble."

She looked back once more to her childhood, and the strange, wistful look of the gentle Countess de Joinville, the stranger avoidance of her by the count, the resemblance of their son to her reputed father, and the still more marked resemblance of herself to the countess, so often noticed by strangers—all, all brought it before her in strong colors. She was the daughter of the Count de Joinville! She must go to France and trace his birth, his lineage, and his connections.

The horror that filled her heart, when at Paris she learned that he was the same Duke of Or-

leans who was executed, was subdued by the sense of his wrong against her. But she determined to try every force to establish her rights, and thenceforward she devoted her life to this one purpose. Her claim was well defended—was believed by many; but they were not those who ought to believe. Louis Phillippe and those about him were pursuing her with a revengeful hatred or a scornful contempt. Had all this happened when Baron de Sternberg was living, and when Marie was still young and lovely, twenty Louis Phillippes could not have barred her claim. But who cared now for the faded and aged baroness, worn to a shadow by grief, and with one step in the grave? No—the gay and thoughtless Parisians cared not for her, although the more candid confessed that she was the counterpart of Madame Adelaide, and that Louis Phillippe strongly resembled the jailor, Chiappini!

Twenty-two years the long struggle lasted. In that time, what things had happened to that fated country, and to all who bore its burdens or sympathized with its rights and wrongs! And when the son of the jailor, Louis Phillippe, ascended the throne of France, the poor baroness felt that the last straw had been added to the weight that had been gradually bearing her down to earth. Bonaparte—the meteor that flashed upon the sky of France, had come and gone, dying by disease at last, and not in glorious warfare—and France was once more with the Bourbons.

The cannons were booming for the opening of the chambers. The triumph of Louis Phillippe was consummated. And within hearing of that sound, an aged woman, who might have been the queen of France, but for treacherous wrong that had been done, was lying in the cold embrace of that dread king of terrors who comes alike to all.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"Fayther," said Jack; "why shouldn't water be made red-hot?"

"No reason in the world, Jack, if the same didn't blow off the lid of the kettle."

"Well, then, fayther, let's try; I can easily plug up the spout, and fasten down the lid o' the kettle."

Jack duly prepared the kettle, borrowed an additional pair of bellows from a neighbor, placed the kettle over a good fire, and, in conjunction with fayther, set to work to blow. "Now, fayther," "Now, Jack," cried the operators, encouraging each other to renewed exertion, till, at last, bang went the lid of the kettle, and down went fayther and Jack, somewhat scalded and considerably frightened; and as to making water red-hot, Jack quite agreed with fayther, who ruefully exclaimed, as he went down, "I say, Jack, it canna be done."—*Scientific American*.

ACTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

I will mention an act which appears to me to convey as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever. A London merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which, of course, was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000. Upon his arrival in London he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. "I bought them both the same day, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau." "But how did you distinguish one ticket from the other—and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket?" "Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours, and upon re-opening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket." Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful.—*Sidney Smith*.

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

Several years ago, when the Astor House in New York city was still in its early youth, and Wenham Lake ice was not yet known on London dinner-tables, a British "functionary," who was on his way to his post, put up at that excellent hostelry. He was accompanied by his wife; and though not posted in the peculiarities of the land they had reached, their eyes and ears were open for new impressions. We heard two of these mentioned the other day; and the anecdote—whether it make you smile or not—is absolutely true. As the lady and gentleman stood at the door of the large drawing room, and were about to enter, they observed, seated near each other, but not communicating, two female figures adorned in the height of fashion, and waving to and fro with a peculiar movement entirely incomprehensible to the new-comers. In short, they saw for the first time the rocking-chair in use, and were so much struck with its oddity, as compared with an elaborate costume and formal air, that they exchanged a mutual glance of intelligence, and retired, with the *sotto voce* exclamation, "Poor things! maniacs, of course!"—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

FOR A YOUNG LADY.

Let your ear-rings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement. Let the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain of Christianity. Let your bracelets be charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness. Let your bosom-pin be modesty, set with compassion. Let your finger-rings be affection, set with the diamonds of industry. Let your girdle be simplicity, with a tassel of good humor. Let your garb be virtue—your drapery politeness. Let your shoes be wisdom, secured with the buckles of perseverance.—*Troy Budget*.

[ORIGINAL.]

REGENERATION.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

'Tis mine to live where dragons live,
And sin and monstrous crime,
Like shapes that olden fables give,
Roam all the fields of time.

For me the morning will not break
On this long night of tears;
Nor earth in radiant glory wake
To bright millennial years.

But yet the glorious sun will rise,
And yet the morning shine,
To other hearts, to other eyes,
Where all is dark to mine!

And there shall not be always war,
Shall not be always sin;
And not be always written law,
But law the heart within.

No fearful dragon of the soul,
No hydra shape it yields,
Shall see that morn of glory roll
O'er earth's rejoicing fields!

For these dark years shall find their grave
With years we dimly scan,
When monsters came from den or cave,
Before the world knew man.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY FRIEND'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

"When a woman says she will, she will, you may depend on't
And when she says she wont, she wont, and that's the end on't."

It was a charming face, despite its frowns and pouts; a piquant little countenance, with hazel gray eyes lighting it up as sunshine does a pleasant landscape. And yet no one ever thought of calling Nervie Lloyd beautiful, though to me she was more, and her sweet face with its varying expression was a study for which I knew no weariness.

A soft, dark creole complexion—far too dark for the blond lovers of our benighted neighborhood—just tinted with vermillion where the oval cheeks rounded from the perfect chin and low, smooth forehead, deepening in shade as roses do, as the rich color neared the centre—cherry red pouting lips, and the veriest pearls of teeth ever exposed in a smile. A *petite* figure, dimpled and rounded, an embodiment of perfect symmetry,

hands soft and plump like a little child's—a step the poetry of motion, and a voice clear, silvery as a bird's note—such the little sprite, half woman half child, who knelt at my feet and broke in upon the most interesting portion of "Cecelia," by exclaiming:

"There, it's all done now. Guess—Hal Andrews and I are engaged."

"Engaged!"

Now I looked up, expecting of course to see blushes and smiles, but instead, an angry pout, a flashing pair of eyes sparkling through a mist of tears, and a bright anger hectic upon either cheek.

"Engaged?" I said of course in surprise, "and to Hal Andrews—what do you mean?"

Being the lady's hostess, and especial friend, and feeling the responsibility of the trust reposed in me by the young lady's parents, in intrusting their precious daughter to my charge for the summer, of course I felt it incumbent upon me to make this inquiry, though knowing the rather contrary and secretive spirit of the young person, I had not the most remote idea of receiving any reliable answer. But instead of a reply, Nervie Lloyd dropped her face into my lap and began to cry as if her heart would break.

"Don't spoil your eyes," said I, "if you are engaged to that handsome, intelligent—"

"Blockhead!" ejaculated Nervie. "That ugly, ignorant blockhead, he just deserves a fools-cap, and then—"

"You would be well matched, I think, judging from your description of the young gentleman, and the actions of a certain young lady who shall be nameless.

"From my opinion of him and his of me," faltered Minerva, raising her tear-stained face, and bringing her white, even incisors together as if she wished the young gentleman in question had been between them. "You know, dear, I gave his sister Sophie my album to write in a few weeks ago, and this morning when I went after it I found it with an abominable scrawl of that audacious—"

"Softly, my dear—"

"Well, read it yourself, then—impertinence! if ever I saw impertinence in my life. If ever I had asked him to leave his mark upon the leaves of my pretty darling gift album, this would be too much for human patience. Here—read."

Nervie drew a soiled, crumpled, torn, gilt-edged leaf from her pocket, and I saw in a moment how rudely it had been torn from its violet perfumed mates. Smoothing the delicate tinted paper upon my knees, and rubbing out the creases with some difficulty, these lines became visible,

written in a careless, yet elegant hand—"Lines dedicated to Miss Lloyd."

"In ancient time, the fabled goddess famed
For wit and wisdom was Minerva named;
But times are changed, and now as I observe her,
The very opposite is named Minerva."

"But we're engaged!" laughed the young lady, in a sort of insane glee. "As long as you are reading that gentleman's versification here is another specimen of his admiration for his betrothed wife!"

Another piece of crumpled paper, the leaf of an old school book written in pencil.

"Fair ladies wear,
To give a contrast to their illy faces,
Rich sables rare;
Minerva, should she follow their example,
Would wear
The covering of the polar bear!"

"He admires skim-milk complexions—like Miss Malvina Woodard's, for example—great weary-looking blue eyes that look like butter-milk and water, hair like a carrot, false teeth, and—"

"Tut—don't insinuate about Miss Malvina. She's quite a pretty young lady if I am any judge."

"Young lady! Twenty-five if she is a day—pretty!—turn up nose—red hair—"

"Beautiful auburn, dear,"

"Then grass is auburn—I call red red, and if I couldn't have my own teeth I wouldn't have any, and I know Vine Woodard's are false clear round, for I saw the gold plate over the roof of her mouth the other day when she yawned."

"Fie, Nervie."

"Well, so as much as you like, I shall have my say out—only remember this. Hal Andrews loves Vine Woodard better than he does his eyes, and he hates me worse than poison, and for all that we are engaged, and no preventing providence, will be married before next Christmas!"

"Nervie!"

"That's it, put on your look of horror; hold up your hands; open your eyes and mouth, and say 'Nervie!' as if you had heard me say I was going to the adversary of souls without delay, an opinion I have almost formed of myself; then when you have fully given vent to your diamay, listen to me while I to thee the story unfold."

Nervie twirled the string of her Shaker nervously around her little taper fingers, trembling with the excitement of their owner, and then the young lady began, turning her crimson face from me as she spoke.

"Hal and I were children together. I guess we liked each other well enough then—he always used to take my part, and Sophie and I used to

be jealous of his attentions, Sophie, you know, is his sister. Well, by-and-by we grew to think a good deal of each other." Here the crimson overspread the dimpled shoulders and rounded neck turned towards me, and the little fingers twirled the Shaker strings more hurriedly and tremblingly.

"Well, one day Hal wrote me a note, he used often to do this, but I mean a particular note; here it is, read it for yourself, and a copy of the reply I sent."

Two little yellow papers—these were neither crumpled nor torn—were taken from the little maiden's pocket, and given into my hands. The one I opened first read as follows:

"—July 8th, 18—

"MY DEAR LITTLE NERVIE.—I have asked a good many little favors of you since our school days began, and now as they are about to terminate, I have one of much greater importance to beg of you. We are both too young to think of marrying now, but sometime before five years have expired make me the happiest fellow alive by giving me the right to call you mine always.

Yours truly,

HAL ANDREWS."

The reply.

"—July 9th, 18—

DEAR HAL:—Yours received—if papa and mama are willing—yes.

NERVIE."

"So you really did love the fellow, Nervie?" I questioned, giving back the little yellow notes.

"Yes—love in the past, never in the present nor future tenses, remember. I did love Hal, the wretched tease, but I thoroughly hate him now. Well, I was about to say, after a while he became acquainted with one pretty girl, then with another, and he gave me the cold shoulder whenever we met at any party or picnic, sometimes scarcely noticing me at all, or if he did, with a raise of his hateful eyebrows, as if to say, 'why, there is something there, isn't there?' and once he even went so far as to regard me through his opera-glass, though never but once, for then I snatched the impertinent thing from his hand and stamped my foot upon it, as I would like to have served the owner if I had possessed the power. After a time he became acquainted with Vine Woodard, and he's grown more hateful and unbearable to me ever since."

"And you little innocent pined in loneliness, and nunlike reclusiveness during the whole time?"

"Me? I did nothing of the sort—let him know I cared for him, indeed! just the contrary. Did I ever practise my look of scorn and contempt, but more of indifference before you? no! well, it's rather annihilating, and if Hal and Vine Woodard didn't feel their insignificance it's no fault of mine. Me pine in loneliness! I flirted desperately with Charlie Morse, and Ed Stanley,

and Paul Lyons; but do you suppose that odious Hal Andrews caused? not a whit!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Can't you see through a millstone? Here's the whole in a nut-shell—Hal and I are engaged, I've changed my tactics—we are engaged, and he either has to give up his adorable Malvina and marry me whom he hates worse than poison, or I'll sue him for a breach of marriage promise, or frighten him into the belief that I will in order to be revenged. I wrote him a note this morning, and told him I hoped he remembered our engagement, that I had obtained papa's and mama's consent, and that I should appoint next Christmas as our wedding day, giving him a gentle hint regarding a lawsuit in case he refused to live up to the spirit of the letter he wrote me nearly five years ago. I suppose I shall hear from him in the course of the day. My! won't he rave? give up his adorable Vina—marry me! I can see in imagination his look of horror and consternation, and I've taken especial pains to tell our insufferable gossip, Miss Nott, as a profound secret, of our engagement, and it'll be all over town by to-night."

"Nervie!"

"O, don't be horrified—just think of Hal engaged to the opposite of wit and wisdom—this contrast to a polar bear! hah! which do you suppose he will think best to do, take the bitter pill, or forfeit several thousand dollars as a balsam to heal my wounded (?) heart?"

"Not able to say," I replied, looking quizzically into the flushed but pretty face, turned now towards me, while the Shaker string was still being pulled back and forth between the brown, tremulous, upwaving fingers.

"Well, I think he'll be vexed about it. At any rate he can't help it, and I'm glad of it, for I'm sure I hate the fellow!" And with this somewhat suspicious answer, Minerva Lloyd arose to her feet, shook out the folds of her tasty pink gingham dress, and adjusted the narrow band of black velvet about the pretty round throat.

"But Minerva Lloyd," said I, taking up Cecilia, to finish the chapter so rudely broken in upon by my favorite—"you don't really mean to marry Hal Andrews with such feelings as you now entertain towards him?"

"You're a mason on the subject, my dear, so I've no objection to telling you, though no one else should know it for the world. No, child, I've no idea whatever of marrying him, but I'll make him believe so and every one else until the very last minute, and then I'll jilt him, as true as my name's Nerve Lloyd!"

"You're a very wicked and foolish girl," said I, but I doubt if my friend heard me, for in her gay carelessness she was trilling a light song as she ran merrily up stairs.

A half hour afterwards when I went up to call Minerva to tea, I found her crying over an old likeness of Hal Andrews. I knew it was his, though she quickly thrust it into her pocket, for the very simple reason that when a moment afterwards she drew forth her pocket handkerchief to wipe away the suspicious tears, out tumbled the audacious miniature upon the floor, shattered to pieces at my feet. I took up the remains carefully.

"Save the pieces, Nervie," and I suggested Spaulding's prepared glass.

"Will it mend broken hearts as well?" laughed the strange girl through her tears; "mine is fearfully lacerated—O, dear!" and with a dreadful contortion of countenance Nervie pressed her hand over the supposed region of the diseased organ, presenting so ludicrous a picture I laughed outright.

At tea Nervie was unusually gay, laughed and jested, and told my fortune in a tea-cup, predicting I would be an old maid to the end of my mortal career, also a fortune and troops of friends, which prophecy, by the way, has proved untrue in every particular.

But after tea, when the twilight was falling, and the stars coming out dimly one by one in the pleasant summer sky, Nervie stole out into the garden, and when looking after my charge some half hour later, I found her in the arbor earnestly engaged in conversation with whom but Hal Andrews?

What induced me to listen I cannot conceive, unless a feeling of the responsibility resting upon me in regard to my friend's conduct, silenced my scruples. I do not honestly believe it was mere curiosity, for women you know are never noted for any disposition of the kind, so it must have been pure anxiety that bade me overstep the bounds of good breeding in the palpable manner I did.

Hal possessed a rich, manly voice, and a handsome, open countenance, which, as it was turned partially towards me, I admired more than ever. The clear hazel eyes, high full forehead, waving chestnut hair, Grecian profile, clear ruddy complexion, and dark silken beard, trimmed in Hal's own peculiar style, I thought improved in the bright moonlight. I pardoned little Nervie then, for having given him an unrequited love, and but for a locket containing a certain manly face, that lay against my heart, I might have forgotten myself, and found myself guilty of a like absurd-

ity. As it was, anything of the kind was out of the question, and shielded from observation as I was, by a climbing tendril of sweet brier, I heard Hal saying:

"Certainly, I shall hold you to your promise, Miss Nervie. I had supposed that question settled some years ago. You will find me ready at the appointed time."

"What?" gasped Nervie.

"I am sure you cannot fail to understand me. Even if I had thought to do otherwise, your delicate hint in regard to a suit at law would have decided me, for I would rather marry you than pay the damage your broken heart would sustain."

"You surely would not marry me and love another?" said my little friend, in a pleading tone.

"Why not? men often do such things, and women, too, for that matter, nothing when one gets used to it," said Hal, nonchalantly, concluding his sentence with a whistled tune no one perhaps ever heard before or since.

Nervie crushed a handful of roses she held and scattered their fragrant petals over the grassy carpet of the little arbor. There were tears in her eyes, and they dropped down over her cheeks and fell upon the little fingers still crushing the fragrant rose leaves.

"I'll take it all back, Hal," she said at length, "I just wanted to tease you."

"And have 'bitten your nose to spite your face,' to use the old saying. Now it strikes me I have you as fast as you had me a moment ago—who can be sued, eh? In case you refuse to fulfil your contract, after the letter I received from you this morning, how much damage shall I claim of you for my lacerated heart? and I have no hesitancy in regard to my notes to you coming before the public, and of course you, I suppose, have a like feeling in regard to yours."

"O, Hal!" Nervie was now thoroughly frightened and in earnest. "Hal, please—you know I wouldn't have anything of the kind done for the world—let it all go, I know you don't want to marry me, and I don't you, I'm sure."

"Why don't you?"

"Why—why—"

"You are in love with Charlie Morse, or Paul Lyons, or Ed Stanley, perhaps?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Honestly?"

"Honestly!"

"Then what is your reason, eh?"

Hal broke off a tendril from the arbor vine, and threw it playfully over Nervie's dimpled shoulders.

"Because—because—" said Nervie, tremu-

lously, her voice nearly breaking down between the words—"I wouldn't marry a man who did not love me for all the gold in the world."

"Then where's the objection to marrying me, Nervie? Of course I love you, and if you had not been such a little coquette, I should never have given you reason to doubt it. I was a fool to ask you to bind yourself to me five years ago, you with your youth and inexperience, and I realized it afterwards, but I could not say to you 'consider yourself free, Nervie,' without being misunderstood by you, as wishing my own liberty. Besides, had I kept no other company but yours you would have felt under obligations to do the same, and so I tried another plan, intending, unless you were otherwise provided for before Christmas, to ask you as I do to-night, dear—when shall the happy day be?"

I did not wait to hear the reply, but a half an hour later, Nervie came up to my room, her face radiant with smiles and blushes, and these words, the very same upon her lips she had so differently uttered a few hours before.

"There, it's all done, now! Hal and I are engaged!"

"Ah," said I, sleepily, "what about the goddess of wisdom and the polar bear?"

"Do hush, will you?" And a little rosy palm was laid softly over my mouth, and a pair of pouting cherry lips were pressed to my cheek.

"You poor, fated-to-be old maid," whispered the rosy lips, "how I pity you—you must come to our wedding Christmas."

And so I did.

BEECHER ON NEWSPAPERS.

Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of a sermon at Plymouth Church, made an eloquent plea for newspapers, speaking of them as the most potent element of our civilization. "There is," said he, "a common vulgar objection to newspapers because 'they lie' so; they don't lie any more than you do. Man is naturally a lying creature. Truth is a gift from Heaven, and very few possess it before they get there. The newspapers give both facts and rumors, and their conductors would be blamed if they did not do so. It is for the reader to judge of these rumors. The last economy should be in regard to newspapers. It is better to deprive the body of some ribbon or jewel or garment, than to deprive the mind of its sustenance."

MARRIAGE.

Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing.
ROGERS.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S LAST SONG.

BY WILLIAM J. HOWARD.

The forest is tinged with a fairy hue
Of olive, that rests on the azure blue
Of the crescent sky, that bends its bow
To kiss the distant autumn's glow;
And far beyond the dark blue top
Of Tuscarora's mountains prop
The wide extended sheet of sky,
Where snow-winged cloudlets swiftly fly.

The falling leaf has spread adown
Upon the earth in red and brown,
A carpet of its own wild wealth,
Thereon with steps of springing stealth
An Indian hunter bounds along,
Unconscious of the blackbird's song—
Its melody falls cold and drear
Upon his once retentive ear.

His memory is with the past,
Before the pale-faced warrior cast
A cloud of gloom upon his race—
Had seized the white man's hunting-place,
And cried, "These acres are my own,
These woods belong to me alone;
Towards the west now turn your face,
Where dwells a fierce and hostile race."

A frenzied terror racked his brain,
A struggle with unconscious pain:
"O, for the battle-cry again
To ring throughout this fertile plain:
To see the white man's wigwam burn,
To see his face still paler turn,
As rings the dreadful shout for blood,
From mount to mount, and wood to wood;
As shrieks his scalped and bleeding squaw,
And turns his proud and fierce huzza
To cries of frenzied woe;
To see beneath the red man's blow
His children's life-blood freely flow.
Ah, that would pay for years of shame,
Without a tribe, without a name,
Could I again behold him die
Beneath Saccini's azure sky!

"But ah, my warriors, where are ye?
Ye sleep beneath the greenwood tree;
The grass o'ergrows each silent grave,
That launched you on the tideless wave
That bears you to the spirit land,
Where we, Saccini's favored band,
Shall bend forever more the bow,
And safely conquer every foe.
Too long I linger here below;
I come, I come, ye warrior braves,
I die upon your grass-grown graves!"

[ORIGINAL.]

ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

THERE were sounds of revelry within the castle of Valence, and from out the turret windows shone forth bright lights, making the old castle seem all ablaze, and flashing upon the blue waters of the Varonne. Truly the sounds of revelry and music from within were pleasant to hear. Of late the castle of Valence had been somewhat dull, for Count de la Marche had for long years dwelt there alone with his old retainers, keeping guard of the southern border of Aquitaine.

On this night there was great cause for rejoicing, for he had brought his little betrothed Isabella of Angouleme to the castle, with the lords and ladies appointed to attend her. Hereafter sounds of mirth would be often heard at Valence, the reign of gloom was at length over.

Isabella, the betrothed of Hugh de Lusignon, Count de la Marche, was but ten years of age when she arrived at the castle of Valence, that her education might henceforth be conducted under the eye of her future husband.

"She will be lonely, poor child," exclaimed the gallant count. "You, Lady Leigh, are to replace the mother from whom I have taken her, that is, so far as you can do it. You will watch over her health carefully, attend to her wants faithfully; but never cross her wishes needlessly—should it seem needful to do so, let me be the one to deny her request. Your fair daughters will see that she is skilled in the feminine accomplishment of embroidery, and your little Clara is at a companionable age for my sweet Isabella. You will see that each day they play within the pleasure, or upon the southern terrace. And you, my lord of Edessa, who are a cousin of my fair betrothed, will teach her of letters, so that when I question her each night, she may do credit to your instruction, and yet—the gentle child—I would not have her greatly troubled; make the tasks as easy to her as possible. You, Robert Courteney, will see that my future bride is an excellent horsewoman—but mind ye—let her horses be such as would not frighten the most timid rider."

The gallant count was silent, but there were smiles wreathing the lips of Lady Leigh and her fair daughters, as they noted the tender care he was taking of the little Isabella. Thus tenderly guarded, and new amusements provided ere she tired of the old, the volatile Isabella mourned not long the home of her infancy. Petted and

caressed by Lady Leigh, which as the months rolled on, it seemed all that the count expected her ladyship to do; fondled by her fair daughters, who made a show of teaching the little lady needle-work; and finding a playmate in little Lady Clara, the sunny days passed on, varied to be sure by the lessons she received from the lord of Edessa, and the horseback rides she took, escorted sometimes by Robert Courteney, and latterly by Count de la Marche himself.

A pretty picture they made; the count with his doublet of costly velvet edged with ermine, and fastened with sparkling gems, bending tenderly towards the little child, already very dear to him; while Isabella, in her riding suit of green, looked like a forest nymph, so slight was she, so delicately small.

And at evening when the count admitted no one else to his presence—ah, those were rare hours to the child Isabella; hours which in after years she would gladly have recalled, but which, like the fleeting moments seemed gone beyond recall.

Time passed. The beautiful Isabella stood upon the threshold of maidenhood, and the earnest eyes of Count de la Marche followed her every movement; did the blue-veined eyelids droop over the dark eyes, he was not content till they were raised, that the glorious eyes they veiled might answer to the silent language of his own, and it was long since Robert Courteney had attended her and her gentle palfrey, except in the absence of the count, who had placed Lady Clara under Robert's guardianship, always riding with Isabella himself.

The day was closing. Lady Leigh and her three fair daughters had retired to their own apartments, and the lord of Edessa lingered yet with Robert Courteney upon the southern terrace; while within Count de la Marche held converse with Isabella of Aquitaine.

"Hugh," she said, softly, for of late he had forbidden her calling him by any other name, "you are very grave to-night."

"Dost think so, Isa, darling? You know not the cause I have for being grave—and yet no real cause. I have left you many times, sweet child, and there has been no evil attending it."

"Art going away, dear Hugh?"

"Yes. Come hither, child, and I will tell you. King Philip has ordered that I go to Spain with several others, to escort the bride of Prince Louis home. I know not why, but I have sad forebodings."

"Is it the gallant Hugh, the guardian of Aquitaine, Count de la Marche, who speaks? Nay! I thought him a brave man."

"Chide me not, Isabella, my bravery is at rest to-night. I would fold you in my arms and hold you there forever, so fearful am I of losing my bride—my treasure. Yet I know not what I have to fear; the lord of Edessa thinks not of love, and is thy cousin, and Robert Courteney, if I mistake not, has sworn allegiance to Lady Clara."

"Yes, Hugh. You have proved that you have nothing to fear, now banish this unwonted gloom, and talk to me cheerily."

"Yes, yes, I will," he answered; "and when I return, do you know what will happen then? Nay, tremble not, my timid bird, I will frighten you no more." But when Isabella bade him good night, he held her hand as if unwilling to release it, and the look of gravity still rested upon his features. When at length he released her hand he pressed a kiss upon her brow, saying:

"Now go, my lovely Isa, and see that you do not let my gloom dim the brightness of your eyes. A year hence I trust all will be well."

The count had been from his castle but a little time, when the lord of Edessa came to the Lady Isabella upon a strange errand. She was walking in the pleasance with Lady Clara when he addressed her.

"Fair cousin, the noble Count and Countess of Angouleme send messages of love to thee, and there are tidings of importance. Lady Clara will pardon me if I beg for a few minutes' private conversation."

"Yes, Clara, my lord of Edessa has something to say to me concerning my parents, which cannot be said in the presence of another. I will come back to you in an hour's time."

"What is it, Louis?" she asked, as they stopped before a fountain.

"The countess has sent for you, fair cousin, that you may do homage to King John, as the sovereign of Aquitaine." He bent his eyes upon her face the better to note the effect of his words.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Isabella; "it has been so dull since dear Hugh went away."

"But unfortunate, Isabella, that the summons should come in the absence of the count. Do you think he would wish his pearl, his pure Isabella, to be presented to a monarch whose virtues all belong to the past, whose vices are everywhere talked of, unless he were present to shield her with watchful care?"

For a moment the dark eyes of the maiden drooped before those of her questioner; then visions of court life so different from her life at Valence swept away the better feelings the count's name had awakened, and she answered:

"Surely, my mother's care will be quite as watchful as Hugh could give me were he to attend me himself."

"It would seem so, Isabella." Then after a moment's pause—"I only fear—"

"Fear nothing, Louis! brave everything, at least I shall!" said the wilful girl. "Robert Courteney will attend me to Angouleme, and I shall be safe home ere the count returns."

"Rash girl! you forget that you have got to win the consent of Lady Leigh."

"If I find in life nothing harder, my life will be a happy one."

With these lightly spoken words she left her cousin, and returned to Lady Clara, who was now seated listening to the low spoken words of Robert Courteney, who had thrown himself upon the grass at her feet.

"Listen, Clara, and you, Robert! I am to be presented to King John! You shall go with me to Angouleme, Clara, and you will be our escort, Robert."

"Isabella, what mean you? and the count absent!"

"List, child, and I will tell you. My mother has sent for me, that I may do homage to the King of England."

"But the count, lady?" said Robert Courteney, hastily.

"I will be home long ere he is, good Robert."

"Isabella of Angouleme, truly you jest."

"Robert Courteney, as surely as I am Isabella of Angouleme, I jest not."

The honest face of Robert Courteney was clouded, and his earnest eyes were fixed upon the face of the youthful Isabella. Kind friend, and true! he would have saved her if he could. At length he questioned: "Lady Leigh?"

"I have not told her yet. Clara, run, child, and tell your lady mother of my plans, and mind that you tell her that you are to be my companion."

"Clara!" exclaimed Robert.

"Nay, Robert, let her do my bidding." The lady's word was not to be disobeyed; all within the castle of Valence submitted to her will, but now the faithful Robert chafed under the restraint, and paced up and down the terrace before the lady, with impatient strides, stopping at last before her.

"Isabella of Angouleme, know you not Clara is very dear to me?"

"Ay, Robert, why speak of it now?"

"That the Lady Isabella may know that I do not wish my future bride to breathe the atmosphere of King John's court for an hour; neither would Count de la Marche wish you to."

"Enough, Robert, enough! Lady Clara can yield to you if it please her to do so. As for me, I go to Angouleme."

"Isabella, what do I hear?" asked Lady Leigh, as she returned with her daughter.

"Of my going to Angouleme, my lady! and afterwards doing homage to King John, as the rightful sovereign of Aquitaine?"

"Yes, Isabella, that is the substance of what I heard. You do not think of doing this in the absence of Count de la Marche?"

"Indeed I do, Lady Leigh! I will make my peace with the count when he returns."

Lady Leigh would have forbidden this, but it was long since she had had any control over the impulsive girl, and more than this Count de la Marche had himself charged her not to deny any request of Isabella's, and it was long since Isabella of Angouleme had made requests; with all the household of Count de la Marche her will was law.

As Isabella talked with her mother, Clara had rambled far away from the terrace with Robert Courteney—returning, she said:

"If you please, dear Isabella, I would rather not go to Angouleme."

"As you please, sweet child. I thought to give you pleasure."

Very lovely was Isabella of Angouleme when her mother's own hand had robed her for her first appearance into the world.

A dress of crimson velvet fell open, disclosing a white satin skirt, and was confined at the waist by a girdle of brilliants; while around her small white throat was fastened a collar of gold and precious stones; and the golden coronet belonging to her rank, rested lightly upon her ebony hair.

As she entered the presence of the monarch, her long eyelashes fell like a fringe over her starry eyes, resting upon her face flushed with expectation; then when she placed her tiny white hand in his own, and took the oath of allegiance, raising with the last word her eyes so strangely beautiful, is it strange that in his heart the monarch submitted to his spiritual advisers who had long withheld his queen from him, and determined to prolong the struggle no longer?

Hapless Isabella! it was an evil moment when the eyes of the monarch first rested upon her fair beauty; better had it been for her had she listened to the words of Robert Courteney, and waited the coming of Count de la Marche at Valence, looking from out her turret window as she had in her childhood, joyfully preparing to greet him as he entered the castle.

King John's admiration of the fair betrothed

of Count de la Marche was very evident, and soon the Countess of Angouleme was forming plans for her daughter's future, which should prove that the sad forebodings of the count might be realized.

Used always to being flattered and caressed, Isabella accepted the devotion of the king as a just tribute to her charms, and thinking little of the future, gave herself up to the enjoyment of the present; there was something dazling in the new life upon which she had entered, and she saw not the monarch's meaning till her better feelings suggested the thought of returning to the castle of her lover. When she mentioned it to her mother, the countess asked :

"Do you wish to return, my child? Are you so soon tired of pleasure?"

"No, mother dear, not tired of pleasure, nor do I wish to return to Valence; but Hugh will be displeased if I am not there to welcome him when he returns."

"Isabella, child, what matters it to you if the count is displeased?" The countess looked earnestly at her daughter to see if she understood her meaning, but Isabella only raised her dark eyes in wonder, and the countess continued :

"The pleasure or displeasure of the count will matter little to the Queen of England."

"Mother! what mean you?" exclaimed Isabella, rising, and standing before her lady mother.

"The former marriage of the king is annulled. He has obtained the consent of the bishops of Poitou, and Isabella of Angouleme is the happy maiden he has chosen for his queen."

For a time Isabella was lost in astonishment—then visions of royalty, of the days she was spending now being but a foretaste of all the days of her life, flitted before her, and it was not harder to accustom herself to the thoughts of being one day a queen, than it had been in her childhood to accustom herself to her new life at Valence, and if at times thoughts would intrude, of the grief of the count when he should return and find his castle empty, his treasure stolen from him, the voice of ambition soon put them to flight.

The despair of the brave Marche, Count Hugh, may be imagined, when upon reaching Valence, he heard the sad tidings awaiting him. He immediately challenged his royal rival, who received the challenge with scorn, saying he would appoint a champion if Count de la Marche wished to fight; but the count haughtily refused to fight a hired champion, as being beneath the dignity of a true knight, and a wronged lover.

Unable to gain the satisfaction he sought, the

Marche remained for a time at his castle, while the king sailed with his young bride to England, where, on the eighth of October, in the year twelve hundred, Isabella of Angouleme was crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Queen of England.

The months passed gaily on. It does not seem likely that all this time Isabella sorrowed for the old days at Valence; she was young and light-hearted, and the time passed in feasting and pleasure, from which the couple were only awakened by learning that young Arthur Plantagenet was asserting his claims to the throne, and that Count de la Marche was conspiring with him, and raising insurrections in Poitou to avenge the loss of his betrothed.

But unfortunate in battle, as in love, the Marche was taken prisoner by his powerful rival, and positively refusing submission to the king who had stolen his bride, he was thrown into the dismal dungeon of Bristol Castle, where for years he was kept in close confinement.

Meanwhile the passing years were sorrowful to the young queen. Shadows had dimmed the bright sunlight of her earlier days; her husband had become jealous and tyrannical, and if she were so unfortunate as to smile upon one of the barons, she found his body suspended above her couch at nightfall. The king also amused himself with murders, assassinations, and the like, so that when the lover of her girlhood was at last released from his gloomy prison, the disappointed queen found little pleasure except in the innocent pastimes of her lovely children. But even this was at last denied her, for some time in the year twelve hundred and twelve she was imprisoned for the space of a year.

The restoration of the Poictevin provinces was now the aim of the king, which could not be accomplished without the aid of his former rival, Count de la Marche.

True to the memory of his faithless child love, the count had remained a bachelor. A strange idea now presented itself to his mind. The little daughter of the queen should be to him all that her mother had been in other years, and the only conditions upon which he would consent to assist, was that the little Joanna should be given him in the place of her mother.

Accordingly, the infant princess was immediately betrothed to him, and forthwith delivered to him, that she might be educated and brought up in one of his castles, as her mother had been before her.

It was with strange feelings that Count de la Marche stationed the daughter, where years be-

fore he had brought her mother. Then he was young, and hope whispered tales of a bright future, when the child bride should become his wife, and her love the reward of bravery in battle. Now, hope whispered no pleasant tales of the future! Alas! his past experience had taught him that sometimes hope is a deceiver, and in this light he had learned to regard her. From being light-hearted and mirthful, he had become gloomy and stern, and sadly did the little Joanna miss her beautiful mother.

Isabella had been welcomed with sounds of mirth and revelry; the castle was silent now, and everywhere present to the Marcher was the ghost of departed joys.

The queen and the royal children were at Gloucester in the year twelve hundred and sixteen, when the news of the king's death was brought them, and Prince Henry was proclaimed in the streets of that city. Nine days later the little king was crowned in the cathedral; the regal diadem having been lost, he was crowned with the little golden throat collar his mother had worn when at Angouleme she was first presented to King John.

The first year of her widowhood had not ended when Isabella returned to her native city, Angouleme. Valence was not a long distance from Angouleme; the Marcher was absent on a crusade; she longed to embrace her little Joanna, and to re-visit the place where so many years of her life had passed in peaceful seclusion. Ever impulsive, the plan was no sooner formed than carried into execution.

As she crossed the moat, the afternoon sun was shining upon the towers of the castle, and shimmering over the green pleasure just as she had seen it many a time before. The fair queen shaded her eyes already tear gommé, with her fair hand, saying aloud:

"Here might my days have passed, loving and beloved, and I, alas, have learned that love is of more value than all the world can bestow."

Her little daughter received her with many expressions of delight; she had not forgotten her beautiful mother, and even as Isabella embraced her child the sound of trumpets proclaimed the coming of the Marcher.

"Hush, hush, my child!" exclaimed Isabella, "go forth to welcome the count." Even as she spoke she drew back into the shadow; the coming of the count was wholly unexpected, and the hot blood mounted to the brow of the queen, as she thought of the strange position in which she was placed. Once the betrothed of the valiant Marcher—now the mother of his betrothed.

She was still young and very beautiful. Her

large eyes had lost nothing of their old time lustre; time had taken nothing from the bloom of her oval face, and with a throbbing heart the mother stood to hear the count's greeting to her child.

Ah, it was unlike the greetings of the olden time, when *her* hands unclasped the helmet, and *her* lips kissed his brow; there was a weariness about him that used not to be; and he submitted to the carresses of the child, rather than returned them.

"He loves her not as once he loved," thought the queen, and the thought served to restore some degree of calmness to her troubled heart.

"Mama, pretty mama!" exclaimed Joanna, in childish accents. The Marcher started.

"I love pretty mama, don't you?"

"Hush, hush!" The words were stern, and silenced the child, but lights being brought in, Joanna's pretty mama was revealed to the astonished Marcher.

Coming forward, she saluted him with queenly courtesy, making many excuses for her intrusion, pleading her great anxiety to see her child. What could Count de la Marche do but welcome his false love to Valence in courtly words?

The summer days passed on. Again Isabella listened to words of love in the pleasure of Valence; again the valiant Marcher bent his knee before the love of his early manhood—the one love of his life, while the little Joanna amused herself among the flowers, caring little that her beautiful mother was winning from her the mature bridegroom. Accordingly, the old legends tell us, that in the year twelve hundred and twenty, or about that time, Isabella, queen dowager of England, took to her husband her former spouse, Count de la Marche, of Valence, without leave of the king, her son, or his council.

The princess Joanna remained at Valence for a time, till the young king paid his mother's jointure, when Count de la Marche delivered the little princess to him. Again there were sounds of revelry in the old castle, and as Isabella one evening walked upon the terrace with Lady Clara, the happy wife of Robert Courteney, she said in subdued tones:

"Ah, Clara, love is better than greatness, and I might have had the blessing all my life, but for my own wilfulness!"

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or to those who are indifferent to you.—*Plutarch*.

[ORIGINAL.]

LIFE A FLOWER.

BY W. HOWARD FERRIGO.

In meditation as I strayed
 Forth in the morning air,
 I marked a rosebud on the verge
 Of blooming bright and fair;
 I passed again at noon, and lo!
 The bud had burst in flower,
 The brightest and the fairest one
 That decked that lovely bower;
 I passed again when eve o'er earth
 Had spread her dewy wing,
 The rose lay on the earth's cold breast,
 A faded, withered thing!

I marked a fair and lovely child,
 Amid life's busy sea,
 As beauteous as the angels are,
 All innocence and glee;
 I saw her next arrayed in white,
 Close by the altar's side,
 And with a blush and sweet smile speak
 The words that made a bride;
 In a darkened room I saw her next,
 Who wore the bridal wreath,
 Her friends were weeping 'round—she slept:
 It was the sleep of death!

Ah, life at best is but a dream,
 And quickly fades away;
 Ah, passes like the fragile flowers
 Before the autumn ray!
 'Tis even as the rosebud—
 At morn and noon most bright,
 But at the evening of the day
 A withered thing of blight;
 But as the incense of the rose
 Clings when its life is riven,
 So though life's day is quickly o'er,
 It has no end in heaven!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STORY OF A MURDER.

BY OLABA AUGUSTA.

ONE might travel over a continent, and fail to look upon a more attractive landscape than that of which Montgomery Lodge formed the principal feature. Situated on the southern slope of a bleak, broad hill—an hundred feet above the swift, deep river, known from the fierceness of its current, as Fiend's Run, with great trees of almost primeval growth shadowing its sombre gray stone walls, and matted masses of clinging vines half covering the lofty tower which flanked the east-

ern wing, the Lodge presented at once a glowing and picturesque appearance. Taste and affluence kept the spacious grounds in order, but for several years the mansion had lacked a mistress. The fair lady who once queneed it there, had yielded up her young life beneath the mad waters of the Run, a hapless suicide!

Some people said that Paul Montgomery, the late master of the Lodge, and the husband of the unhappy lady, had been a fierce-tempered, as well as unfaithful man, and that his wife, after seven years of her married life were over, had discovered his vile passion for another, and desperate and broken-hearted had put an end to her existence. Be that as it may, Helena Montgomery died by her own hand; and during the remaining years of his life her husband was a stern and gloomy recluse. He denied himself the society of his friends, repudiated all sympathy, and at last was found dead on the shore of the stream where his wife had gone to her death. The estate, by the will of his father, passed wholly into the possession of his eldest son, Cecil, a young man not unlike his father in character and disposition.

Cecil and Julian, the sons of Paul Montgomery, were wholly different, both in person and character. A more striking dissimilarity between two children of the same parents could not have been found in the whole country. Cecil was fond of athletic sports; his pastimes bordered on cruelty; he was sensual and passionate; a devotee of the senses rather than of the intellect; dark-complexioned, handsome, haughty and stalwart. Julian was a tall, pale-browed young student; a lover of learning and its mysticisms; generous, affectionate though retiring, and possessed of as pure and upright a heart as ever beat in a human bosom.

Some miles from the Lodge was a pretty gothic villa, the summer residence of a wealthy family named Thornton. They were Philadelphians, but during the warm season they spent their time at the villa, whither they usually brought a score of their city friends to enjoy the delightful quietude of the country.

To the niece of Mr. Thornton, Genevieve Vane, the proud eyes of Cecil Montgomery turned in profoundest admiration. He had seen the young lady ride past the Lodge on her spirited black horse, quite frequently; but the opportunity to get presented to her had never offered. His calls at the villa had, unfortunately, always been made at times when the sole object of his visits was absent; and he knew too well the impolicy of making bad first impressions, to risk addressing her without an introduction. So it happen-

ed that the Thorntons had spent two seasons in the neighborhood and Cecil had failed to make the much desired acquaintance of Miss Vane.

One mild day, toward the close of October, Cecil was standing at a window of the library, gazing out on the grand panorama of hill and forest presented to his view, when the quick tread of a horse aroused him from the half reverie into which he had fallen. Directly the black horse of Miss Vane, bearing its beautiful mistress, swept round a curve in the wooded path, and at the same moment Cecil's great hound Pluto sprang into the road barking furiously at the approaching equestrian.

With wild misgiving Cecil saw the nervous spring of the horse, the sharp tightening of the curb in the hands of the lady, and then the mad, plunging gallop which threatened instant destruction. Quick as thought he sprang from the window, down the terraces to the gate, which he reached just as the terrified steed reared and threw his mistress violently from the saddle. Cecil was athletic and agile, and he was fortunate enough to rush forward just in time to receive the half fainting girl in his arms. He bore her into the house, and devoted himself with gentle assiduousness to soothe the terror which she had experienced, and which left her weak and trembling. Quite naturally, Miss Vane was grateful to him, for he had saved her from injury if not indeed from death; and as her eyes filled with tears, and her sweet voice quivered along the words of gratitude she spoke to him, Cecil inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.

A lovely picture Genevieve Vane made, sitting there in the deep crimson velvet arms of the chair where Cecil had placed her; her soft, dark hair falling in gold-ridged waves over her shoulders, her large hazel eyes moist with emotion, her sweet lips pale with the remembrance of what might have been, and her small white hands crushing the heavy folds of her habit. So, at least thought Julian Montgomery, as starting up from the shelter of the curtains, where he had been lost in a book of German poetry, he stood transfixed with admiration and awe before the marvellous beauty of the stranger.

One moment of strange, bewildering emotion he stood speechless—then with a face mantled with crimson, he fled from her presence like a guilty thing. The sensitive heart of the young student was gone from him forever. Henceforth he felt there would be no light, nor life, nor joy in the world for him, but in the presence of Genevieve Vane.

Cecil attended Miss Vane home in the carriage, and from that time a deep intimacy grew up be-

tween the family at the villa and the master of the Lodge. Cecil's best traits of character were developed in the society of Genevieve; and he felt instinctively that by her side he was a better man. If the dark depths of past sins ever opened to his view, he turned speedily away from their contemplation, and devoted himself still more earnestly to win the favor of the woman who held his fate in her hands. For he loved Miss Vane with all the wild strength and fervor of his passionate nature, and he was not accustomed to having his wishes thwarted.

The result was what might have been anticipated. Mr. Montgomery was a most eligible *parti*, as well as a graceful, accomplished and agreeable gentleman; and, urged on by her friends, as well as influenced by her own heart, Genevieve at last consented to become his wife.

Cecil was as extravagantly happy as it is possible for an accepted lover to be; and when the Thorntons left the villa, he accompanied them to Philadelphia, where he spent some weeks in the society of his *fiancée*.

The first of May Mr. Thornton and his family returned to their country residence, and Cecil rode over every day. His passionate entreaties won Genevieve to assent to the early performance of the marriage ceremony, and the twelfth of June was set apart as the all-important day.

Since the betrothal of his brother, a very marked and singular change had taken place in Julian Montgomery. Never of a lively disposition, he was now positively dreary; and his pale face, mild, sad eyes, and pre-occupied air, struck every beholder. He passed the greater portion of his time in toilsome wanderings over the mountains to the north of the Lodge—his only companions his faithful dog and his own mysterious thoughts. When asked to be present at the wedding to act in the capacity of groomsman, he made no audible reply, but rushed from the house, and was seen no more for two days—at the end of which he appeared, calm and indifferent, and asked to be excused from attending the ceremony, saying, by way of apology, that he had no taste for festive scenes, and might mar the perfection of the performance by his *gaucherie*. The wedding was to take place at ten o'clock at the villa, after which the bride and groom, accompanied by a half dozen friends, were to set out on a bridal tour to Niagara and the lakes.

The night preceding the twelfth Cecil requested his servant to call him at eight precisely, and at an early hour he retired to his chamber. The night passed without any unusual occurrence, and at eight the servant went up, and tapped at his master's door. There was no response, and

after several ineffectual attempts of the kind, John opened the door and entered the room.

Great was his surprise at finding it vacant; the curtains yet open, everything in its place as it had been put to rights the morning before, and the bed undisturbed. Mr. Montgomery had not slept there! Of course his absence at such a time astonished as well as alarmed the household, and without delay the house and grounds were thoroughly, though vainly, searched. Pluto, the favorite hound of the missing man, was howling fearfully in his kennel where he was chained, and on being loosed he uttered a wild cry, and set out down the declivity of the banks of the Run.

The servants followed his lead as fast as possible, and guided by the piercing howls—almost human in their dread agony—they found their master lying on the very spot where his father had died—found him ghastly and cold, weltering in a pool of his own blood!—stabbed to the heart! Beyond a doubt, Cecil Montgomery had been murdered!

Meantime Genevieve, pale and restless, oppressed by a strange, intangible presentiment, sat in waiting with her ladies for the tardy bridegroom. Ten o'clock struck out like a knell, another hour fled on, and still another—life was quivering faintly in the veins of the apprehensive and expectant bride, and when the terrible tidings arrived she fell senseless to the floor!

For hours afterward there was neither life nor motion in the form of the stricken girl. Her friends wept over her in the wildest agony, imploring her by every tender epithet to awake once more; but they wrought no change on one who was, to all outward appearance, in eternity! At last, when all hope had been given over; when the dullness of despair had settled upon every heart, Genevieve rose up, pale and passionless as marble. She astonished every one by her calmness and the grand fortitude which she displayed. She indulged in no useless repining, uttered no frantic exclamations, but with her own hand she laid away her bridal robes, closed and locked the wardrobe that contained them, and placed the key in a casket which she wore at her girdle. With unflagging energy and perseverance she set on foot every method of discovering and bringing to justice the murderer of her lover; and so zealously under her direction was the investigation made, that before the ghastly body of the victim was laid in the tomb, a most dismaying disclosure was provoked.

First, that on the night, during the darkness of which the fearful crime had been committed, Julian Montgomery had been absent from the

Lodge, and had not returned until sunset of the succeeding day. When he did come, the wild pallor of his face, and the feverish restlessness of his behaviour, had led to much speculation among the servants; and when informed of his brother's violent death, he had fallen into a chair, and remained speechless and immovable for half the night.

Further, that on the moist soil where lay the murdered body of Cecil, there were footprints corresponding exactly in size and shape with the small and singularly symmetrical foot of Julian. Also, at a little distance from the scene of the crime there was found a torn and bloody book, bearing the name of Julian Montgomery on the fly-leaf.

Lastly, in the hand of the dead man was clutched—with the vice-like tenacity which resides only in the strength of the dying—a tiny bit of crimson velvet, ornamented with a pearl inlaid mosaic button of singular style and workmanship. This piece of cloth might have been torn from the vest of a gentleman, or the waist of a lady's dress, for all evidence it afforded either way; but the most startling fact of all was this—it was well known to the servants that Julian Montgomery had in his possession a suit of theatrical garments, and that the vest was of crimson velvet. About the buttons the witnesses could not say, but the old housekeeper stated that she had in her work-basket a single button which had belonged on the vest in question, and which Julian had at her request given her to fasten a reticule. She had not yet made use of it, and forthwith produced it. And as all had expected, it corresponded exactly in every minute particular with the one found in the hand of the corpse!

Search was immediately made through the Lodge for the theatrical costume, but it was not to be found. On carefully questioning Julian, he said that he had given it to a wandering medicant. So paltry an excuse, unsubstantiated by evidence, was of course inadmissible; and though all felt the painfulness of the procedure, it was found necessary to arrest Julian Montgomery for the murder of his brother!

The arrest was made while the young man stood leaning above Cecil's coffin, gazing upon the cold features beneath, his own face marked with a pallor even more ghastly than that which rested on the countenance of the dead. When informed wherefore the arrest was made, surprise and sorrow, rather than dismay, seemed to overpower him. He clasped his hands before his brow, and gazed on vacancy with the air of one who feels himself beneath a horrible burden of

danger, but so slimly comprehending the shape in which it impends, as to be powerless to flee from doom!

"My brother!" he said slowly and with painful effort. "I my brother's murderer! My God, I, who loved him as my only treasure out of heaven! I murder him! I cause his precious blood to flow! Great God!"

All endeavors at extorting a confession of his guilt were received with stony immobility. How should he confess, when his soul was guiltless, and his hands pure? How should he own himself another Cain, when he would freely have laid down his own life to have saved that of Cecil?

The customary trial before a magistrate brought out some additional items of evidence tending strongly against the accused. Cecil, by the will of his father, was made sole heir of the property, with the exception of a small yearly annuity to the younger son; but in the event of the former's death without children, his possessions would revert to Julian.

Taken altogether, the evidence was sufficient to commit the young student to the county jail, there to await his trial by the District Court. The efforts of his friends to get him released on bail were fruitless—the crime of which he was accused was of too enormous atrocity to admit of such a proceeding; and for four dreary months Julian Montgomery was the inmate of a prison!

At the trial Miss Vane was necessarily present, her face pale and haggard, but her manner collected and self-contained. And here for the first time, she particularly noticed Julian. Heretofore she had looked upon him as a bashful, unformed boy. Now, in this great strait, she saw him a man, calm, courageous, unflinching, with a face whose expression was in itself an emphatic refutation of the guilt with which he was charged. He met the gaze of the jury with an unshrinking eye, and his mien when led away to prison was proud as that of a Roman senator.

For hours after she retired to rest that night, Genevieve was haunted by the vision of his face. What if she had been instrumental in dooming to disgrace and probable death an innocent man? And if he were indeed innocent, how deep and terrible must be his anguish at being accused of the murder of an only and beloved brother!

Her womanly sympathies were awakened, and one day she visited Julian in his cell. He received her with outward composure, but within his breast a Vesuvius was raging. At first they spoke of common place subjects—afterwards the dread event which had brought them both to sorrow, and then, inspired as it were, by the pres-

ence of her he so madly loved, Julian poured forth the rich treasures of his gifted mind, and Miss Vane went away with a strange tenderness born in her heart for him.

This visit was succeeded by another, and another, and before the four months' probation had expired, she would have given all that she possessed—even life itself—to have rescued Julian Montgomery from the fate impending so darkly over him.

The important day of the trial dawned, as many another day of fate has done—brightly and clearly. Nature had no sympathy with the gloom and darkness which brooded on the mind of the unhappy accused. The weary, laborious formulas were gone through with—the most learned barristers in the country presented with tact and eloquence the case of Montgomery to the court; the evidence was given in, and the whole submitted to the jury.

It all ended just as Julian had expected. The jurors were just, impartial, conscientious men, and though not vindictive, they still remembered the awful shock of horror and dismay with which the news of the diabolical murder had thrilled them, and with one accord each man said in his heart—"Let justice be done, though the heavens do fall!"

Julian Montgomery was condemned, though strongly recommended to the judicial clemency. The judge was an austere though merciful man, and he had known and loved the prisoner at the bar from his youth up. Therefore, his rough old face softened, and his sharp voice was hoarse with emotion as he pronounced the sentence. And what was the sentence? The crime to be avenged was the dark, atrocious crime of murder, and what but death could pay the penalty?

At that time there existed in that part of the country a somewhat singular act, or statute, amounting in effect to a law, which it was the custom on occasions like the present to read, as it was appended to the sentence of death, in the form of a proviso. It was nothing more than a mere form, however, for perhaps not one in fifty cases had it availed aught. This act provided that if a criminal charged with murder, and convicted on circumstantial evidence alone, unsubstantiated by the testimony of eye witnesses of the violent deed, should, after receiving the sentence of the law, meet with sufficient sympathy from any person in the court-room, to induce that person to unite himself, or herself, with the accused man or woman, as the case might be, the aforesaid criminal should be declared free!

Now, as a mere matter of habit, the judge having pronounced the sentence of death, read the

proviso, and called upon any person who was willing to purchase the life of Julian Montgomery at such a price, to come forward! Of course no one expected a response to this challenge—the prisoner least of all. Judge then, of the utter amazement of the entire court, when a lady, closely veiled, and enveloped in a heavy cloak, rose up, and with a firm step made her way to the open space in front of the bench.

A breathless hush reigned in the crowded room; the dropping of a pin could have been audible to every ear. Casting aside her veil, the lady revealed to the astonished view of the spectators, the pale, determined face of Genevieve Vane! Intense surprise hushed the court room into silence. Every heart stood still with the eagerness of anticipation. By a powerful effort Julian kept his seat. His white face worked convulsively; the veins stood out on his forehead like knotted cords; his wild eyes seemed to burn into the pale, sweet countenance before him. Genevieve paused a moment, then turning to the judge, addressed him in a clear voice:

"May it please your honor, and the court here assembled. You all know the circumstances connected with the painful murder, and you all likewise know that I had no small part in bringing the accused to the situation in which he now finds himself. God is my witness that I acted conscientiously—the evidence which had come to my knowledge was strong against him, and it was but natural that I should desire justice done to the murderer of the man who was to have been my husband. If I erred, may Heaven pardon me! Previous to his arrest I knew little or nothing of Julian Montgomery. I had scarcely given a thought to him in any way, except to be courteous to him for his brother's sake. Since, I have studied him with the pertinacity and attention that a hard student would give to some new and abstruse theory, and out of this study I have drawn an inevitable and unalterable conclusion. I am so firmly convinced that he is innocent of the crime with which he stands accused, that I would stake my soul's salvation on the conviction!"

"Thank God!" burst involuntarily from the lips of Julian.

"Feeling thus," she continued, "and having it in my power to save a guiltless man from a disgraceful death, I cannot for a moment hesitate as to my course. I should deem myself no better than a murderer if I did so! You offer him his life on a most singular condition. That condition I am ready to perform. If the accused prisoner at the bar pleases, I am waiting here to marry him!"

The deep silence was absolutely painful. The respiration of all those congregated was seemingly suspended as that of one man, and every eye was bent on the striking tableau before the bench. Flushed, agitated, and trembling with amazement, the judge arose.

"What say you, prisoner at the bar? Shall the ceremony begin?"

Julian, his face radiant, and almost inspired, rose also.

"God bless you, Genevieve Vane!" he said, fervently—"God bless you for your faith in my innocence! It will be easy to die, knowing that one true woman believes me guiltless. I can go to my doom now with courage, even with peace."

Genevieve replied in a calm, even tone of voice, but underlying the sweet tone was a steel-like determination.

"You are not to die! Remorse would wreck all the remainder of my life, if, believing as I do, I should suffer the cruel sentence to go into effect!"

Stooping low over her as she stood before him, Julian addressed her in a whisper:

"Genevieve, if my brother had died a natural death, and a proper time had elapsed since his decease, and I had come to you asking your hand in marriage, and you had known me only as an honorable man with an unstained character, what would you have said in reply?"

A faint crimson mounted slowly to her forehead—she looked into his face as if she would have read his soul—then replied:

"I would have said what I now say," and placed her hand in his.

Urged on by some power stronger than his own will, Julian Montgomery assented to the strange compact, and there, before the solemn visaged judge, and the assembled court, he was united in marriage to the only woman he had ever loved.

In becoming the bride of a suspected murderer, Genevieve Vane had made a great sacrifice. The proud and haughty Thorntons had disowned her instantly, and all the fashionable cliques cast her out, as unworthy, from their society.

But the devoted girl held bravely up; she had not taken so momentous a step without mature deliberation, and when her determination was once formed she was firm as a rock. An heiress in her own right, with a handsome property in her possession, she was not peculiarly dependent, as she would have otherwise been, for Julian, with the sensitive pride peculiar to him, refused to make use of a single dollar of his late brother's estate, now his by right.

Genevieve purchased a home several miles

from the scene of the murder, in a quiet, retired village, and there the young couple passed the first two years of their wedded life. And during those years every energy of Genevieve's life was devoted to the sole purpose of discovering the real murderer of Cecil. Vain were all her efforts, no more light was shed on the mysterious affair, and Julian resigned himself to the slighted name and fame which all the future held for him.

Not so Genevieve. She never renounced the hope of ultimately bringing the real offender to light; and as each renewed endeavor met with no success, she seemed to be strengthened in the faith that Providence would yet bring light out of the darkness.

Towards Julian she was tender and careful as a mother towards her first born child. This strange devotedness increased daily, until she realized fully that as she had never loved his dead brother, she loved Julian Montgomery! She kept a constant and watchful guard over him, that he might indulge in no sad reminiscences; she beguiled with her sweet smile and loving words the weary hours when he remembered the dark shadow which hung over his reputation; sleeping or waking she was his ever present good angel, and he yielded up the rare depths of his spirit to the power of a love which was little short of idolatry.

The associations of the country were painful to Julian, and every day revealed more fully the necessity for change. And early in the third year of their union, Julian and Genevieve went to Europe. Amid the grand old ruins and gorgeous monuments of art and science a year passed rapidly and peacefully, and they were sojourning in the world renowned city of Venice. One day they went together to visit the palace of the Foscari. Wandering along those memory-haunted galleries, they came suddenly upon the tall figure of a woman, who, with a stony countenance stood at the window gazing down upon the populous canal beneath.

The face of the stranger was one which would have attracted attention in any place, and the eyes of Genevieve were riveted upon it with a vital intensity for which she vainly sought to account. It seemed to her that her very destiny was written there. The stranger was tall, and regal in her bearing; her complexion was that of youth, but her long, silky hair was white as the driven snow! Her eyes burned with a fiendish glow, and the shadow of a hidden sin rested on the marble of her brow.

Impelled by an impulse that she could not restrain, or control, Genevieve advanced to the side of the stranger and touched her arm. She

started back with nervous haste, and in doing so displaced the heavy black mantle enveloping her like a pall, and it fell to the floor. The Juno-like proportions of her figure were revealed, but Genevieve had no eye for the statuesque perfections of that magnificent bust, or the crystal whiteness of the rounded arms. Every faculty of her being was concentrated on the burning gaze which she bent upon the velvet bodice of the stranger, for gleaming amid its crimson folds like mottled stars, was a line of mosaic buttons, of which the one found in the bloody hand of Cecil Montgomery was the counterpart! The throat of the bodice was confined by a diamond brooch, and without a word Genevieve's dexterous hand removed the bauble, and drawing forth the bit of crimson cloth carried always about her person, she laid it upon the rent which the removal of the pin had disclosed, and it fitted exactly!

During this procedure the stranger had stood like a statue, offering no resistance, speaking no word of expostulation, her great glittering eyes fastened on the face of Genevieve with blank horror in their expression. Genevieve addressed her slowly:

"It was your hand that murdered, three years ago, in America, a man named Cecil Montgomery!"

The lips of the statue unclosed, and spoke, almost without volition.

"It was I!"

Genevieve drew the hand of the stranger within her arm, as she said:

"Come with me. I was to have been the wife of the man you murdered, and there is a deed of restitution for you to perform."

The woman obeyed. In the presence of Genevieve she seemed to have no will or power of her own. The strong magnetism of her companion ruled her with absolute might. They went down the stairway, followed by Julian and two of the guard whom Genevieve had signalled, and entering a gondola, were borne to the office of a civil magistrate. In a few brief words, that functionary was made acquainted with the leading facts in the case, and then Genevieve addressed the prisoner:

"Madam, you will state to this gentleman what you have already admitted to me."

The woman's face took on a mortal paleness—her white teeth crushed the ripeness of her lips till the blood flowed—she made one mighty effort to free herself from the spell which seemed to compel her to confession—then spoke rapidly:

"I knew the hour would come! Remorse would have killed me in a few short months—

could ye not have waited? No matter now—the grave is deep and dark, but hell itself cannot be more terrible than life, oppressed by a weight like that I have borne for three accursed years! Yes, I did the deed! I sent Cecil Montgomery to his last account, in revenge for the purity and innocence he had taken from me forever. He won my love, wrought my ruin, and then left me alone in my shame! And I killed him on the night before his bridal! His nuptial couch was the grave! I go to share it with him!”

A sharp report rang through the hall—the blood of the wretched woman stained Genevieve's white garments—the guilty murderess had gone before her Judge! In her pocket was found a confession of her crime, in all its devious details, written evidently with a view of exculpating the memory of the man whom she had supposed had suffered for her sin. The facts briefly were as follows:

While on a continental tour, Cecil Montgomery, then a young, reckless pleasure-hunter, had met, won the favor, and then lastly deceived Imogene Videlli, the only remaining daughter of a proud Italian family. She had followed him to America, intent on vengeance, and on the fatal evening of the murder, she had beguiled him to the banks of the river by an anonymous letter.

The rest is already known. The footprints around the scene of the murder were those of Imogene. The bloody book had been torn from the pocket of the victim in the dread encounter, and the bit of velvet was, after all, the only means of discovering the real criminal.

With this confession, and the witnessed certificate of the magistrate, before whom Imogene had declared her guilt, Julian Montgomery and his wife returned to their native country. The papers established his innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt, and those who had seriously censured Genevieve for her rash marriage, were now the first to offer their congratulations. But secure in the love of her husband, and happy in the full confirmation of his innocence, Genevieve could afford to be forgiving, and in time, Montgomery Lodge was brilliant with company, and peaceful in the rich blessing of the great love which bound together Julian and Genevieve.

NATURE.

Deeply to Nature thy heart unfold,
Her works are a revelation
Of love and truth, and her living soul
Is diffused through all creation.
With her thou must live in harmony,
With her shalt thou visit the skies,
And peace shall thy loved companion be,
She bids you arise, arise!

M. LEWIS.

COUNTRY OF EUGENE ARAM.

A great English novelist has woven such a spell of enchantment around the history of this celebrated criminal, that I could not help devoting a day to the environs of the little town of Knaresboro', in and around which the most eventful portion of Aram's life was passed. A famous dropping-well, whose waters possess the power of rapidly petrifying every object exposed to them, is one of the most noticeable things in the neighborhood. There are, also, one or two curious rock-cut cells, high up on precipitous slopes, which were inhabited years ago by pious recluses, who had withdrawn from the vanities of the world. Some were highly esteemed here in their lives, and here their bones reposed. And the fact of their remaining undiscovered sometimes for many years, was ingeniously used by Aram in his defence, to account for the discovery of the bones of his victim in the neighboring cave of St. Robert. This latter is one of the few places connected with Aram's history that can be pointed out with certainty. It lies about two miles below the castle before-mentioned. It is even now a place that a careless pedestrian might easily pass without remarking, notwithstanding its entrance is worn by many curious feet. The entrance is very narrow, and the cavern, like caverns in general, exceedingly dark. The river flows by more rapidly here than above; the grass grows long and wild, and there is a gloomy air about it that would make it an unpleasant place for a night rendezvous even without the horrid associations connected with it. The exact place where Clark's bones were discovered is pointed out, and probably correctly, as the place is too narrow to admit of much choice. Here they lay buried for years, while, according to Bulwer, this most refined of murderers was building up a high name as a scholar and a stainless reputation as a man. A field not far off is pointed out as the place where were found the bones which led to the detection of Aram. Though but few places can now be indicated with certainty in connection with his tragic story, a vague outline of the character of the man before the discovery of his crime is preserved in the neighborhood. As we read the true story of Eugene Aram, lately published by an apparently reliable person, our sense of the poetic is somewhat blunted; we feel that the lofty character drawn by Bulwer is in many respects a creation of the novelist, while the whole story of his love is demolished by the stern fact of his having a wife, of no reputable character, with whom he lived unhappily.—*Lee's Travel Pictures.*

THE JEWS.

It is said that the Jews, with the view of fitting themselves for the occupation of their fathers' land, to which they still look forward, have established a college near Paris, where young men (many of them of the wealthiest families) may be instructed in the ordinary branches of education, and in the principles of scientific agriculture. It is also stated that recognizing the superior way in which they are treated in Protestant countries, and the fact that Roman Catholics dread the spread of the New Testament, they are taking means for the circulation of the New Testament Scriptures in Italy and other Roman Catholic countries.—*New York Tribune.*

[ORIGINAL.]

I LOVE A GENTLE LASSIE.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

I love a gentle lassie,
 With hair of auburn hue,
 Her eyes like sparkling brilliants,
 Telling of love deep and true.
 In the sunny days of girlhood,
 I by her side have stood,
 Till I thought my all was centered
 In her love so pure and good.

Her cheeks they bloom like roses,
 Her features glow with light,
 She is merry, blithe and happy,
 Cheerful as the stars of night,
 As from out the vaulted heavens
 They are twinkling, sparkling, fair,
 Bathing in the higher glories
 Of the purer upper air.

She dwelleth by the brookside,
 Far from the city's din,
 Her life is one of happiness
 Untarnished yet by sin;
 The flowers that bloom around her,
 The birds that cleave the air,
 The maidens all the country round,
 Can ne'er with her compare.

As modest as the Lily,
 Fairy-like in form and grace,
 Tripping o'er the ground so lightly,
 Sunbeams dancing on her face.
 None to me half so attractive,
 None so charming, none so free;
 With her love so pure and steadfast,
 She is all in all to me.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY GRECIAN PAINTING.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

Being a complete history of ye arte known as Grecian Paintinge, with ye wonderfulle resultes accruinge to Mr. Clarence Rover in ye practise of ye arte.

Do you understand the beautiful art known as Grecian Painting? Do you comprehend how that coarse lithograph and rude wood cut can be made to resemble the soft luminous oil-paintings of Church, or Page, or Gignoux? How the coarse-lined engraving can be transfigured to the rich oil-painting, with blending colors scarcely unworthy of a Raffaele or Titian? No! Well, I shall be provoking and disagreeable, and instead of giving you recipes for preparing varnishes, and "clearing," and coloring, I shall tell

you a story about this same Grecian painting, which will take up far less of your time in reading, than the *chicco-occuro* in painting, and besides will not fill the room, and your eyes, with that odious, and at present high-priced turpentine.

My name is Clarence Rover, aged about twenty-six. I am possessed of a sufficient fortune for independence, and my moderate wants; besides, I have "great expectations," which, although not much to count upon, are, nevertheless, as my cousin, the incorrigible says, "not to be sneezed at." Though much given to wandering, as my name would seem to indicate, I have the happiness not to owe a hotel bill in the world, and have never had my trunk seized for board but once in my life, and that, all my friends will tell you was through an unfortunate mistake. As to personal appearance, I am under sized, and possess a slender, but remember, an elegant figure; have good hair, though not much of it; large expressive eyes though the color is bad; nose finely cut, teeth ditto; complexion fair, voice good, can sing a little, play a little on the violin, dance a little, write poetry (a little), can ride a fox down bravely from the "tally-ho!" to the brush, can swim, shoot, and play chess, and last, but not least, can paint a little, and this brings me (after my faithful description of myself) to the story about which I promised to enlighten my kindest of readers.

Faithful to my migratory habits, I started off two or three days before last Christmas, to pay a visit to some of my friends (and I have them in every part of the globe) in the pleasant town of Lynne, in the State of Yankee Doodle, some five or six hundred miles from my supposed place of residence, the latter place I can never bring myself to call by that sweetest of all names "home." I arrived at my friend Peck's on Christmas afternoon, and though hands, feet, and nose were frozen and blue, I passed a man at the depot who was paradoxical enough to shiver out such words as these:

"Ee-he-he-e! Ugh-ah-h! It's cold as blazes!"

When I arrived at Peck's, and caught sight of his red-hot stoves, and boughs of the Christmas trees dangling with their weighty presents, and received warm welcomes from himself and dear little wife, I felt comfortable and at home at once, but at that moment, it struck me somehow, that bachelorhood was not the most enviable state of existence—that in fact there were many worse things in this sorrowful world than a plump little wife in a cosy little home, and flowers, and red-hot stoves, and Christmas trees, and—fugh! Clarence Rover, you were never meant to be a married man, with that vagabondish disposition,

that Bohemian element in your nature which sets you travelling just as certainly as the cogs of a clock set it in motion! You a marrying man! you the contented father of a dozen little dirty-bibbed Rovers! you the steady citizen! giving up your foreign lands, volcanoes, seven-hilled cities, gorillas, chimpanzees, pantheons and convents at one fell matrimonial blow! Bah! you could not do it! And so I gazed abstractedly at Peck's red-hot stoves, and large Christmas trees, and flowers in the windows, and dear little wife, and thought that not for me were such creature comforts, and I laughed with the juveniles, flirted with the pretty Lynne girls, and drank as much hot negus as the merriest of the party. What a royal day! albeit it was so cold without—and what double distilled Jean Maria Farina Eau de Cologne that bottle was which came to me as my share off that Christmas tree! O, jolliest of all jolly Christmas days!

Well, the days following were passed as all days should be, when the wind outside was biting, and rosy cheeks and hot stoves could be found within doors. But often the very face of old winter was enticing, especially when he covered his chilly body with a snowy mantle, and then there were merry sleigh rides—sleigh rides sentimental, in a cutter, just holding two, where snugly ensconced beneath warm furs, and riding at a furious pace over the crisp snow (perhaps beneath a smiling moon), an ungloved hand would creep within the shelter of a muff to warm itself, and then would touch another hand so soft and small, that it needs must press the fingers of its fellow to extract some of its warmth, when at last through a dusky bridge perhaps—could you tell what had happened? But there had been a half struggle, a strange sound (more like a kiss in faith than the report of a rifled cannon), and the horse's sharp shoes drown the sound of a merry maiden's laughter, and—on—on—beneath the moon—over the white hills—the merry chimes of the bells ringing a sweet chorus to low, tender voices of love—so home, ending the sleigh ride sentimental.

Then sleigh rides majestic, through the town in the day time, when prim Mrs. Edwards, or Mrs. Jonathan Sprout were sitting at their dreary front windows on the Common, to observe and report any lack of deportment. Then sleigh rides sedate, when we all sat up straight, and the horses took a slow gait to take us to church, and the sleigh ride jolly, when we went in a pung, packed in male and female on the straw, and the four prancing steeds dashed off, their bells making such a jingling that we had to shout and laugh more loudly to make ourselves heard. And

such a merry ride! Such an excitement we created when we dashed through quiet Saugus, whose only excitement is a snuff mill! How the children shouted when we made our *debut* in Belsea, that wonderful city owning nineteen churches, sixty spirit-rappers, and one wonderful letter-writing medium. And can we ever forget that charming dinner of confusion when we ate the dessert first, and took soup as the last course, in the capital of the State of Yankee Doodle? Never! By the memory of that pung, and the serenades on our way home!

Well, after the sleighing, and the skating, and the singing and playing, parties by day, and soirees by night, came the inevitable question which cometh to all enjoyable parties at last:

"And now, Mr. Clarence Rover, what will you do to-day?"

This was the puzzling question, and Mrs. Peck was the puzzling interrogator.

"I don't know. Nothing, I *guess*."

And I emphasised the last two words, and looked as though I should soon begin to talk genuine Yankee Doodle, with a proper amount of "du tells" and "I want to know's."

"Nothing!"

And the little body held up her hands in holy terror. After a moment's thought she said:

"I have an idea—"

"Heavens! I'll bring some of my Jean Maria Farina Cologne, or it (the idea I mean) will bring on a stroke of apoplexy!"

"O, you blockhead! I have a good mind to deprive you of the benefit of my thoughts for your impudence."

"Pardon! pardon!"

And my smiling hostess pointed to a handsome landscape in the parlor, and said:

"Do you see that picture?"

"Have I not taken in its beauties a thousand times with appreciative eyes? It is a gem—one of those warm, luminous pictures which could not be unworthy of that son of Venice, Giorgione. The sunset seems an inspiration of a Claude Lorraine, and look how those turrets are reflected in the polished mirror of the sea beneath. Do I see the picture? My dear madam, I saw scarcely anything else (save your own bright presence) when I first entered that room."

Smiling, I think a little scornfully, at my enthusiasm, my hostess took my hand, led me up to the picture, quietly asking me to take it from the wall and bring it to the window, which I wonderingly did, and then she said:

"Look at it again. Is it as fine a picture as you supposed?"

I had fancied myself a judge of pictures, and

her strange question piqued me. I examined it, and replied:

"Quite so! The painter has executed his work in a smooth manner upon the surface, giving it a sort of enamel. Look at the depth, the warmth of those sunset-gilded clouds. It is a *chef d'œuvre*."

She then took from a portfolio at hand a coarse lithograph, the lights and shadows indeed strongly marked, but the picture itself common and valueless as a work of art. She held this in triumph before me.

"What do you mean by this coarse wood cut?" I asked.

"I mean that it is your Venetian Giorgione, these clouds your Claude Lorraine sunset, these rough shadows your polished sea, that this is your *chef d'œuvre*. Ha, ha!"

And her merry laugh (and such a gushing, happy laugh it is) sounded loud and mocking, as she twirled the engraving over her head, and snapped her little fingers before my face.

"Impossible!" I said, dumbfounded.

"Not at all," she replied. "Now Mr. Wiseacre, I *guess* (and she looked at me mischievously as she repeated the words I had made so much fun of) you will think a Yankee girl can teach you cosmopolitans something. From this rude lithograph I can produce so fine an oil-painting as to lead astray a high art critic like yourself, and if you will be a very good boy, and won't soil your dickey, and will clean your brushes properly, I will teach you the mysterious beauties of Grecian painting."

"I promise! anything! everything! Only teach me to make those coarse pictures into rare oil-paintings, and I will swear to do your bidding! Ho, ho! for an artist's life! Ah, I will get a blouse made to-morrow, and a little three-cornered cap, and a patent easel, and palette. By Jove! I will hire an *atelier*. Hurrah!"

So to commence, my guardian angel in the art brought me a rude wooden frame, and a coarse lithograph of a woman (with her neck a little too bare perhaps) holding a dove in her arms. This picture the German artist had immortalized by the name "*Mein Taubchen*," and if you don't know what that means, I will explain that rendered into fair English, it signifies "*My Dove*." And so we wet "*mein taubchen's*" back with water till she was quite limp, and stretched it upon the rough frame with the edges pasted to the board, and after having dried it, the engraving becomes upon the frame as tight as a drum head. Then I was taught to apply a varnish prepared for the purpose to the back to clear the picture, and after that to use the oil-

paints, in the patent collapsible tubes, manufactured by Messrs. Windsor and Newton, of London, who, I am informed by their advertisement, manufacture paint for Her Majesty (what that means I leave the reader to judge). And after that the picture varnish is applied to the face of the picture, and the Grecian painting is finished, and I have given the recipe to the half million of Mr. Ballou's readers in a single paragraph.

It will be useless here for Clarence Rover, Esq., artist if you please (for is he not an artist in the true sense who creates?), to recapitulate his enthusiasm as he perceived the coarse lines give way in the lithograph, to the soft colors applied by the brush on the wrong side, and from the dull, expressionless face, the genius of the art wrought depth and warmth, color and expression. It would be foolish, perhaps, to inform the dignified reader, how like a boy his delight sprang, warm from his lips, to see as he did, the colorless mantle replaced by the rich-toned crimson drapery which hung round the form of the figure in graceful folds, and to transform the heavy hair into one mass of waving gold, which clusters over beautiful shoulders. And when the last touches were completed, and the dinner-bell disturbed him from his pleasant task, he scarce could tear himself away from his pursuit.

O, ye who speculate upon the stock exchange! ye bulls and bears of Wall, and State, and Walnut Streets—ye Rosicrucian, Pythagorean, or Paracelsian! Is it not better than the transmutation of base metals into gold, this rendition of coarse paints into Murillos, Da Vinci's or the glorious creations worthy of a Titian? Answer, ye prince of money bags who will pay a fortune for a strip of canvass no larger than your wife's French mirror.

And so I learned Grecian painting. After a while my friends got tired of me (as all friends will), and I prepared to go back to my bachelor den, some few hundred miles as I said away. I packed my trunk, awful task, especially as I had to borrow the servant's covered handbox to carry my stock of boots in, and with "*mein taubchen*" snugly stowed away, I bade my dear host and hostess adieu.

I do not know to this hour what prompted the act, whether it was the memory of the pleasant tutelage in Grecian painting, or if it was a secret prompter which told me to that woman I was to owe the dearest blessing that ever fell upon me in my life, but so it was. I kissed her—I did—by Jove! Right before her husband, too, and then I dashed away, not knowing if I was a doomed man or not—and after a time, and in a bewildered manner I arrived home.

Now behold the hand of fate! I could not attend to anything but Grecian painting. I bought all manner of lithographs and engravings, and a stationer's or picture-frame makers, fascinated me as surely as birds are said to be charmed by serpents. I would spend all the money I had about me in lithographs, and borrow, perhaps, before the day was out, to increase my store. Wood-cuts pleased me, lithographs delighted me, and a lightly-lined steel engraving enraptured me. Already my portfolios swelled with pictures which would have taken me years to finish. Every mail brought me a bag full of circulars from paint dealers who had by some unexplained process discovered my mania, and from the north, south, east and west, they poured in upon me with catalogues and prices current, many with the pleasant assurance that ere long I might expect foreign houses to send me their lists. And still I was not idle. My hall, parlor, dining-room and chambers were being fast filled with pictures, which, although not costing one tithe of the price of good canvass paintings, still comparing most favorably with master pieces which I had beheld in friends' galleries, and which were esteemed most highly.

At last a new idea struck me. "Why," I asked myself, "should I not paint photographs in this style?" I could have most valuable portraits of all my friends, painted with a richness and beauty which would make them of high worth. The only problem to solve would be whether the sensitive paper on which the photographs were printed from the negative, would receive the clearing, varnish and colors. I immediately repaired to my friend Dubblelens, of the firm of Focus and Dubblelens.

"My dear Lens (I familiarly called him by the last syllable in his name), I wish to try an experiment. Give me two or three old prints which you have not mounted. Photographs, I mean."

"Why, what the deuce—you aint going to start opposition to us in the sunlight business, are you, my boy?"

"Not at all—But give me a few of your thrown aside prints."

And after hunting some time amongst the prints in his chemical room, he brought me out a little bundle of them with the remark:

"Here, my dear Rover, are a few of the prettiest girls we have in the place. This one's got a bad neck, but she's rich as wheugh (whistle). Here's another owns half of the farms in — county, hair bad color—and here's one who sings and plays divinely, bat what a squint, ah-h-ha! Here's a beauty, such eyes! such a mouth! I

say, Masters (calling out to his man in the inner room), make those dozen prints of Miss Carrol No. 110 to-day."

But without heeding the rattling conversation of Dubblelens, I had taken the (to me) precious bundle of cast-off prints, and speculating on the peculiar sacred character of such property in a photographer's room, I had reached my den at home, and hastened to inspect my prize, that I might select one of the number to try my art upon.

The first one I took—wheugh! she was ugly, to be sure. Must I have that sour face peering at me for a day, while I enriched her leaden face with Windsor and Newton's choicest carmine and flake white? The next was better, but there was a spot on the nose which looked like a cancer, and Grecian painting even, did not provide for cancers. The next, and the next, *le diable!* what a mouth! what a neck! But the next—ah h—heavens! was this a photograph? or was it a beautiful fancy picture? It could not have been taken from life—it was the embodiment of a poet's dream. The clear oval face in outline against a background of flowers, the eyes large and soft and brooding; the small, clean cut mouth, the lips half opened, as if she were about to speak, the tapering fore-finger of one hand uplifted in warning over a beautiful greyhound who crouched at her feet, the mass of light hair which crowned her classic head, gathered into a knot behind whence escaped a few curls from bondage, which touched her white sloping shoulders, and the dark drapery of her dress hanging in folds around her half-girlish, half-woman's form in such flowing lines of grace, that my eyes were riveted upon the harmony and taste of the whole picture in admiration, as much as my heart was spelled by the strange charm of that unknown woman's beauty.

I placed it upon its rude frame at once. I had painted the picture of many beautiful faces, but never any which haunted me like this one. Was it because I knew she must be living, and within perhaps an hundred miles or likely nearer to me? I cannot say. I only know I pored over each feature and every line, that I was as anxious to save the expression of the eyes and mouth, and to retain the air of warmth and harmony and tenderness in the whole picture, as if I had been painting the photograph of a dear departed friend.

At last it was completed. I dwelt upon it with rapture: what a soft light I had made dwell in the large eyes; how ivory-pure the skin; what a perfect salmon the graceful dog; and how rich the purple of her dress as it touched

the emerald sward, and her mass of blonde hair, how gracefully it was coiled, and how like a tinge of sunset gold it seemed, against the clear blue of the sky in the background. Ah, I worshipped that picture, and when I hung it in my study (for Rover as I am, I am studious by fits) I went there almost hourly to gaze upon it, as a pilgrim would journey towards a shrine.

I gave up painting other pictures. I haunted the establishment of Messrs. Dubblelens & Co. That was indeed my focus (?) of attraction. All I could ascertain about the lady whose picture I had hung up in my study, and whose image was enshrined in my heart, was, that her name was Carol, the number of her negative in the establishment was 110, that she had a number of pictures printed there and had paid for them, that she was a beautiful young lady, rather sad looking, and always accompanied by a fine greyhound and an old lady. "And in fine," added Dubblelens, who had given me the above information, "I think it would be more prudent to forget the demoiselle, sir knight of the rueful countenance, for you would have to encounter three dangers. No. 1, the dog. No. 2, the old lady. No. 3, last but not least, the very scornful looking, and unapproachable young lady herself."

But his *badinage* drove me to my own heart for counsel (which baffled me as much), and I haunted in vain, church, concert and ball, until fairly worn out in my search, and heart sick, I determined to return to my home in the country (I have not said where, remember), and try to forget the syren face which seemed to lead me like an *ignis fatuus* in mazes of strange follies and adventures.

I arrived from the city about twilight on a soft September evening, and sauntered leisurely from the railroad depot near my home, towards the house which held my picture prizes, and the one of more value than the farm. As I walked up the beautiful lane whose boughs were twined above my head, and formed an almost unbroken arch, I saw through the thick clusters of leaves, the heavens blaze with sunset glories, and between the breaks in the old trees, I saw the banks of creamy clouds piled upon the horizon's lowest verge, while just above, the chequered light of crimson, and emerald, and pearl was filtered through the rich and tender blue of the heavens in luminous streaks, which seemed like colored molten bars of gold, with jewels intertwined, which formed an oriflamb of splendor in the western sky.

The birds were singing gaily, and the hazy softness so peculiar to the early autumnal twilight filled the air. I could see the brown, cot-

tage-built house in the shadows on the hill, and I already fancied that I sat in the little grove of pines in the lawn, dreaming away the still evening hours in tender thought of my loved unknown. But amazement! what fairy had transformed my grim castle into a crystal palace? For I saw the house no longer slumbering in the shadows on the hill, but every window pane was on fire from glancing lights within. Surely, the reflection of the sunset could not be the only magician which gave me most luminous topaz windows. As I approached more nearly, I heard the soft swell of music on the air, and then a sweet chorus of song full of the tender melody of women's voices was borne to me. What could it mean? Was I all at once to be inducted into mysteries outvying those of the Arabian Nights, or more wonderful adventures than that most wonderful Aladdin?

Mechanically I walked on, bewildered still further by sounds of merry laughter, so clear and silvery that I could almost persuade myself that fairies had taken possession of my mansion during my absence, and were holding a twilight revel. I had scarcely entered the lawn before I felt my eyes blindfolded by a pair of soft hands, and a sweet voice shouted in my ear:

"Dear Clarry! dear old coz! so you have come home at last, eh?"

And the voice was merry, and the laugh was like the ripple of sweet falling waters. I had disengaged the soft hands, and quickly placed my arm around the fair one's waist, and most surely gave her a hearty, cousinly kiss.

"Why, Isabel! my dear little cousin. When did the heavens drop you? What is the meaning of these lights and music and laughter at the house?" And I deluged her with my questions.

"Why, you charming old Rover, you—there, there—don't kiss me again, or I won't say another word, nor give you an introduction to the party I have brought to surprise your old bachelor house, for one evening, into mirth and music. Well, we heard over at The Dovecoat that you had returned from your trip to Yankee Doodle, and that you had suddenly taken a mania for painting. We waited until we were tired, for you to ride over and see your cousins, you bad fellow, and at last determined that if "Mohammed would not go to the mountain, the mountain would come to Mohammed." So we made up a party, arrived here at noon, found the house deserted, save by your old black Jim, and a horrid smell of turpentine—rummaged every room except that old den of a study, which Bluebeard always keeps locked (don't—you shan't have

another wife in me)—have examined and criticised every picture—”

“Except one, which I worship, Isabel,” I interrupted.

“You worship anything, you heathen, except that kicking mare Fauny, and your awful death-trap, the sail boat—”

“Stop, stop! Dear Isabel,” I asked, suddenly, as I saw a group standing upon the piazza, “who are with you, and how in the name of Cornucopia am I to feed you?”

“To your first question, you know every one, all Thomas’s folks—there is but one stranger amongst us, and her (she whispered mysteriously) I want you to fall in love with.”

“With the greatest pleasure,” I replied, as a score of arms with hands attached were stretched forth to greet me upon the piazza, and such a scampering and laughing and shouting, greeted me:

“Clarence has arrived! Hurrah! Clarry has come!”

And amongst hand-shakings, and “how d’ye do, old fellow’s,” I made my way into the house. The hall was half full of mysterious hampers, which looked as if my larder was not to be disturbed, and when I asked a party of the boys to come into my study to see an imported case I kept there, I was not allowed to stir, but certain mysterious bottles were drawn from the depths of straw, in cases in the hall, and we all refreshed ourselves (with milk, perhaps). And now, amid romping and dancing the cry was raised:

“Where’s Mildred Carrol? Where’s Milly Carrol?”

“Gone into the garden,” answered somebody.

And I supposed this Mildred must be the stranger with whom I was to fall in love, and anxious to defer the awful task, I invited the party *en masse* into my study to see a picture, before she returned with her companion, my wild cousin, Fritz Armitage.

So we rushed up stairs with a dozen lights in as many hands, and I entered the room where my prize was kept, as sacredly as antiquarians do their relics.

All eyes were riveted at once upon the face of my unknown. And no sooner did they perceive the face than a simultaneous peal of laughter burst from the group, and mysterious glances were passed from one to the other. I said, half-vexed at this reception of my cherished picture:

“Is not the picture well painted?”

“Exquisitely!” replied half a dozen.

“Is the face and form not beautiful?” I asked.

“The perfection of grace and harmony,” was the answer.

“Then why, may I ask, does it excite your mirth?”

Isabel, my roguish cousin, became spokesman for the party, and it would be impossible to describe to you the mingled expression of amusement and wonderment depicted on her face as she said:

“We will make a bargain with you, dear old fellow. Come, now, don’t pout, but be a good coz. Tell us the full and unabridged history of this picture, and on the honor of the Armitages you shall know the cause of our mirth.”

“The history! The history of the picture!” many voices loudly echoed.

“I will do so,” I replied. “And I give you all warning, friends, that this time I am in earnest. I had received instruction in the art of which you have seen in this house so many results, and I was anxious to try if it was applicable to photograph pictures. I procured some half a dozen old prints from my friends Focus and Dubblelens, all of which, when I arrived home, I threw away in disgust, except this one picture. If I had loved this lady years ago, and she had been lost to me, and I had possessed no relic of her save remembrance, I could not have hailed this picture of her more joyfully. You may smile, gay Cousin Isabel, and throw sly glances toward the crowded doorway, but upon my honor, I became so enamored of this picture, that I gazed upon it by day with sweet feelings of possession, and by night I dreamed of the being whose shadows upon the paper had so spelled my heart. I was in love. I acknowledge it, and my imagination daily feeding on the thought of this fair lady, it seemed that I knew her, and could hear her speak and laugh. I grant that it were romance, fitter for a beardless boy, but remember, my laughing coz, there are springs in every heart which flow once, surely, at the touch of that strange wand—love. The magician will touch yours by-and-by.

“I pursued all inquiries about this lady, in every quarter, but in vain. The photographers did not know her residence, and I am as completely in fault now as ever. But I tell you, dear friends, call it a foolish whim if you please, that I treasure that picture more highly than I would a genuine Murillo.”

“But her name—have you no name for your idol?” asked several voices.

“Only Carrol, they said her name was Carrol.”

And then such peals of laughter—such crowding and confusion at the door of my study—and when I glanced there, I could have sworn my castle was at the mercy of an enchantress. In the open doorway stood the living representation of

my picture. The lights disclosed the beautiful face all aglow with blushes, which came and went like rosy clouds over her fair countenance. Her heavy hair, a mass of filtered gold, had fallen from the braids behind her head, and clustered in curls upon her shoulders; her eyes were down-cast, and veiled almost beneath the heavily fringed lids, but their beauty was only hidden, not lost, and their expression more like the soft slumbering light which cometh out of darkness. Near her side stood the greyhound (doubtless the original of the picture), and the confusion of the lady's appearance gave an interest to her beauty, which her bashful attitude and the strange circumstances of her situation enhanced. I was no less embarrassed (for doubtless the lady had heard my whole confession) and not the less so when my wicked Cousin Isabel introduced:

"My cousin, Mr. Clarence Rover, Miss Mildred Carrol."

It would be impossible to narrate the badinage of the occasion, but as host, I endeavored to make my guests forget the *contretemps*, and we had dancing, and singing, and romping, until I managed partly to dissipate the shyness of Miss Mildred Carrol, who was disposed seriously to dislike me for the unfortunate position in which I had placed her, but as the night wore on, I had so far prevailed over her displeasure as to have the pleasure of eating a philopœna with her, and to-night, just before I sat down to write this truthful history of Grecian Painting, I paid the philopœna, which I lost of course—and what do you think I gave Mildred Carrol? An engagement ring. And on the fourth of June, God willing, I shall call her wife. Was it fate which won Clarence Rover a wife, or Grecian painting, or better still, my good teacher of the art, dear Mrs. Peck? Blessed be her memory.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

The most beautiful and touching instrument which man has received from the hands of his Maker is the voice. Through words he can impart life and signification to his melodies; he can call forth the most secret feelings of the heart, awaken every passion into living reality, and powerfully vibrate all the chords of the soul. What joyful sensations cannot the simple song of the shepherdess of the Alps inspire! If such be the case, how much greater must be the effect produced by a cultivated singer, if his song be enlivened by art and a regulated fancy—we say a regulated fancy, for how often do even experienced singers, betrayed by vanity or affection, overstep the limits marked out by nature. And yet how much more frequently are the most excellent gifts, instead of being consecrated to the service of the art, perverted to a mere mechanical and unintellectual means of making a livelihood.—*Bentley.*

NAPOLÉON'S BRAVERY.

At the first rumor of the emperor's return to Champagne, the Austrian army, as if seized with mania at a single name, had retreated by every road from the walls of Paris, as far as Troyes and Dijon. The Emperor of Austria, fearful of being surrounded, even in the midst of his troops, took refuge at Dijon. Alexander and the king of Prussia had got beyond Troyes. These sovereigns, magnifying the danger by the memory of so many former defeats, and fearful of a snare in the very heart of France, which had fallen with such apparent facility into their hands, agreed to send to their respective plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Chatillon the most pressing instructions to effect a peace. Had the emperor had timely notice of these terrors, he could have signed a peace on a European basis, at the moment that his own empire was fading beneath his feet; but he was ignorant of them. Alarmed, on his own part, at the masses crowding down upon him, he retreated towards Arcis-sur-Aube, where he unexpectedly came in contact with the army of Schwartzburg. A sanguinary battle ensued, unexpectedly to both generals, between the French and Austrians. Napoleon fought at hazard, without any other plan than the necessity of fighting, and the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang-froid* of Lodi and Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against his enemy's cannon, and re-appearing as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of the explosion, Napoleon, to re-assure them, spurred his charger towards the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waived unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amidst the plaudits of his soldiers, he calmly demanded another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle. His guard at length arrived, and restored the fortune of the day.—*Lamartine.*

THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.

If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him, and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness everywhere about him. The merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind excuse for others, who has looked at the brightest side of the case; he who has rendered his pardon and his help whenever he could, who has never brought his fellow-man in any strait by reason of not helping him, will find that the mercy which he has bestowed flows back upon him in a full and spontaneous spring. He will make a merciful world by the mercy he himself shows.—*Chapin.*

(ORIGINAL.)

HELENE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I see the crimson come and go
Upon her cheeks of rosy snow;
And in the sky depths of her eyes
A tender brilliance lives and dies;
Her wine-red lips utter no word,
To tell me that her heart is stirred.

I hold in mine her dainty hand,
My burning eyes her own command;
I press the hand my fingers gird,
It flutters like a prisoned bird;
And when I rise to say good night,
Her blushes leave her marble white.

I asked her once to be to me
A pilot on life's stormy sea;
I said her gentle prayers alone
Could for my reckless sins atone;
For her sweet sake in heaven I'd trust,
And hide my follies in the dust.

She turned away—my doubts and fears
Rose madly up; but by her tears
I knew myself beloved, and then,
What kin had I with other men?
I soared aloft on rapture's wings,
And scorned earth's common, paltry things.

But though she wept, and in her eyes
I saw a love which never dies,
She drew her icy hand from mine,
And said, "I never can be thine!
I'll pray for thee as ne'er before—
Go, friend, and ask for nothing more!"

(ORIGINAL.)

LETTICE KNOLLYS.

A Tale of the Reign of Elizabeth of England.

BY ARTHUR W. LITTLE.

"A GIRL, my lady!—a fair and perfect girl!" was the answer of the nurse to the faintly-whispered question of the young mother who, two hours before, had been vacillating between life and death, until the first weak cry of her baby seemed to wake up the slumbering senses once more. "And here is your husband, my lady, who scarcely minds the baby at all, because of his great anxiety for yourself. Will you speak to him?"

And the lady lifted the snowy hand that lay upon the counterpane, and said, in a fond but feeble voice, "Francis!" pointing at the same

time to the little bundle of clothes in nurse's arms, out of which peeped a wee face, such as had never greeted the young husband's eyes before. He bestowed but small notice upon the little thing, but bent fondly over the sweet, pale face that lay half hidden in a cloud of misty laces and embroidery.

"God has been good to me, my Catherine," he said, devoutly, "in sparing your life to my prayers. Had it been otherwise, I could never have borne to look upon the child. Nay, speak not, my precious wife! I know all you would utter, but nurse says you must not be agitated. Go to sleep now, love, and when you awake we will talk about this little one, if you have strength." He stooped and kissed the eyelids that seemed already closing in happy repose; and another woman entering to assist the nurse with her charge, he quitted the room immediately, and the lady was asleep before her husband's footfalls were out of hearing.

The two gossips held a whispered talk at the far end of the room.

"What will my lady name the child?" asked the last comer.

"Perhaps after her well-beloved cousin, Anne Boleyn the queen, God rest her soul!" answered the nurse.

"Now God and the saints forefend!" returned Dame Paulina. "She will never do that, lest her unhappy fate should follow the child. No, no; it would bring ill-luck to the sweet little thing, bless its pretty face! It must have a namesake whose life has been more blessed and happy than the poor queen. But I doubt not it will be as beautiful as she, and far happier."

"Amen!" piously exclaimed the nurse, as the baby sank to unconscious slumber in her motherly arms.

Four years after the cruel tragedy of Anne Boleyn's death, the poor queen's cousin Catherine gave birth to this beautiful child, who bade fair to match in person her ill-fated relative. Catherine Carey married Sir Francis Knollys, who was made Knight of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth. The youthful husband was scarce twenty when the marriage took place. Catherine might have been a little older, although there is no correct date of the union, or of the birth of the child, whom, in spite of the nurse's prediction, they did not name for the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. They called her by the sweet name of Lettice, after her grandmother, who was a De Peniston; and although distinguished for nothing remarkable in acquirements or position, Lettice Knollys became the controller of the fates

of others far higher than herself in the social scale.

The child, whose birth scarcely created a sensation out of the family circle, was followed by no less than fifteen brothers and sisters—a terrible tax upon the worthy knight, in those days when the dwellers at court needed a princely revenue to meet the enormous expenses and extravagant style expected of them. But Lettice, though growing up really beautiful, as Dame Paulina prophesied, was long in making a choice among the gallants of the court, and remained unmarried until she was twenty-five years of age. Not old enough to have lost a spark of the beautiful romance that hangs around youth like a veil, hiding the rough and craggy steepes of life—that dwells in the sobered vision of middle age, and does not desert wholly man nor woman, when approaching the end of our mortal career.

Lettice was still beautiful. The bright golden locks and sunny complexion peculiar to the Saxon style of beauty, seemed even fairer in her than in the maiden Queen Elizabeth, to whom her mother was closely allied. The full, rich red lips, the fair, smooth brow, the delicately pencilled eyebrows, the dainty little ears, and the hands and feet of almost fairy-like proportions, had waked the songs of many of the court bards; yet, like her royal cousin, she still walked “in maiden meditation, fancy free,” until the echoes of her heart responded to the whispered love of Walter Devereux.

It was delightful enough to exchange the stern, puritanical dominion which Sir Francis Knollys had long exercised over his children, for the bland and liberal indulgence of Devereux; delightful to her affectionate heart to receive caresses instead of lectures; and equally delightful to merge her own plebeian descent, as the granddaughter of Robert Knollys the dyer, in her husband's lineage, in which noble and even royal blood profusely mingled.

Devereux had become, by his father's death, Viscount of Hereford about eight years previous to his marriage; and it was therefore as Viscountess Hereford that the young bride took her place at court. Seven years after this Elizabeth bestowed upon him the title of the Earl of Essex, and created him a Knight of the Garter, for services rendered in the northern rebellion.

In 1573 she sent him to Ireland; but although he did her good service there, the queen was ungrateful, and treated him as her whims often led her to treat her attached and faithful servants. Again he was taken into favor, and sent back as Earl-Marshal of Ireland; but the cares and toils of his position, and the changeful conduct of

Elizabeth, had worn and chafed his generous spirit until mortal strength gave way before the struggle. He wrote to the queen in such a strain of melancholy, and yet at once so manly and loyally, that it was impossible for that strange woman's heart not to thrill at the moving appeal.

Alas! it was not the queen alone that had wronged the noble heart of Walter Devereux. Deeper than Elizabeth's changeful mood, deeper than the wounds inflicted by suspicion and misrepresentation, and the whole catalogue of evils that came to those who “put their trust in princes,” was the treachery of Lettice Knollys—that other queen whom he had enthroned above all other women in his heart of hearts. Much as she had loved her husband, and happy as were their first years together, the tempter had come to her in the shape of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester—a man of whom it was said that no woman could resist his fascinations; at least one woman did not. In the prolonged absence of her husband, Lettice Knollys fell. Report said that the death of Essex was by the treachery of Dudley, but there was at least no proof. Essex, smarting under the queen's censure, and wounded in his honor and affections, was a broken-hearted man; dying as surely by his wife's hands, perhaps, as though she had really administered the poison which she had the credit of giving him at the instigation of her lover.

The thirty-fifth birthday of Essex had just passed. He was too young to have died of sorrow; but earth had no healing for his wounded spirit, and he longed for the rest of the grave. God gave him peace in dying—such peace as they who had injured him never knew.

It was two years since the tomb had closed over the mortal remains of Walter Devereux. Again is the still beautiful Lettice arrayed as a bride. Gems gleam from her bosom and her hair, and the rich lace of her bridal veil half conceals the bright golden locks, which have deepened in tint since she stood at the altar as a more youthful bride. Almost forty years have passed over that still smooth brow; yet is it as fair as ever. The rounded arm is as white, the taper waist almost as slender. See! it is Lord Leicester, the reputed, if not real murderer of her husband, by whom she stands—the man who at least helped to break that noble heart; the man whose treacheries had been so deep and well laid, that Sir Francis Knollys insisted that the marriage should be performed twice, lest some false trick should be played upon his daughter! Perhaps the simple old knight had

never learned how loud the world was ringing his daughter's name as Leicester's mistress while her husband was living. Be that as it might, it was more than probable that the new bridegroom had one wife still living when he became the husband of Lettice Knollys.

Elizabeth sat in her private apartment giving audience to the French ambassador, M. de Limier. His errand to the queen was well known to her courtiers. It was to plead the wishes of Henry of France that Elizabeth would bestow her royal hand upon his brother, the Duke of Anjou. The queen had been listening to his eloquence until she fancied herself in love, not only with the bridegroom thus offered to her acceptance, but with the handsome ambassador also. Leicester was frantic at the thought. The queen once married, he believed would prove the death-blow to his success at court. He had been Elizabeth's favorite too long, to approve of any rash step on the part of his royal mistress. The wily Frenchman discovered Leicester's opposition, and at this very interview he coolly informed her of the earl's marriage, hitherto kept strictly private from the royal ear. Hardly disguising her anger from the ambassador, she sent for Leicester, and the scene that ensued baffles description.

"God's life! my Lord of Leicester, you are wedded, we find—and to that light o' love whom I shame to name as having royal blood in her veins. Her mother, thank God, is not alive to see the day when Lettice Knollys makes such work for gossips to chatter about! S'death, we have half a mind to order you both to the Tower! At all rates, you shall remain at Greenwich Castle until you learn to respect our royal will."

Leicester bent his knee and hid his face in affected penitence; appealed to her tender heart—a compliment more highly valued by Elizabeth because so singularly undeserved; and by dint of flattery and his handsome face, now looking up to her with that melancholy smile that was ever irresistible to Elizabeth, he soon made his peace again, and escaped the penalty she had threatened. After this he was in greater favor than ever; became her lieutenant-general, and seemed, in all respects, as she termed him, "as noble and worthy a subject as ever prince commanded." But she never until his death conquered her jealousy of his wife.

"Curses come home to roost" is a proverb that cannot be gainsayed. Notwithstanding that Leicester ever spoke of his countess as a faithful and affectionate wife, making his will entitling

her to great wealth, there was still some unrevealed trouble between them; and one dark stain rests upon the memory of Lettice Knollys in regard to Leicester as well as to Essex. Nothing was ever proved against her; but it was said that while he was ill at Combury Hall, she mixed for him a "deadly cordial," of which he died. If true, then were the deaths of the good Earl of Essex and of poor Amy Robsart avenged by righteous retribution.

When the son of Lettice Knollys, Robert, the second Earl of Essex, was brought to the block for treason, Christopher Blount perished by the same axe. Blount was concerned in the proceedings of the young nobleman, and shared his fate. He had been an officer in Leicester's household, had worked himself upward, in a certain sense, first, by joining some of the various plots of the time, where better men than himself figured, and secondly, by marrying into the nobility. For, will it be believed that this man—a servant of her husband, a man with neither birth, wealth nor talent, except for intrigue of the lowest political sort, a man full sixteen years younger than herself, was the *third husband of Lettice Knollys*? With a son grown to manhood, and two daughters already women, she descended to a third marriage, beneath herself in birth and position, and disrespectful to the memory of her children's father.

Christmas Day, 1634, was that on which Lettice Knollys ended her long, long life of ninety-five years. All the latter part of her life, from the time of Blount's death, a period of thirty-four years, she had passed at Drayton-Bassett, an old manor-house bequeathed to her by Leicester, near Tamworth. For years she had interested herself in the poor and suffering. Perhaps in deeds of charity she sought to make atonement for other deeds. Let us hope that the attempt was sincere, and its result successful! It may be that she who so often sowed the wind, after gathering in her whirlwind harvest, had subsided at last into a peace which no storm could disturb. It may be that at the last hour upon that Christmas Day, He who came to bring that "peace and good will," breathed it into her soul. It may be that God's angels came down to soothe the sin-weary soul, and bid it look upward, in tones of lofty cheer; and that all those long years of desolate widowhood might have purified the spirit, and made it fit for the society of the holy dead.

All merely graceful attributes are usually the most evanescent.

[ORIGINAL.]

HYMN

*Dedicated to the Teacher and Pupils of a Juvenile
Singing-School in N—.*

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

AIR—"AULD LANG SYNE."

We dedicate this parting hour
To love and friendship true;
Teachers and friends we gently breathe
A heartfelt sad adieu.

Chorus—Adieu to these dear pleasant scenes,
We've passed in joy and glee!
We part in peace, we part in love,
Farewell—remember me!

Here lisping babes together sing
In harmony and love;
United voices sweetly blend,
They reach the throne above.

We'll not forget a teacher kind,
Mid all life's changing scenes;
Her work by *faith*, and not by *sight*,
Will mingle in our dreams.

When future days, and happy scenes,
And other friends, may bless;
Though many a year has o'er us flown,
We may not love thee less.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COINERS.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

DURING the year 1848 the West was flooded with counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested a skilful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform the duty.

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory might be somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I first proceeded. I spent five weeks in that beautiful city, but without gaining the slightest clew of the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife requesting that I would send her home some money, as she was out of funds. I went into a bank and asked for

a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it, in which there were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of the half dollars back to me.

"Counterfeit," said he.

"What," said I, "do you mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"

"I do."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but they are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one of them in the scales against a genuine half dollar on the other side. The latter weighed down the former.

"That is the best executed counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them very closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?"

"O, dear, no," replied the clerk, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of Ned Willett, the famous New York counterfeiter. I know them well, for I have handled a great deal of it in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several half dollars from a drawer. "You see the milling is not nearly as perfect as Ned Willett's, although it is pretty well done, too."

I compared the two together, and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeit half dollars with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket again.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a village situated about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodging there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look at his wife, and after some whispering I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible that I could have a bed.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodation, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable fare set before me, and the still more miserable sleeping apartment into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

The chamber was small in size, and was certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars peeping through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the

room, without sheets or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was summer time, and oppressively hot.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was spread an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings, and save the croak of the tree frog and the hum of the locust not a sound reached my ears. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged into a deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which awoke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose up from my bed and went to the window; the moon was low in the western horizon, by which fact I knew that it must be near morning. The sound I have before referred to, reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated about a hundred yards from the house.

Now I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night in such a remote, out of the way place, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opening the door of my chamber, noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound still continued, and grew much more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peered through the keyhole, and to my extreme surprise, I saw half a dozen strong-looking men with their coats off, and sleeves turned up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some

were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of milling coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed—the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, just turned from the moulds, while the woman was packing the finished coin into rolls.

I had seen enough, and was about to return to my apartment again, when suddenly I felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head round, to my horror found myself in the grasp of as ill-looking a scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here, my good fellow?" he exclaimed, in a gruff voice, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to maintain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps you'll just take a stroll in here, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work, and rushed towards us when they saw me.

"Why, what's this?" they all exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peeping outside," said the man who had captured me.

"He's a traveller that came to the tavern to-night and asked for lodgings; the last time I saw him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not uttered a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say, would in all probability only do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be settled, for the blackest and dirtiest of the whole came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed:

"I say, stranger, look here—you must die!"

I did not move a muscle, nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."

I was still silent.

"We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of saying whether you will be hanged or shot."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into

a violent fit of laughter, in fact it was hysterical, but they did not know that. They looked from one to the other in the greatest amusement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool, anyhow," said one.

"I suppose he don't think we are in earnest," said another.

"Come, stranger, you had better say your prayers," said the man who had first spoken, "time flies."

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man's mad!" they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well, boys," I cried, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I ever seed. What, hang a pal?"

"A pal—you a pal?"

"I aint nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What's your name?"

"Did you ever hear of Ned Willett?" I asked.

"You may be certain of that. Aint he at the head of our profession?"

"Well, then, I'm Ned Willett."

"You Ned Willett?" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that," I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman counting and packing the counterfeit half dollars.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that all their doubts were not removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking up a roll of the money.

"Well, all I can say is that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us anything better?" asked one of the men.

"I rayther think I can. If I couldn't I'd go and hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

"This was my last coup, and one on which I knew my life depended.

"Lookee here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket which had been rejected at the bank, "here is my last job, what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, others saying that it was.

"How will you prove it is a counterfeit?" asked one of the men.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard one of the men whisper to another.

"Try these," said I, taking the other two from my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed some. "Splendid!" said others.

When they had examined it to their satisfaction, they all of them cordially shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried out my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me, involving some of the technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided, by stating that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would much rather drink a glass of whiskey than answer questions. The whiskey was produced, and we made a night of it, and it was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago, and brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. This den was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term of years in the State prison.

I have those counterfeit half dollars still in my possession, and intend never to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, clip-shod shoes, audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance.—*Dickens*.

Castles are proud things, but 'tis safest to be outside of them.

[ORIGINAL.]

CAMP PICTURES.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

We knew the pang was over, for his head
Drooped listlessly upon the wasted arm:
And that repose, long dallying, now had wed
The boy away from harm.

We knew it—for the roseate of his cheek
Died with the ashes of consuming fire,
As, bending low to hear him faintly speak,
We saw the flame expire!

So strange it seemed!—so sad to think that he,
The darling of our camp, the youngest born,
Should be thus passive while the reveille
Sounded the march of morn:

And nevermore be seen where sabres gleamed,
Shrill bugles blared, and squadrons gaily swept,
Where standards waved and pennons lightly
streamed,
Or guards their vigils kept.

Never again!—his burnished weapons hung
In idle pomp above the couch of rest;
One pallid hand (no more to grasp them!) flung
Carelessly o'er his breast.

A little golden circlet caught my eye,
Binding a finger with its simple zone;
How desolate the thought that lives should lie
Encircled, one in one!

* * * * *
Far from that deathly scene, those whitened lips,
(Chilled into silence 'neath a southern sun!)
And faces shadowed by the dark eclipse
Of this new Benjamin,

My thoughts would fain outrun the weary way
Far-reaching to the northern cottage home,
And linger tremulously, where it lay
Beneath its linden dome:

Where, in its rustic portal, stood the fair
And sweet young giver of the soldier's ring,
Shaping cloud-castles in the dreamy air
Of bright imagining:

Where, next her heart, his pictured face was laid,
Enveloped in a billet, with her name.
Thus far I thought; and fancied that the maid
Blushed faint with love's true flame!

* * * * *
The southern sun burns fiercely on his grave,
The barren sands wherein we made his bed,
With fitful dirges wailing for the brave
True heart, so early dead.

And new auroras flood the east; but he,
The squadron's pride, the fairest, youngest born,
May never waken when the reveille
Heralds the march of morn!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAIL ROBBERY.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

"VERY strange that Margaret don't write to me—perhaps, however, she finds more amusement in chattering with that jackass Murray. I thought it would be so when I heard he had gone to Cragvale."

Thus muttering in anger at receiving no news from my betrothed, I was leaving the post-office, when a clerk hastily called my name from the door of the inner room, and as I turned sullenly back, said:

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Blithewood, there is a letter for you. It was overlooked."

"H'm! careless enough, I think," growled I, taking the letter, and glancing keenly at the superscription as I walked away.

The postmark was Cragvale, but the handwriting was not that of Margaret Winton, or indeed of any one else, being a forced and cramped chirography, evidently assumed for the occasion.

"Who the deuce,"—and tearing open the envelope, I looked for the signature. There was none. "Anonymous!" And I tore it half across, but the name of Margaret caught my eye and held my hand. One moment longer I hesitated, and then read the whole. The lines were few, and as nearly as I recollect to this effect:

"If John Blithewood cares for his future happiness and honor, he had better inquire what man it is whom Margaret Winton lets in and out of her father's house at night, when honest folks are abed and asleep. Perhaps he will find it is the same who courted her before Mr. Blithewood came to Cragvale, and who, report said, refused to marry her at the last, though she went on her knees to beg him to do so. Perhaps it is the same who carries round a lock of her hair and her miniature, and shows them at all the low drinking saloons of the place to his rowdy companions. Perhaps it is the same with whom she has been heard to laugh about 'the shiner she had hooked,' and 'the gudgeon she had netted.' At any rate, Mr. Blithewood is warned, and that by one who loves him better than ever Margaret Winton could."

I read this all through three times, and then tore it into atoms and crushed and ground them in my hand as if they had been my rival's heart, while my very soul shook with the passion that rose within it.

Believe it! Yes, I believed it as if I had heard the confession from her own lips. I had never forgotten that Margaret had been engaged to this Murray before she had known me, and al-

though I knew the affair had been arranged by older people, and that the young couple had separated by mutual consent, and from mutual indifference, and had since associated on terms of somewhat formal acquaintanceship, my passionate and jealous nature had led me to brood at intervals over this memory with an angry suspicion, as unreasonable as it was despicable.

Not in her presence; no man could have looked in those pale eyes, listened to that clear voice, and doubted her truth, her constancy, or singleness of heart. But it was now many weeks since I had parted with her, and just that morning I was vexed and irritated with business matters, with the non-appearance of the letter I had expected, and the probability of having to remain some time longer away from home.

In fact, I was in that condition when even a slight cause will arouse a disproportionate fit of rage, and this vile, anonymous communication was just the torch to fire the magazine of my passion. So rushing back to my hotel, I seized pen and paper and wrote a furious letter, loading the woman whom I really loved so well, with every term of obloquy and reproach, repeating (without naming their source) the charges made in the anonymous letter, imperiously dissolving our engagement, and bidding Margaret make another effort to induce the miserable partner of her folly to shield her from its consequences. In short, I said everything that the twin friends anger and jealousy whispered in my ears, and when I had finished, folded and sealed the letter without daring to read it over.

The mail would not go till next morning, and all that night I chafed and fumed at thinking that the false woman whom I now hated more ardently than I had loved her, still believed me the dupe of herself and her accomplice.

Morning came at last. Rising from a sleepless bed I hastened to post my letter, and then striking off into the country I walked for hours, whither, I cared not nor saw, so busily did my own bitter heart hold me in converse.

Returning to the city towards noon, I once more passed the post-office, and half mechanically turned in. The mail from the east would have arrived, and I should probably receive a letter from my father, who had despatched me to the West as his agent in some very important business transactions.

"Two letters this mail, sir," said the same clerk who had spoken to me in the morning, as with a conciliatory smirk for which I could have knocked him down, be placed in my hand the expected despatch from my father, and with it another, whose very touch set my weary heart

throbbing with fresh passion and regret. A little white glossy envelope, directed in that square, strong, yet elegant handwriting I had so often admired.

"Shameless!" muttered I, crushing in my hand the letter I would have so fondly welcomed a few hours previously.

Thrusting both into my pocket, I hurried to my hotel, locked myself into my own room, and throwing my father's letter upon the table, tore open that of Margaret, and began indignantly to read it. But as in the Arabian story the imprisoned genii rising from the opened casket, takes shape and voice before the astonished eyes of him who had released him, so from that tiny opened letter exhaled the spirit of trust, and peace, and love, took shape and voice before me, and breathed into my eager heart a reproach, a pardon, a re-assurance. Long before I reached the end of those pages, filled with maiden love, with quiet confidence in me and in herself, with noble aspirations, and gentle deference to me, unworthy lord of that fair domain—a girl's pure heart—long before I reached that quiet promise ending all, "Your own till death and after,"—I had begun to shrink and blush at memory of the last twelve hours, to marvel at my own credulity, to sicken at the brutality of which I had been guilty. One sentence gave me the foundation of that vile calumny, if indeed it had a foundation.

"My father has been very ill for the last week," wrote the poor child. "So ill that my mother and I sat up with him for two nights, and the third Mr. Murray stayed part of the night, and Mary took his place early in the morning when he was obliged to leave, that he might catch the train for New York. This is the reason I have not written for some days, but now dear father is much better, and I will make up my deficiencies if you will stay away long enough."

I groaned aloud. Yes, this was all, and what had I been led on to do by the distortion of one simple fact? I recalled that mad letter line by line, and at every remembered insult I bowed my head lower and lower with humiliation and remorse.

The future, too, rose up before me. I knew Margaret so well, I was so thoroughly acquainted with the gentle firmness, the quiet self-respect of that finely wrought nature, that I knew for certainty if once those blasting insults met her eye, no contrition, no apology would suffice to replace me in my former position. That letter once received and I might never hope to call Margaret Winton mine. The conviction fell upon my heart with a terrible icy thrill, and at that moment I felt that life with all its chances could never bring me comfort or compensation

for the loss of that rich jewel I myself had so recklessly flung away.

"If once she reads those words," I repeated again and again, imagining the while her look when next we met, the stinging coldness of her voice, the repellant dignity of her air, and again and again I cursed my own folly.

"But it shall not be—it must not be—I will recover the letter before it reaches her if I buy it with life itself." And with this resolve, I began hastily to turn over in my mind the possibilities of accomplishing this purpose.

Could I by desperate haste reach Cragvale as soon as the mail, now some hours upon the road, and taking the letter from the office under pretence of delivering it, destroy it, and present myself instead? The plan was feasible, but as it took shape within my mind, my eyes fell upon my father's unopened missive.

Snatching it from the table, I hastily ran over its contents. As I had feared! The business which had led me a thousand miles from home, business so important that the credit, perhaps the very existence of our long established firm hung upon its successful completion, demanded my immediate presence at St. Louis, where I was to meet a person with whom to conclude the negotiation.

I could not hesitate. I had no right to place my private happiness in competition with the trust confided to me by my father. If I had made shipwreck of my own life, I had no right to risk for its recovery the prosperity and good repute dearer to my father than life itself.

Duty stood plainly before me, and her dictates should be obeyed. But the letter, the letter—I could not abandon all hope of its recovery. Suddenly, as thus I fiercely paced my chamber up and down, a desperate scheme flashed upon my mind, wild, rash, almost impracticable, but yet holding out a possibility of success, and fixing my eyes upon that possibility alone, I quickly took up my resolve.

The stage-coach carrying the mail (for railroads had not then reached the far West) would be twelve hours on the road making about six miles in every hour. Felix, my friend Molyneux's superb blood horse would easily carry me over twice the ground in the same time, and Felix was at my disposal as much as at that of his master.

I glanced at my watch—twelve o'clock already, before I could be in the saddle it would be one, and the mail coach leaving at nine would be twenty-four miles in advance. In the two hours I should give Felix to accomplish this distance the coach would gain twelve miles more, and at

another two hours, that is to say at five o'clock, having stopped to dine, change horses, etc., it would just be leaving Woodham, a little town some forty miles from the starting point, while I on my fleet steed having overtaken and passed the coach, might at the same hour be lying in wait, at a certain wild and solitary point about midway between Woodham and Franklin.

And what then? I hardly knew, but trusted to chance, resolution, and a certain facility of mine for adapting circumstances to my own necessities. Having once resolved upon my plan, I proceeded as rapidly as possible to action. Changing my clothes for an unnoticeable suit of gray, I thrust into my pocket a black silk mask that had lain in my trunk since the night when, on my way West, I had attended a masquerade party in New York. Why I had kept the thing I hardly knew, but now found it an invaluable accessory to my contemplated adventure.

Throwing over my arm a large loose riding coat somewhat heavy for the season, but still not enough so to excite remark, I quietly passed out of the house without encountering any of the servants, and hastening to Molyneux's office, fortunately found him alone. Without replying to his merry salutation, I quietly turned the key, and drawing a chair close beside that of my friend, disclosed to him my scheme, and asked the assistance of Felix. The jovial lawyer at first laughed heartily at my preposition, then as he found me serious, remonstrated, and finally came reluctantly over to my own view of the case.

"I'll keep your secret," said he, "that you may be sure of. But I wish you'd taken the horse and said nothing to me about it. It's a desperate business, and you stand about one chance in twenty of getting through with it safely. Jim Torrey drives the stage now, and has said more than once that if any man tried to stop his team, he'd shoot him as quick's he would a dog. You know it's been tried two or three times already."

"And succeeded, has'nt it?"

"Why, yes, generally. I know last year a client of mine lost a couple of thousand by a mail robbery just this side of Franklin. It was a check, and the fellow was smart enough to get it cashed and be off for California before my man could reach New York."

"What man has done, man can do."

"Ay, but Jim Torrey's another sort of a fellow from poor old Twiss who drove last year. Jim has pistols, and he knows how to use them, too."

"Then I shall buy Felix instead of borrowing him," said I, coolly.

"My horse is not for sale, nor my friendship, either," said the Western man, the angry flush springing to his cheek. "If you think I spoke on account of Felix when I warned you of danger, then you're not the man I took you for, John Blithewood."

"I don't think so, Molyneux, and I never doubted your friendship or your disinterestedness, but if there's danger in this affair, it is I who must encounter it, both in person and in property. The consciousness that I was risking the life of so valuable a horse as Felix, belonging to another person, would fetter all my movements."

"A pest on your punctilious scruples!" exclaimed my placable friend. "I'll agree then, if the beast is killed or materially injured, to take his price of you, without making mouths, but as for selling him beforehand, I won't, and that's flat."

"Very well, so let it be. Now how shall I get him?"

"Let us see. You don't want of course to be seen very extensively, so you'd better just step along the road, and I'll tell Jason to saddle the beast, and ride off in the same direction, as if to exercise him, or perhaps for an errand to —. Nobody will think anything of that, even if they notice him at all. Then when you come back some time towards morning, you'll find him just where you left him."

"But can we trust Jason, implicitly?"

"I'd trust that fellow with my life. I helped him when he arrived on the underground railroad, out of Kentuck, and there's no end to his gratitude. He's safe, you may depend."

"All right then. Good-by, Molyneux."

"Good-by my dear fellow, and better luck than you deserve."

So we parted, and I stepped along the stage-road, carefully avoiding all rencontres with such of my acquaintance as crossed my path, and sauntering carelessly along, till having cleared the town, I sat down by the roadside to wait for my steed.

Some fifteen minutes elapsed when the quick beat of hoofs heralded his approach, and the next moment Jason drew rein at my side, and touching his cap with an intelligent grin, slid lightly to the ground, and held the stirrup for me to mount.

"Think I shall find you here, Jason, when I return?" asked I, putting some silver into his yellow palm.

"Sare, sar, enny time fore morrer noon, sar," replied the mulatto, cheerfully, as, pocketing the *douceur*, he again touched his cap.

"Got anything to eat?"

"Plenty, sar, 'baccar, too, sar."

"O, well, you'll do, then. Good-by to you."

"Good-by, mas'r, an' good luck, too."

Loosening the reins, I touched Felix with my heel, and the noble fellow bounded away in that long elastic stride which covers the greatest amount of space with the least perceptible motion of any pace a horse can assume.

"Ah, this is delicious," I murmured, as the bright October air, laden with all the strong life of the prairie, swept by my fevered cheek, and my nerves growing calm beneath its influence, I began for the first time to reflect seriously upon the task I had undertaken.

The end proposed was plain enough—to obtain possession of that letter. But the means? was it not a simple highway robbery to which that fleet steed was harrying me on? would the law recognize any difference between my attempt and that of the merest mercenary highwayman? And even reconciling myself to this view of the case, was I at all sure of success? was my own arm sufficient even to arrest the four frightened horses, urged to speed as they might be by the fearless fellow who guided them, or should I sacrifice the life of one of them and so hamper the rest, there remained the passengers to assist Torrey in the ensuing struggle. And again, how many, and who were these passengers?

How reckless I had been not to inform myself upon this point. There might be half a dozen tall fellows, any one of whom would be a match for me without counting in the redoubtable Jim Torrey. But to these and kindred suggestions of sober, sound thought, I returned only a grim smile, seated myself more firmly in the saddle, and patted Felix's glossy neck.

One point only I yielded to prudence, and about ten miles from the town, I struck off from the direct route, and took a solitary road leading to some scattered settlements, and finally re-entering the stage road at a point between Woodham and Franklin, in fact very near the spot where I wished to encounter the coach. This road had the double disadvantage of being somewhat intricate and somewhat circuitous, but I had during the explorations of several weeks made myself tolerably familiar with the country, and for the few additional miles I felt that Felix had them in him, and would willingly put forth his strength to the last gasp in my service.

So we swept along through woods and over prairie stretches, searing the doe from her covert, the fox from his burrow, the timid hare from her form, appearing and disappearing before the hissing snake who basked upon the sunny road

or could hide in his fenny haunts, keeping pace with the wild bird who fled affrighted from that strange monster whose swift motion so nearly equalled her own. Through the shadow and through the sun, through swamps and streams, through deep dens where the sunbeams trembled down at noonday for a moment, and then withdrew, over summits and sweet plains where the gay light slept from morn till evening, and flowers and foliage smiled back again to the smiling skies above.

But fair or forbidding, gay or gloomy, neither horse nor rider paused to heed; our eager eyes, our throbbing hearts, yes, his as well as mine, pressed ever onward, onward, forward, forward. Only when at rare intervals we passed a woodland hut, with haggard women and sunburned children peering from door and window at the apparition of a stranger, only then did we slacken our speed, and subdue our wild gallop to the sober trot besitting a casual traveller. And so sped the golden autumn afternoon, until, as I approached the point where my path debouched into the main road, the hands of my watch pointed to five o'clock.

"The mail must just be leaving Woodham, and will be here in less than half an hour," as, drawing rein, I took a general survey of the position, and rapidly resolved upon my line of action.

At the left hand, looking toward Woodham, rose a long, steep hill, and I now remembered that its descent upon the other side was still more precipitous, and that it was customary for the driver to dismount and walk up it, in company with his male passengers, both for the sake of his cattle, and that he might be ready to adjust the drag necessary in descending the other side.

My position, then, should be on or near the crest of the hill, and my attack should be made just as the men were busy with the wheels, for not only would their attention be for the moment absorbed in that operation, but the horses would be stationary, and Jim Torrey, deprived of his vantage ground, the box, would become a less formidable antagonist. Felix must, however, be first disposed of, for not only might his vicinity prematurely betray my presence, but his own safety of life and limb would be jeopardized, and even in that anxious moment I half smiled at recalling an old Revolutionary anecdote often narrated by my father.

It was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and the British cannon trained upon the neck or causeway leading from Charlestown thither were raking it with murderous discharges, when an honest farmer, just arrived from out of the back

country, dismounted from his old dobbin, and securing the bridle upon his neck, turned him homeward, and with a smart slap upon the haunches bade him "begone."

"Why, friend," exclaimed a comrade who witnessed the operation, "what are you about? The beast will take you over that causeway in half the time your own legs can, and more safely, too."

"I know that well enough," simply replied the old patriot; "but you see it's a borrowed horse, and whatever I may do myself, it would surely be unconscionable to take neighbor Jones's Bill into such a fire as that."

So dismounting from my neighbor's horse, I led him to a close thicket near at hand, and tying him securely in a spot where he might crop the short sweet grass that would, I thought, allay both thirst and hunger, I covered him with my own inner coat, lest he should take cold after his violent exercise, patted the proud neck that arched itself to my caress, and even thanked in words the noble creature who had so far done me so good service.

Then wrapping the loose top coat before described about my person, I slung the heavily loaded riding-whip upon my wrist, and hastily made my way toward the spot I had selected as my ambush. This was a dense copse of shrubby woods covering the summit of the hill, and extending down a short distance upon either side.

Here I closely hid myself as near the road as was practicable, and having carefully examined my revolver (for though I would have shed no blood in such a cause, I relied upon the weapon as a useful menace), I adjusted the mask to my face, and waited the final scene of the melodrama in which I had assumed the role of a highwayman bold.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and I was growing restless and uneasy, when just as my watch was returning to my pocket for the thirtieth time, at least, the distant rumble of wheels mixed itself with the woodland sounds that had in the last few moments driven me well nigh crazy with their ceaseless iteration.

Bending eagerly forward, I listened with every faculty strained to the utmost. It was approaching rapidly, I distinguished the rattle of the wheels, the tramp of the horses, and finally, a round, full laugh (from Jim Torrey's lips I felt sure) came rollicking across the intervening valley, and up the steep acclivity.

It was then, and with that laugh the blow fell, and the two remain connected in my mind like the crack of the rifle and the fierce sting with which the bullet probes its living mark. A full,

heavy, swinging blow, aimed at the temple, but by God's grace, and my own sudden movement, diverted to a less dangerous portion of the head, and consequently only stunning, not murderous, as it was intended.

It beat me to the ground, however, and I lay motionless, senseless, I suppose during some moments, for my next recollection is of raising a head so dazed and tortured with pain, that it hardly seemed my own, and staring stupidly out into the road where a sharp contest was in progress, between one prostrate man, whom I duly recognised as Jim Torrey, and two others with blackened faces, and white frocks drawn over their clothes by way of disguise.

One horse lay dead upon the road, his mate still struggled in the harness, and a far-off regular beat gradually diminishing, which I remember to have heard, but did not speculate upon, must have been the retreating footsteps of the other two.

Crouching within the coach, and peeping timidly from its doors and windows, two or three children watched alternately the fight and the efforts of an old man, who, kneeling beside the motionless body of a woman, feebly chafed her hands and called upon her name with servile lamentation and despair. All this I saw and understood after a fashion, but it was in the stupid and unsympathetic fashion of an idiot, who watches passing events, but never makes them his own.

"That woman has fainted, and her old father thinks she's dead," I remember saying to myself, and then dropping my head upon my arm I seemed to suddenly fall asleep.

This stupor must have been succeeded by a brief delirium, for my next recollection is of finding myself seated upon the dead horse, and laughing frantically, at the same time pressing both hands upon my head which seemed to be so monstrously enlarged that it was in danger of bursting asunder. This paroxysm subsided, my scattered wits began to rally in their old home, bringing each a disjointed memory or speculation from which I laboriously picked out the history of the last hour.

"Yes, it must have been," painfully argued I, "that while waiting for the mail, I was surprised by those two fellows, more scientific highway-men than myself, who finding me in their way, summarily put me out of it, not much caring whether the quietus administered proved temporary or perpetual in its effect."

Then suddenly recalling the struggle I had witnessed, I began lazily to wonder how it had terminated, and finally raising my heavy head,

and opening my hitherto closed eyes, I began to look about.

Close behind me stood the coach, empty, and with its swinging door and flapping curtains, looking as deserted and forlorn as if it had stood for years in that lonely spot; fragments of clothing, and of the harness lay scattered around; the dead horse lay as he had fallen, but just beyond him I now noticed for the first time a confused white mass, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be the dead body of one of the robbers, the blood still oozing from a bullet hole in the centre of his villainous forehead.

"Yes, yes, Jim—Jim, what's his name, killed him," argued the strange stupid man, whom I could not quite believe to be myself, but who stood beside me or within me, looking through my eyes at that ghastly corpse.

"And where's Jim now?"

Again the clogged machinery within began its labors, and finally evolved the conviction that the driver having killed one of his antagonists, had either captured the other or driven him away, and that Jim with his surviving horse, and his helpless passengers had gone back to Woodham for assistance in securing the property he had so valiantly defended.

But at this point of my reflections, my eyes fell upon an object that suddenly aroused and revived my scattered faculties in a manner I should not have supposed possible a few moments previously. This was the mail bag, and seeing it, the whole purpose of my late wild scheme rushed back upon my mind.

The bag lay close beside the dead man, in fact partially hidden beneath his frock, and a few inches from his stiffened hand glistened one of those formidable knives that play so terrible a part in most western encounters. Snatching the knife, destined by its owner for a bloodier use, I dragged away the bag from its horrible vicinage, and with a rapid cut laid open its leathern side, and poured its contents upon the ground.

Where was it—could it be lost—had it, after all, escaped me, and would she see it in spite of my desperate efforts? Ah, I had found it at last, lurking so spitefully in the rent bag, hoping yet to elude my search and do its devil's errand. Eagerly by the waning light I read and re-read that address, and dear as was to me the name of Margaret Winton, never before had it given me such pleasure, no, not even when I read it fairly signed at the foot of her acceptance of my offer of marriage.

Placing it at last securely in my pocket, I hastily collected and returned to the bag the letters I had so recklessly scattered in my eager

search. Then, not without a shudder, I re-placed it beneath the dead man's arm, laid the knife beside it, and hastened from the spot now rendered doubly gloomy by the fast thickening shadows of the night.

With some difficulty, and many weary pauses, I reached the spot where Felix patiently awaited me, and it was long before, with strangely trembling hands, I succeeded in re-arranging his equipments, and leading him through the dim woodland to the road, where I was obliged to seek a convenient wayside rock from which to mount.

Surely, never before did horse display such human intelligence, such more than ordinary human sympathy, as did that horse in bearing me over those weary agonizing miles, so lightly and swiftly passed a few hours earlier. Not once did he attempt those caracoles, curvets, and side-long bounds in which his heart delighted; for the first time in all my experience of his paces he selected a canter (that most luxurious but most effeminate of motions) varied with an amble smoother than that of an abbot's mule. Once or twice as a word from me he broke into the slight gallop of the morning, but I could not bear the exertion, and with a groan, and a tremulous pull upon the rein acknowledged as much, when Felix, checking himself at once, would significantly shake his head and twitch his ears, as much as to say:

"There, I could have told you it wouldn't do."

Then how cautiously he picked his way across the ravines and water courses that intersected our path, he who in the morning had bounded along, seeming to care no more where his feet alighted than an India-rubber ball might have done, and with as little need of care. How daintily he trod along the turf edges of the road, and how noiselessly he passed the cabins where inmates could not have been aroused from lightest slumbers by his step.

How quickly and submissively he obeyed the tremulous voice and hand with which I sometimes foolishly sought to guide him, he, the fiery charger whom I had once seen when a brutal groom sought to chastise him, erect his head, and with glaring eyes, and lips curled away from his gleaming teeth, spring upon the fellow with a cry of indescribable rage, and seizing him by the clothes, shake him as a dog shakes a rat. Then, when all present fearfully looked to see him trample the life out of the poor wretch, he contemptuously dropped him, and turned away with an air of cool indifference that would have made the fortune of a diplomat.

O, Felix! If, as I fondly believe and hope,

noble brutes as well as ignoble men have souls, and shall enjoy an immortality of their own, may your lot and mine be cast together in those green fields where you so well deserve to feed. For life has brought to me few truer friends than you in that night proved yourself.

Day was dawning when the cessation of motion aroused me from a heavy doze.

"Go on, Felix," muttered I, without raising my head from its resting place upon his neck.

"Has you got hurt, mas'r?" asked an anxious voice, and with some little difficulty I recognized Jason, looking very yellow in the wan light, for the faithful fellow had neither slept nor rested all those long hours.

"Yes, my good boy," said I, feebly, "I am hurt, and you must take me quietly through the back streets to your master's house. The people wout be up yet?"

"No, massa, or if dey is, jes perk up yer head, and cover up yer face wid yer cloak, an' nobody wout know who you are."

Fortunately, however, no occasion offered for testing the efficacy of Jason's counsel, the household being still invisible when we quietly entered the stables by a rear entrance, and having placed Felix in his comfortable stall, an operation I insisted upon witnessing, Jason the discreet, unlocked a private door, and led me through a long corridor straight to his master's private apartment. Leaving me in the dressing-room, he entered the bedchamber, and in another moment Molyneux himself appeared, denuded indeed of most of his artificial raiment, but fully clothed in that perpetual garb of warmest friendship and most eager hospitality never laid aside by him.

"So lucky that you thought of coming here," exclaimed he, while helping me to undress and get into his own bed. "No one on earth need know you're here if you don't want 'em to, for Jason does all that's done in these rooms, and the other servants wout suspect anything, or if they do, Jake will have a dozen lies ready for them at the first hint. There, don't say a word. Never mind the story now, by-and-by you'll feel better, and then we'll talk it all over. Go to sleep now, and sleep like a top, your broken head don't need any surgeon, a little sponging and a bit of plaster will set all that to rights, and tell no tales."

"One moment, Molyneux, before you leave me. Will you take a letter from the breast-pocket of my coat, and burn it here in the fireplace? I can't sleep till that's done."

"So you got it, did you? Yes, yes, we'll burn it fast enough. Here it is, and here it goes, smoke, flame, and a bit of tinder. That's all?"

"All. Thank you—for everything."

"Stuff. Goodnight, old fellow. When you wake up, we'll have a good cup of coffee ready for you, and after that you'll be as well as ever you were."

The door had hardly closed when I was asleep, nor did I turn over, or even dream for ten mortal hours. At the end of that time I quietly awoke, once more my own man. At my bedside stood a small table with a bell upon it, and taking the hint, I rang.

Prompt at the summons, Jason appeared, bearing on his arm linen and clothes which he had obtained from my lodgings, telling the servants there, that I had spent the night with his master, and we had had such a good time that I was hardly able to come home for the present.

Half-amused, and half-provoked at the imputation upon my sobriety, thus artfully set afloat by the cunning valet, I made no comment in words, but allowed him to bathe and dress my wound, and was well pleased to find that, thanks to my luxuriant hair, he was able entirely to conceal this ugly witness of my late adventure. Just as my toilet was satisfactorily concluded, Molyneux cautiously peeped in at the door, and seeing me up, entered, and heartily congratulated me upon the improvement in my appearance.

"And now, my dear fellow, when you have taken some coffee (Jason, you rascal, be off and make it), do let me have your version of last night's adventure, for my brain is fairly crased with the conflicting stories I have heard to-day, including one from Jim Torrey himself, who declares that he was assaulted by two men, both of whom he knows perfectly well, that he killed one and left the other in jail at Franklin. Some say the mail-bag was stolen altogether, some that it was cut open and all the money letters taken, some that it wasn't touched at all. Jim Torrey, I understand, won't say anything about it at present, but intimates that he could say something to the purpose if he chose. Your name has not been whispered in connection with the affair, and I discovered while dropping in at the — House, that Jake has given them the idea there, that both you and I were off on a regular high-go last night, and that he had to get us home and put us both to bed this morning. The fact is, that I was out pretty late last night, and no one knows where I was."

Taking compassion upon my friend's evident condition of anxiety and impatience, I at once began my story, and related as succinctly, and yet as truly as I could remember them, the details of the past night's adventures, not forgetting due praise to Jason and to Felix. Just as I finished,

Jason appeared with the breakfast tray, and I proceeded to take the refreshment I so much needed.

"Well, now, aren't you the luckiest dog that ever lived?" asked Molyneux, when we were once more alone.

"Think I am, just now, certainly," said I, swallowing the first bit of a delicious omelet.

"Ha, ha, well, I'm thankful you have an appetite. But here you've put those two poor rogues forward, a perfect pair of cat's paws, as it's turned out, and they've pulled the chestnut out of the fire entirely for your benefit."

"If they pulled it out, it's you that have put it back—the poor chestnut," said I, laughing.

"Yes, yes, I'm but another cat's paw, I see. They stole the goods and I received and destroyed it. The receiver's as bad as the thief, eh?"

So we laughed together, a little nervously, too, and then after a few hours' more quiet talk, I returned to my hotel, Jason having first been sent out, a sable dove, to bring intelligence of the progress of events, and having reported all safe.

The next morning I started upon my trip to St. Louis, and had the satisfaction of there arranging my business matters even better than I had hoped, so well, indeed, that I felt justified on the strength of the partnership my father had promised on my return, in taking Cragvale on my way home, and insisting upon Margaret's naming an early day for our wedding.

Of my mail robbing adventure nothing further ever came, except that Molyneux, whenever he comes to visit us (he is a prime favorite with Margaret and the children), tells with great glee, of Jim Torrey's fright and bewilderment, when, on returning to the coach, he found that the dead man had come to life, cut open the mail-bag, and died again, during his absence.

A FLATTERING LIKENESS.

A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Mons. du Chailu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western country of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place, and a boy having been entrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed; so he threw down the letter and ran off. On his way down the avenue the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. "I had a letter for you, sir," says the boy. "Well, give it to me." "Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir," replied the trembling laddie. "My son, you little rascal; I have no son." "Well, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco leak o' yoursell."

The Florist.

Weak with nice sense the chaotic Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her tender hands
Off, as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarmed, she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels, alive through all her tender form,
The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails, with freshened charms, the rising light.

DR. DARWIN.

Sensitive Plant.

This is a well-known annual from Brazil. It succeeds in the border during the summer months, if the seed is sown in March or April in a hotbed, and the plants forwarded in pots, and turned out in June. Thus treated, it will flourish, and ripen seeds in favorable seasons, and grow to a large size. This singular plant calls forth universal admiration. It has been a puzzle to many a philosopher. The cause of its sensitiveness has lately been more satisfactorily explained, yet it is still shrouded in mystery. The plant is most irritable in the greatest heat.

Maurandia Barclayana.

This is an elegant greenhouse climbing perennial, but may be raised from seed, and brought forward in a frame, so as to flower profusely from August to October, or till severe frosts later in the season. Plants may be had at most greenhouses at small expense, which, put out in the border with a little frame to which to attach its tendrils, will be loaded with its rich purple, foxglove-shaped flowers every day through the season. There are a number of other varieties, all handsome. The plants will grow from five to ten feet high.

Climbing Lophosper.

This beautiful climber is properly a greenhouse perennial, but is sometimes cultivated as an annual; the plants flowering the first year in the open ground, if they have been forwarded in the hotbed. The flowers are funnel-shaped, two inches or more in length, of a dull purple. There are a number of other varieties, with purple or crimson flowers. This beautiful climber is found growing over bushes, making a splendid appearance, in the valley of Mexico. A variety, or species, with white flowers, was discovered in the same location.

Lorey's Bell-Flower.

A hardy annual, of easy culture, thriving in almost any kind of soil, sowing itself, so that an abundance of plants are found the following year. It is dwarfish in its habits, and highly ornamental. It has large expanded blossoms, of a deep blue or white, which continue to be produced in succession through the summer and autumn months.

Grand Flowering Malope.

This very showy plant is of the mallow tribe; grows two feet to two feet six inches high. The flowers are produced in great abundance, and being of a fine rosy-crimson, make a very gay appearance, rendering it a desirable plant for giving a distant attracting effect. It blooms from June to the end of October, unless cut off by frost.

Petunia.

Petunia Phœnicia. An ever-blooming hardy annual, now well-known, but not many years an inhabitant of our flower-gardens. Flowers purple; from June to November. *P. nictagyniflora* has large white flowers, coarser in its growth than the last, but of the same spreading habit. From these two species have been produced innumerable improved varieties, which can be perpetuated only by cuttings or layers, and kept in the greenhouse through the winter. Seedlings will vary essentially from the parent plant. These varieties are various shades of white, rose or light purple, beautifully veined, striped or shaded with crimson or purple, with dark throats. Single plants should be trained to a trellis or frame-work, and will grow three or four feet high. Planted in masses, they present an ever-blooming, beautiful sight. The plants are repulsive to the smell, and unpleasant to the touch, as the stems and leaves are covered with a viscid substance.

Evening Primrose.

A family of plants which open their blossoms as dew begins to fall, and generally handsome border flowers. Great-flowered Evening Primrose is a handsome border annual, with yellow flowers, from July to October. Four feet high. A native of North America.—Night-smelling Primrose. An elegant half-hardy biennial from the Cape of Good Hope. Flowers profusely the first season, and may be considered and treated in open air culture as a hardy annual, having a succession of yellow flowers from July to October. Two feet high.—White-flowered Evening Primrose. A very beautiful prostrate-growing, hardy annual from Mexico. One foot high, with a succession of pure white flowers from July to September, which make their appearance after the sun has descended the horizon, and perish before it rises in the morning.

Phlox.

The only annual phlox with which we are acquainted is *Phlox Drummondii*, and this, in all its varieties, is worthy of a place in every garden. It is perfectly hardy. When planted in masses, no plant is more showy. The varieties are scarlet, crimson, purple, white and pink, variegated with all intermediate shades. It grows about one foot high. If the plants are put out six inches distant from each other, they will form a compact mass, and amply repay all the care and trouble of cultivation.

Forget-me-not.

Myosotis—so named from Greek words signifying a "rat's ear." Its oval, velvety leaves are like the ear of a rat or mouse.—*M. arvensis* is a well known sensitive plant, bearing very delicate blue flowers, with white and yellow eyes, in little spikes or clusters, most of the season; six inches high. It flourishes best in a moist, shady place. Propagated freely from seeds. Autumn-sown plants succeed best.

The Housewife.

Lady Weld's Pudding.

Select a very shallow, small pie-dish, line it with some good pie-paste, fill it with some delicate preserve—strawberry or apricot preferred—cover with the paste, as if for baking, and boil till quite done; it will not take quite so long as a fruit pudding, as the dish is so shallow. It is, in fact, a boiled tart, but is singularly delicious, and for a century was only seen at the tables of the Welds, of Sulworth Castle.

Stone Cream.

This can be made to perfection in the following simple manner:—Put a thick layer of green gage, apricot, or any other jam, at the bottom of a glass dish, boil an ounce of kinglass in a pint of cream, or milk, if for home use, sweeten to your own taste, pour it over the jam, and when cold it will be quite solid, and a deliciously sweet dish.

Lemon Sherbet.

The fragrant essence of the rind of three or four lemons, obtained by the following process—After clearing off every speck on the outer rind of the fruit, break off a large piece of loaf-sugar, and rub the lemon on it till the yellow rind is completely absorbed; loaf-sugar, four ounces; juice of three or four lemons; water, one quart.

Peeling Potatoes.

All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains but little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction, "Pare thin the potato skin."

Stopping Leaks in Roofs.

A correspondent recommends the following:—Take four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, simmer together, and apply while hot. We have no doubt it is an excellent recipe, and the cement may be applied to other purposes.

Plain Cake.

Four pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, and half a pound of butter, with clove, caraway and coriander seeds to the taste, together with grated lemon peel; wet it with milk and half a pint of yeast.

Tapioca Pudding.

Take one teacupful of tapioca to three pints of water; let it stand two hours; slice apples enough to fill a baking-pan, and pour over it the tapioca; bake one hour, and eat with a sauce.

Trifle.

Put slices of sponge cake in the bottom of a glass dish; on this put thin slices of citron, or apples preserved. Pour over this a boiled custard, and on the top put a whip.

Strawberry Jelly.

Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small proportion will require much less time.

Butter Cakes.

To half a pound of butter add the same quantity of brown sugar, three eggs, the rind of two lemons, quarter of an ounce of pounded cinnamon, and half the quantity of powdered ginger; work into it as much flour as will make it a paste; cut it into shapes, or leave it whole, and strew over the top some pounded almonds and candied orange-peel. Bake in a slow oven.

Raspberry Jam.

Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in at first.

To preserve Meat in Summer.

Coating meat with dry wheaten flour will retain it sweet for a threefold lengthened period, even in tropical climates, the flour acting as an isolator against air and moisture. Decomposition will not occur at the temperature of freezing—this proves the great advantage of ice-chests for the preservation of food.

Macaroons.

Blanch four ounces of almonds, and pound with four spoonfuls of orange-flower water; whisk the whites of four eggs to a froth, then mix it and one pound of sugar sifted, with the almonds to a paste; and, laying a sheet of wafer-paper on a tin, put it on in different little cakes the shape of macaroons.

Strawberries stewed for Tarts.

Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff-paste.

Jumbles.

To one and a quarter pounds of butter, well creamed, put one pound of sugar and three eggs beaten well together, one and a half pound of sifted flour, and two spoonfuls of rose-water; mix these well together, and with a fork drop them on a tin, and bake in a quick oven.

Curious Matters.

A singular Character.

Hannah Snell was born at Worcester, England, in 1723. At twenty, being an orphan, she married a Dutch sailor, who soon abandoned her. Without any resources, she took the strange resolution of putting on male attire and enlisting as a soldier. After a few months, the arrival of a young recruit from Worcester making her dread detection, she deserted, and enlisted as a marine on board one of the vessels of Admiral Boscawen's fleet, bound for the East Indies. She manifested her activity, presence of mind and courage during many tempests and in several engagements. At Pondicherry she was dangerously wounded, and to avoid discovery extracted the ball herself. After having been exposed to many dangers, she returned to England, where her adventures soon became known. The government gave her a pension of £20. She ended her days in an inn, near Wapping.

A large Saw-Mill.

An exchange paper thus describes a monstrous saw-mill at Orono, Maine:—"The little village of Orono, on the Penobscot River, about eight miles above Bangor, contains a saw-mill, which is not only the largest on the river, but probably the largest in the world. It takes one hundred men to run it, and is called the 'Basin Mill.' It is situated between an island on the Penobscot and the right bank of the river, and extends nearly across the stream, its length being 450 feet, and its breadth 65 feet. There are in this mill four gang-saws, eight upright saws, two large circulars, two lath machines, one clapboard machine, and one shingle machine—all propelled by water-power. The capacity of this mill is thirty millions of lumber each season."

Curious.

A person belonging to Grangemouth, England, in getting change for a shilling, was struck with something uncommon in one of the pence. On examination, it was found that the obverse and reverse of the coin were divided, but united with a fine screw. Being opened, a half-penny was enclosed, which was also divided; being opened, a farthing was enclosed, and also divided; and being opened, a half-farthing was enclosed. This elaborate penny is the same as the old heavy penny of George III.; date, 1799.

A Swarm of Bees on a Man's Head.

A most singular incident occurred in Bridgewater a short time since, illustrating the peculiar habits of bees. Mr. A. P. Benson, noticing an unusual stir among his hives, proceeded to examine into the cause, whereupon an entire swarm withdrew from their old hive, and settled upon his head and shoulders. Mr. B., without any serious inconvenience, succeeded in transferring the swarm safely to a new hive.

Curiosities of Nature.

Among the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called the itch, is illustrated by an engraving half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the ocean, preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

Remarkable Discovery.

A scientific person by the name of Monturiol, living in or near Madrid, has, it appears, overcome the great natural obstacle of human respiration below the surface of the water, without communication with the atmosphere, by appliances of art which constitutes the secret of his invention in the submarine boat or ship, which he denominates the "Ictineo." The navigator of the machine and the crew can subsist for any length of time desirable below the surface, and the generation of atmospheric air goes on as fast as is required for use; they can elevate or depress at pleasure, and move in any direction they choose, and the machine may be large or small, to float upon the surface or dive to the bottom of the ocean.

A Smuggler's Trick.

A novel way of smuggling is reported in the French papers. A watchmaker of Alençon having lately offered some Swiss watches at exceedingly low prices, was asked how he could afford to sell them so cheap. "O, that is simple enough," he replied; "I bought them of a wild beast showman who had just come from Switzerland." Before leaving Geneva he bought a quantity of watches, which he concealed under the litter of his lion's cage. It is hardly necessary to mention that the custom-house officers at the frontier did not venture to search there for contraband goods.

Curious Invention.

Among the other curious instruments exhibited in the Philosophical Instrument Department in the London Great Exhibition, is a machine, exhibited by Mr. Peters, for microscopic writing. With this machine of Mr. Peters', it is stated that the words "Matthew Marshall, Bank of England," can be written in the two and a half millionth of an inch in length; and it is actually stated that calculations made on this data show that the whole Bible can be written twenty-two times in the space of a square inch.

A queer Story.

A short time since a citizen of Philadelphia, in order to prevent his creditors from getting his property, signed off some \$20,000 in real estate to his stepsons. Stepsons had deeds recorded, and in about three days had real estate converted into money, without stepfather knowing anything of the matter. Having converted real estate into money, stepsons started for the West, leaving stepfather to "grin and bear it" as best he can. Stepfather having put all his property out of his hands, now finds himself without sufficient funds to go in pursuit of stepsons. It now looks as if stepsons had sold stepfather, and got stepfather into a tight place. Stepfather begins to think that he might better have settled with his creditors. In endeavoring to be "smart," he has reduced himself to two shirts and a bootjack.

Strange Freaks of a Lunatic.

A German named Metzke, residing in West Rutland, Vt., a man of high education and highly respectable connections, has recently been engaged in the production of a National Air. He is said to have produced a piece of remarkable merit, which is about to be produced at the Academy of Music at New York. But this effort, it is alleged, has affected his reason, and he recently passed through Albany on his way to his home, in charge of his friends, entirely bereft of his reason. He imagines that the governors of all the States are interesting themselves in making his a popular national thing.

A Second Moses.

A Harrisburg paper states that during the recent terribest freshet a cradle was seen coming down the rushing waters near Manadaville, and being suspected of containing something, it was watched by several persons for three or four miles, expecting it would at some part of its journey come near enough to the shore that it would be safe in venturing after in a boat. At last, at a bend in the swollen stream, the cradle came sufficiently near to be secured, when lo! and behold, upon lifting up a light covering, a beautiful babe looked up and smiled.

Death from the Smoker's Cancer.

The Salem Observer learns from a reliable source that a case of death by cancer in the mouth and throat recently occurred in a neighboring State, which was no doubt caused by excessive smoking. The deceased was a gentleman highly respected and esteemed for his many virtues. His sufferings were most dreadful; at last the cancer, eating into the jugular vein, soon terminated his life.

A Dwarf.

Barnum has found somewhere in Ohio a remarkable male dwarf, which, although eight months old, weighs but one pound and seven ounces. A man's finger-ring would go over its hand to the elbow, or over its foot to the knee. The mother of the child is a healthy woman, and has other children of the ordinary size.

The House Fly.

The formation of the wings of a fly is curious, enabling it to attain a velocity of from thirty to thirty-five feet in a second. In this space of time a race-horse would clear only ninety feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile per minute. Now, our little fly in her swiftest flight will in the same space of time go more than a third of a mile. If, therefore, we compare the infinite difference in the size of the two animals, how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear! The foot of a fly is equally curious. It is subdivided into five joints, the final one being furnished with that remarkable apparatus which enables the insect to walk upon what appears to us perfectly smooth or polished surfaces, and also to progress in a position opposite to the laws of gravity.

A French Fire-King.

A Paris letter states that a curious exhibition takes place every evening at the Rue Ville Just and the Avenue de St. Cloud. In a small field there is situated a wooden house, covered with pitch and other combustible matters, which is erected daily, and set fire to at about eight o'clock each evening. The flames in the course of a few moments reach a gigantic height; and when they are most ardent, a man jumps into the midst of them, rolls about, and pulls down blazing rafters, which he carries away. This salamander can stay in the fire from five to seven minutes. When he comes out, the clothes which enable him to do so smoke like a steam engine; they are said to be made of asbestos, covered with sponges freshly imbued in some chemical preparation.

A Fat Man.

The Middleborough Gazette tells of a man in the almshouse of that town, said to weigh over three hundred pounds. Not long since he was quite sick, and the physician prescribed a very light diet; he was therefore furnished with as much rice as could be placed on a large dining-plate, together with six crackers, every morning, noon and night, but after trying it a day or two he rebelled, declaring that it was impossible to keep from starving on such short rations. He cannot raise himself from a reclining posture without assistance. Last winter he caught a fall, and it required the united assistance of two men with levers and blocks, to get him on his feet again!

Antiquity of Gunpowder.

The first Englishman who mentioned gunpowder is Roger Bacon, who, about the year 1274, described it as then in common use all over the world for making squibs to amuse children. It is mentioned by Philostratus, 355 years before Christ; and in the code of Hindoo laws it is referred to a period coincident with the time of Moses. The military use of rockets in the armies of India reaches to a period beyond record.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TO PROMOTE HEALTH.

Instead of multiplying rules for preserving the health of the sedentary, we shall recommend to them the following general plan, viz., that every person who follows sedentary employment should cultivate a piece of ground with his own hands. This he might dig, plant, sow, and weed at leisure hours, so as to make it both an exercise and an amusement, while it produces many of the necessities of life. After working an hour in the garden, a man will return to his employment within doors with more keenness than if he had been all that time idle. Tilling the ground is in every way conducive to health. It not only gives exercise to every part of the body, but the very smell of the earth and fresh herbs revives and cheers the spirits, whilst the prospect of something coming to maturity delights and entertains the mind. We are so formed as to be always pleased with something in prospect, however distant and trivial. Hence the happiness that most men feel in planting, sowing, building, etc. These seem to have been the employments of the more early ages; and when kings and conquerors cultivated the ground there is reason to believe that they knew as well wherein true happiness consisted as we do.

GREAT VIRTUES.—Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass when he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

A MODEL WIFE.—A preacher, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up all her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat without muttering."

SLEEP.—A distinguished writer says that in sleep we are especially open to heavenly influences. How about the nightmare?

SMART MAN.—The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman, has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.

ADVERSITY RIGHTLY CONSIDERED.

In the matter of rightly construing the casualties of life, we often hear people, while smarting under the affliction of the moment, question the wisdom of Divine Providence in sending adversity among men, instead of standing up man-fashion to bear the worst with cheerfulness. Let such people pause for a moment and think. Doth not adversity detect the coward heart, and expose it to view? doth it not draw out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, spurring on the cunning of invention? doth it not put the modest to the necessity of trying their skill to do something for themselves? doth it not awe the opulent, and bend the pride of the self-righteous? does it not make the idle industrious, and purify the heart of all? Then say not that adversity is useless. Afflictions are sent, doubtless, to purge the moral system, and are not unlike to certain medicines, easily taken if wrapped up in the sweets of patience; but if a person is so foolish as to sit down and *chew upon them*, they are bitter and disgusting enough. What a lively, good-humored man is he who bears the ills of life as if they were blessings, and seems to take the rough and smooth with an unchanging countenance! This sort of unbending philosophy is the best gift that Nature can bestow upon her children; it lightens the burden of care, and turns every sable and ghastly hue of memory to bright and splendid colors. The happiness of a lifetime is made up of little pleasures, common blessings, and joyful moments—all very trifling to look at, singly and alone. But he who waits for happiness until everything around him turns to his will, waits long and fruitlessly. Yet we would not have our readers try too hard to be happy; you may err as well in this way as in the opposite extreme. Many people run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head, or in his hand, all the time!

WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE?—Gold, say the business reports, is heavy. Well, the heavier the better, isn't it?

CRITICAL.—Lord Nelson was the author of the slang phrase, "I don't see it!"

FARMING.

While there are some persons who see nothing in farming but wearying, uninteresting toil, there are others so fond of agriculture that they would not exchange the occupation of tilling the soil for any other calling on earth. While some paint the pursuit in gloomiest colors, others exaggerate and laud it to the skies. Both the laudators and detractors of farming have done their cause great injury; and the truth, as is usual in such cases, lies between the two extremes. With regard to the question of profit, too, some assert that farming impoverishes a man—others, that it is a sure road to wealth. Both parties have their illustrations in isolated cases, exceptions to a general rule, and not authorities themselves. No man who ever managed what might be called a farm, judiciously and intelligently, ever came to want; for the promise of the Scriptures that "seed-time and harvest should never fail," is unlimited, and applies to the world of to-day, as well as to the generation to whom it was uttered.

There are undoubtedly bad seasons, in which, from drought or from rain, from unseasonable frost, or from some plague of insects, the crops throughout an entire agricultural region may fail; but the abundance of one year compensates for the dearth of another, and the average returns yield a satisfactory interest on the investments in capital and labor. Because, however, a few men have made fortunes in farming, it does not follow that all who embark in the calling will be equally successful. It is the same as in all other pursuits of life—success is various. Let us, avoiding extremes, look calmly at the subject. Farming involves severe bodily toil; this cannot be denied; but it is equally undeniable that corporeal labor, when not excessive, is not an evil. It is the condition for the enjoyment of health, the true comfort of life; for the healthy intellect and the healthy frame are mutually dependent. Now, if we look at the statistics, which stare us in the face with all the force of figures that cannot be looked out of countenance, we shall find that the average duration of life among farmers is far greater than that of any other class of men.

This longevity is not a diseased protraction of life; the aged farmer is usually hale and hearty, and his eyes, like that of Shakspeare's old man, is "like a lusty winter—frosty, but kindly." If the farmer has toiled hard at ploughing and planting, his eyes are soon gladdened by the stores with which Nature so amply repays the rustic laborer. The fruit trees richly laden with tempting fruit, large fields of Indian corn, with

its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty puddings, and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair, round proportions to the sun, and giving ample promise of the most luxuriant of pies, all greet his eyes. But it is not mere physical comfort that the farmer derives from his occupation; he secures that spirit of independence which renders the yeomanry of a country its sturdiest and most intelligent defenders. Brought into intimate communion with Nature, her gentle yet powerful influences strengthen and ennoble his soul. He is not necessarily an unlettered man, for he has ample time—during nearly six months of the year—for study and intellectual improvement; more time by far for general reading than the divine, the lawyer, the physician, or professional author. If the farmer so chooses, he may, indeed, render his toil dull and uninteresting; but if he illuminates his pathway by the light of science and art, and unites theory with practice, he will find that no occupation is more capable of interest and elevation.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSEHOLD.—Is any one curious about the number of servants in waiting upon Queen Victoria? It seems to be two hundred and twenty-two, since the queen, desirous that all her household should see the wonders of the Great Exhibition, has ordered the purchasing of two hundred and twenty-two tickets for their use.

OLD TIME SABBATH.—The original Sabbath in England, as established in A. D. 960, commenced on Saturday at three o'clock, and lasted till daybreak on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1606, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of parliament on every person absent from church on Sunday.

SUPERSTITION.—Many persons still believe that a ring made from the hinge of a coffin will cure the cramp, and that a halter wherewith a criminal has been hanged, if tied round the head, will cure the headache. Tight round the neck, it is an infallible cure.

THE FALL.—Horace Mann, on being asked if he believed in the fall of Adam, replied, "Yes, and not only in the fall of Adam, but in a perfect succession of cataracts from Adam all the way down."

JUST SO.—In a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven.

THE PRESS.

The mightiest engine of civilization in the present day is the press. It has tended, more than any other power, to produce those eventful changes in modern society and government which have taken place within a century. But a century and a half only has elapsed since the introduction of newspapers. At first their progress was slow, and their character but little elevated; but they have gradually come to be the instructors of the world in all that is important in public and private affairs, and even in art, literature and science. In England, the London Times wields a power not inferior to that of the throne itself. So intimately interwoven are the fortunes of a free press and the liberties of a nation, that the very first precautionary measure of an aspiring despot is the muzzling of editors and printers.

In Russia, in Austria, and in France, there is no such thing as a free press. The czar of the first and the emperor of the last agree in their efforts to emasculate and chain the press. The first Napoleon was afraid of its power and crushed it, and the second has so hedged it with restrictions and menaces that it is anything but free-spoken, a mere echo of the chief of government, a shadow without a substance. Periodical publications and newspapers have been established in the most remote parts of the world—in India, Iceland and the Cape of Good Hope. At Honolulu, a very handsome and well-filled paper is published, and we are constantly receiving some admirable specimen of typographical art and editorial ability from out-of-the-way places.

The United States is the *par excellence* for newspapers. Their number is legion. Almost every considerable village has its local press. In the youngest settlements, they start a newspaper when they build their first church and school-house, and plant their first cornfield. A peculiarity of the war with Mexico was the establishment of newspapers wherever our arms were carried. There were plenty of men in our armies who could handle the rifle and composing-stick with equal dexterity. "Does there happen to be a printer here?" asked poor dear old General Scott, on one occasion, when he wished to have a proclamation "set up." A printer! Fancy his simplicity. More than two hundred sturdy typos stepped two paces to the front at the summons. It is a matter of regret that papers were not established many centuries ago. What precious legacies to modern times would have been illustrated papers contemporary with the great events of the old world's history—an illustrated "gazette of Sparta, when Xerxes was on the Hellespont, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ!"

EASTERN TOKEN OF RESPECT.

A rider in the East was expected to dismount when he met a person of elevated rank. Under the influence of this ancient custom, the Egyptians dismount from their asses when they approach the tombs of their departed saints; and both Christians and Jews are obliged to submit to the same ceremony. Christians in that country must also dismount when they happen to meet with officers of the army. In Palestine, the Jews, who are not permitted to ride on horseback, are compelled to dismount from their asses and pass by a Mohammedan on foot. This explains the reason that Ahsah, the daughter of Caleb, and Abigail, the wife of Nabal, alighted from their asses; it was a mark of respect which the former owed to her father, and the latter to David, a person of high rank and growing renown. It was undoubtedly for the same reason that Rebekah alighted from the camel on which she rode, when the servant informed her that the stranger, whom she descried at a distance in the field, was his master; and that Naaman, the Syrian grandee, alighted from his chariot, at the approach of Gehazi, the servant of Elisha.

A TEACHER'S TESTIMONY.—A veteran teacher was asked how many pupils he had instructed in the fifty years of his labors. He replied: "I have instructed six thousand pupils. About fifty of these have become ministers of the gospel; as many more have become lawyers; a great number have become doctors and teachers; a much larger number still have become farmers and mechanics; four have been transported: two have been hanged; and—a good many more ought to be!"

CURE FOR LAZINESS.—The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper who is able refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast, that by briskly applying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

FECUNDITY OF NATURE.—It is said that there are 100,000 different kinds of plants existing in the earth, and 400,000 varieties of insects. The world of the sea is still more rich.

ARISTOCRATIC.—Fitzchamps, the retired butcher's son, wants to know if a duke before dinner says his grace to himself?

TO CAVALRY OFFICERS.—A dancing-master announces that he is ready to teach the "Lancers" in three lessons.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

People differ very much in the matter of taste, and what one nation considers a beauty in personal appearance, another would set down as a deformity. It is so in relation to other matters, manners and customs, style of dress, etc. It is not alone the "human form divine" that exhibits food for this great diversity of taste. Probably, however, there is no subject on which there is so much difference of opinion, "among the nations of the earth," as there is in the matter of what constitutes female beauty. A Broadway or Washington Street belle would make a sorry appearance in the bazaars of Constantinople; and the prettiest Yankee girl in all New England would be thought hideous by the ladies who bow before the throne of the emperor of Japan.

Let us consider some of the customs of the women of various nations. The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The row of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Gasurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, lips and tongue, and the whole body.

In New Holland the females cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand at the second joint. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull, in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the

girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in having finger nails so long, that the castings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the northwest coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea, the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the points resting on the chin. The Tunisian woman, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks, and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel. And thus we might go on instancing until we wearied the reader's patience; but we have said enough to show how vastly people differ in their estimate of what constitutes female beauty.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

LIFE'S CHANGES.—A majority of the original lucky ones in California have become much reduced in their circumstances, and are obliged to begin anew. They were made giddy by their good fortune, and launched into foolish and unprofitable speculations, which soon reduce the tallest "pile" to the most platitudinous level.

AN EPIQUE.—A gentleman fond of good living, refused to start his colt for the "two-year-old stakes," on the ground that if he won them they wouldn't be worth the eating.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

"Where there's a will there's a way" is a saying popular the world over, though originating in England, and it clearly expresses the *pluck* for which the "fast-anchored isle" is renowned throughout creation—a pluck yet more strikingly characteristic of the race that peoples this continent. Transplantation to this shore of the Atlantic has intensified all those good qualities which distinguish the parent stock. The infusion of other blood into the veins of the North Americans has produced a people whose energy only utter annihilation can crush. English pluck is a sterling quality, solid, substantial, full of inert strength; but American pluck has the super-added element of *dash*, without which it would often be merely negative.

A general officer, in speaking of the duty of an *aide-de-camp* when carrying a message, once said, "If your horse is shot, go on foot; if you lose one leg, hop on the other; if you lose your head, that's an end of it—you can do nothing without that." An American, in times of peril, always acts up to the spirit of these instructions. Provided he retains what the "fancy" facetiously term his "knowledge-box," he can make shift to do without the usual complement of legs and arms. We know an expressman who has lost both hands, but who manages to drive a spirited horse by means of a pair of hooks. This is literally getting along "by hook or by crook." Many of our most efficient army officers have lost an arm. We remember it was said of one of our artillery officers, who had lost an arm at Chapultepec, that he would have to retire from the field. "No," said his son, a spirited boy of twelve, "not while he has an arm left to hold a sword and rein a horse!"

But it is not on the battle-field and gun-deck alone that we are to look for examples of American pluck. Men, without distinction of race, are fighting animals. It is in the various walks of civil life that the quality tells. It is this which fells forests, drains swamps, tunnels mountains, builds roads, blasts rocks. It is this which controls adverse circumstances, and rises superior to wreck and ruin, winning fame and fortune at last. An English merchant fails in his business, and he is crushed never to rise again. All his strength is paralyzed. For the remainder of his life he exists dragging along in some mean employment, or subsisting on the charity of his friends. An American, in the same circumstances, remains but a little while under the cloud. Possibly he may not appear again in the same line of business; but he is sure to come to the surface in some shape. Perhaps he is next

heard of as a miner, or a steamboat captain, or a farmer, or a brilliant lawyer. For the American is many-sided. Even if he has passed half a century in one occupation, he abandons it without care the moment he is completely satisfied that it *doesn't pay*. At fifty—yes, at sixty—he is ready to serve an apprenticeship at a new trade, and masters it, too, to the astonishment of those unhappy mortals who, when the business of a lifetime is swept away, have no resource but to sit down, fold their hands, and bemoan their former grandeur and their fallen hopes—the most profitless employment that any one can engage in.

The recuperative energy of our people is manifested on a grand scale, and in a large way, by the recovery of the public from those great commercial crises which visit us at least once in a decade. The country has been ruined a great many times within our memory, and foreigners have exulted over the crash. Nonsense! A few months' hard work, a rigid application of sharp, practical lessons, and lo! prosperity returns again like sunshine after an April shower. The "will" was not wanting, and the "way" was found.

"I will find a path, or I will make it," was Sidney's proud motto, and it has been adopted by the whole American people. When our army entered the valley of Mexico in 1847, there was no way to approach the enemy's capital. The usual roads were commanded by enfilading batteries. The best foreign engineers in Santa Anna's service declared that we must march along those avenues which led to certain death. But our engineers having the "will," found the "way" to construct a road along a route deemed perfectly impracticable, and the first proof the Mexicans had of our indomitable energy was the thunder of our guns as the head of our columns debouched into the open field at San Antonio.

The American, in a given emergency, asks only what is to be done, and then, like Mr. Squeers's pupils, "goes and does it." There are very few do-nothings among us; very few who can be termed idlers. The millionaire is very apt to work as hard as the day laborer, and is certain to exhibit quite as much pluck and perseverance when he has a difficult hobby as Rarey.

Foreigners, who know nothing about the American character, admitting the perseverance we have been enlarging upon, sneeringly tell us that it is only exercised for the sake of accumulating money—that we have made a god of the mammon of unrighteousness. We deny this is *totum*. Money with us is a means, and not an end. There are fewer examples of hoarding among us than any other civilized people in the world. Let

the time of need come—let the government require aid, or public charities or private distresses demand it, and our money is poured forth like water—as freely as our blood is poured forth in a righteous cause. The cases where a stream of wealth descends from father to son in a direct channel, accumulating as it flows downward, and building up a purse-proud family, are so rare as to be phenomenal. Each man with us must be the architect of his own fortune, and this necessity creates a supply of the energy, pluck, courage, nerve—call it what you will—of which we have been discoursing. Hence it is that those who predict failure for the people of this continent in any legitimate sphere of action, are the falsest prophets that ever croaked evil to credulous ears.

AMBITION AND HUMILITY.

Is there a human being so depressed and humbled, as not to possess some degree of ambition? Is there one being who is so "sick in the world's regard, wretched and low," as to know no promptings of this sense? Hardly. Its forms are various, as various as the characters in which it is manifested. Some it leads to do menial offices, because these indirectly constitute the rounds of the ladder by which they expect to climb. Others, more zealous and less cunning, overleap their darling object by vaulting too high; lured on to destruction by ambition, or self-love—two words that are very analogous in signification. The truly wise will avoid the exercise of this spirit as far as it is possible for them, for they will realize that the wear and tear of heart, necessary in its pursuit, are never recompensed. Nothing can compensate for the freshness of youth and social enjoyment of which it robs us; for the calloused sensibilities with which we must finally retire from its worship. Alas! "the path of glory leads but to the grave,"—a truth which should ever be before our eyes when the syren voice tempteth us to destruction. All persons have before them some end, which they pursue even unto death; but that end, when gilded by the gloss of "the mind's immodesty," ambition, is but a feather, which they idly blow before them in the path of life.

But there is a trait of human character diametrically opposed to that which we have just described—one, the beauty and excellence of which renders it a jewel of great price. We refer to "that low, sweet root," humility; that softened shadow before the statue of excellence; that diamond of heart, which outshines all others—the never failing companion of worth. But this is a gem which, like all else that is valuable in prin-

ciple, people are very apt to purchase by experience; for after losses and crosses we are ready to grow wiser and humbler. Good sense must be set in a border of humility to render it complete; and wisdom is not wisdom without it.

Ambition and pride are very commonly found in the same heart; and yet how everyday life rebukes them—the very streets are full of lessons of humility. If the proud, ambitious man would but pause and consider how small a vacancy his death would occasion the world, he would see his position in its true light. The greatness, in the world's esteem, that the ambitious man so covets, costs too dearly for possession. Distinction is an eminence that is too often attained at the expense of a fireside!

GOLD WEIGHED BY MACHINERY.

One of the most interesting and astonishing departments within the whole compass of the Bank of England, is the weighing department, in which, with the rapidity of thought, and a precision approaching a hundredth part of a grain, the weight of gold coin is determined. There are six weighing machines, and three weighers to tend them. Large rolls of sovereigns, or half sovereigns, are placed in grooves, and are shaken one at a time, by the motion of the machine, into the scale. If they are of the standard weight, they are thrown by the same mechanical intelligence into a box at the right hand side of the person who watches the operation; if they have lost the hundredth part of a grain, they are cast into a box on the left. Those which stand the test are put into bags of 1000 each, and those below par are cut by a machine, and sent back to the mint.

CRINOLINE.—One firm in Sheffield, England, produces every week twenty tons of crinoline. It is estimated that enough crinoline has been manufactured in that city to encircle the globe several times.

AUTOGRAPHIC.—The London Society of Antiquaries held on the 3d ult., an exhibition of autographs, the principal attraction being Shakspeare's autograph, lent by the city corporation.

SIGNIFICANT.—Prentice says a good many of the Kentucky lawyers, no matter in what county they were born, practise in old Bourbon.

ANCIENT.—The Chinese manufactured copper coins 1800 years before Christ.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Duke of Brunswick possesses diamonds to the value of three millions of dollars.

Speaking of pearls, it is said that the Emperor of Persia has a pearl in his possession valued at \$110,400.

The estimated stock of cotton throughout Europe on the 1st of June was 428,000 bales, against 1,645,000 bales same time last year.

The Sultan of Turkey has behaved more like a Christian toward the American government than any other sovereign.

It is intimated in foreign papers that at the great Catholic convention in Rome, the question of the pope's emigration to America will be seriously discussed.

The Roman department of the London exhibition attracts great attention from its works of art, and among them all, none is more admired than the statue of Story, the American sculptor.

The London Review acknowledges that the English are the dirtiest of all enlightened people. It is satisfactory to know that they have discovered the fact.

A prize of twenty thousand francs has been offered at Paris, for the best essay on the "regeneration of bones," in the hope that, eventually, medical science will no longer have to resort to amputation.

The great Koh-i-noor diamond is in the London Exhibition. The case in which it lies is gently rocked by mechanism, so that the Koh-i-noor is exposed in different positions to the light, and flashes with a brilliancy before unknown.

A late estimate shows that 300,000 suicides have occurred in France since the present century. The estimate is based on official returns. In 1859 there were 3057 suicides by men and 843 by women.

A new monument has been erected over the grave of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in Bunhillfields burial ground, near London. It bears this inscription, "John Bunyan, author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Ob. Aug. 31, 1688, *Æ*. 60."

King Otho, of Greece, must have had a rather uneasy time of it during his twenty years reign. There have been revolts in his kingdom in 1833, 1834, 1835, 1840, 1843, 1847, 1848, 1852, and the French occupation of the Piræus in 1854, and now the Nauplia in 1862.

The Londoners have discovered a method of extracting turpentine from petroleum, and say it can thus be obtained at one third the price that has been heretofore paid for the same article from the Carolinas. This discovery will transfer to the North an important item in the list of Southern resources.

Japanese Tommy is reported by the almond-eyed ambassadors now in England to have shuffled off the mortal coil by the method known in Japan as the "happy dispatch." The funny Japs seemed to consider his case a very laughable one, and indulged in a good deal of cackling on the subject.

An English paper laments that a horrible tendency of British parents to murder their children is on the increase.

An autobiography of the Emperor Charles V., a work whose existence was mentioned by writers of the sixteenth century, has been discovered in a library in Paris.

It is proposed in England to have the government make the telegraph a national institution, like the post-office, and connect the two, having a telegraph station in every post-office.

No country in the world is so liberal in its patronage of science and art as Great Britain. These departments draw on the estimates for the current year the sum of £116,695 (about \$582,000).

The British troops at present reach the number of 290,000 effectives. Of these about 63,000 are in India, about 60,000 in the colonies, and the remaining 83,000 form the standing garrison at home.

The descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* have just been visited at their Norfolk Island settlement by Sir John Young. They number two hundred and sixty-eight persons, and very favorable reports of their condition are given.

A lady in Glasgow, Scotland, has been the means of reclaiming two hundred and fifty fallen women during the last twelve months. So far as is known, twenty relapsed, and of this number several have returned, and are again doing well.

An English paper says that a man found guilty of a felony at the Central Court, London, recently, entreated the court to "deal leniently with him, and give him a short imprisonment, as he was particularly anxious to see the Great Exhibition."

George Francis Trais, on being fined £500, or in default imprisonment, on account of the non-removal of his street railway at Kensington, protested before a full bench of judges, in the name of all foreigners, against being found guilty without the shadow of a trial.

The peculiarly waved grain-marks of the Damascus blade has been discovered to be produced by welding woven steel wire. This remarkable fact was found out by a sword-maker in Russia, and has puzzled the brains of modern mechanics more than any other of Mr. Phillips' famous lost arts.

The pistols of Daniel O'Connell were recently sold at auction in London. With one of these, in 1845, O'Connell shot D'Estare. An inscription inside the pistol case stated that D'Estare was promised £1000 down, and £1000 for life, by the Dublin Orangemen, if he killed O'Connell. The pistols brought £1 18s.

A horrible case of self-mutilation recently occurred in Nottingham, England, a married woman named Abel cutting out her own tongue. She had had a quarrel with her husband, rose about six o'clock next morning, went down stairs and cut off as much of her tongue as she could reach, leaving the remainder seriously jagged. A surgeon was sent for, but after examining the wound he gave very little hope for her recovery.

Record of the Times.

In Pennsylvania a girl is legally marriageable at the age of fourteen, and a boy at sixteen.

A bright fire of pine or shavings, kindled in a garden at night will kill millions of insects.

The cost of a thirteen-inch ordnance shell is \$12 50. An expensive luxury!

Nearly \$300,000 worth of onions are annually raised by farmers in Danvers, Mass.

The raising of sheep, by those who have plenty of pasturage, is represented to be very profitable.

The pebbles in our pathway make us more footsore than the huge rocks we stoutly climb.

Irish people make their funerals so expensive that we don't see how they can afford to die!

The St. Mary's Argus (Canada) says the wool trade was never more active than at present—prices ranging from 30 to 34 cents per pound.

Many a married soldier, says Premise, goes through a campaign without a scratch, and that's better than he might do at home.

A Frenchman writing from London to a Paris paper, says that "during the present century people have known lawsuits dating from the time of William the Conqueror."

There is a town in New York State where there is neither a lawyer nor a doctor. There are two preachers.

Pennsylvania has passed an act taxing its own loans, or laying a tax upon the interest moneys due its creditors, which calls from the Philadelphia papers some animated strictures.

Ericsson, who made the Monitor; Dahlgreen, who made the cannon; Jenny Lind, who made music; Frederika Bremer, who made domestic fiction that is read in thousands of American homes—are Swedes.

A surgeon writing from McClellan's army, speaking of operations upon the field at the time of the battle of Fair Oaks, says he removed limbs and cut out bullets without using chloroform, the patients being so excited by the noise of artillery and musketry as not to mind the pain.

An editor in the village of Mitchell, C. W., says, "One little 'garden patch' of ours was very profitable last season. The snails eat up the cucumbers; the chickens eat up the snails; the neighbors' cats eat up the chickens; and now, if we can only get hold of something that will eat up the cats, we'll try it again."

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, by a unanimous vote, have awarded the Rumford Medal to Captain Ericsson, for his discoveries and improvements in the application of caloric. The award is highly honorable, both to the Academy and to the recipient of this appropriate and well-merited honor.

Mr. C. T. Tucker, of Decatur, Mich., it is said, is likely to come in full possession of the Lawrence estate in the Bank of England, amounting to fifty million pounds, or nearly two hundred and fifty million dollars. This matter has been in litigation about fifteen years, and all the testimony necessary to establish the claim has finally been obtained.

There are about 9000 cells in a square foot of honey; 5000 bees weigh one pound.

Wayne county, N. Y., is said to produce more fruit than any other three in this country.

General Washington wore a set of artificial teeth which cost \$500, and they were poor at that.

Great complaint is heard from the north of Europe as to the scarcity of ready money.

The French have been terribly used up by the Mexicans. Better have staid at home.

To produce a pound of silk requires the labor of about three thousand silkworms.

Ohio is a great sheep-raising State, having at present \$60,000,000 invested in the business.

The sugar beet, so successful in France, has been planted in Illinois, and a thousand acres of it will be grown this year.

It is estimated that from fifteen to twenty thousand bales of cotton, of good staple, will be sent to market from Illinois the present year.

A numerous party of emigrants from Norway arrived at Winona, Minnesota, lately, and intend settling in the State.

Two sons of Mr. Bradley, of Bethel, Conn., lately eat some root which they mistook for sweet cicely, and died within a few hours.

The little town of Peru, Oxford county, with 140 inhabitants, has sixty soldiers in the great Union army.

There is much incendiarism in St. Petersburg, and in other Russian towns. It is supposed to be the fire of freedom.

The collection of Greek coins of Huber, of Vienna, was lately sold in London for \$15,000. A silver didrachm of Camarina brought \$210, and another single coin \$145.

The present crop of sugar-cane in Illinois is estimated at 50,000 acres. There will also be in that State a large crop of cotton and tobacco. Illinois will be benefited by the rebellion, and so will all other Northern States.

Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

The culture of grapes in this country, within a few years, will excel, both in extent and variety, that of any nation in Europe. California will probably be the Eshcol of the Western World. It has already ten millions of vines under cultivation.

The yearly expense of keeping sheep in Vermont is stated by a writer in the Patent Report at \$1 80 per head. In Wisconsin it is put at 50 cents a year. In Missouri 40 cents; in Maine \$1; in Virginia at 45 cents. The Shaker Society in Kentucky rate the cost there at from 50 to 75 cents.

It is said that the College Oak, at Brunswick, Maine, is the product of an acorn planted in September, 1802, by George Thorndike, then a student from Beverly. The acorn had been brought with leaves and boughs for the decoration of the chapel on the occasion of the inauguration of the first president.

Merry-Making.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

What mechanical apparatus do the fair bathers at Ramsgate resemble? Diving bell(s).

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

Why is a haunch of venison like a dandy? Because it's a bit of a buck.

An affecting sight—to see a young man swapping kisses with a pretty girl.

A man may be so mean as to prevent him from venturing upon perfectly safe enterprises.

What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, and dinner parties? White kids.

What is that which makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine? Because it has a Cork in it.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

"I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

At a town meeting in Ireland, it was recently voted "that all persons in the town owning dogs shall be muzzled."

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty contemporary? Because they are illustrations of Punch.

The man who read a newspaper to the entire satisfaction of another who was waiting for it, talks of going on to the stage.

"I don't think, husband, that you are very smart." "No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am awfully *shrewed*."

Noah is thought to have had on board a supply of "Exterminator," from the fact that for nearly six weeks he did not see any rat.

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller divisions of time ever to be new? Because it must always be a second hand one.

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

Two glances make one bow, two bows one how d'ye do, six how d'ye do's one conversation, four conversations one acquaintance.

These are not only the times of "spirits," but of "Spirits of the Times." There is the "Old Spirit," "Porter's Spirit," and "Wilkes's Spirit."

The Evansville Journal says that a man may lick his wife like thunder in that place for a dollar. We know several men who mean to emigrate there with their wives and a dollar.

Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion? Because she dresses well.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Her-ring.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? A green pair.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-*is*.

Why is a thriving tradesman like ice? Because he is solvent.

A snuff-taker's nose, genteelly blown, is a musical snuff-box.

When may a chair be said to dislike you? When it can't bear you.

What living creature has a beard without a chin? An oyster.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C? Because she forms lasses into classes.

Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man? He stops at the sound of "wo."

There is a man in Louisville so knowing, that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the little boy when he found it hidden in the wood-pile, and wondered what it was.

Miss Fantadling says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic young woman that.

It's very pleasant to take a lady to a theatre, and to find on reaching the door that you have left your purse in your other pocket.

"My bark is wrecked," as the dog remarked, when thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Why is conscience like the strap on the inside of an omnibus? Because it is an inward check to the outward man.

A benevolent old gentleman used to give away wood to the poor by the cord, in order, as he said, to have it re-recorded above.

"Father, do folks make clothes out of peas?" "No, foolish boy. Why do you ask that question, Simon?" "Why, I heard a sailor talking about his pea jacket."

We notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.

The young man that supplies West Troy with measles is now making his spring tour. Families supplied by leaving their names at the post office.

Tom Hood said that when a young man, he couldn't wink at a girl, but that she took it for an offer of marriage. The consequence was, that a good many of the girls got Hood-winked.

Why is the life of an editor like the Book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows, and a mighty voice like the sound of many waters, is ever saying to him—*write*."

"Don't work so hard, my dear, you haven't much of a constitution." "Constitution, father? I've got a constitution like a horse—I really believe I've got the constitution of the United States."

Mr. Chubbles his Adventures in Search of a Wife.



Tired of single blessedness, Mr. Chubbles writes an advertisement for a wife.



The first candidate for matrimony is a little too thin for his taste.



The second applicant proves a little too thick—might do for Barnum, not for Chubbles.



Miss Tiptoe the ballet-dancer essays to win him by the "pas de fascination."



Afraid his grandmother won't like her, dismisses the dancer, and receives a blue-stocking.



Is waited on by an unmitigated bloomer, accompanied by her lovely bull-dog.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Gets into a little difficulty, which the lady settles according to her style.



Nothing being said in the advertisement about color, a "contraband" presents herself.



Receives an offer from Mistress Malony, Child of the 77th Regiment House Marines.



Escapes into the street, and is pursued by a rabble of old maids.



Inserts his death in the papers, erects a monument at Mount Auburn, and puts on mourning for himself.



Changes his name, emigrates to a desert island, and escapes matrimony forever.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI.—No. 4.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1862.

WHOLE No. 94.

SEASIDE SKETCHES NEAR BOSTON.

Our artist on the succeeding pages has given us some of the fruits of his professional midsummer rambles. The good people of Boston are not entirely exempt from obedience to that impulse which leads mankind to see the greatest attractions in the remotest scenes. Many hie away to the White Mountains and Kaatskills, who have never climbed Blue Hill or Powderhorn Hill. Persons see beauties in the Bay of Naples, who never detected the charms of our own Boston Harbor, or, very like, go into extacies on little strips of British sand, utterly forgetful of such glorious places for rides or rambles as Chelsea and Nahant Beaches. Still, there are enough to appreciate home beauties; and now and then, when the tide of fashionable immigration sets forth to Newport, Coney Island and the Rip-Raps, there may be found some editor bold enough to insinuate that Boston is itself a watering-place, and there are localities within easy walking or riding distance, well worthy of being patronized. Well—with these pictures before us, we again go back, in imagination, to the shore of that sounding sea, which has been falsely charged with monotony, but which even in a calm, has its dimples, its smiles and frowns—its thousand modes of expression. We listen to the plaintive murmurs of the waves as they die in music on the beach, to the wild battle-music of the billows when the ire of old Neptune is raised, and he sends his crested warriors to storm the barriers against which he wages an undying warfare. Or we loll in some shady nook, the shallow pretence of reading abandoned, and gazing out on the face of the waters, follow the course of the white sails, and giving a loose rein to the fancy, conjure up a thousand pleasing visions. We attach ourselves to some white-winged bark, and try to imagine who are on board—what little society thus segregated from the mass of humanity, and seeking a far fortune by a pathway ever perilous. We call up the images of the daring navigators who have gilded the page of history with their great deeds. We think of these fierce Northmen, the Vikings, who swept the broad Atlantic with their adventurous galleys, and cast their anchors in the farthest hazyens. Or we think of the gallant Genoese steering towards immortal fame in a frail caravel, such as the boldest pilot of to-day would hardly

venture in. The romance of the sea and the seashore is inexhaustible. They have their superstitions, their legendary tales, their history, and, above all, their poetry. But if there are those whom neither poetry nor association nor beauty move, still against the dear delights of bathing, fishing and fish chowders few are proof. Hence our illustrations of to-day, we think, cannot fail to prove acceptable. The first in the series is a sketch of the old fish-house at the end of Chelsea Beach, which, by the way, is five miles long, and one of the longest, if not the longest, sea beach in the Atlantic States. The building in our sketch has certainly an "ancient and fish-like" odor about it, but it, nevertheless, is a spot around which many pleasant associations cluster. In front of it are a group of men cooping casks, while the shore is lively with pleasure seekers. The second engraving represents Long Island Head Light, sketched from the steamboat wharf, a part of which is seen in front, covered with figures. Our third view is of the Eutaw House, Long Island, a commodious building and a pleasant resort. The view is sketched from the headland on which the lighthouse stands. On the right is a schooner, and a party of men are engaged in wheeling ballast on board. The next view is a very pretty scene, in which the most prominent feature is the Atlantic House, a beautiful resort for recreation and comfort. It is the first house on the beach, and the stopping-place of the omnibus from Boston through Chelsea and North Chelsea—a very pretty village, by the way. The fifth view delineates the Neptune House. It is the next house beyond the Atlantic. In front of the house is a swing in full blast. Our last picture is the Robinson Crusoe House, Chelsea Beach. It is the last hotel on the beach. The boat-house, summer-house, and all the surroundings are accurately sketched.

We have previously given sketches of the marine scenery of our beautiful harbor, and have enumerated some of the prominent places of interest where the lovers of quiet and relaxation from the activities of a crowded business life might from time to time recuperate their exhausted energies. During the warm season the islands and towns on the coast are the constant resort of multitudes for this purpose. Among



OLD FISH HOUSE, END OF CHELSEA BEACH, MASS.

them is one which has recently become quite popular in this respect. The pretty little town of Winthrop furnishes a pleasant resort during the warm season. Says a recent writer, descending on its excellencies, "This is the most attractive residence through the warm season, in my judgment, to be found in Massachusetts, or indeed New England. A distinguished gentleman of wealth and taste, from Maryland, now spending a few weeks here, recently said to me that he regarded it as a far more desirable resort in hot weather than either Newport or Nahant. From this opinion, I am quite sure, but few persons of judgment would dissent, after an acquaintance with the place. The town is a peninsula, connected to North Chelsea by a narrow neck of land, and reaching out into the neighborhood of the beautiful upper islands in Boston Harbor. It extends perhaps a mile and a half from east to west, and about the same distance from north to south, and is bounded on the east, south and west by water. Its land is chiefly elevated and dry, with a few inconsiderable valleys and a strip of low ground, partly marsh on the eastern side, stretching down to Point Shirley, opposite Deer Island."

Some little geographical description of Boston Harbor, though not new to the denizens of this metropolis, may not be without interest to those more remote from this locality, and we therefore present a general view of the harbor and its surroundings. Boston Harbor opens to the sea between two points nearly four miles distant from each other — Point Alderton on Nantasket, and Point Shirley in Chelsea. It is sheltered from the ocean by the peninsulas, of which these two points are the extremities, and a large number of islands, between which are three entrances. The main passage, which is about three miles southeast of the Navy Yard, and so narrow as scarcely to admit two vessels to pass abreast, lies between Castle and Governor's Islands, and is defended by Fort Indepen-

dence and Fort Warren. A passage north of Governor's Island is also protected by Fort Warren. A new fortress, of great size and strength, now nearly completed, on George's Island, guards the entrance to the outward or lower harbor. The entire surface included within Point Alderton and Point Shirley, is estimated at seventy-five square miles, about half of which affords good anchorage ground for vessels of the largest class. It is easy of access, free from sandbars, and seldom obstructed with ice. The whole is thickly studded with islands, and is the reservoir of several small streams, among which are the Mystic, Charles, Neponset, and the Mananiquot Rivers.

THE DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

Mary Goldthwait was sitting by the well-filled grate in her father's drawing-room. It was on a cold evening in winter, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners and through the narrow lanes and alleys. Mary was a pale, slim girl, but possessing a beauty which even the most fastidious could not have questioned. Her hair, which was of a deep, golden brown, lay neatly waving upon a brow as pure as snow, and the soft, lustrous eyes, which seemed to have the same deep, golden hue, shed a light from the soul which could only have emanated from a source of purity and worth. She had seen eight-and-twenty years of life, and yet she remained a maiden, beneath her father's roof. A close calculator of physiognomy would have said that Mary had some heart-grief that made her look so pale. So she had, though perhaps no one save herself, on earth, knew all her heart-secrets. She had lost a beloved mother when she was twenty, and since that she had seen one brother and one elder sister laid away in the tomb. She sat now with her small white hands clasped over her bosom, and her eyes turned downward till the long lashes lay like golden pencillings upon her cheek.

Near her, in his great arm-chair, sat her father. He was a tall, slim man, whose head was white, and whose face was deeply furrowed by the hand of time. There were some kind marks upon his features, and some hard, cold ones; but now he looked troubled and very unhappy.

"Mary," he said, in continuation of a conversation already commenced, "for eight-and-twenty years I have found a home for you, and your every wish has been promptly met and answered. Your good has been my highest aim, and your peace and happiness my only joy. You are advancing in years, and soon your father must leave you alone. But I—I—cannot leave you at the mercy of the cold world. Now a good home is open to you, and you must accept it. Men might call me selfish could they know all my motives; but I am sure you will not. A crisis has come; a volcano has grown up beneath my feet. In a few more short days it must whelm me in utter ruin, if I be not saved. Mr. Smith has asked me for your hand. He has seen you at church, and he has watched you narrowly. He loves you. He is wealthy—more wealthy than your father was. And he holds notes of mine, too—notes to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars."

"But your name is not alone on these notes?" gasped Mary.

"No—only the first of four; but I am holden for the whole. Yet the quarter part of that is more than sufficient to ruin me."

"And Mr. Smith makes my hand the equivalent?"

"Yes. Or—I must say, he has not said so. But he knows my situation, and knowing it, he has asked for the hand of my child. Ah, Mary, it does seem to me that God has kept your hand till now, that it might be the means of lifting your old father up from ruin. You have even rejected suitors whom I have favored; but I do not think you have rejected a better man than Mr. Smith."

Ah, that old man had not forgotten one! He had forgotten a bright-haired youth who once laid his heart at Mary's feet. But that was long years ago, and his mind went not back so far.

"Now what shall I tell Mr. Smith?"

"My heart is all broken and torn," she said, gazing sadly into her father's face, "but my hand is free. Tell Mr. Smith this. Tell him I will give my *hand* to save my father, and forget not to tell him that my *heart* is not in the trade, for I would not deceive him."

"O, you will love him, Mary. He has promised that you shall have all you can ask for, and I know he will be kind."

"I have said that I will marry him," the fair maiden returned, "and so you may tell him. But you will only cruelly deceive him did you tell him no more. Tell him my father has cared for me and protected me through a weary life, and that now I am ready to save that father from ruin. Tell him this, and then he shall know all."

"I shall tell him to come to-morrow evening, Mary; for so he wishes. O, I know you will be happy. He will make you one of the best of husbands. He is rich—very rich."

"In what, my father?"

The old man started at these words, for they were spoken very strangely.

"In the goods of this world, and in—in—honor and manhood," he replied.

Mary did not speak further, for she wished not to worry her father. She knew that his soul was already tortured by misfortune and commercial calamity, and she would not make her sacrifice for him ungrateful, by casting a shade of reproach upon him.

Ere long old Andrew Goldthwait allowed his feelings to run in a more pleasing channel. The ruin which had stared him in the face was to be averted, and in his soul he believed that his child would not be one whit worse off for the transaction. He knew Mr. Smith to be wealthy, and he believed him to be a kind and honorable man. He fancied too that he could look into and read his daughter's heart. He thought she wept and sorrowed for the mother and brother and sister she had lost, and that she objected to this match because she had resolved not to marry. But he flattered himself that at the end of the first year of married life he should find her a happy wife.

On the following evening Mary again sat by the grate, in the drawing-room. She was alone now, and her face was more pale than usual.



LONG ISLAND HEAD LIGHT, BOSTON HARBOR.

But she was calm—as calm as the marble statue that stood near her.

The outer door was opened, and she heard the tread of heavy feet in the hall. Then the inner door swung back, and her father entered. She looked up and saw another man—it was he to whom she had promised her hand; the man whose money was to save her parent.

Mr. Goldthwait introduced Mr. Smith. Mary arose and extended her hand. It was cold, but it did not tremble. She looked up into his face, and she saw a man of medium height, with a high brow, dark eyes, and a neatly trimmed beard. He greeted her politely, and then took a seat.

Some half an hour was spent in conversation, generally between the two men, and then the remarks grew gradually less, until a silence ensued. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before another word was uttered, and the stillness was oppressive, when the visitor broke the spell.

"Miss Goldthwait," he said, in a low, soft tone, "you are of course aware of the object of my visit here this evening, and I know you will pardon me if I speak plainly."

Mary looked up, but she made no reply. The tones of the speaker's voice were so kind and gentle that she began to pity him. She felt that he ought to go and find some wife who could love him.

"Your father has spoken plainly with me," resumed Mr. Smith. "He has told me that you fear you have no heart to give, but that you will yet be my wife. Yet he assured me that you will learn to love me in time. I once thought I should never love again, but the sight of your face dispelled the illusion. I will tell you all, and then you shall judge for yourself whether I even have a heart for you."

Mary had now fixed her eyes steadily upon the speaker, and her features had assumed an eager, wistful expression.

"Long years ago I loved a beautiful girl, and she loved me in return. I was young then, and I only thought of love, and I did not dream that fate could crush my soul's dearest hope. That fair girl was all to me. I held her in my soul as my very life, and not a thought had I of the future but 'twas of her. And I knew that she loved me as well, for she had told me so a hundred times. But a terrible crash came upon my joys. My idol's father was wealthy, and I was poor. He was a merchant—I only a humble clerk. When I told him of my love, he spurned me from his door, and bade me never enter it again. O, Heaven, what a wreck of soul was that! Who shall picture the utter midnight of the blasted and broken heart? Who shall tell its wallings, and its deep, dark griefs? All crushed and broken down, I fled from the place where my love had grown up, and in the heat and whirl of business, I tried to forget my sorrows. Worldly fortune seemed to single me out as its especial favorite. My wildest and most reckless transactions turned out well, and money seemed to fly out, as if by magic, from everything I placed my hands to. Thus passed away eleven years, and then I came to this city, where I settled down. That was one year ago. I saw you, I loved you; you opened my crushed heart and let the tide of love forth. I asked the merchant again for his child, and—and—"

The speaker's lips trembled, his bosom seemed heaving with a powerful emotion.

"Mary," he said, in a breaking tone, "I have asked thy father, and he has told me—yes. Will you be mine?"

The maiden had no more doubt. Years seemed to have passed like magic from the calendar of the past; it seemed only yesterday that a loved youth told his tale of love, for since then only grief had been hers, and grief was no more now. She sank forward, and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of the man who for long years had possessed her heart.

"James Smith!" gasped the old man, starting to his feet in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," returned the younger man looking up through his tears, but yet holding the loved one in his embrace.

"The James Smith who used to be my brother's clerk?"

"Yes, sir, the very same. Do you retract your promise?"

"No, no, no! O, my soul, no! Take my child—take her, and if you love her, forgive her father."

"Ah," replied the happy suitor, as he led Mary to a seat, and then reclined by her side, and drew her head upon his shoulder, "if I forgive, then I must remember a wrong, and that I

will not do. Let us forget all of the past but its joys, and look to the future for what duty and true love can give us. I am now content."

"And so am I," uttered the aged parent.

"And what say you?" asked James, gazing into Mary's face.

"Ah," she replied, in a tone too deep for mere passing emotion, "content were too poor a word to tell all I feel. God grant that I forget him not in this great joy!"

THE VIOLENT HUSBAND.

Mr. Eustace, a young gentleman of good estate near Dublin, in Ireland, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity, but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke. She was apt to fall into little sallies of passion; yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflection on her fault, and the consideration of her husband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraint from running into vain repetitions of past heats; on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who, from their infancy, had been angry and pleased with each other every half hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed he soon dissembled a sleep; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family, in a lonely country house. He now saw his opportunity, and, with a dagger he had brought to bed with him, stabbed his wife in the side. She awoke in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound. She now drew open the curtain, and, by the help of moonlight, saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had despatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window; but she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself, for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villainy, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of justice, in at-



EUTAW HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.

tempting to seize the criminal, fired upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place, and both immediately expired.
—*Home Journal.*

THE GENTLEMAN.

I have stated already that the forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the gentleman; indeed, we may say that power—physical, moral, purely social or political—is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the old over the young; and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizens; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches; the gifted over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveller knows at once whether a gentlemanly or a rude officer is searching his trunk. But not only does the use of power form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others, is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in the presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when in bearing of a man bent down by habitual misfortune. Let the man who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen fellow-being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and uncessingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness gives him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.—*Dr. Lieber.*

THE ROMAN MALARIA.

I met a poor family of peasants driven by the malaria to seek at Rome gratuitous death in the hospital. The husband walked first, his head buried in his cloak; he had struggled to the last moment against his invisible assailant, but implacable nature had conquered. The young wife followed him, faded by suffering, dying, and carrying upon her bosom a dying child; she went on mechanically, heedless of the way, to deposit her burden in a grave, and rest beside it. Man still persists to wring out harvests from tracts in this fatal soil. During the first autumnal rains a peasant army descends the Sabine Mountains under the guidance of the pifferari. The farmers enroll these moving columns and send them in battalions to their districts; these battalions sometimes attach a hundred ploughs in order to

turn up the earth more rapidly. The day ended, they sleep on the ground, and the next morning regain the frontier. Nine months after they come back to the harvest; but this time it is to a veritable field of labor, the corn is reaped more hastily than it was sown, and when they have tied the sheaves, the laborers receive their salary and return home. But all do not return; there are some who in the first hours of their labor totter and drop, turn towards their mountains a last look, and wrap their faces in their mantles, and a few days afterwards the pious brotherhoods pass over the plains to bury the dead fallen in the harvest-field of battle.—*French paper.*

COOL IMPUDENCE.

A short time since a rather genteel looking young man walked into the bar of the Woodruff House and called for a whiskey toddy. He was served, and after he drank the toddy he obtained a cigar, and sat by the fire and leisurely puffed it away. He then called for another toddy, and having placed it beneath his vest, he calmly buttoned his coat, pulled on his gloves, and turning to the bar-keeper, said:

"I'm ready."

"You are ready, are you?" replied the bar-keeper. "Well, sir, your bill is twenty-five cents."

"I was aware of that fact," replied the patron, folding his arms and turning his face towards the door; "and now I'm ready."

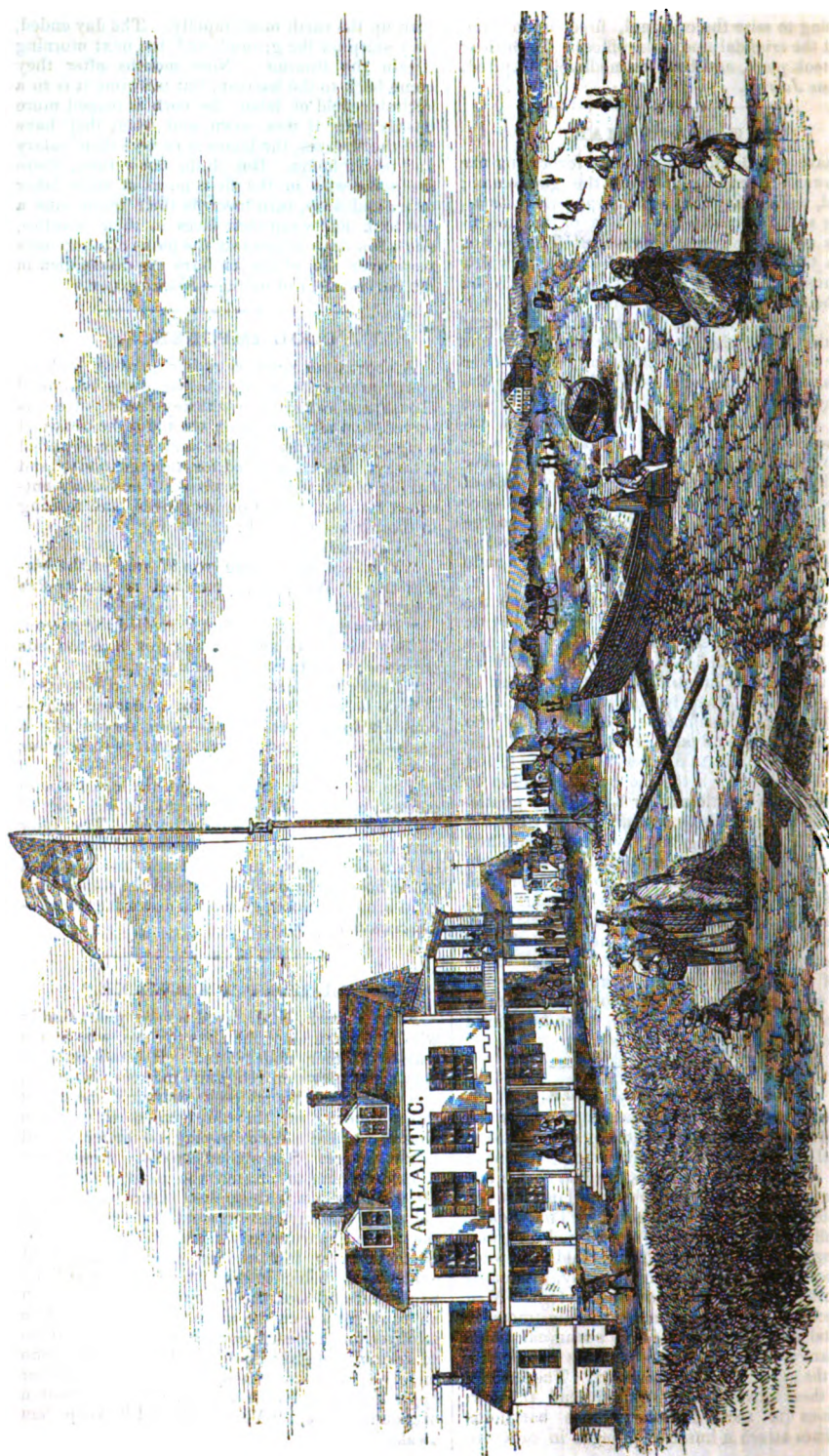
"Ready for what?"

"To be kicked out. Haint a darned cent—couldn't do without liquor—been served like a gent—aint ashamed of my poverty—take your pay. Sir, kick me out."

The bar keeper finding that the chap was in earnest, obliged him with several applications of his boot toe, lustily administered. The idler bore it in good part, and after he had been kicked into the street, turned round and made a polite bow to the bar-keeper, and then apparently in a merry mood, sauntered down the street.—*Cincinnati Paper.*

"I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."

Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family who had taken an orphan boy to raise, who by the way was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly before going to church the next Sunday he filled his pockets with apples. One bald headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled off and took the astounded sleeper with an apple square on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher as he took another apple in his hand with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."



ATLANTIC HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.

NEPTUNE HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.



A LONDON ALDERMAN'S NOSE.

Suppose the case of a burly, jovial, corpulent alderman, standing behind such an appendage, with all its indorsements, riders, addenda, extra-parochial appurtenances, and Talicotian supplements, like a sow with her whole litter of pigs, or (to speak more respectfully) like a venerable old abbey, with all its projecting chapels, oratories, refectories and abutments; and it will seem to dilate itself before its wearer with an air of portly and appropriate companionship. I speak not here of a simple bottle-nose, but one of a thousand bottles, a polypetalous enormity, whose blushing honors, as becoming to it as the stars, crosses and ribbons of a successful general, are trophies of past victories, the colors won in tavern campaigns. They recall to us the clatter of knives, the slaughter of turtle, the shedding of claret, the deglutition of magnams. Escurient and bibulous reminiscences ooze from its surface, and each protuberance is historical. One is the record of a Pitt Club dinner; another of a corporation feast; a third commemorates a tipsy carousal, in support of religion and social order; others attest their owner's civic career, "until at last he devoured his way to the lord mayor's mansion, as a mouse in a cheese makes a large house for himself by continually eating;" and the whole pendulous mass, as if it heard the striking up of the band at a public dinner on the entrance of the viands, actually seems to wag to the tune of "O, the roast beef of Old England!"—*Horace Smith's Gaieties and Gravities.*

HOW INDIGO IS PREPARED.

The indigo is a shrub-like plant, two or three feet high, with delicate blue-green leaves, which at the harvest time—about the month of August—are cut close off to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and everything depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters, and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.—*N. E. Farmer.*

THE SAND IN EGYPT.

The sand has played a preservative part in Egypt, and has saved for future investigators much that would otherwise have disappeared. Miss Martineau says, in her "Eastern Life," "If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such occasions. It would be for a great winnowing fan, such as would without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open to them! One statue and sarcophagus, brought

from Memphis, was buried 130 feet below the mound surface. Who knows but the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossi, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hillsides of the interior, when the clouds of sand have been wafted away?" All will be discovered in good time; we are not yet ready for it; it is desirable we should be farther advanced in our power of interpretation before the sand be wholly blown away.

THE PLEASURES OF BOTANY.

The humblest flower that grows is really a wonder of the creation. Whether we review it simply as a temporary part of the vegetable whose use is the re-production of the species proceeding from the plant, but to form a new race of vegetables, or whether we look at it as one of those beautiful creations of a bountiful Providence, who, not content with ministering to our substantial necessities, "hath made all nature beauty to the eye," still, in either sense, these gem-spots of nature form a delightful subject for the study of a contemplative mind. But how much is this pleasure enhanced, if we call in the aid of science to assist us in examining the more obvious beauties of the vegetable kingdom. It will then be seen that every part of the flower, from the gaudily painted and expanded corolla, to the hair-like filament which serves for its foundation, have all their obvious and essential functions to perform. What can be more delightful than to walk with our Creator in the kingdom of his works? The more we study them, the more we must admire their perfect adaptation to the truly godlike end of universal good.—*Partington's Botany.*

HOT, BUT GOOD.

A good deacon recently addressing a Sabbath School, made a point by the following anecdote: "Children," continued the deacon, "you all know that I went to the legislature last year. Well, the first day I got to Augusta I took dinner at the tavern, and right beside me, at the table, sat a member, from one of the back towns, that had never taken dinner in a tavern afore in his life. Before his plate was a dish of peppers, and he kept looking and looking at them; and, finally, as the waiters were mighty slow bringing on things, he up with his fork and in less than no time soused down on it; the tears came into his eyes, and he seemed hardly to know what to do. At last, spitting the pepper into his hands, he laid it down side of his plate, and, with a voice that set the whole table in a roar, exclaimed, 'Jist lay thar and cool!'"—*Portland Transcript.*

FREEDOM'S MARTYRS.

Write every name—lowlier the birth,
Loftier the death!—and trust that when
On this regenerated earth
Rise races of ennobled men,
They will remember—these were they
Who strove to make the nations free,
Not only from the sword's brute sway,
But from the spirit's slavery.—*MILNEA.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE, CHELSEA BEACH.



VIEWS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.



FRUIT MARKET AT ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND.

The first picture in the following series represents a lively, bustling scene in the fruit market of Rotterdam. In the distance is seen the tower of the cathedral, and a long range of quaint old houses, the upper stories projecting over the basements. Fruits and flowers are arranged on stands, on the ground, and in booths, and an immense number of buyers throng about the dealers in these wares, and on the right is a bronze statue of Erasmus. As is well known, Desiderius Erasmus was the Latin name that Gerrit Gerritz gave himself, and by which he desired to be known to posterity; and on each side of the pedestal is a long inscription setting forth the praises of this very slippery reformer. Close by is a small house, and in a niche between two of the windows is a plate with this inscription: "*Hæc est parva domus magnus qua natus Erasmus.*" (Here is the poor house in which Erasmus was

born.) But alas! "to what base uses may we come, Horatio!" Erasmus's birthplace is turned into a house for the sale of schiedam, gin bitters, and Bavarian beer. The cathedral is famous for its organ. A recent traveller describing his visit to Rotterdam, says: "We attended the cathedral in the afternoon; all other Protestant places have but the morning service, and none in the week. The organ is one of the largest in Europe, and was played beautifully; it has 6500 pipes 92 stops! However, there are now some English ones larger than this. I cannot do better than add the few words of Chambers on this cathedral and its service. 'The forms of public worship differ very little from those followed by the Scottish Presbyterians. The only remarkable peculiarity which I observed in the service, was the reading of a chapter and the singing of a hymn by the precentor, previous to the entrance of the

clergyman; also the use of an organ in assisting the psalmody. The custom of the women sitting apart on chairs in the centre of the church was new to me, and I suppose is of ancient origin. Nothing can be more decorous than the devout demeanor of the whole congregation, all of whom engaged for a few minutes in mental prayer on entering the church, and many also when the psalms are about to be sung. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind, on hearing the entire congregation swelling the note of praise, and giving utterance with their whole heart to sentiments of devotion. The voices of the people, combined with the loud and thrilling peals of one of the largest organs in the world, formed a burst of sound like the roar of thunder, and seemed as if about to rend the ancient gothic structure to its foundation. Rotterdam contains three churches where the service is wholly English; an Episcopal, a Scotch Church, and a Presbyterian, called also the Dutch Reformed, each of them averaging a congregation of about 300, with a Sunday-school of 40 or 50. Besides which—and this shows how different in ecclesiastical arrangement Protestant Holland is to Protestant England—there are thirteen ministers appointed to preach in the various Calvinistic churches of the city, who preach in rotation, no minister being permitted to settle or be settled over a particular congregation. A list is drawn up every week, by the consistory, published on Saturday, called the 'Dominie's briefje,' and affixed to the doors of each church in Rotterdam, from which the inhabitants learn where their favorite preacher may be heard the next day. Of other churches there are in this city of nearly 90,000 inhabitants, one French Reformed, three Roman Catholic, two Jansenists, one Jesuit church, one Jews' synagogue (a very noble building), one Mennonite or Baptist, one Lutheran, one Remonstrant church with three clergymen, besides several "Dissenting" congregations, as they are here called, that is, offshoots from the different bodies named above. To this may be added that, with the exception of the Episcopal and Mennonite congregations, all are paid by and are under the supervision of the government." Rotterdam is situated at the confluence of the Rotte with the Maas, or Meuse, 40 miles S. S. W. of Amsterdam. It is the birthplace of the naval hero, Cornelius Tromp, and of Jan Hendric van der Palm, the great orientalist. It is favorably situated for trade, and its canals admit the largest ships.

The next picture delineates the Lutheran Church at Amsterdam, a very graceful building, surmounted by a dome. A fine effect is given to this picture by the sweep of this broad canal, with its clear, regular quays, its bridges, its shade trees, and its curious water-craft. The whole picture is an agreeable one, possessed with the quiet beauty of Dutch scenery. The streets of Amsterdam, unlike those of Rotterdam, are in general very narrow—so narrow that a promenade through the crowded and brilliantly lighted streets is accompanied with many amusing diversions on one side and another, to escape danger. There are three streets, however, unparalleled in Europe, each of them being 140 feet wide. Kiezer's Gragt (Emperor's Street), Heeren Gragt (Lord's Street), and Prinzen Gragt (Princess Street), on each side of which are houses which

look more like palaces than the homes of Dutch merchant princes. The most magnificent building in Amsterdam is the Stadt-house, similar to the Hotel de Ville of France and Belgium. It was commenced in 1648, and rests upon a fabulous number of piles, some 14,000, driven to considerable depth in the swampy ground of the city of ninety islands; it is indeed a noble structure, and one room in it, the grand hall, is superb. It is fifty-six feet wide, a hundred and twenty in length, and upwards of a hundred in height, and the walls being of white Italian marble, the impression on entering this noble room is perfectly overwhelming.

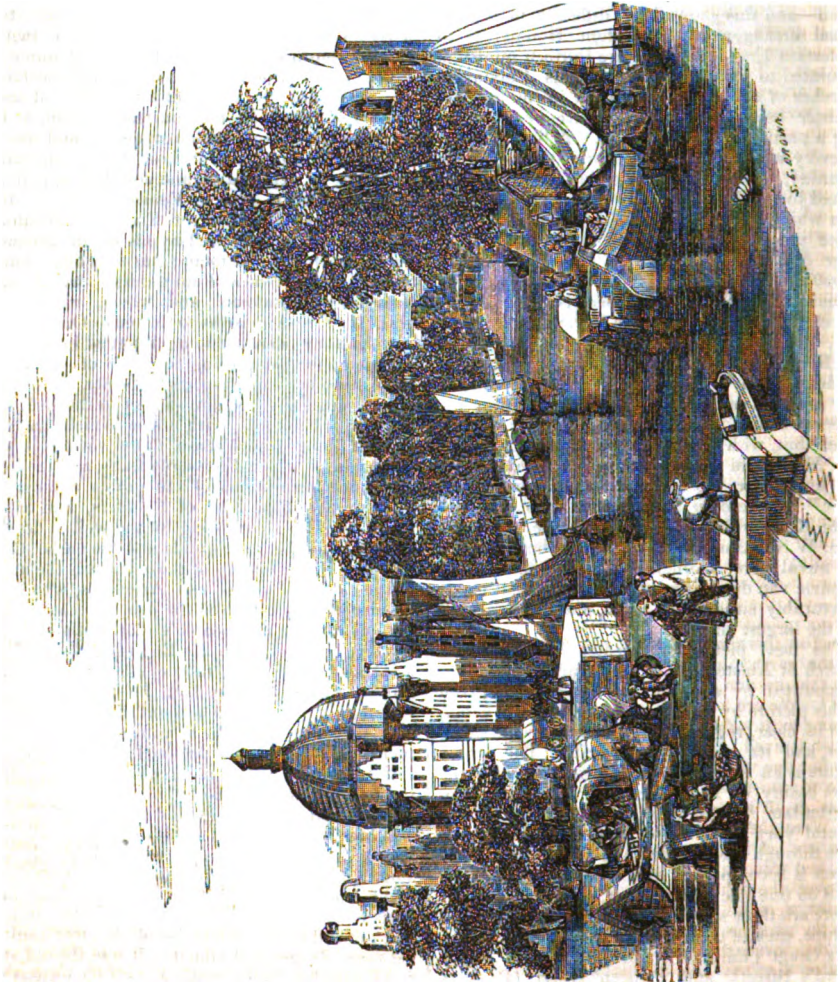
We have selected a fine view in Ghent to give some idea of the quaint and picturesque architecture of Belgium. The buildings embraced in our view are almost Venetian in their character, lofty and highly ornamented. The water, boats, and figures add to the effect of the picture. Ghent is the capital of the province of East Flanders, and is situated on a plain at the confluence of the Lys with the Scheldt, on the Ternewzyn Canal, which communicates with the sea. It is a very old place, and is spoken of as a town in the 7th century. It would be unpardonable to leave Ghent without an allusion to its past history. We quote the words of a favorite and well-known writer: "In the fourteenth century the Flemish towns were the most opulent and considerable in Europe; and of these, Ghent and Bruges were, in size, wealth, and population, perhaps scarcely inferior even to Venice. They were of right subject to the Earl of Flanders, and in ordinary times he exercised by his bailiffs the powers of sovereignty in them; but they had secured various franchises and immunities, which they guarded with jealousy, and which, when need was, they rose in arms to defend. On such occasions they were seldom all joined in a league together; for the trading interests of several of them were in some respects opposite, and some would generally remain subject to the earl, and at war, therefore, with those which leagued against him. Hence arose those various crafts or guilds, of which Froissart speaks, and the long continued revolutions of the guilds against the government of the Earl of Flanders, and of the peace factions, consisting of the well-to-do citizens, against both the guilds and the earls. Conspicuous in the history of those times is the name of the citizen Jacques van Artevelde, who from a sense of duty espoused the people's cause, and became a while the people's idol. His close intimacy, however, with the English Edward III., awakened suspicions in the minds of the seditious guilds, with whom in fact, he had never been thoroughly popular, on account of the even-handed justice with which he administered his government. His popularity declined, slanderous accusations against him were circulated freely among the citizens, and he who by his talents, courage and wisdom had long guided the men of Ghent, was basely assassinated in his own house Philip, his son, to whom Philippa, wife of Edward, had stood godmother, was then an infant; years passed by, and he was called on by contending factions to assume the government of the guilds, and to conduct the enterprise of the war raging between Bruges and Ghent. It was the old story of class legislation making itself obnoxious in the selfishness of fat and well-fed citizens, and in

the unreasonable claims of the guilds of mariners, fullers, clothiers, etc., who imagined that the shortest way of getting rid of poverty was to shed plentifully of the blood of the rich. He who would study the past aright must not forget the "war of the Mallets" in France; Wat Tyler's insurrection in England, nearly contemporaneous; nor the still later upheavings of the sea of social life in the developments of Communism, Physical force, Chartism, Mormonism, and other isms; which are all of them so many frantic efforts of despairing men to solve a problem by themselves that cannot be solved without Christianity.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

Love as we may other women, there stands first and ineffaceable the love of "mother," gaze as we may on other faces, our mother's face is still the fairest, bend as we shall to other influences, still over all, silent but mighty, reaching to us long gone years, is a mother's influence.

The heart may be wayward at the time; fear, entreaty, the silent agony, all in vain, she may sink into her grave despairing; but these are not lost, no prayer, no counsel, no appeal. When tossing oceans separate, and other scenes distract, when years have rolled their steady increase, and care and toil and grief have joined to make the self-reliant man; when the green grass waves above her grave—then audible to the soul as when first spoken to the ear, come those neglected words to strengthen and to save. In the mighty want of his soul, the prodigal hears his mother's voice, her hymn, her prayer, her precept; flashes over him in his riot, a vision of her form kneeling by his bedside and teaching his innocence to pray. In upon scenes of sin and shame and license comes that pure, that holy, that all-loving presence. The wine cup falls; the tempter is at bay. A little child in spirit, but a giant in a new found strength, he dashes all away, and goes out into the world with new resolve and hope, to contend, not alone, against



THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT AMSTERDAM.

the perils which had well nigh mastered him. Full many a time, just at the crisis hour, you have known it, I have known it—a long forgotten word or look—a little waif floating down the tide of years—has borne the perilled soul into its safety. Do you remember that toast which was given in the camp of the 20th Massachusetts regiment last Thanksgiving day—"Our Mothers"? Did not it, and the response made to it there, and wherever the knowledge of it went, speak as no eloquence of language could, to the all-pervading, unquenchable influence of mothers?—*Rev. J. F. Ware.*

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under a microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree weighing five pounds was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years the tree was removed, and on being weighed was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the experiment conclusive it was again dried in an oven, and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result; the earth weighed only two ounces less than it did when the willow was first planted in it!—yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds*. Manifestly, then, the wood obtained in this space of time was not obtained from the earth; we are therefore compelled to repeat the question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are consequently unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the *air*. Can it be? Were these great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were all these obtained from the air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle ships overborne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair

on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth—this was air!—*Life of a Tree.*

PULPIT ZEAL.

No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, scolds back again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will growl even under the operation; but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted; he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of truth, he gives them up as reprobates, incorrigible, and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and endeavor calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not, therefore, easy to conceive on what ground a minister can justify a conduct which proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him, if he were not himself deluded.—*Cowper.*

AN UXORIOUS MONSTER.

While lying in Black River Harbor, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her remains a secret; but what he did with her was clear enough—for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment. And to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the while he was eating he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly. "She was perfectly consistent," he said to himself "She was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!"—*Nautical Journal.*

The majority of human beings are mere tadpoles—dull promises of life, into whom there has not yet entered soul enough to classify them as frogs.

THE FATAL TREASURE.

It is related that once the city of Pleurs stood in a quiet valley of the Alps, beneath the shadow of the snow-crowned summits, a pleasant and prosperous town. Above it hung the avalanche, threatening destruction. One night a wakeful man heard the ominous sound breaking on the still air which heralds the descending mass of ice. Starting from his repose, he awoke his daughter, and with her hastened towards the city gate.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood would stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or, I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and



A VIEW IN GORRUT.

There she recollected that her casket of jewelry had been left in the house, and turned back to secure the treasure. In another moment, the overwhelming deluge of the avalanche fell with the noise of thunder between father and daughter, burying the city beneath it. When the morning dawned, the spires of the churches alone rose above the cold, white grave of the just before busy town. The maiden perished with her idol, while he who sought to save her escaped.—*Home Journal.*

mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say I would rather such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

[SONNETS.]

WHEN I AM GONE.

BY MARIA M. JONES.

There's not a friend in life's wide waste,
Who will not pass as gaily on,
And think that life's wild pleasures taste
As sweetly still, when I am gone!

A few may weep, and some may sigh;
But still grief will not go beyond
A moment, and they'll dry the eye,
And smile as oft, although I'm gone.

Others may wear a pensive look,
And sing awhile a plaintive song;
But they not long such things will brook,
But back to life, though I am gone!

No one at eve will seek my grave,
And pass an hour with me alone;
Some gayer scenes their hearts will crave,
And they will go, although I am gone.

No friend, as morn's fair golden beam
Shall throw her rays o'er earth's gay throng,
Will pause, and of past friendship dream,
And sadly feel—Maria is gone!

No one across their breast will clasp
Their arms, as though, if they were strong,
They would my faded self re-clasp—
O, no, they will forget I'm gone!

I've not a friend that will go back,
And roam their memory scenes among,
And tread the oft-repeated track,
And weep, and say, "Maria is gone!"

Alas! alas! not once again
Shall I to their young hearts belong;
Past, like sweet music's thrilling strain,
I die, and am forever gone!

Yet, do I ask a tear, or sighs,
Or pensive looks, or plaintive song,
To say that in remembrance lies
A thought of me when I am gone?

No, such are but an outward show,
And will not ever endure long;
But should a friend wish to bestow
Tokens to me when I am gone,

Let them at night, ere sleep shall close,
Their eyes from busy scenes and throngs,
Near to the cross of Christ repose,
And pray for me when I am gone!

Some spirit hovering near shall waft
Its pleadings to our Maker's throne,
And mine, delighted, in behalf,
Unseen will bless, when I am gone.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOST TREASURES.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I AM sitting to-night in my drawing-room, quite alone, for these lofty apartments never echo to the glad, soft voices of wife or child. There is a closed piano in yonder corner, it is one of Erard's best; but no magic fingers are here to call out the hidden harmonies. Music would sound strangely in this silent house. I notice that the servants speak in low tones and move about with light, careful step.

I suppose something grave, perhaps stern, has grown about me in these years that I have given to getting rich. In my eagerness to amass wealth, I forgot that life was passing fast, and now, with my object gained, with ships on distant seas, and warehouses filled, with bank stock and lands and houses, with elegance all about me, I find that the power of enjoyment has slipped away.

No laborer upon my estate is so poor in the means of happiness as I. This is the bitter thought that forces itself upon me, whether I stroll about my house looking vacantly upon the pictures, the rich furniture and the costly rows of books that crowd my library shelves, or drive swiftly over the country in my luxuriously easy carriage, with my splendid thorough bred. What care I for art, for fine scenery, for the beauty and mettle of my horses. I come back jaded and unhappy. Instead of exhilaration, I find only weariness and disgust.

To-night, sitting alone as I have said, I brood over my unfitness for the things in which others find pleasure. Faces and voices from the dead past arise to haunt me. Memories of simple, childish enjoyments, of early tender affection, even of love, that years of ambitious striving for wealth and place could not utterly destroy, come back to me.

Something whispers that those innocent tastes, those fresh, pure impulses, that unselfish love, were the real treasures lost; alas! that I should do well if I could barter all the gold that I have worn out life in accumulating for even a tithe of the happiness they once had power to give me. Lost treasures! nay, blindly, wilfully thrown away, ignored and scorned in the mad passion for wealth. Heaven forbid that any other should sit down like me, the meridian of life long past, with wealth enough to satisfy the vilest miser, satiated with material comforts, yet Tantalus like, seeing the blessed boon of happiness forever above his reach, doomed to go down the dark

declivity, yearning for the treasures long ago thrown away.

I do not know what kindled within me the thirst for riches. I know not if it were a dormant taste sleeping all my youth up, and awakening with maturity or a new acquisition, growing gradually as I saw others around me engaged in amassing golden treasures.

Once I thought I should be content to spend my life in the obscure country village where I was born. Then I had no other aim than to win a livelihood from the few hard acres which I had inherited. Looking down the vista of the advancing years, I seemed to see myself older and more grave, sitting of an evening at my cottage door, counting the gains of the season, and talking over future plans with the fair young matron within.

Ethel's blue eyes and sweet, sunny face, I believed would gladden the humblest spot. Yes, I loved Ethel then, though in after years I treated her so hardly. We were playmates in childhood, walked the same path to school, shared our small joys and sorrows. I was her protector, more chivalric than when later I had grown ambitious.

My companions grew up and went away from Glendale, some to return in a year or two for a brief visit, clad in fine cloth, and wearing an air of fashion and style quite dazzling to the simple country folks. From others there came from time to time news of material prosperity. This one had been admitted as a partner in a large mercantile house, another had obtained a place of honor and emolument.

I was almost the only one who had remained at home satisfied to plod on in the humble ways of our fathers. Gradually I too grew discontented. Legitimate causes of complaint were numerous enough. The labor was hard and unremitting, the mind was chained to a ceaseless round of small cares. There was no time for culture, for recreation. I might work from dawn to dusk, year after year, and yet gain nothing but a livelihood.

I grew impatient of my position. If I had ability for other and perhaps higher work, who shall blame me for wishing to exercise that power? My error lay in giving up my whole soul to the enticement of riches, my sin was in surrendering the sweetest thing life can give—a pure affection for a base material good.

Just as my uneasiness and discontent reached its height, the stores of gold in California were discovered. A vast flood of emigration was poured toward the Pacific. Almost without consideration my resolution was taken. I went to

Ethel—we had been engaged then for two years—I unfolded my plans, sought to dazzle her with my golden visions; but with what I now remember seemed to me womanish weakness, she clung to the idea of separation.

"Three years is such a long time," she said, her blue eyes growing humid again as she spoke.

"A mere trifle, Ethel. It will be gone almost before you realize it. Then I shall come back a rich man. I mean to build a new house on the old place, and lay out a lawn and garden such as we read of in novels, and I shall keep my horses and carriages, and we shall have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, Ethel."

Still the shadow was not lifted from her face. I had not much patience with sentiment. My love for Ethel was a feeling that had somehow crept into my heart unknown to me. And now in the anticipation of a golden future I gave her up almost without regret.

My home affairs were speedily arranged to suit a prolonged absence, and before many days I was with Ethel at her home for the last time. I suppose this thought was present to her mind as we sat down together in the slimly-furnished parlor. I think the meagreness of the apartment had never struck me so forcibly as now. The striped carpet, the hard, wooden chairs, the moreen-covered sofa, the small, mahogany-framed looking glass over the table, the two tall, colored glass vases upon the mantel-piece, and the small attempts at ornamentation were a shabby contrast to the magnificently-appointed drawing-room of my imagination. Ethel must have divined my thoughts, for as my eyes returned to her face after glancing around the room, she said, with a little reproach in her voice:

"We have been very happy here, though we have been poor.

"Yes, Ethel," I answered, "and we shall be still happier when I come home, if I am successful. I suppose you believe one may be happy if one is rich," I added, jestingly.

"Don't you know what I fear, Andrew?" asked Ethel, gravely.

The tender sorrow in her face touched me.

"What is it, Ethel?" I asked.

"You know I would not say anything to wound you," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "I don't mean to intimate anything discreditable to you if I say that I fear you may push your desire to grow rich too far; you know how eagerly you throw yourself into anything which interests you, and I have fancied that I saw in you a—I don't know what to call it—"

"A bit of the miser, eh?" I interrupted.

"No, I would not give it a harsh name. Perhaps it is the desire for gain common to every person of enterprise and energy—only Yankee thrift. But I am afraid when you are away in California, alone, with nothing to draw you out in other directions, that you will concentrate your whole mind upon gaining wealth, and then a host of evils will ensue, of which your forgetting me will be the least. There, Andrew, I've read you quite a lecture. Will you forgive me?"

"Very willingly, little preacher, for don't you see—though of course, being a woman, you don't—that you look at life and its affairs from a woman's point of view? That is, an entirely unpractical one, and that your sentimental refinements won't do at all in real life, though they're pretty enough to romance about, and so your misgivings and forebodings don't trouble me. And as for forgetting you, Ethel, I tell you honestly that the thought of coming home to enjoy my gains with you, is one that will do more than anything else to reconcile me to the privations that I shall experience. If there is a real feeling in my heart it is my love for you, Ethel."

And I was honest in this, for hard as I afterward became toward her, I loved her then.

In a few days I trod the deck of a thronged steamer bound for the newly-discovered El Dorado. Acquaintances are quickly formed upon shipboard, and I was soon familiar with a knot of young men animated with hopes similar to my own. Every variety of character and fortune was to be seen. As we lounged about the decks we made our own comments upon the passengers who promenaded before us. There was among them an elderly gentleman, with a somewhat sharp, yet worn aspect, who was usually accompanied by a young lady, a girl whose great beauty drew all eyes upon her."

"That is Mr. Bullion," said one of my new-found friends. "He made a fortune, and nearly lost it, so they say, in Wall Street. Going out to mend his mistakes and bring his daughter to a new market, I suppose."

"That beautiful girl! Surely, she would have admirers anywhere."

"Ah, but beauty without wealth doesn't win many praises, and old Bullion's material resources have been considered in rather a shaky condition for a long time."

Just then it struck me that among all the people I had met since I left home, in all the places I had been, money was the password, the underlying stratum, the reconciler and explainer of all discordances. By-and-by I grew familiar with this phenomenon, and ceased to remark it; now

a thought of what Ethel would say crossed my mind.

We touched the shores of California, and the great company separated. Mr. Bullion and his beautiful daughter were driven away to the most luxurious quarters that the city then afforded, and I sought out lodgings in keeping with my straitened means. I did not linger in the city. I went out at once and sought the heart of those picturesque gorges, in whose shining streams the yellow sands lie concealed. I was fortunate beyond even my wildest dreams. My success excited my own astonishment as much as it did the envy of my companions. In a few months I was rich enough to go home. My wealth would have bought my little farm ten times over, and embellished it till it shone like fairy-land. Did I rest content here? Ah, no! I began to think of the vast fortunes accumulated in trade. Speculation ran riot in those days. Fabulous sums were won by a single happy chance. I resolved to go to San Francisco and embark my capital in one of these enterprises.

Do not think that all this while I had forgotten Ethel. When I had pitched my tent in the deep heart of Californian sierras, and sat down in the still evenings, hearing in a dreamy, semi-conscious way the far-away sounds of noisy merriment, I wondered if the yellow moonlight crowned her fair brow as lovingly as of old. I pictured her to myself wearing that look of sunny sweetness so familiar to me, going about her daily duty, the wearisome task of a village school-teacher. I saw her bending over her books far into the night, seeking to acquire yet higher knowledge. Then my fancy went forward to the time when I should have her near me. Yet always this grew more distant to my thoughts. When I came out I had fixed upon a year as the limit of my stay; but now, if I engaged in business, my absence must be indefinitely prolonged.

I went down to San Francisco, and for a week or two haunted those public places where I was most likely to hear of a good opening. One day my eye fell upon an advertisement conspicuously inserted in the newly-established daily:

"Any person with a cash capital of thirty thousand dollars, can hear of a good investment by applying to James Bullion, 4 Commercial Street."

I re-read it thoughtfully. This might be worth my while. At least, it would do no harm to call upon him. I was always prompt in coming to a decision, and half an hour after I had first taken up the paper, I was standing upon the threshold of Mr. Bullion's office.

It was in one of those unsubstantial buildings put up to meet the pressing exigencies attending the sudden influx of population almost as quickly as a card-house, and nearly as liable to topple over. Consequently there was an aspect and odor of newness, a great deal of glaring light, and a sense of oppressive heat. Before several very business-like looking desks thickly strewn with papers, sat some musty, hard-working individuals who were in no wise disturbed by my entrance. I advanced toward one, and inquired for Mr. Bullion. The person addressed slanted his pen over his right shoulder, instantly restored it to its proper angle and went on writing.

Looking in the direction indicated I espied a small door. Upon tapping at this door, I was bidden in a voice which I well remembered, to come in. Presently I found myself *vis-à-vis* with Mr. Bullion. It was curious how completely he had put aside the air of the gentleman of leisure which he had worn during the voyage, and become again the sagacious man of business. It is scarcely necessary to say that I was not recognized. The master of capital was a different person from the penniless youth going to seek his fortune.

I need not prolong my account of this interview. Mr. Bullion explained to me in a clear, business-like manner the affairs he had on hand. They were complicated, and somewhat hazardous, but I was in a mood for bold speculation. The risk rather fascinated me; besides, there was room for almost limitless money-making. After satisfying myself of Mr. Bullion's soundness, pecuniarily, as well as otherwise, I agreed to become a partner in the firm he wished to establish. It was only of a piece with my earlier good fortune that all my schemes should prosper. In the two years which followed we went on enlarging our operations, and making the basis upon which we stood still surer. I was rapidly accumulating a vast fortune.

Meantime, a city had grown up around us. Out of the diversity of elements something like society was being formed, Mr. Bullion's house was the centre of perhaps as good a set as any other. His daughter, the queenly Louise, had lost none of her charms, and might now count her admirers by scores. She was always in the midst of a brilliant circle, living upon conquest and excitement, and scattering the shafts of a keen and polished wit with a cruel indifference.

It would not be the exact truth to say that Mr. Bullion and I became friends. In truth, no two persons could well be more indifferent to each other; but I sat at his table, and entertained him

at my own, we had a mutual confidence, we were posted in regard to each other's affairs, and in short maintained a respectable appearance of good fellowship.

I could see that he liked to have me at his house, and that he was satisfied to see Louise in my care. But I was not a society man. Its ceremonies wearied, and its vapidities disgusted me; so I was content with occasionally looking on in the early stages of a ball, or sitting beside Louise through the first act of a play.

She did not practise her art upon me. Always polite, always cold, conversing fluently if by chance her interest was excited, and then revealing a mind of rare power, but never showing any trace of feeling, I have no complaint to make of Louise. If she had allured me then, indeed my fault would not have been wholly without excuse.

At length Mr. Bullion and myself had been associated three years. We were to settle our affairs at this time, and ascertain just where we stood. Afterward we looked forward to still larger speculations. We found ourselves far richer than we had imagined. In his hilarity Mr. Bullion insisted upon my returning to dinner with him.

"It's the privilege of the senior," he said, with a blandness he knew well how to wear. "We can discuss our affairs none the worse over a bottle of Chateaux Margaux."

Louise came down to dinner in full opera dress. Her beauty was radiant, her diamonds of pure lustre, her smile as sweet, yet as cold as ever. When I came back to my chair, after opening the door for her to pass out, her father said, helping himself and me to another glass as he spoke:

"If you were a good judge, I should ask you if that is not a woman to be proud of."

"Every one admires Miss Bullion," I remarked, after a moment, seeing I was expected to reply.

"Yes. It adds strength to a man's position to be connected with a handsome woman, and one who queens it in society. Why don't you get married, Burton?"

And with these words my partner rose, and walking over to the fireplace, leaned his arm upon the mantel-piece, and looked at me. I said something about want of leisure, etc.

"True, if one were to marry and settle down into a humdrum domesticity. I am going to be frank with you"—Mr. Bullion was never frank unless he could make an extraordinary good bargain—"to be frank with you, Burton. I wish it would please you and Louise to marry.

Louise is my only child. If we consolidate our fortunes, it will give us a strength and power greater than that of any other house on the Pacific. Your business need not suffer. Louise has too many resources of her own to be exacting."

Before the image of the beautiful woman who had just left us, there arose another face, less strangely fair, perhaps, but yet of a wondrous sweetness. Golden brown hair parted smoothly over a white forehead, tender blue eyes in whose depths dwelt an innocent content. O, Ethel, why do you haunt me thus? Bitter reproach I could bear, but that look of mournful sweetness cuts me to the heart.

"Well, Burton!" said Mr. Bullion, after a brief pause, in which my thoughts had been thousands of miles away.

"Excuse me," I stammered; "but the lady—"

"Will not object," said my partner, gaily. "In fact, to be frank with you, Louise has been spoken to concerning the arrangement, and has the good sense to see its advantage."

"I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Bullion," I said, presently, "but in so grave a matter you will not expect me to come to a decision at once."

"By no means. I merely presented the subject for your consideration. And now to something a little more in our line."

It is an evening in midsummer. In the gardens around Mr. Bullion's villa the flowers are blooming and fragrant. By day an hundred exquisite shades of color burned gorgeously in the sunshine; but to night a soft purple shadow was folded around flower and scented shrub, and vine-wreathed portico. The dew fell slowly and silently into the lifted cups of the tuberoses. Except the distant surge of the sea it was as still as if the whole scene, in its dark, soft loveliness, were a magic picture, that vanished while you yet looked in wonder. Presently a low thread of melody stole out into the night silence, a few rich chords followed and the delicious sweetness of one of Mendelssohn's songs, without words, swayed upon the pulseless air.

It ceased soon, and then I heard Louise order lights, and throwing down my cigar I left the verandah. Louise was looking over some music as I entered the room, but she threw it aside, and sat down in the full light of the chandelier. I looked at her with admiration, and a touch of exaltation that my good fortune had so wrought that I might win so peerless a bride. I sat down near her.

"Louise," I had adopted this familiarity of late, "your father tells me that you are prepared to listen kindly to what I wish to say to you to-night."

"You may go on, sir!"

I had paused a moment to shape my thoughts into words, and she turned round and looked me in the face. Something in her manner startled me.

"You may go on, sir!"

The request was uttered in a hard, defiant tone. Her face was strangely pale.

"I was about to make to you a proposal, which I was assured would be entertained kindly. If I have been deceived I have no further explanation to make."

"You have not been deceived, sir."

"Then, Louise, I have only to ask if you will be my wife? Protestations and lover's vows would hardly become me, and you will not expect them. If you will be content with the position I can give you, I have no doubt we shall agree very well. Do you assent to this, Louise?"

Her colorless lips shaped the words "I do," but no sound was audible. Some vehement feeling sent shifting lights and clouds over her face. It occurred to me that she might regret the freedom she was resigning. I hastened to re-assure her.

"You need not apprehend any restraint from me. I have no wish to abridge your enjoyment, or interfere with your amusements."

She rose, and a vivid color flashed into her face.

"I shall not allow you to do either. And now if you please we will terminate this conference."

And bowing me good-night, she swept from the room with her usual queenly grace. She left me, and directly there arose before my inward vision a sweet face, soft blue eyes looked into mine, and a shower of sunny curls danced in my sight.

O, Ethel, Ethel, is it for this proud woman's gold that I have given up your love? But the weakness passed in a moment. Dreams of golden stores yet to be won came to dazzle me, and that sweet face faded and was forgotten. The wedding was appointed for Christmas. Now and then the remembrance of Ethel returned to haunt me, and day by day I postponed my design of writing to her.

At last there was no need. On the day preceding Christmas, a letter was handed me. I knew at once that it was from Ethel. She wrote to me but seldom now, and within the last year

my letters to her had entirely ceased. Glancing over the sheet I saw that it was brief. My heart divined its contents almost before the meaning of its few words of farewell had entered my mind.

"Now that all is over (she wrote) I find I can write these last sentences without pain. There arises in my mind a surprise that I could ever have suffered so much from a cause that now seems to me so inadequate. I do not wish to affect an indifference which I have not felt, for that would be to convict myself of untruth. It does not wound my pride that you should know that during the last two years, since I divined that your love for me was dead, and a cold mammon worship sprung to life in its place, I have been struggling to rise to a higher plane, and forget an unworthy affection. For, Andrew, it was unworthy that I should pour out upon you the priceless gold of a love you have no power to measure in exchange for so base a return. This is all past now, and I speak of it without bitterness or regret. I have simply outlived my love for you, and it is with entire cheerfulness, and without pain or resentment that I bid you farewell.

ETHEL."

It was with a sensation of sharp, bitter chagrin that I refolded this letter, locked it in my drawer, and going down resolutely to my counting-room, wrenched my mind away from the past. The feeling died away. Sentiment had too long lost its control over me to resume its sway so soon.

The next day was Christmas, not the cold, icy New England festival, but a day rich in bland airs, in skies as blue as midsummer, and in countless flowers. Louise was as radiant as any queen of old romance. When the ceremony was ended, and I looked in her face, I should have thought, but that I had never suspected Louise of sentimental weakness, that there was a gleam of tears in her fine, dark eyes; but she turned away from me, and the crowd thronged around to offer its congratulations.

Two years of our wedded life swept by, and Louise and I were as much strangers as if no such sacred alliance bound us. She was constantly in society, I as constantly in my office. I saw her always at dinner, dressed in her usual exquisite taste, and when after three hours in the counting-room I came back to my house late at night I was invariably told that "Mrs. Burton had gone out." I did not object to this at first. Indeed, I rather liked it. I was perfectly free. When I claimed nothing, nothing was of course exacted.

The commencement of the third year was clouded with disaster. Storms at sea swept away thousands of dollars. One of the conflagrations which afflicted San Francisco early in her history, destroyed the accumulations of years. In the midst of all this Mr. Burton died, sud-

denly, and I was left alone to encounter the embarrassments which surrounded us.

It was a hard struggle, and from day to day I expected to go down with the wreck of my fallen fortunes. I think it was in the course of these dreary months that I first began to see the worthlessness of mere worldly success. I began to long for some one to lean upon. It would have been a blessed relief if I could have shared with another the burden which oppressed me. Naturally my thoughts turned to my wife. During the year of mourning she had not been so much abroad, but at home she was always surrounded by gay friends.

One evening I found her alone when I went to dinner. She was paler than usual, and her rare loveliness was only enhanced by her simple, half-mourning attire.

"Don't go out to-night, Louise," I said in reply to her request that I would order the carriage. "I am not going back to the counting-room to-night. Stay at home with me for once."

She lifted her eyebrows in unfeigned surprise.

"I am at a loss to understand why you should wish me to remain," she said, coldly. "If you have a spare evening upon your hands I dare say Miss Carleton (the housekeeper's daughter) would be happy to entertain you. I will send her down," and she rose to leave the room.

"Louise, Louise!"

An expression of impatience swept over her face.

"What do you want?"

Somehow my long-crushed affections asserted themselves. I went towards her with arms outstretched.

"I want you, Louise—my wife. I want your love. I long for your sympathy. Let us put away this coldness, and learn to love each other. Louise, won't you come to me?"

She stood motionless, her large eyes fixed upon me, and her face white and set.

"Louise!"

Something like softness came into her eyes. "It is too late!" she said, slowly.

"Louise, why do you say so?" I cried passionately. "We are young. I will try to deserve your love."

She shook her head. "It is too late. When you asked me to be your wife I could have loved you—O, how well! for my heart was aching for love—but you tacitly forbade it. You let me understand how valueless my love would be to you. So I chose my course. If it was not the right one, the fault is yours. It is too late to undo it now."

"Forgive me, Louise. I was blind, I was mad. Surely I can atone for that great mistake, and Louise, I need you sorely."

Her face was full of compassion, and her soft eyes swimming with tears.

"It is too late, too late," she repeated, gently.

"Louise, you cannot be so implacable. Why do you say so?"

"Because I love another!"

She spoke so quietly, so gently that I thought I had misunderstood her.

"What?"

"I love another. Another week and I should have flown from your roof; now I confess my love to you, and ask you to free me from yourself. I cannot deceive you now."

She told me all this horrible truth as quietly as if it had not been of a character to drive me mad. To lose her just as I needed her most! To think of the love and tenderness that might have been mine!

In a little while it was all over. To release my wife from the hateful yoke of a loveless marriage, was all the atonement I could make. If there was blame I know who alone ought to bear its consequences. By the losses I had sustained my fortune was much impaired; but it was still ample, and my eagerness for money-making was satiated. I closed my business in California and returned to the East. Here in this luxurious, lonely home I have dwelt for ten years.

There is a dwelling not far from my own. It is unpretentious, but beautiful. Flowers and vines, and long rows of stately trees are among its charms. Up between these graceful elms I sometimes see at nightfall, a hard-worked man returning to this quiet country home after a day's toil in the city. I notice that his face grows more cheerful as he enters the shadow of those drooping branches. Children run gaily down the avenue, and sometimes a fair woman comes out upon the steps and awaits his coming. I watch the shadows as they darken around the house. Presently I see a light spring up, the curtains are dropped, but I know that in that loving home happiness is a constant presence. It is Ethel's home. It grows dark in my room. The stillness of night is all around me, and I sit in my luxurious drawing-room, and bitterly regret my lost treasures.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—*Burton*.

SHAWLS.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another it is knitted around the loins, like a sash; in yet another, it is swathed around the body for a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish materials for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in India looms, in those primitive pits under the palm tree where the whimsical patterns grow like the wild flowers springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian court, the ladies judge one another by their diamonds. In France, the lover wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem, as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dress-maker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rage with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it any season than without her cap. When a son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration—parting with the old with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on till she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste.—*Dickens's Household Words*.

We pay our friends a high compliment, and one that is seldom unappreciated, when we exert ourselves beyond common to please them.

[ORIGINAL.]

AN IDYL OF THE MAY.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

May, May, beautiful May!
With birds, and flowers, and green-decked bowers,
We welcome you to-day.

The warm airs from the south
Bring sweet reports from summer's courts,
That pass from mouth to mouth.

May, May, beautiful May!
Beside a stream, as in a dream,
I while the hours away.

You bring to me the time
Of boyhood's plays, of boyhood's ways,
Till in my simple rhyme

Again the songs I sing
That gave, perchance, to life's romance
Hues that Time failed to bring.

Some sweetest hopes were sent
Adown the tide that deep and wide
To Hope's far ocean went.

But as I watched, the light
Lit in my pride wavered and died,
And all was black as night.

May, May, beautiful May!
In thy embrace my life found place;
And since my natal day

Within thy circle lies,
Some token send, as from a friend,
To yield me sweet surprise.

The odors of the May
To me belong, and in my song
I let my fancies stray.

And bird, and breeze, and flower,
Some message take, for sweet love's sake,
In homage of her power.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DIVORCE.

BY MARY A. NOWELL.

It was evidently a woman's apartment into which shone the bright rays of the afternoon sun. They fell directly across a superb dressing-table, beside which stood a Psyche mirror, reaching from the top to the bottom of the high room. On the table lay heaps of jewels, yet scarce one was valuable, save a single diamond ring. These had apparently been overturned from a case that

stood empty. Another small box had contained letters and notes, and these were opened and lay scattered over the table. An open wardrobe revealed rich dresses, and a splendid white satin robe lay upon the white draped bed.

But the occupant of that room was not a woman. Beside the table, crushing one of the letters in his hand, while the other hand was deeply imbedded in his long hair, was a man, young in years, but with a worn and heart-stricken look upon his face, that had better suited one who had seen the hopes of a long life fade away into darkness. Let us look at the letter that seemed the cause of the emotion that was thus preying upon him. It ran thus:

"MY DARLING JANET:—Yesterday was a lonely day to me, for I did not catch a glimpse of you nor hear your sweet voice as usual. You were guarded too closely by your dragon. Fortunately, I met little Elise, and bestowed upon her the caresses which belonged to yourself. I hoped she would return them to the right quarter, although, as your favorite poet, Moore, says:

'Such fruit can only precious be,
When gathered melting from the tree.'

When does Cellini leave you again? And may I not pass the hours of his absence near you? Alas! why did I not see you before your marriage with one who can never love you, never appreciate you as I should have done? I bless you that you permitted me to approach you with my regretful love—regretful, because too late!
Ever your devoted —"

The name was torn off. Cellini, the insulted husband of the woman to whom the letter was addressed, perused it with a distracted feeling that threatened a total and instant loss of reason. Had the earth been sinking beneath his feet, he would not have been more shocked than thus to find the wife he had deemed so innocent, implicated in any affair that concerned her honor and his own. Cellini was an Italian by birth—warm, generous-hearted and passionate, like all of that sunny clime where he was born and nurtured. He had come to America with the design of pursuing his vocation as a musician; had met with unexpected success in being appointed organist of one of the largest churches in the city, as well as to a lucrative place as chief violinist at a theatre.

Janet Elise Pomroy possessed one of those ardent and restless natures that are never satisfied with the ordinary routine of common life, but are perpetually getting up some choice bit of romance, to puzzle and annoy those whom, after all, she intensely loved. She had kept poor Cellini on the rack ever since his unfortunate marriage, by continually trying to arouse his jealousy, which, considering that he was an

Italian, was rather difficult to do, for Cellini was colder blooded than most of his countryman. He had refused to allow her to sing at the theatre after their marriage; and Janet, who loved the excitement and the flattery she found there, was perpetually hankering after a repetition of her old flirtations there. Cellini wished her to be more domestic in her tastes; and when two beautiful children came to bless their home, he felt that she might be, as other American women are, happy enough in the joys of that home, without seeking new emotions and interests abroad. From the time of his arrival in his adopted country, he had admired the character of that large class of women who had lived sheltered beneath their own roof, dispensing joy and happiness from the central point of home. Janet's position in public did not trouble him at first, for he believed in her love for him, and had no idea that she would not settle down into a staid and sober matron after marriage. But her heart was set upon still receiving the sweet incense that had been so dear to her in her younger days, and not even the smiles of her children could wean her from the delicious poison. Troops of butterfly admirers, won by her enchanting voice, her beauty, and the free tone of her manners, had helped to spoil a girl who might, if reared in seclusion, have been one of the purest and most innocent in the world. An orphan, with only a brother, and he a gay young man, to look after her, Janet had had her own sweet will from childhood. She had it when the young Italian offered her his love. They thought it not best for her to marry a foreigner—not realizing how incomparably better in heart and principles was Cellini, than the young girl so spoiled by indiscreet admiration, and the impulses of a vain and flattery-craving heart.

All her true friends—and she had many, in spite of her faults—hoped everything from the influence of maternity upon her. Two of the sweetest children, combining the talent of the father with the beauty of the mother, were given them; and Cellina lost no time after the second was born, in transferring his family from the confusion and dissipation of a fashionable boarding-house to the quiet of a home, where he hoped Janet would become all that a wife and mother ought to be. But his home, splendid and beautiful as the abodes of the upper class, whom it was the ambition of Janet to emulate, was by far too attractive. The babes were consigned to a nursery maid, while the mother listened to the often repeated, but always welcome praises of Frederic Fitz Pomp in her boudoir. It would have been well had she had no deeper flirtation

than with this consummate puppy; but Janet's evil genius came to her at last in another shape. This was a man whose taste for literature had chanced to put him in a higher rank than he deserved. Janet had marked him with admiring eyes, long before she ever spoke to him. There was just enough difference in him from the men she had known, to make him an object of interest to her; but Arthur St. George might have laid half her desire to become acquainted with him to the romance of his pretty name.

At that time—and, reader, this domestic history happened long ago, in our own good city of Boston, there was a much frequented book and music store in one of the pleasantest, but not the most fashionable streets in the city. It was kept by a maiden lady and her brother, and was a resort for all who loved books and music, and all who loved to lounge away an hour or two upon Mary King's soft cushions. The store was in front, but this was by no means the point of attraction. A large, old-fashioned parlor led from it, and beyond this were several smaller rooms, with musical instruments and dainty books from London, not exposed for sale in the store, because too delicate to be handled without white kids.

Had Mary King known the dangers of her plan when she threw open her rooms to those whom she supposed were led thither by a love of literature, she would have applied a slow match to her premises; and her brother who knew a little more of life than the staid and prudent maiden, dared not shock her feelings by intimating that out of her good-natured arrangement grew gorgon heads, which one day would stare her in the face and turn her perhaps to stone.

It was in Miss King's smallest and most retired room, that Janet entered one morning, warbling her sweetest song in a low, plaintive key. It touched the susceptible heart of the young man who sat there, and stirred all the somewhat exaggerated romance which had been brooding over his youth. Janet Cellini knew that he was there; but she gave a well-feigned start of surprise at seeing him. His first thought was that she was unhappy. No one could sing such strains, and with such deep feeling, that was not sorrowful. His next thought was how dear would be the task of comforting and consoling such a woman. It needed no introduction in a formal way to bring two such spirits together; and half an hour found the plaintive songstress and the consoler of her grief upon as intimate footing as either could wish.

Interview succeeded interview, until they could no longer live apart. Cellini, in the boundless

confidence he then reposed in his wife, thought no evil when Arthur St. George brought flowers so lavishly to his wife; did not chide her when she and St. George made appointments to ride out together. Cellini was a poor horseman, while St. George was one of those who "witch the world with noble horsemanship." Janet loved the wild excitement of riding fast and far; and her husband swallowed down a half choking sensation, when he saw her come out with her sweetest smile and her most becoming riding habit, and place her foot in the hand that was eagerly put out to receive it, before Cellini's slow utterance and slower step had claimed his right.

But it is difficult for a husband to blame where no actual limit of propriety has been transcended; and the mere fact of her riding with a gentleman, could not fairly be construed as wrong by any person, so long as her husband gave it countenance by his apparent willingness. Alas! each one of these rides but riveted the chains that Janet wove around her lover—for this unworthy love had become St. George's life—while on her part it was but the foolish coquetry she had all her life practised.

It was after seeing her ride off with him, that Cellini felt a sudden impulse to go to Janet's private room, where the letter from St. George—he knew it could be from no other—met his eye. There was a passionate gleam in his eye, a dreary aching at his heart. In the single hour during which he sought and read more recent letters, he had formed his plan. He went to the nursery, where the woman who took care of his children was just dressing them for a walk. He bade her go out upon some trifling errand, and when she was gone, he packed up some clothing for them, and hailing a passing carriage, he sprang into it after them, directing the driver to take them to the next town. Here he took another carriage, with a driver whom he believed did not recognize him. Before Janet had returned from her ride, there were many miles between her and her children. She did not inquire for them until evening, for St. George stayed long. She was scarcely alarmed when she found them absent, for Cellini had often taken them away, and no one discovered that their clothes were missing. Often her husband, through the summer months, kept the children in the country for several nights in succession.

Elise, the elder, was a strong, healthy child, with the Italian complexion of her father. Louis inherited his mother's fairness and delicacy, and it was for him that his father most feared. These children he worshipped, while Janet's was a mere negative love, scarcely worthy to be called ma-

ternal. Three days after this, Cellini returned, depressed in spirits, but with a look that told of inward resolution and firmness. Janet, surprised at seeing him alone, hastily asked for the children.

"They are well cared for," he replied; "far better than with a woman who has forgotten her duty to husband and children."

A conscious blush rose to her cheek, as she said, "What proof have you of my neglect of duty?"

"This!" he answered, in a voice of mingled sorrow and anger, as he placed a packet of letters before her eyes. For a moment the unhappy woman reeled beneath the suddenness of the exposure of all her folly. For an instant she fell back upon her rights as a mother, and demanded her children.

"You will never see them more," was the unsparing, inexorable sentence that Cellini's lips uttered. "You are not worthy of them or me. You have broken all your vows; you have deceived me, and ruined yourself."

In vain she pleaded innocence. He held up the letters as a last reply to all her pleadings.

"The woman who would treasure these, is capable of treachery—nay, is treacherous to her husband. Janet, there is but one way left; we part, now and forever. I will devote a part of my salaries to your support, but henceforth, you shall never live a day nor an hour under the same roof with me; I will never enter the house that you will inhabit."

"Cruel!" she began to say, but he stopped her at once.

"Cruel! ay, so it was cruel to doom a husband and father to wretchedness, for the sake of a serpent like Arthur St. George, who steals into families to destroy their peace."

A flush of deep anger mounted to Janet's temples, yet she dared not gainsay the righteous wrath of an offended husband.

"But my children, Louis. May I have my children?"

"What! my innocent Elise to grow up and be mortified, perhaps perverted by your example! my little Louis to be near Arthur St. George, and know, as he must one day know, upon what terms he visits, or perhaps lives with you! No, unhappy woman! You shall never again bear a child of mine call you mother. Would to God," he continued, bitterly, "that you had never heard it."

Leaving her in possession of the house they had occupied, Cellini, without another word, established himself in lodgings simple enough to suit the limited expenses to which he must now confine himself. His children he had placed in

a family where they would be brought up in seclusion, and educated at home. They were never to be permitted to go out unattended, and the extra care which must be taken of them would cost him additional expense. Then his wife—he would not part from her without giving her the means of support. She should not have the excuse of necessity, to throw herself upon another man's generosity.

For once, society was just, and Cellini passed through his severe ordeal blameless. People were not slow to throw the odium where it belonged. Had Janet possessed more heart, more principle, she would have been unhappy; but she managed to pass along without great suffering. Small as her maternal instincts were, she was easily persuaded by St. George to seek her children, mostly to annoy and vex Cellini. The two left nothing undone that would give them the knowledge of their abode, and at last they discovered it. Once the guilty woman was found in the chamber of little Elise, whose clothes she had begun to pack up for a journey; but she was soon forcibly ejected from the house. And once little Louis was seized almost at the gate, and carried off by some emissary of St. George and Janet. He was taken to the next town where his loud cries attracted the attention of a gentleman who recognized the child as Cellini's, and who was aware of all that he had suffered; and by him Louis was conveyed to his home.

Heart-broken, Cellini did not survive his misfortunes many years, and Louis soon followed him. Inheriting her father's passionate love of music, Elise in a distant land pursues the life to which genius and art have bidden her.

In a lowly grave, where the grass waves long and rank, is buried the unhappy woman who despised the bright, rich gifts so lavished upon her youth, and exchanged them for the vile dross of passion. When Cellini died, she fondly hoped that St. George, now grown rich and powerful, would claim her as his bride. Expectation darkened into dread, and dread into despair; for not many months after she was free from the ties which Cellini had never chosen to dissolve publicly, St. George married a young and beautiful girl, who seemed perfectly willing to ignore his past life, and content herself with the promise of the future.

Christ did not count his converts by thousands, nor yet by tens, but he counted them by units, saying, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." He valued individuals; and yet at last shall he welcome his redeemed as an innumerable multitude, whom no man can number,

CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

First came a body of generals and other officers, their cocked hats and plumes, their drawn swords and golden medals glittering in the sunlight; then followed the band, with the drum-major and his imposing baton. How the clear notes of the trumpets, the long roll of the drums, echo through the vast streets as the multitude passes on! The heavy steady tramp of thousands of men makes the solid earth shake beneath our feet; as they descend the hillside we see regiment after regiment filing around, and the cold sharp points of the bayonets glitter like the dragons' teeth from which their prototypes sprang forth. The little vivandiere, too! Look at her; in her tight military jacket and trowsers, and her incredibly little boots; slight and agile, but upright as the stiffest of the soldiers, she marches behind the band, her tiny feet keeping a mocking time with the heavy tread behind. With one hand in her breast, the other on the dagger at her side, her black, bright eye and sun-burnt complexion, beautifully regular features, and her careless, fearless look, she seems the very genius of war; as graceful as a young panther, and as dangerous. But let us not wrong the vivandiere. Many a dying and wounded soldier has thanked God for the glass of eau-de-vie from that little keg at her back. On the long march and the bloody battle-field she is often the only one who thinks or cares for their wants. No wonder the poor fellows love and even respect her—the only thing near to remind them that there are in the world such things as wives, and mothers, and sisters.—*Notes in Marseilles.*

THE LIVING MAN'S GRAVE.

Close to the church of Moy, in Scotland, is a circular hollow surrounded with high rocks, and accessible only through one narrow entrance. Here it was that Donald Fraser, the blacksmith of the chief of Mackintosh, defeated Lord London, who commanded the king's troops at Inverness during the rebellion of 1745 and 1746. Quite close to this spot is also a green spot, *Uaigh an duine Cheo*, "the living man's grave," with which the following tradition is connected. A dispute having arisen concerning their marches between the Laird of Mackintosh and the Laird of Dunmaglass, the latter offered to find a man who would declare upon oath that the spot indicated by him was the exact march, with the condition that if found to swear falsely, the witness was to be buried alive. The man, when brought forward to the spot, swore by the head under his bonnet and the earth under his feet that he stood on Dunmaglass's land. On being examined, however, it was found that he had filled his shoes partly with soil from the acknowledged property of Dunmaglass, and that he had a cock's head in his bonnet, probably that he might save his own, and that he might not be considered perjured for swearing by the head of a cock. He was, however, adjudged guilty, and paid the penalty of his mental reservation by being buried alive on the spot.—*Saturday Post.*

There is nothing, however good in itself, which may not be converted into "stuff" by making a jumble of it, and interpolating trash.

(ORIGINAL.)

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY M. LEWIS.

A beautiful and glorious light is beaming
In the bright regions of departing day,
And to my fancy, in its restless dreaming,
Speaks of the loved ones who are far away.

Perchance they now are gazing on the glory
So richly beaming round the sun's decline,
And reading thence the bright, immortal story
How the terrestrial becomes divine.

The blue, o'erarching heavens above us bending
Speak the same language though so far apart,
And ever to our souls are lessons sending,
To fix on the unchanging the strong heart.

The glorious stars!—I gaze with mingled feelings
Of loneliness and sweetest social joy
Up to their mystic heights, for blest revealings
Are thence received which nothing can destroy.

When the day's radiant glory all has parted,
Their smile illumines all the solemn night;
So, when our friends have left us broken-hearted,
The light of God shines more serenely bright.

Thus to my heart kind Nature ever preacheth
Lessons of faith, and hope, and love, and trust;
In all her moods she ever gently teacheth
That the immortal riseth from the dust.

(ORIGINAL.)

"TENDER AND TREW."

BY A. H. GREENWOOD.

IN my boyish days my father adopted the son of a dying widow as his own. I remember the very night when he brought the little fellow home, his young eyes streaming with tears for the loss of his mother, and looking with a strange wistfulness upon the new companions to whom my father introduced him. He was scarcely eight years old, and I had three years advantage, and my brother Justin five. His name was Willie Clarke. He was a fair-haired, delicate boy, almost like a girl in his quiet, home-loving ways, from being so constantly with his consumptive mother; but when roused by insult or ill-breeding, was as brave as a lion.

Child-like, his tears for his mother were soon dried. We liked him, and tried to comfort and amuse him, and he repaid us by loving us with his whole heart. We were older than he, and undertook to be his champions whenever he was ill-treated. I think he liked Justin a little—a

very little better than he liked me; but that might have been jealousy. We both stood very high in the little fellow's regard.

My mother made no difference between us. Willie shared every indulgence that we had. He was dressed as nicely as we, and of the three little bedrooms devoted to us, I think Willie's was the most beautiful. In all my wanderings I have looked back to those little rooms with the tenderest remembrance. A mother's sweet affection embalmed them in my memory.

They were originally one long southern room; but my father had employed a workman to separate it in three parts—enlarging the small windows to wide ones, opening on a broad piazza overlooking the garden. They came down to the floor, opening like doors. The balustrade of the piazza was covered by a beautiful grape-vine that perfumed our rooms with a delicious odor; and the mignonette and roses beneath the piazza sent up additional sweets.

Within there were dainty white beds, cunning book-cases with well-filled drawers, which we were taught to arrange neatly ourselves, well selected books, writing materials, and, in fact, everything we could desire. If necessary, we could draw aside the partition, and restore the room to its original size; but this we were not allowed to do without special permission, my mother choosing that we should perform our devotions by ourselves. On each little table lay a pretty Bible, and above these hung pictures of our father and mother. On Willie's table was a delicate cushion embroidered by his sick mother, and by his bed was a chair, the work also of her hand. These two things were the only relics that her poverty had preserved for her child. They were kept carefully by the little fellow, who allowed no speck of dust upon memorials so dear.

We went to the same school; Willie at first far below Justin and myself, but afterwards rapidly coming up with us, until our pride and ambition urged us to work faster lest he should reach the goal before us. He became an almost universal favorite; and we loved him too well to grudge him the marks of affection constantly bestowed upon him, for we found he was neither vain nor arrogant in consequence.

If I dwell too long upon these childish days, forgive me; for the recollections are—O, so sweet! You may think that we had a rich father, when I talk of his adopting a child into his family; but it was not so. He was a man of limited means, but with a large heart; and although he knew that by taking Widow Clarke's son he should cripple his resources, and debar

his household from some of the luxuries they had enjoyed, yet he was not the man to deny himself the exquisite pleasure of making her deathbed happy.

I hasten on to the time when Justin and myself were respectively eighteen and sixteen, and were called on to make a selection of future business. How ardently we had both desired to go to sea! Only for the shadow that came over our dear mother's face when we spoke of it, both Justin and myself would have braved all the terrors of the ocean to enjoy its delights. But we gave it up when we heard her one night praying God that He would not subject her to this great sorrow. As each lay planning a voyage in the *Sea Lion*, then loading for sea, her tender, prayerful words came to our ears. For myself, they thrilled me with an emotion never experienced before. I would not have embarked in that vessel had I known that I should have returned with countless wealth. I told my brother so the next morning, and the dear fellow had, I found, registered the same resolution. The week following we both entered college. The expenses were to draw heavily upon our father's means, but he insisted that he could bear it, and our mother was so happy and content, that we could say no more.

We had had no idea how our going away would affect our little adopted brother. He was now thirteen, and a boy of whom any parent might be proud; so brave, so noble, and, although impetuous, so deeply generous and loving. We could hear the poor boy tossing half the night, weeping bitterly all the time; and when at length he would sink into a broken slumber, he would moan and beg us not to leave him. Still, it was a necessity, and even his sorrow must not alter our plans. When we went away he was nowhere to be found; and my mother wrote that she found him many hours after we had departed, sitting alone under a tree with the marks of a stormy grief upon his countenance, and with each breath a sob. When she had calmed him by assurances that we would write to him, and that he should see us often, he seemed penetrated with a sense of having been ungrateful to her; and she wrote that it was really painful to see how he strove to hide his regrets from her, lest she should feel hurt.

At our first vacation he was as wild with joy as he had been with grief. I had been exceedingly unwell for a week or two, and was advised to try sea-bathing. Willie was eager to be with me, and everyday would accompany me. One day we were alone upon the beach. Willie had been forbidden to bathe on that day, because of

some slight indisposition which my father thought would be increased by it, and I went into the water alone. I thoughtlessly ventured too far, and was returning to the shore when a sharp pain seized me, and I knew no more. "The waves would have been my winding-sheet, the coral caves my bed," had it not been for the courageous lad. In a moment it seemed that he had breasted the wave, had seized me by the long hair which, like many of our collegians, I had foppishly worn, and half-fainting himself, had dragged me through the surf to the shore. When I opened my eyes, the dear boy lay exhausted and panting beside me upon the sands. The praises bestowed upon Willie for this brave act would have spoiled almost any one. He only said quietly, that he would gladly have died for me. I know now that it was no idle vaunting of courage.

Our four years were over, and Willie, now seventeen, had been at the same college a year. Father had strained every effort, and had even sold a favorite piece of land, in order to send him there. He had always determined that the boy should lack nothing that his own sons enjoyed. We passed the winter in teaching school in two small villages, freely giving the avails of our teaching to help him along. In the spring the war broke out, and we were among the first volunteers—Justin and myself. Bitter was the parting from home! How many can echo that. Justin was so brave, so calm and dignified, that he was soon promoted by rapid strides to a captaincy. I was in the same regiment, but had only attained to the rank of a sergeant. I was determined, if possible, to distinguish myself, but the opportunity to do so would not come.

One of Justin's men was ill, and had to be sent home while we were in camp, and a young man had enlisted. He came into the camp after dark, and our men, tired with a long drill, went early to bed, so that we did not see the new soldier, Walter Clair, until morning. About ten in the forenoon, Justin came to our tent and beckoned me out. I followed him to a spot of ground where his men were amusing themselves.

"James," said my brother, "look at that soldier beneath the large chestnut tree at the right, and tell me if you ever saw him before."

I looked. "That soldier!" I exclaimed. "Why, surely—surely, Justin, if I live, he is our Willie!"

"I was sure of it," he answered. "Now call him into my tent, and come with him."

I went to him, took his arm—how it trembled!—and led him to Justin. He knew by my broth-

er's look that he was known, and his agitation was painful to behold.

"How came you here, Willie?" Justin demanded, almost sternly, although the nervous quivering of his mouth told me that he longed to embrace the dear boy.

Willie told his story. Night and day he had pined and fretted to be with us. He had been able to bear it no longer, and had grasped eagerly at the chance of enlistment in the sick man's place. He had not dared to ask consent from our parents.

"I shall send you back," said Justin.

"O, do not, dear, dear Justin—captain, I mean. I cannot go back to leave you and James. I must go! I will fight for you, live for you, die for you, if need be. Only let me be beside you."

"But our parents, Willie! Will you leave them desolate? If James and myself should never return to them, how could you answer to yourself for running the risk of leaving them without a son?"

"Ah, true!" said the little fellow. "They must not be left. James or you must go back to them, and I will take the place of him who goes."

He said this with such an inexpressible mixture of mirthfulness and gravity, that Justin burst into a laugh.

"A pretty captain you would make indeed! Well, I suppose I must let you stay. If, however, you do not distinguish yourself by some brave and heroic deed, I will disown you. Mark that, young man!"

And Willie, touching his hat, and assuming a grand air, *a la militaire*, joined his companions.

We three had many pleasant hours after this, when no other person was waking. Very soon the new soldier was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; and it was in that capacity that he served at the memorable battle that first crowned our arms with success. He fought like a lion—that tender, delicate student, scarcely more than a child in appearance, yet brave and heroic in character.

From the moment the battle commenced my two brothers were invisible to me. As it waxed hotter, I thought of but one thing; even they were forgotten. My country filled my whole heart. It was well that it did so. I believe that a soldier would be unable to do his duty, if it were otherwise. Every thought, every energy must be strained in one direction, or he would be unarmed.

The scene that followed my separation from them was described to me by the lips of a stranger.

The battle was almost over, and our troops were in the last conquering act. Justin, his pale face lighted up with a holy triumph, was cheering on his men to the grand close, when he was suddenly seized by the arm and pushed aside. At that instant a ball came whizzing in the air, and the man who had clung to his hand was struck down beside him. One moment he stooped. The dying man wore an officer's uniform, and through the smoke he saw dimly, with the shadow of death settling rapidly over the face, that it was Willie Clarke!

"Willie, Willie! dying for me!" he gasped out.

"Thank God, I have saved you!" were the only words uttered as the spirit left the form.

"Victory! victory!" echoed from every lip, save one. Justin alone responded not to that heart-stirring cry. "Tender and true, tender and true!"

As I sit alone in my tent—truly alone, for every man, save myself, is sleeping—I think of that heroic boy with emotions too mighty for utterance. How well had he kept his pledge to do a brave deed! Long, long will that deed be remembered! Let the memory of the widow's son be held reverently!

Was that the wind murmuring! No. Outside the tent Justin walks with slow and solemn pace, and I hear him saying, mournfully, "Douglas! Douglas! tender and trew!"

CONQUERING THE NATIVES.

One of the most singular incidents in colonial history was the removal of savages from Van Diemen's Land by a single man, after £27,000 had been spent to no purpose in a war against them. A person named Robinson, a bricklayer by trade, but an active and intelligent man, undertook and performed the singular service of bringing every aboriginal man, woman and child quietly, peaceably and willingly into Hobart Town, whence they were shipped to Flinder's Island. From the time of Mr. Robinson's capture, or rather persuasion, of the natives to follow him, a complete change took place in the island; the remote stock stations were again resorted to, and guns were no longer carried between the handles of the plough. The means of persuasion employed by Mr. Robinson to induce the natives to submit to his guidance have ever been a mystery to me. He went into the bush unarmed, and accompanied by an aboriginal woman, his sole companion.—*A Residence in Tasmania, by Capt. Butler Stoney.*

SYMBOLS OF DEATH.

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head.

ESSENER ELLIOTT.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Alas! he cannot turn the tide of fate;
 Yet instant hope his presence sheds around,
 And faith a foothold, where we darkly wait,
 A moment finds, although on unknown ground.

With tangibility he breaks suspense,
 And parts the sickly twilight of the room,
 So with a purpose, so without pretence,
 That unaware we half forget our gloom.

His air is earnest, and his forehead bold;
 And O, it seems the student-brain, so read
 In medicine midst the leaves of doctors old,
 Should keep our own beloved one from the dead!

To him the noble strategy how clear,
 Where science wrestles for the uncertain breath!
 In all life's breaches, like an engineer,
 Defences planting 'gainst the assault of death.

And see, what sons of Anak, in disguise,
 His mystic phial and his tiny pill!
 Wherein a hundred ages of the wise
 Have all commingled their triumphant skill.

With such great allies gently we are drawn
 One little moment from our sorrow black;
 The sick room still, the generous doctor gone,
 Old doubts and terrors drop, like ravens, back!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MISTAKE.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

BY WILLIAM E. STEDMAN.

THE faintest blue mist—thin as the most transparent cobweb—hung betwixt the sky and the eyes of the dwellers in a little retired Italian town not far from Fiesole, on the morning of July, 1842. The gorgeous panorama of shifting clouds, radiant and beautiful as they had been at sunrise, was made even fairer by this delicate attempt at veiling. So at least thought a young traveller, whose path lay through fair olive-groves and beside rich vineyards, until, wearied out with walking, he threw himself down near a cool spring, while the musical flow of its waters soothed and lulled his senses into a sort of half slumber. The faint rustling of olive leaves, and the numerous sound of bees among the flowers, added to the slumberous charm, which merged at length into a sleep as deep as the noontide slumbers could have been. His wanderings still were repeated in his dreams. He was roving

through orange thickets and deeply-laden vineyards; and beside him was a fair girl—a soft, sweet, delicate creature, scarcely more than a child. Her voice was in his ear, and the burden of her words was of love and sorrow.

And thrilled to the heart by the inexpressible sweetness of that voice, he awoke. Strangely enough, he almost seemed to hear the same accents, although he was conscious of being thoroughly awake—and still some sorrowful tale was being told. The sound was so near that he did not lose a word. Another time the handsome and cultivated Englishman would have shrunk from the rudeness of listening; but it seemed so fitting a sequel to his vision, and moreover the voice possessed such a strange fascination, that he could not have moved without a violent effort from the spot where he lay.

It ceased, and was responded to by a voice which he judged must belong to an aged man. "Daughter," it said, "it is true that thou hast seen many sorrows for one of thy age. Father and mother have left thee, thy brother has, thou believest, forgotten thee, and no one remains to thee of thy kindred. For the love I bore thy mother in her girlhood, I would do all for thee that I could; but as thou knowest, my hands are tied by poverty. I cannot give thee bread for a single day, having none myself, save what I beg." A heartfelt groan followed this confession of poverty. "Yes, my daughter, it is a sad and strange reverse for one whose early life was crowned with prosperity; but it is not for me to murmur. One thing I can give thee—the protection of my presence. If there is aught which those fair and delicate hands can do to earn the bread which thou needest, and supply the necessary garments for thy frame, I will pledge myself never to forsake thee until thou findest one who will be more to thee than an old man like myself, poor and infirm, can be."

"Protection! O, my father, is not that all I need? I would work these poor little hands to the bone, if I could but feel that some human being cared for the poor Rosalia. And you—you who knew and loved my mother! it will be like coming to a father, if I may but share the very humblest home with you. I will work for you. You shall no longer be dependent on the cold charity of the world. It is I, instead of you, that must go out into the throng—not to beg, but to work—and then I will come back to you at night, and be your child, your servant."

This was all said with so much rapidity, that Herbert Tremaine lost many of the words. He was not, however, the less entranced by the sentiments than he had been by the voice. A young

girl willing to devote herself to the care of an aged man, and asking only the privilege of sharing a poor and desolate home, for which her own tender hands should work, was indeed a *rara avis* in Herbert's experience. In his own land, it was true, he remembered many young girls who had sacrificed themselves to age and deformity; but it was with the express understanding that gold and jewels, carriages and fine clothes, should seal the contract. This case seemed different, and he ardently longed to behold a being so unselfish. Were her face as ugly as Medusa's, he thought he could love her.

The light branches parted as the voices grew nearer, and a face of rare beauty presented itself to his gaze. A clear tint of olive, with dark eyes swimming in tears, hair, whose rich black braids were laid coil upon coil around a small, graceful head; a slight, exquisitely-modelled figure, dressed in the deepest mourning—this was the young girl he had longed to see. As her aged companion toiled after her, through the interlacing boughs, Herbert advanced to meet him, gracefully apologizing for having inadvertently overheard the conversation.

"Let me atone for it," he said, "by bestowing upon you a home. I am rich—amply able to supply all that fortune has denied to you. I feel confident, my dear sir, that you have not always seen bitter days like these. Allow me to restore you to former prosperity. Then you can indulge your own generous feelings towards this—child," he added, after a pause. Her extreme youth suggested nothing better to call her.

Herbert said all this with a native kindness of tone, and a sincerity of manner, that captivated his hearers, while they yet hesitated at his generous offer.

"Pardon me," he repeated. "I am a stranger, unused to the manners of your land. I know that I might easily be misunderstood in offering this; but do me justice, and accept what I offer."

The old man had seen too much deception in his time not to have some qualms about the stranger. But little Rosalia, forgetting all, save that her mother's friend was to be benefited, was convinced that no deceit could lurk beneath those beautiful eyes so often turned upon her; and she entreated her old friend again and again to accept the young man's offer.

They had been walking along together, almost unconscious how the time had sped, until the houses of the little village were fully recognizable. In the outskirts, at which they now arrived, a pleasant embowered cottage caught the eye of Herbert. The occupants, an old man and woman, stood at the door enjoying the lovely day.

Herbert asked them if it could be purchased, and was answered affirmatively. Their only son was at Fiesole, and they wished to go thither; and they agreed to the purchase immediately.

The young Englishman saw that his two new friends were happily situated at the cottage in a few days. Their gratitude to him was deep, and they evinced it by earnestly entreating him to take up his abode with them. He shook his head, as he said, "I will come again when Rosalia is eighteen. Until then, promise me that no one shall receive her hand." They parted with mutual regrets.

The old man—Piero Solano, as he was called—had given him a circumstantial history of Rosalia's connections. Her father was a poor man, her mother highly born. She had offended her parents by her marriage, and they had disinherited her. Solano had once loved her, but she had previously given her heart to Rosalia's father; and Solano had become a wanderer and an outcast, from love to this woman. Two children were born, Lorenzo and Rosalia, and then the wife died. Her husband had destroyed himself soon after her death, unable to bear life without her. Lorenzo was a mere child when he was stolen by some person in disguise, and carried off. The poor little Rosalia went to a convent; but disgusted with her life there, and with the hypocrisy of the old nun who took charge of her, she had managed to escape.

This was the simple tale which Solano had heard from the child's lips. More than ever he now deplored the vagrant life he had led from disappointment. Had he lived otherwise, he might now have placed Rosalia in a situation befitting her mother's birth. Now he must owe it to a stranger, that he could even protect her by his presence. He shed tears as he unburdened himself to the generous young Englishman, and resolved that he would begin life anew. The appearance of great age was the effect of self-neglect, not of years; and he promised Herbert that he should find him much younger when he returned!

"God forbid that he should grow young enough to steal my Rose!" murmured his listener, as he went away with only a brotherly kiss to the young girl who was to be his wife in three years.

Three months only remained of the time which Herbert had set as the period of his absence. From time to time the girl and her adopted father had received abundant proofs that they were not forgotten. Piero Solano had revived his old passion for music, had become a cele-

brated teacher, and thinking Mr. Tremaine would like it, and wishing to surprise him, he gave the utmost attention to Rosalia's improvement in that science. Never pupil rewarded teacher more fully. Her voice was perfect—a rich, full soprano. They who heard her declared her inspired, and many offered Solano almost fabulous terms for her services as a public singer, to which, of course, he would not listen, until he knew more of Tremaine's intentions. Should he never return, she could do as she thought best. So great was his own passion for the art, that he would not have hesitated, had not the Englishman's last words precluded. He thought it better to keep Rosalia as much as possible from making any new acquaintances until his return. Meanwhile Rosalia passed as his daughter, and went by his name; preferring it for the present to her own, as it saved much questioning from strangers.

For the last three weeks Rosalia had noticed a distinguished-looking man in constant attendance upon Solano's rehearsals at the Academy of Music. Solano also had observed him, and he saw, what Rosalia did not, that he was entranced with her voice alone, seeming to forget that any one else was singing. Solano wished him away, for he remembered Herbert Tremaine's words, and this stranger was a peculiarly fascinating man. Already he had found means to be introduced to her, and now lingered near her constantly. She became strangely interested in him. Something—she knew not what—seemed to draw her to him. Sometimes she imagined there was a resemblance between him and Mr. Tremaine; but three years had nearly elapsed, and she felt that she *might* have forgotten his looks, or retained them indistinctly. As the days went on her interest in the stranger was undiminished, and he became more and more unguarded in his admiration of her.

He followed Solano one day, and asking pardon for the intrusion, begged to know if his daughter's hand was free. Solano answered him haughtily that it was not, but made no explanation. Undeterred by the rebuff, the stranger was again at the Academy, and again took his seat as near as possible to Rosalia, and addressed her whenever opportunity offered, during the intervals of performance. It was not long before he spoke to her of the theme which seemed to occupy all his thoughts. He told her of the repulse Solano had given him, and begged her not to imitate it. In short, it was evident that with him, Love's young dream was at its height. Nor could Rosalia resist the fascination that seemed to linger around his image. Her heart's citadel

had surrendered, and Herbert Tremaine remained only as a dim shadow upon the memory of her childhood.

Solano was almost beside himself. He remonstrated with Rosalia, and brought to her mind the promise he had given, that she should wed no other until his return.

"Nor will I, dear father," she answered. "He is my benefactor, and I owe him reverence and gratitude. But my heart is another's; and although I would not pain him, it would be wrong to pretend to love him now. Once it was not so. Ah, 'tis a sad thing to be ungrateful, or to seem so."

The day on which they expected Tremaine was close at hand. The cottage was filled with flowers as for a festival. Solano, now prosperous, if not actually wealthy, made great preparations for the event. He even relaxed his severity toward the stranger, and invited him to be present. He did not entertain a doubt of the Englishman's return, and he hoped that all things would be set right by his presence.

True to his word, Tremaine came. Not in pompous style, but simply as before, unattended, save by a friend, who he intended should witness his marriage with Rosalia. For he had all through his absence lived upon that thought. It had been the theme of his letters to Solano, and it ran, like a golden thread, through all his messages to herself. And yet, with what faint approach to love was she to meet him to-day?

They met—he with the ardor of an attached love, sure of welcome, and she with an embarrassment that he was not unprepared for, as it was natural under any circumstances of meeting with him. There were a few present whom he had not seen, and among them the stranger. He was struck—nay, haunted—by his resemblance to some one whom he had seen. As the young man stood near Rosalia, in the course of the evening, it suddenly flashed upon him that the strange resemblance was to *her*. He remarked this to his friend, who seemed to be suddenly struck with the same idea.

"I have seen him before," he said at length, "but he bore a different name. He was called Castelli."

"By heaven, her very name! Rosalia has merely taken the name of her adopted father, to save curious questioning, but her name is actually Castelli. It must be her lost brother. What was his baptismal name?"

"Lorenzo, if I mistake not."

"And he now goes by that of Brigni. I must unravel the mystery which Rosalia has not, it seems. Solano assured me that he had proposed

for her hand. Probably both are equally ignorant of their position."

Tremaine and his friend walked up to where Rosalia and Brigni, or rather Castelli, stood. Mr. Warner called him by the name he once went by. Rosalia gave a nervous start as she heard it, but recovered herself soon; probably thinking he was in the wrong, and had mistaken her own name for that of her guest. She was flushed and excited, for she had given her word to Brigni on that day that she would marry him, or no one. To return:

"You knew me by that name once, sir," he answered with the greatest composure. "My patron died, leaving me his estate and name. I am now endeavoring to find my sister, of whom I have a faint recollection. Her name is Rosalia Castelli."

This was said in a low voice, unheard by any other person. Warner took his arm and led him aside, telling him of Rosalia, and how she came to bear another name, and relating to him the circumstances of her connection with Herbert Tremaine.

He listened with a face like marble; thanked Warner again and again for saving him and his sister from a fate which he shuddered to contemplate, and begged him to go and break the matter to Rosalia. It was a strange story that he was now to relate; but it was one that Herbert was only too happy to hear. Rosalia was at first overcome with emotion, but wept it out upon the shoulder of a brother she had so longed to behold.

When Tremaine claimed her hand, which he said he had lost only by mistake, she blushed painfully, and referred him to her brother. Lorenzo had been carried away by his mother's brother, Lorenzo Brigni, who had given him his name. Need we say how it all ended?

ABOUT BILLIARDS.

Somebody wrote to the editor of the *Bacrus Journal* a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows:—"Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table, and presenting the keeper of the table with fifteen cents—or, as is most commonly the case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard-markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at the expense of about \$100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it."

CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

It would be easy to let the imagination run wild in describing such ideal charms of face and limb as prescriptive fancy bestows on the Circassian girl; but unless the remoter interior possess nymphs of another and more celestial mould than those who meet the traveller's eye along the coast, such hyperbole of praise may be awarded with greater justice to claimants nearer home. There is, indeed, a natural gracefulness about these Circassian maids which a western education might develop into an elegance that would contrast favorably with the artificial gloss of mere conventional refinement; but for the wilder beauty that dazzles the eye and carries the heart by a *coup de grace*, you may see more of it on a fine spring afternoon in Rotten-row and the Drive, than I have been able to catch sight of here during three industrious weeks. Lest it should be inferred from this admission of non-success in this respect that the result mentioned has arisen in any degree from the retiring bashfulness of the sex, I may add that it is the married women—and of them the ugliest are, as in Turkey, ever the readiest to hide their charms from the stranger's eye—who wear the veil; the single and unsold may be looked at till the gazer is content.—*Correspondent of Daily News.*

FERTILITY OF DAMASCUS.

The glory of Damascus is its gardens and forests of fruit trees, which surround the city for miles, and almost hide it from view. Vegetables of all kinds are abundant and cheap. Almost every species of fruit is produced around Damascus, either on the plain, or in the valley of Barana. Besides the olive, we either saw or heard expressly named, oranges, lemons, citrons, pears, apples, quinces, peaches, almonds, plums, apricots, prunes, grapes, figs, pomegranates, mulberries, walnuts, hazelnuts, pistachios, etc. The wines of Damascus are among the best of Syria. Grapes ripen early in July, and are said to be found in the market during eight months. Such is this splendid plain, the seat of this great oriental city. Well might Abulfeda say of it:—"The Ghutah of Damascus is one of the four paradises, which are the most excellent of the beautiful places of the earth. They are the Ghutah of Damascus, the She'ab Bauwan, the river of Ubalah, and Soghd of Samarkand. The Ghutah of Damascus excels the other three."—*Biblical Researches.*

NATURAL ACTING.

The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting." "In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, 1788, the 'Fair Penitent' was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage. During the night, her illness continued; but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper, and anxiously inquired where he procured the skull. He replied, from the sexton, who informed him it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the graveyard. That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks."—*London Globe.*

[ORIGINAL.]

GOOD NIGHT.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

Adieu, sweet friend, thine earthly race is run,
The cross laid down, thy heavenly crown is won;
The valley dark thy gentle feet have trod
Alone, yet fearless, to thy home with God.
How blest thy lot, we linger here below,
And dimly see, and yet we cannot know
How full the joy to ransomed spirits given,
How great the bliss, how sweet the peace of heaven!

Here sickness comes and Death's unpitiful hand:
No pain, no grief invade that better land;
Here are sore partings, hearts are wrung with pain,
For thee no death nor parting come again.
We tossed and weary, sorrowful, afraid,
Thou safe from harm, rejoicing, undismayed;
Ours is the tempest, thine eternal rest;
Our home life's billow, thine our Saviour's breast.

A few more days, perchance a few more years,
Of mixed grief and pleasure, smiles and tears,
Then done with earth and all these earthly ties,
We'll clasp thy hand, sweet sister, in the skies.
Then not "farewell," dear friend, 'tis but "good
night,"

Death's darkness hides thee from our mortal sight;
But when the night our Father's hand hath riven,
We'll say "good morning" to thee up in heaven!

[ORIGINAL.]

MY LATIN MASTER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

At seventeen, I was entered as a pupil at the Lakeford Female Seminary. Every one knows the prevailing characteristics of a school girl of seventeen. Laughter-loving, mischievous, fond of "goodies," thoughtless, often times rude, careless of the feelings of others, but in the main affectionate, generous, and tender-hearted.

An analysis of my character at the time of which I am writing, would probably have revealed the usual quota of sins and virtues, though in all candor I must confess that the former qualities would have greatly preponderated over the latter.

I had left a gay, luxurious home in New York, to complete my education at the celebrated Lakeford school, and it was extremely unlikely, I thought to myself, that I should be able to endure quietly the monotonous existence which must be mine in a humdrum old village like Lakeford. True, everything beautiful in Nature was there—the finest sheet of water in the coun-

try, surrounded by grand mountains, and great forest trees—and nestled down in the bosom of the hills on the shore of the blue lake, was the massive white stone building where five hundred gay young girls were worshipping at the shrine of learning. I knew no one at the seminary, but that did not trouble me. I was rich, beautiful, young and attractive, and such a person is not likely to want for friends.

The first day at Lakeford passed quietly enough. I made the acquaintance of a score of young ladies, plotted a great deal of mischief, played a practical joke on the usher, wrote a sonnet on the nose of the French master, and got reprimanded by the preceptress. A very good beginning, I thought, as I disposed of a boarding-house supper, and dozed the night away on an extremely narrow and uneasy bed.

The second day came the Latin teacher and mathematician, Leigh Archer, and a vast amount of satisfaction his advent afforded me. I had been wondering what I should do for a subject on which to practise my mischievous tricks, and here was just the individual, raised up for my especial benefit. I could have clapped my hands with delight at the thought.

I have no hesitation in saying now—I acknowledged it even then—that Mr. Archer was very handsome; tall, slight, but compact, with a dignified, graceful manner, a full, intellectual, high-bred face, dark, deep eyes, whose full light it was difficult to catch, a mouth where sternness and sweetness reigned together, and masses of curling brown hair, worn carelessly, shading his ample forehead.

But the fun of the thing was this, Mr. Archer wore the most threadbare coat I had ever seen, his vest was absolutely frayed, and his hat could only be described by the epithet "shocking."

From this time Mr. Archer was our butt. Led on by my example, the other girls launched their shafts of ridicule at the luckless Latin master, and in a couple of weeks he was the target at which everything in the shape of a joke was directed.

Pride and sensitiveness were his prevailing characteristics, and I was not long in finding this out. It is strange that I felt no sympathy for this really gifted and finely organized man, when wounded by some sarcastic witticism, I could see the red hot flush mount to his forehead, and the lightning flash of offended pride leap to his eyes. But I did not—I was Josephine Hunter, the idolized child of wealth and luxury—what sympathy could I have for a man that wore a threadbare coat?

As a scholar, as a clear, logical expounder of

his particular branches of science, I have never seen Leigh Archer's equal. He interested me in the dry study of Latin, and in the abstruse labyrinths of mathematics in spite of myself. I had previously determined not to be instructed, but there was a sort of magnetic power about the man that influenced you against your own will.

But if I was absorbed in my studies, I always found time to annoy Mr. Archer. I think that I took peculiar delight in watching the quick compression of his lips, as if he feared something which he should afterward regret would escape them; and the swift red flush that invariably crimsoned his face whenever one of our wicked speeches, almost always half whispered, struck home. Many and many an epigram, couplet, sonnet, and poem in twelve cantos, did we girls get up on Mr. Archer's coat, vest, and hat, and we took unwearied pains to have each scandalous production dropped somewhere in his way that he might be sure of finding it.

One day I was wilder and more reckless than usual, and the desire seized me to render Mr. Archer's coat unrepresentable. I was tired of seeing it; I told my gay companions, I guessed he could afford to get another, and I meant to ventilate it in the back. They cheered me on, and at recess the thing was accomplished. I succeeded in slitting the unfortunate garment entirely across with my penknife. Mr. Archer did not know the author of his misfortune, I flattered myself, for he made no manifestation, and the next day he came to school with the rent carefully darned. I have to this moment a vivid belief that he mended it himself.

There was a little avalanche of smart things on paper regarding the affair put in circulation that afternoon, and when the Latin class had finished their recitation, contrary to his habitual custom, Mr. Archer remained behind. Something unusual had occurred to stir him, I saw at a glance—his face was pale, his eyes absolutely blazed, and his sternly compressed lips seemed to promise anything but a gentle reprimand. We were all attention as he slowly arose, unfolded one of the before-mentioned slips of paper, and read in a cold tone of voice the following doggerel:

"If seedy coats, and seedy vests, and smashed hats
 predispose
 To fell profanity, forbear to judge folks by their
 clothes—
 For mathematics are made up of fractions, cubes and
 squares—
 What wonder then our cyphering man should prize the
 clothes he wears?
 For though he may not darn his fate, or otherwise
 devote
 His hate of life, he surely may with safety darn his
 coat."

Mr. Archer finished, laid down the paper,

cleared his throat, and spoke rapidly and clearly:

"Young ladies, for three months I have afforded you an unfailing source of amusement. I am happy that I have been able to contribute in some measure to your enjoyment. But feeling that I have now furnished my share of the entertainment, I am constrained to withdraw myself from your attention; therefore if, hereafter, I find anything like the very eloquent effusion I have just read, I shall most certainly punish the author. I know very well who has been the motive power in matters of this kind, and let her beware of another offence. I have borne silently all that I will bear, and if such a thing as this again occurs, the guilty one shall stand a full hour in the face of the whole school with this placard on her back!"

He held it up, a huge piece of black paper, with the word "*Miscreant*" in large red letters.

The girls looked serious, I laughed in Mr. Archer's face. He returned my look with a cold gaze, bowed haughtily and left the room. Those stony, contemptuous eyes decided me. I would dare him to punish me; I would see if he, the poor, ragged schoolmaster, would make his word good, and punish me, the heiress of half a million! And before night, I had committed the unpardonable sin—I had penned a most irritating lyric, and placed it, addressed to Leigh Archer, in his desk.

I saw him when he read it. A black cloud settled gloomily over his brow, succeeded by a mortal paleness, then an expression of poignant pain swept over his countenance. That last exhibition touched me. For the first time I felt an emotion of contrition for my conduct toward him. If he was poor, and dressed in threadbare garments, he had a heart, and a capacity to suffer. Yes, I said to myself, I had done him innumerable wrongs. He came to my side, and held the obnoxious paper open before me.

"Miss Hunter," he said gravely, "do you know whose work this is?"

I felt my face flush, but I would not utter a falsehood. I answered him calmly:

"I do, sir."

"Very well, will you favor me with the name of the author?"

"With pleasure, sir. The name is, I think, Josephine Hunter."

"Yourself?"

"Myself."

"Exactly. And you know the punishment, I presume?"

"I do, sir."

"Come forward and receive it."

I hesitated—I had not for a moment expected

that he would put his threat into execution—but looking into his granite face, I knew that I need hope for no mercy. Forgiveness I would not ask; I arose and followed him to the open space in front of the desk. Every eye was upon me, mute silence had fallen upon the school, things had assumed a new and unexpected phase. Pride kept me up, erect and defiant; but in arranging the ominous placard, Mr. Archer's hand touched mine. Good heaven, what a thrill went through me! That one electric touch opened the door of my heart, and for a moment I looked into the darkened chambers, and what I read there struck me dumb! Well, well, let that pass!

It was near dusk of a cloudy day that I received my punishment, and before the probationary hour was ended, school had closed for the day, and the pupils had departed for their homes. I might have gone with them, but I felt a sort of strange delight in standing there alone in the gathering gloom, the victim of a stern teacher, and I would not shorten by one little second the allotted hour.

At last it was over, the sun had long since gone down, all was dark and dreary, and silent. I sunk down on a seat and burst into tears. Pride was gone, I was weeping like a spoiled child. A step at my side aroused me, and glancing up, I saw Mr. Archer standing with folded arms beside me. Instantly I recovered myself, arose haughty and repellant, and throwing on my bonnet and shawl, swept past him into the hall. He laid his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"Miss Hunter," he said, sorrowfully, "am I a brute?"

For almost the first time in my life I met the full gaze of his eyes, so darkly, bewilderingly beautiful, now full of self-reproach, tenderness, almost love.

"Tell me, Josephine, do you hate me?"

"I do! I will!" I cried, fiercely, and breaking away from him, I hurried from the place.

I meant to do as I had said. I meant to hate him with an undying hatred. But alas for me! Alas for my regnant pride! For in that one moment when his hand had touched mine, I had discovered the startling truth, that with the whole strength of my soul I loved Leigh Archer! Loved him, and he despised me!

Thereafter I wrapped myself in an impenetrable reserve. I never spoke to Mr. Archer unless I could not possibly avoid it—I dared not meet his eye, lest he should read my heart in my face—but I left my wild reckless ways, and applied myself unweariedly to my books.

A year passed by, my term was ended. Examination was over, I had my diploma in my pocket, my trunks were packed, on the morrow I should bid a final adieu to Lakeford.

In the hall, with the others, I took leave of our teachers. I was the last to speak my farewells, and Mr. Archer's was the last hand that held mine. This was cold and trembling, my own fluttered like a frightened thing in the close clasp in which he enclosed it. My heart seemed bursting; I felt faint as death, as with averted face I made out to utter the words:

"Good-by, Mr. Archer."

He did not speak, he crushed my hand, threw it from him, and walked rapidly away. Does any one who reads this, know aught of such a parting? Can any of my fair young readers imagine the anguish that tore me like the fatal power of the rack? If so, then God pity them! for only a full and agonizing experience can teach them this knowledge.

Late that evening I had my favorite horse, Frolic, which had accompanied me to Lakeford, saddled, and I went out to take a last view of the landscape round about which so many associations clustered. Frolic was restive, perhaps she in a measure partook of the wild mood of her rider; but be that as it may, I had never seen her in such mad spirits. There was something consonant to my feelings in the reckless speed at which we went, and I did not attempt to check her. On we flew, over hill and dell, fences and ditches, and in passing a short curve in the road a fallen tree obstructed the path. Frolic shied violently, and threw me to the ground. I was stunned, but not injured, I thought, though I lacked strength to rise. I heard a voice near at hand cry out sharply:

"My God, she is killed!" and then I was snatched up to his breast, and Leigh Archer's lips rained kisses on my face. "Josephine, my darling, my darling! Yes, I will let my heart speak—I shall die otherwise! Josephine, my love for you is killing me; let me give it voice, and then I will be silent forever!"

My arms fell round his neck, I could not keep back the tears of joy that sprang to my eyes.

"Speak to me, Josephine—doom me if you will—I can live on this one moment of rapture through all my after life. It is full recompense for an eternity of suffering. Am I beloved?"

He spoke in a whisper; I answered him thus:

"You are beloved, Leigh Archer."

"Thank God!" he said, solemnly. "My prayer is answered. I am content."

We sat there together in the shadows, his ten-

der arms enfolding me, his face close to mine, and our happiness found no vent in words. It was a long, long time before the silence was broken, then he said :

"Josephine, I dare now speak to you of what has hitherto been a forbidden subject—my poverty and the struggle of my life. I dare now to tell you why I have worn garments that have excited your ridicule, and why I have appeared always as mean and miserly in my habits. I have an invalid mother and a precious little sister whose very existence depends on the paltry sum of money that I can earn by teaching. It is little enough to keep them from starvation, and there is nothing left me for fine clothes. And I am proud and happy to know that by wearing my old coat I can contribute to the comfort of those I love!"

He had never looked one half so noble to me as he did then. I rose up and laid my lips to his forehead.

"I give myself to you, Leigh Archer," I said, solemnly, "be faithful to me as to them, and I will leave home, friends, and country, if fate so wills it to live my life with you!"

So we were betrothed. When I arrived home, I told my proud parents everything. There was a long and bitter warfare between their pride and their love, but the tender sentiment triumphed, and they gave their daughter away in marriage to the poor schoolmaster.

Seven years, seven blessed years, I have been Leigh Archer's wife. His mother is my mother, his blue-eyed, fair young sister is my sister; we are a happy household, and peace is with us continually. Verily God has blessed us!

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S WIG.

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not encumber the carriage with handboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a handbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the handbox. The coachman stopped; and the footman, thinking that the handbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The handbox accordingly was left by a ditch side. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the courthouse. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."—*Rogers's Table-Talk.*

STREET WORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

There is no place in the world where a man with a very small capital can easier gain, if not an honest, at all events a competent livelihood, than in Moscow. All he has to do is to spend a few roubles in the purchase of a grimy and obscure saint on canvass, with a tin or gilt glory round his head, and a new frame; to find out a doorway, or an arch near a thoroughfare, where he can place this masterpiece on a table, and get room for himself on a chair, and there, with a wooden basin, or an old cap, or a money-box, sit patiently till his customers come. They are not long in arriving. Behold, here is a mujik coming to market; the picture catches his eye, he likes it, he makes a few inquiries about it from the proprietor, who assures him that the saint has great interest in the very highest quarters, and has done an immense deal of good to all his clients. The mujik is satisfied; off goes his cap, and down bends his head, while his hands busily wander from chest and brow in self-benediction; his wild locks fly over his face and bob back again, as with increasing fervor he utters his prayers to the obfuscated image before him. When he thinks he has made a favorable impression, he puts a few copecks into the saint's treasury, and goes on his way rejoicing. "Surely," said I, to a Russian, "these poor people ought to be the best in the world, they say so many prayers."—"Ah! the gamins," replied he; "*au contraire*, they have need of all their prayers, they sin so much; and these saints listen so readily, they are encouraged to commit all kinds of rogueries."—*Moscow Correspondent of the Times.*

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.

At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rains nor drought. But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.—*Scientific American.*

AN OLD MANSE.

It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral ground,
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound;
And all about that large expanse
A river runneth round.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[ORIGINAL.]

LIZZIE RING.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

O, well do I remember how
 We children, hand in hand,
 Went forward with impatient hearts
 To our own promised land.
 The future with its flowery way,
 O, how it charmed our gaze!
 For even in our childhood's hours
 We dreamed of "better days."

One fair one played and planned with us,
 Whose lightest word was law;
 The quiet beauty of whose life
 Awakened love and awe.
 And surely did we think that none
 Could aught but kindness bring
 To her the favorite of our band,
 Our darling Lizzie Ring.

Years went, and I had left behind
 The scenes that marked my youth,
 And I had found that much was false
 I once esteemed as truth.
 A sweeter lesson I had learned:
 To prize as good and true
 Much which had worn no charm for me,
 When first it met my view.

I sought once more for Lizzie Ring—
 She slept the peaceful sleep;
 Her lot had been the lot of those
 Who watch, and toil, and weep.
 They told me, often in her dreams,
 Ere the death-angel came,
 She talked of childhood's happy days,
 And murmured oft my name.

'Twas through a weary, weary path
 She sought the peaceful shore;
 And though I knew it mattered not,
 Since all her griefs were o'er,
 Yet thinking of the dreamy past,
 Of Lizzie Ring my friend,
 I wept, and then they gave to me
 These lines that she had penned.

"O, there were those from whose red lips
 I thought would ne'er be heard
 A tone except it blessed my life—
 O, how my judgment erred!
 And there were those I thought would be
 E'er generous and just;
 Alas, the banner of my faith
 Is trailing in the dust!
 But One there comes who blesses me,
 And lifts my standard high;
 And lo! the banner of my faith
 Is waving in the sky."

Thus Lizzie Ring—dear Lizzie Ring,
 The friend I loved the best,
 Sang of the earth and of the sky
 Before she sank to rest.
 Familiar were the tracings these,
 The lines again I read;
 And thought how many weary paths
 To paradise have led.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

I WAS one day walking quietly down Broadway, thinking that I would buy a present for my wife, for the following day was her birthday, and she and I have always kept up the good old fashion of making each other presents on these occasions. I was debating whether it should be an article of jewelry, or a new dress, when I felt some one suddenly tap me on the shoulder. I turned quickly round, and found myself face to face with a gentleman of about sixty years of age. He was dressed in black, and wore a portly watch-chain, from which hung two or three seals, and was altogether a very respectable-looking individual.

"I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Brampton?" said he.

"That is my name," I returned.

"You have been mentioned to me very favorably by Mr. M——. I wish to consult you in a very delicate matter. Can you accompany me to my house?"

I looked at my watch, and finding that I could spare a quarter of an hour, I agreed to accompany him. We jumped into an omnibus which was passing up town, and in a short time stood before his residence, which was situated in Bond Street. He took me into a small room which evidently served him for a study. A library table stood in the middle of the apartment, which was covered with magazines and papers. He invited me to be seated.

"My name is Morton," said he; "I am engaged in no business, having sufficient to live upon comfortably. I possess considerable property in houses, and collect the rents myself. Yesterday was my collection day. Last night when I returned home I placed five thousand dollars in that safe which you see yonder, intending to take it to the bank this morning; but when I opened it for that purpose it was gone. Whoever took it must have had duplicate keys not only of the safe but of the house door."

"Was the safe locked this morning?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Do you suspect anybody?"

"I am at a complete loss to know whom to suspect. Mr. M——, my lawyer, whom I consulted in the matter, mentioned your name to me as having extraordinary talent in ferreting out crime. I determined I would apply to you before taking any further steps in the matter."

"Who are the inmates of your house?"

"There is no one but my wife and two servant girls."

"You do not suspect the girls?"

"O, dear no, they have lived with us for many years. It must have been somebody from the outside that committed the robbery."

"You say that the house had no appearance of having been broken into?"

"No; when the servants rose this morning all the doors were locked as usual."

"It is rather a strange case," I returned. "I must first of all make an examination of the premises."

The old gentleman took me over the house, and I found after an attentive examination that there was only one means of entering the house from the outside—excepting, of course, the front entrance—and that by means of a garret window which opened on the roof, which communicated with several houses in the same block. I made a great many inquiries, making notes of everything I thought bore upon the case. I then left, promising to call the next morning.

When I got home, I what I call "studied out the case," by which I mean I shut myself up, lighted my meerschaum, and perused the notes I had made. My mind was soon made up with respect to one point. I was certain that whoever had committed the robbery had entered by means of the attic window, that is, provided no one in the house was the guilty party. Early the next morning I made inquiries as to whom lived in the houses on the right and left of Mr. Morton's residence. These inquiries resulted in the fact that the house on the left hand side was occupied by a family of the name of Carpenter, and that a nephew of Mr. Morton frequently visited there. In fact he had stayed there all night the very same night that Mr. Morton was robbed, and what is more, he occupied the attic room looking on the roof.

After I had made these investigations I again called on Mr. Morton for the purpose of making some inquiries respecting this nephew. I was at once shown into the old gentleman's study, and who should be with him but the very young man in whom at that moment I was so much interested. He was a handsome young fellow of

about twenty-one years of age. He had a fine open countenance, and there was nothing at all in his face which would lead me to suspect that he could be guilty of robbing his uncle. He was exceedingly well dressed, in fact I might say he was over-dressed, and I judged him to be a bit of a fop. They were conversing on the subject of the robbery when I entered, and the young man expressed himself exceedingly concerned at the loss his uncle had sustained.

After conversing a little time he took his leave, and I was left alone with Mr. Morton. He immediately asked me what conclusion I had come to with respect to the robbery.

"Before I answer your inquiry," said I, "will you be good enough to answer me a few questions?"

"Certainly," he returned.

"How many keys of the safe do you possess?"

"Only one."

"Had you it in your possession on the night in question?"

"Certainly. I always put it into the drawer of the bureau in my room. I did so on that occasion, and found it there the next morning."

"I think I understood you to say that no one lives with you but your wife and two servants?"

"Yes. But my wife is absent—she is visiting Baltimore," he returned. "She has been there for the last three weeks."

"Then on the night of the robbery there was no one in the house but yourself, and two servant girls?"

"Exactly."

"Now I want you particularly to carry your mind back to that night. Did any sound disturb you?"

"Well, now you call my mind to the fact, I remember about three o'clock in the morning I fancied I heard a step in my room. I listened attentively, and not hearing it again I felt convinced I was mistaken, and fell asleep."

"And in the morning you found the key in the same place that you had left it the night before?"

"I did."

"I see your front door closes with a night latch, how many keys have you to that?"

"Two. I have one, my wife the other."

"That is the only fastening you have to the door, I believe?"

"The only one. It is a patent night-latch, and perfectly secure."

"Before I proceed any further I should like to see your two servants. Be good enough to call them in."

The old gentleman did so, and in a minute or

two they were in my presence. I addressed various questions to them, but all that I could gain was the fact that at about four o'clock in the morning the cook thought she heard a step on the stairs. I dismissed them.

"Mr. Morton," said I, when we were again alone, "there was a young man here just now. May I ask his name?"

"His name is Edward Legrand; he is a nephew of mine."

"What is his occupation?"

"He is clerk in a wholesale store down town."

"What salary does he receive?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year. But I can't see what all these questions have to do with the robbery."

"You will see by-and-by; you must allow me to conduct this investigation in my own way."

"Certainly. I did not mean to give any offence by the observation I made."

"I understand that. Your nephew, I believe, is on terms of intimacy with your neighbors, the Carpenters, who live next door?"

"Yes, he is paying his addresses to the eldest Miss Carpenter."

"On the night of the robbery he slept in their house."

"Very likely; he frequently stays there all night."

"I suppose you have implicit confidence in your nephew?"

"The most implicit in the world. I would trust him with untold gold. You surely do not suspect him?"

"The salary he receives, you say, is eight hundred dollars a year?"

"Yes, and on that he supports a widowed mother and sister."

"Is it not strange that with such a moderate remuneration he should wear such an expensive diamond ring?"

"Diamond ring!" said Mr. Morton, in a tone of surprise; "he wears no diamond ring."

"Excuse me, sir," I returned. "I particularly noticed it when he was in the room just now. I am something of a judge of the value of precious stones. I assure you the brilliant he wears on the little finger of the left hand is of the first water, and could not have cost less than five hundred dollars."

"What does it mean? It is very extraordinary! Perhaps he has not yet left the house," said the old gentleman, making a step towards the door.

"Stop, my dear sir, stop!" I exclaimed, seizing him by the arm, "you would spoil everything. We must be very cautious in investigat-

ing this matter. There is enough evidence for us to suspect this young man, at the same time we must not be precipitate. If you see him again, act towards him just the same as usual, and above all do not let a hint escape you that he is suspected. I shall now go and make further inquiries. But first tell me if you can identify any of the bank notes that were stolen?"

"I cannot; there was a good deal of it southern money. I remember distinctly amongst it was a considerable quantity of Baltimore bank notes."

"Where does this young man reside?"

"He lives with his mother and sister, No. 144 West Twenty-First Street."

After having made a few more necessary inquiries I took my leave, promising to call the next day, or before, if I discovered anything conclusive. When I reached the street I turned the whole affair over in my mind, and was compelled to acknowledge the affair looked black against the young clerk. I felt sorry for him, for there was something very prepossessing in his appearance, and then I thought of his poor widowed mother and sister. A detective, however, must not indulge in the luxury of sympathy, or he would soon be rendered unfit for his duty. I therefore dismissed all these feelings, and at once decided as to the course for me to pursue.

I knew there were only two retail stores in New York likely to keep such expensive rings as the one worn by Mr. Legrand, namely, Ball, Black & Co., and Tiffany & Co. I determined I would call on the latter first. I soon reached their magnificent jewelry establishment. I entered the store and asked to be shown some diamond rings. An obliging clerk soon spread a variety before me. I remarked one which I thought resembled Mr. Legrand's, and asked the price.

"That is worth five hundred and twenty dollars," was the reply.

"It is a beautiful stone," I remarked. "I perceive it is the only one of the kind you have left."

"Yes; we had two of them, but sold one of them yesterday."

"Exactly," I returned; "the young man who purchased it was rather tall, handsome and exceedingly well dressed?"

"That was the very person."

"He paid you in southern money?"

"He did so," returned the clerk, "chiefly Baltimore funds. The bills are in the cash-box now."

"Thank you. Can I see the proprietor, if you, please?"

I was at once shown into his private office and explained my business to him. He promised to aid me all in his power, and to retain the bills until he heard from me again.

Proofs of young Legrand's guilt were now accumulating thick and fast. My next duty was very clear, I must go and examine the house in which he lived. I jumped into an Eighth Avenue omnibus, and was soon set down at the foot of Twenty-First Street. I found the house to be about the middle of the block. It was a small, genteel-looking dwelling, and was scrupulously clean on the outside. I rung the bell, the door was answered by an elderly lady in a widow's cap, whom I at once concluded was Legrand's mother. I requested to speak with her privately. I was immediately conducted into a neatly-furnished parlor.

"Madam," said I, "you are doubtless aware that your brother has been robbed of a large amount of money?"

"O, yes," she replied, "Edward told us all about it. What a dreadful thing!"

"Your son is in possession of a very fine diamond ring, is he not?"

"Yes, his uncle gave it to him. But what can that have to do with the matter in question?"

"I am a detective officer," I returned. "In a case like this it becomes absolutely necessary that wherever there is the slightest suspicion a search should be made. Will you be good enough to show me up to your son's bedroom, that I may make an examination of his effects?"

"Surely, sir, you cannot suspect my son?" said the old lady, tears gushing into her eyes.

"My dear madam, restrain your feelings; an innocent party is never injured by a search."

"Of course, sir, you are welcome to examine his room; but I must confess I feel grieved that my brother should allow the slightest suspicion to enter his mind. But come, sir, follow me."

So saying, the old lady led the way into her son's bedroom. It was a small apartment, comfortably furnished. A large trunk was placed on one side of the room. I commenced my search with this. I found it locked, but soon succeeded in opening it. It was filled full of books, papers and drawing utensils. I took each article out one by one, and laid it on the floor after I had examined it thoroughly. I proceeded in this manner until the trunk was completely empty. I had found nothing. I was about closing the lid when I fancied part of the lining of the bottom was slightly elevated. I ripped it up, and pulled out a large quantity of bank

bills. They were most of them on the Merchant's Bank, of Baltimore. The whole amount discovered was four thousand two hundred dollars. Mrs. Legrand stood aghast when she saw this money. She wrung her hands in consternation, and could only utter:

"He is not guilty! He is not guilty!"

To add to the painful character of this scene, Legrand's sister, a beautiful girl eighteen years of age, entered the room. When she learned what had occurred, she added her lamentations to those of her mother. She, however, soon recovered herself.

"Mr. Brampton," said she, for she had learned my name, "I acknowledge appearances are against my brother, but do not judge hastily. I am perfectly convinced that he is innocent of the crime imputed to him. I cannot account for this money in his trunk; but rest assured he will be able to give a satisfactory statement. He will be here in a quarter of an hour to dine. Wait until he comes, and then interrogate him."

I had already made up my mind to do so, and bowed acquiescence. Soon afterwards he entered the house. He certainly did not seem guilty from his bearing, for he was in the best possible spirits, and entered the parlor singing. When he saw me, he appeared somewhat surprised, but evinced no evidence of guilt.

"Mr. Legrand," said I, "a painful duty devolves upon me. I am compelled to arrest you on suspicion of robbing your uncle, Mr. Morton."

"Robbing my uncle!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of surprise. "You are jesting."

"No, indeed," I returned, "and I must tell you the evidence is fearfully strong against you."

"Stuff!" he replied, "I can immediately prove my innocence. I should as soon think of committing murder as robbery. You have made some mistake. What are the grounds of your suspicions?"

"Well, young man," I replied, "I am not obliged to tell you; but I feel an interest in you, and I assure you no one will be more pleased to find you innocent than myself. The evidence against you up to the present time amounts to as follows. Two days ago Mr. Morton's safe was robbed of five thousand dollars, chiefly in Baltimore money. In the first instance no suspicion at all was entertained of you. It was supposed that some one had possessed himself of a key which would open the safe, and by some means he had obtained access to the premises. I was consulted in the matter. After examining the premises I came to the conclusion that the robber

must have entered the house by the attic window. I also discovered that you slept at Mr. Carpenter's on the night the robbery was committed, and that you occupied the very room which opened out on the roof. This morning when I called on your uncle you were with him. I noticed something about you which immediately struck me. When you left the room I inquired what salary you received; I was told then that it was eight hundred dollars per annum."

"That is the truth," interrupted the young man; "but what was it you noticed curious about me?"

"Well, I thought it rather curious that a young man on so small a salary should possess such a magnificent diamond ring."

The young man turned deadly pale, and tottered into a chair.

"I have since learned that you told your mother that your uncle made you a present of it."

"I did say so, fool that I was!" stammered the young man.

The faces of his mother and sister evinced the greatest surprise when they heard this. I continued:

"I this morning discovered that you yesterday purchased that ring at Tiffany's for five hundred and twenty dollars, and that you paid for it in bills on a Baltimore bank. Suspicion was now fearfully strong against you. I next examined your bed-room, and concealed in the lining of your trunk, I discovered—"

"Money to the amount of four thousand two hundred dollars," interrupted the young man, striking his forehead with his hand.

"Exactly; and more, this money is also in Baltimore bills."

"Great God!" exclaimed the young man, starting from his seat, "what a fearful array of circumstantial evidence!"

"Edward, you are not, you cannot be guilty of this crime?" exclaimed his sister, clinging to him.

"No, Clara, I am not guilty; the only fault I have committed is in stating that my uncle gave me this diamond ring. I bought it at Tiffany's as Mr. Brampton states."

I could see a shadow of suspicion creep over the features of both his mother and sister. But their love would not allow it to rest there, for their countenances cleared, and his mother asked:

"But the money, Edward, explain how you came in possession of it."

The young man paused a moment and then said:

"I am almost afraid to do so, for fear my statement should not obtain belief. The simple truth, however, is as follows. About two weeks since I accompanied a friend into the reading-room attached to the St. Nicholas Hotel. I mechanically took up a paper and found I was perusing the Sun, published in Baltimore, Maryland. Among other things the advertisement of a lottery on the Havana plan caught my eye. It was to be drawn in about a week, and the tickets were ten dollars each. I have not the slightest faith in lotteries, but it entered my head that I would purchase a ticket and try my luck. I then and there wrote to the party advertising, and enclosed ten dollars for a ticket. In two or three days I received it. What was my surprise to find, when the list of numbers which had drawn prizes was published, that my ticket had drawn a prize of five thousand dollars? I immediately wrote to the agent, of whom I had purchased the ticket, for the amount, requesting that he would send me Baltimore funds in preference to a draft on New York, for you must understand I was a little ashamed of the transaction, and determined to reveal it to no one. Yesterday I received the agent's letter, containing the amount. I thought I would treat myself to a handsome diamond ring; I devoted a portion of the funds for that purpose, the rest I concealed under the lining of my trunk. This is the simple truth, so help me God!"

"It is true! It is true!" exclaimed both mother and sister, embracing him.

"Mr. Legrand," I exclaimed, "your explanation will be perfectly satisfactory if it can be proved to be true. You have the agent's letters of whom you purchased the ticket?"

"No, I have not; unfortunately I destroyed them. I have already told you I was ashamed of the transaction, and determined to destroy all proof of having been engaged in it."

"You at least remember his name?" I asked.

"Indeed, I have forgotten it; it began with an M, I think."

"Well, you remember the number of the ticket which drew this prize of five thousand dollars?"

"I do not even remember that. I put it down on paper when I sent to claim the amount. But after I received the money I destroyed that paper also. I only remember it was seventeen thousand and something, but for the life of me I cannot recollect the exact number."

"Mr. Legrand," said I, in a grave tone, "you must accompany me to a magistrate. Your explanation may be true, but I am afraid, unless

you can bring some corroborative evidence, it will not avail you in a court of justice. To tell you the truth, there is an air of improbability about your whole story."

"Well, sir, time will prove. I am ready to accompany you. I feel conscious of my own innocence, and feel satisfied God will not allow me to be punished unjustly."

He embraced his mother and sister, and we left the house together. We immediately proceeded to a magistrate's, and Edward Legrand was that same night fully committed to the Tombs to await his trial.

When I returned home that night, I must confess I was not satisfied. Although suspicion was so strong against the prisoner, and his own explanation so lame, yet I thought it might be true. And then his handsome face haunted me. I asked myself the question over and over again, if it could be possible that he could be guilty? Wearied with conjecture, I lighted a cigar, and was almost dozing to sleep when I was aroused by a ring at the bell. In a few moments afterwards my fellow-officer, Hardin, entered the room.

"How are you, Brampton?" said he, shaking me by the hand.

"How are you, Hardin? When did you get back?"

"I got back this morning. Not seeing you at the chief's office all day, I thought you might be sick, and so I thought I would just drop in to see you."

"I am quite well, I thank you. Take a cigar. What luck have you had?"

"O, I bagged my game. But I tell you I had a wily customer to deal with. I thought once he would escape me. The proofs I had against him were very meagre; but I stuck to him like a leech. Two nights ago he left Philadelphia for New York; but I was too deep for him, for I got in the same car with him. He returned to Philadelphia by the next train, and I went back too. At last I was convinced I had the right man, and he is now in the goal at Philadelphia."

This conversation had reference to a defaulter whom Hardin had been employed to arrest.

"He seems to have kept you running about; to take you from Philadelphia to New York and back again the same night was too bad."

"Yes; but I met with an adventure in the cars which served to amuse me a good deal."

"Indeed, what was it?"

"It did not amount to much; but anything, you know, serves to pass time. The fact is, I met with an extraordinary *lusus nature*, a silent woman."

"A silent woman! What do you mean?"

"Well, you must know when I got into the cars in Philadelphia there were very few passengers. Among them, however, was a lady dressed in black, who wore a very thick veil. I wondered for a long time if she were handsome or not, and at last I determined to try and make her raise her veil. An opportunity presenting itself, I addressed some commonplace remark to her, but not a word could I get in reply. I made several fresh attempts, but met with no success. At last I gave it up in despair."

"She doubtless thought you intrusive, and did not want to converse with you."

"That was my opinion at the time; but I am now certain she had some special reason for remaining silent."

"What makes you think so?"

"I told you the man I was watching stayed only two hours in New York, returning to Philadelphia by the next train. Well, would you believe it? the silent woman did the same thing, for there she was in the cars again. I again endeavored to commune with her, but with no better success than before. Now I think it very strange that a woman travelling alone should only visit New York for two hours in the middle of the night."

"Did you catch a glimpse of her features?" I asked, eagerly.

"No, she kept her veil down all the time. I noticed, however, that she took the southern train."

A light began slowly to enter my mind. I turned the conversation to some other topic, and in a few minutes Hardin took his leave. After he had gone I settled my course of action for the following morning, and then retired to rest, and slept as only a detective can sleep, when he thinks he possesses the clue to a mystery which has bothered him for some time.

I was up very early the next morning, and having settled some business, found myself at eight o'clock at the Jersey City depot. I had determined to take a run down to Baltimore for the benefit of my health. At half-past four in the afternoon I reached the Monumental City, after a very pleasant trip. I installed myself in Barnum's Hotel, and having taken my tea, I determined I would go out and explore the city. I commenced with Baltimore Street, and walked slowly up this busy thoroughfare. When I reached the corner of St. Paul and Baltimore Streets, a large printed bill fastened to the front of a lottery office attracted my attention. It ran as follows:

"This is the lucky office. No. 17,512, sold

here a few days ago drew a prize of five thousand dollars! Walk in and try your luck."

I walked in as requested, and found a middle-aged man behind the counter.

"Good evening," said I, as I entered.

"Good evening," returned the lottery-office keeper. "What can I do for you? Two little beauties to be drawn to-morrow—the lucky little 'Patapaco,' and the 'Maryland Consolidated'—tickets only one dollar. Let me sell you some; choose your own numbers if you like."

"Well, I don't know," I replied, putting on as country a looking air as I could. "I don't believe much in lotteries. Why, there's Jem Randall, of our town, has tried his luck ever so many times, and he never got a prize. And, by golly, I never heard of anybody winning anything."

"My rustic friend, you are mistaken," returned the lottery-office keeper. "I very frequently sell large prizes. Why, only last week I sold a prize for five thousand dollars on a venture of ten."

"O, yes, it's very easy to say that. I don't say you don't tell the truth; but—"

"Here is the ticket that drew the prize," replied the man. "And here are the letters of the young man who purchased the ticket. He lives in New York, and his name is Edward Legrand."

So saying, he handed me the letters in question. One glance at them was sufficient to prove that young Legrand's statement to me was true in every particular, and it followed as a matter of course that he was innocent of the robbery. I had just finished reading the letter when a lady dressed in black entered the office. She handed the man a large bundle of tickets. He looked them all over very carefully.

"I am sorry to inform you, madam," said he, "that you have been unlucky again—you have drawn no prize."

She wore a thick veil which concealed her face; but I could see her tremble.

"I have almost determined I will not try again," said she. "I have already lost nearly five thousand dollars. However, here are two hundred more, this must be my last venture."

"You will very likely draw a big prize this time, which will make up all your losses," replied the office keeper, handing her a quantity of tickets for the money she had given him.

The lady left the store. I followed her, and saw her enter a house in Courtland Street. When she had been in ten minutes, I went to the same door and rang the bell.

"I wish to speak with Mrs. Morton," said I to the servant who answered my summons.

I was shown into a parlor, and found the lady in black there alone.

"Madam," said I, "I have come to inform you that your nephew, Mr. Edward Legrand, is in prison, charged with the robbery of five thousand dollars from your husband's safe."

She turned as pale as death, and trembled so violently that she could scarcely support herself. "He is innocent!" she murmured at last.

"I am aware of it, madam, and I come to you to do justice to him. It was you that took the money from your husband's safe. On the night of the robbery you left Baltimore, and surreptitiously entering your husband's house, you went to his bedroom, took the key of the safe from the bureau drawer, and appropriating the contents, you replaced the key, and returned to Baltimore by the next train. You have spent the whole of this money in the purchase of lottery tickets."

"I acknowledge I am guilty," returned the woman, covering her face with her hands. "I have been mad—crazy; but I had hopes of getting back what I had lost, and then I intended to confess everything to my husband."

"You must make that confession in writing now, madam. I need scarcely tell you that your husband cannot proceed against you, and that in the eyes of the law you are guilty of no crime; but it is necessary that Edward Legrand should be immediately exculpated."

"I will do anything you wish."

At my dictation she wrote out a full confession. It appeared that when she first came down to Baltimore, out of curiosity she bought a lottery ticket. With this she won a small prize. The passion for gaming was developed in her mind, and she risked all the money she had in her possession. Maddened at her loss, she determined to return to New York and procure more. She knew where to find the key of her husband's safe. She abstracted the money, and then returned to Baltimore, and lost all the money she had taken in the purchase of lottery tickets.

Edward Legrand was of course immediately liberated, and a few weeks afterwards I had the satisfaction of learning that he had been admitted an equal partner in the house in which he had served as clerk.

Mrs. Morton's husband forgave her for what she had done, and the last I heard of them was that they were living happily together.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

Enjoy thy spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee that in sooth
There are no birds in last year's nest.

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT AND DAY.

BY J. C. HARRIS.

Hark! do you hear from yonder ancient tree,
That spreads its barren arms in silence out—
Silent, though stretched in eloquence, as if
It were the Nestor of a sylvan scene,
Rising and hushing every voice around
In reverential awe—that sound break forth,
As if the lifeless tree itself spoke out
In thrilling and complaining tones? It is
The distant hootings of the nightly owl,
That paint the closing touches, dark and drear,
On Night's dim background!

Ever beautiful Day!

Thou hast thy bright companions skipping round,
And basking in thy genial rays—their tones
Come out in grateful harmony, or blent
With the rude lyre of nature, ever gay
And ever rejoicing. But, O solemn Night!
Thine are the dark companions; and they crouch
And cower in thy darkness, and their tones
Come out in melancholy harmony,
That startles thy black legions, which crowd round,
Mute with astonishment and dumb with fear.

Night is an evil spirit hovering round;
A monster dark, in solemn mourning dressed;
Day is an angel, dressed in snow-white robes,
And tripping gaily round the grateful globe,
Dispersing radiant smiles—but demon Night
Chases her, as the hound pursues his prey.

[ORIGINAL.]

LIFE AND DEATH
OF
HUMPHREYS THE AUTHOR.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

MY DEAR MADAM:—It is with the greatest pleasure that I comply with your kind request to tell you something of myself, or in other words, to give in the form of a sketch or history, in a sort of irregular autobiography, a few incidents connected with my not uneventful life, and in so doing I beg of you to lay aside criticism, and look with kindly forbearance over the errors you may see exposed to light, with pity and commiseration upon my sorrows and disappointments; for howbeit the world may say, I am confident you will believe me when I affirm that one who panders to the public taste and courts the smile of fickle fortune, finds his full share of vexatious cares, disappointments with others who—Heaven

pity them, sell their brains to buy sustenance for their stomachs!

Do I speak strongly? Perhaps you cannot realize the height and depth, length and breadth of a *poor* author's trials—to do so you must take into consideration his sensitive, imaginative nature, and the rough, careless public with which he comes in contact. While he soars in clouds forgetful of the necessities of this mundane sphere, his foot slips or stumbles and—well, he comes down—presto—change!

I am a middle-aged man—I was not always so. Stupendous thought! Do you smile? sometimes when I look in the mirror and see my gray hairs, and the fine wrinkles gathering here and there over my countenance, it seems impossible that the memory of my childhood—my mother and her soft lullabies—the old homestead—the school-house—playmates—are other than visions that fancy weaves in the night time, rather than realities. For other days have come far different from those that were. The glad-hearted child is called a moody, irritable old man, and the freshness and vigor and beauty of life have stolen away forever.

Sometime of summer days when the winds blow softly, and the clouds, fleecy, feathery clouds, float lazily in the clear blue June sky, and the darkling shadows of the meadow grass, as it bends in the fragrant air, comes to my view—when the scent of sweet clover and sugar peas, and the trill of bird songs in the deep woods strikes upon my senses with that peculiar freshness they did once—then, and then alone can I realize that I have really been younger and happier and—better; and I ask myself bitterly, in these forty years what have I gained in exchange for the delicious freshness and buoyancy of my youth?

A little fame, perhaps, that is all; and what is fame? a breath—a vapor that vanishes away. For a day, a month, a year, one dwells upon the public tongue, then to be forgotten, while others go up like a rocket, and come down like a stick, as the preceding one has done. An enviable life, eh, madam? Enough by way of introduction.

Of my early life I shall say but little. I obtained my education at a country school, and grew up like any other boy, with nothing particular about me, except a habit of astonishing my schoolmates with improbable yarns of giants, fairies and ghosts, conjured up in my own brain, and for certain compositions that astounded the august school committee on exhibition days, that often times resulted in a severe reprimand from some one of that venerated body, that essays should never be copied from books, as one certain-

ly was that had been read that day, while the whole committee glared fiercely at me. You suppose on such occasions I scorned the imputation. I did nothing of the kind, but in the shrinking sensitiveness of my spirit cowered down under my desk and sobbed in mortified pride and a strange mixture of anger and grief.

My father was a carpenter, a shrewd, hard working man, who supported his large family by the sweat of his brow, and who, although he did not openly oppose his "shirk of a boy" in his romance and castle-building, took no pains to facilitate his literary pursuits. I remember distinctly how one day after planning out in my brain a grand romance that I fancied if written would take the literary world by storm, I threw down my plane, and having no paper at hand upon which to commit my ideas, I wrote out the heads of the different chapters, indeed a synopsis of the whole story upon the clear, milk-white surface of a newly planed pine board, which occupation employed the whole afternoon, leaving the window-sash I was making entirely in the lurch. The next morning when I went to review my efforts of the previous day, I was thoroughly astounded to see that the closely-written board of the night previous, was perfectly innocent of a pencil mark. Whilst wondering what magic had been at work, some curious shavings upon the workbench attracted my attention, and upon inspecting one of the broad ribbons of wood, I read the following: "Chapter V. Carioleano D. Castebretro rescues—" etc.—and so the whole thing was explained.

I had a little sanctum away up in a dilapidated garret, devoted by my father to old iron, plowshares, leather, venerable scythes, and ancient gardening instruments, old tools and cast-off shoes, my mother's little wheel, cards, and various other odd bits too valuable to throw away, and too useless to be put in order. In this out-of-the-way place, secure as I supposed from my tantalizing father and mischievous sisters, I set up for myself. An old chest served as desk, and the floor for a stool. My small earnings from the sale of whortleberries and chestnuts were expended for paper, and a few quills from the wing of a pet gander was my sole stock in trade. Here of rainy days or holidays, or nights, when I could snuggle away a candle unbeknown to the rest of the family, I put my wits to work—I wrote—I published.

It would be vain for me to attempt to portray to you the life I led for several years. Sometimes I taught school, and at other times worked at the bench—now helping a farmer harvest, again at my pen. I will do myself the justice to

say I was seldom idle, and that, though at first I gained but little in money for my writings, I obtained experience, had an opportunity of studying human nature, and kept my name before the public, until at last I acquired some little celebrity. I wrote obituary verses by request of mourning mothers, bridal congratulations in verse for my friends, racked my brain to contribute something spicy for lady acquaintances' albums, and wrote sketches during my leisure. My parents died, and my sisters married—the old home was sold, and I looked out for myself. Why didn't I marry? who should I make Mrs. Humphreys? and even supposing I could select the lady, how should I maintain her? I went into the city and became a typo, I went out of the city and became a country correspondent, I went to sea, visited fashionable resorts, and returned again to my native village. Humphreys had left it a poor scribbler, he came back a well known author, a man of the world, and found honor even in his own country.

In taking a retrospective glance over my life, I can see a great deal of foolishness, egotism and apparent deviations from the best path. I am not going to make myself out a saint, as you want a true sketch, and trust to your leniency to draw the curtain over my frailties and imperfections. I have had a great many different whims during my literary career. Sometimes I determined to follow strictly real life, and have been up before the mayor for slander—at other times I have soared so far away from common, everyday things that I have been visited by the Right Rev. So and So, to be lectured on the subject of romance writing. I remember very well a dear little divine who made several efforts to convince me of my error, but left me I am sorry to say, more set in my way than ever. He declared my productions poison—and yet when asked to point out a single line I had ever written detrimental to religion or morality, he frankly avowed that he had never perused an article of mine in the world, dear, honest Brother Brazee.

I have but two incidents to relate, for I fancy I am wearying your patience. Both of these having a great influence upon the days of my present life, they are both stinctured with love, and I beg of you to look leniently at my conduct.

For five years I corresponded with a lady of literary character. A brilliant, scintillating writer she was, and though we had never met, I grew to love her by the sparkling thoughts emanating from her pen. We were kindred spirits. I felt it, and one day in an evil moment, proposed matrimony. She accepted. I became more convinced that we were kindred spirits. The

day was set for the nuptial knot to be tied, and I made preparations for my journey. Strange that I should have cast aside the modest love of pretty Susie Blake of my native village, for that of an unknown authoress, but Susie and I were not kindred spirits. She thought more of the pretty bonnets in the shop windows than any of my romances, and would even yawn and go to sleep over the most interesting novel. Susie was pretty, lovely, gentle, intelligent. I liked Susie, but I adored my unknown affianced divinity.

But Susie never suspected but that I loved her, and when I was about starting on my journey, put up her sweet lips for a farewell kiss—how different from her welcome when I returned.

A great showy woman, with coarse features and masculine voice—two grown up daughters by a former marriage, and a great show of affectionate fondness turned out to be the graceful writer under the graceful name-de-plume. Perhaps I married her. I did no such thing, but was sued for declining to fulfil my engagement, and lost the last cent of the rather handsome property I had accumulated.

Disgusted in regard to kindred spirits, I gained the affections (?) of a marketable heiress and married her. We were both cheated—we quarrelled—we hated each other thoroughly at the end of a twelve month, and at the end of twenty-four, separated—her fortune smashed up in her father's insolvency, and the lady who bore my name eloping with a bogus count, I was left free by an easily obtained divorce.

Those two years, how they had changed me! I went back to my old home and to Susie Blake, a sour, soul-embittered man. I became almost misanthropical. I hated the world, and myself for being in it. My mental disturbance, together with a sudden and violent cold, brought on a violent attack of typhus fever, and for long days I lay ill, very ill, on the brink of the grave, almost destitute and friendless.

It was little Susie, who, braving public opinion, came to my boarding-house and took care of me almost day and night—who held the cup to my parched lips, so much more tenderly than a menial could do, who smoothed my pillow, bathed my head, prepared my medicines and my refreshments. To her watchfulness and care the physician said I owed my life—a life thoroughly useless and valueless it seemed to me then.

When I became convalescent and went out from the seclusion of my sick chamber, it was to find the character of my little benefactress assailed with greater malignity than I had thought possible even in regard to the vilest woman in the town. What did I do? I married her, just

as any other honorable man would have done, and then I said to the public—"Now I defy you! say a word of my wife and I'll publish you, you craven-hearted fools from Dan to Beersheba! Hint but a word to the disparagement of my noble, devoted Susie, and if there's a law in the land touching slander you shall pay for it dearly, if not I've a strong right arm to avenge the woman who saved my life."

And the public—

"Tender handed smooth a nettle,
And 'twill sting you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
Thus it is with coarsest natures,
Treat them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the tools obey you well."

The public went down on its knees to me, and kissed the hem of Susie's garment, figuratively speaking. The public dwelt with rapture upon Susie's devotion—termed her an angel of mercy, a noble, heroic, self-sacrificing woman who dared brave gossip and contagious disease for the man she loved. But don't think Susie or I swallowed it. I with my scorn, and she with her gentle womanly dignity, stood aloof from those cowardly sycophants who would assail an unprotected woman and tread her under their feet, but the very moment a champion appeared, cowered, and like dogs, vile curs as they were, grovelled before her. I think that is the way I grew to love Susie, and loving Susie became a better man—by protecting her, then I could see the true worth and beauty of her character, and her smile lit up the dark paths of my heart.

At this time I was poor, very poor. Several publishers defrauded me of my just dues, and my long sickness had been of considerable expense, saying nothing of the physician's unsettled account. Now in addition to this, my sickness had left me so poorly I could at most write but a few hours in the day, and owing to the great money panic just sweeping over the land, literary matter commanded a smaller price than previously. Perhaps I was discouraged? Not a bit. Two months previously I would have been, but who could be discouraged with Susie?

Susie owned a little cottage in the outskirts of the village, furnished plainly as it was when her father lived—she had been an angel to the old man—and there we lived. If I should tell you how we lived, how coarse our fare, and how everything was eked out to meet our slender resources, I think you would disbelieve me, so I shall leave it to your imagination. But I think we were contented, at least I think Susie was, and but one thing troubled me, to see her tasking herself so far beyond her strength, knowing

it was necessary. Susie kept the house sweet and tidy, prepared the food, our coarse, meagre food for the table, and did all my copying, writing letters, etc. Many times have I awoke in the night and found the dear girl busy at my desk, but I never knew till long afterwards that her own effusions helped to swell the sum that provided for her necessities. Little Susie a writer—an authoress—I never mistrusted it. Do you say I was a fool—a brute? I think I was neither. I was ill—scarcely able to sit up all day.

I felt most keenly and deeply for Susie, but what could I do? God knows I had never called her wife but to give her a protection, for she was alone in the world, poor child, and calumny is hard even for an innocent woman to bear, conscious of her own integrity. Had I been well and Susie ill, I would have worked night and day for her. We were both poor—both dependent—if I erred God forgive me!

But I recovered. I grew strong, and the times brightened. In looking over the papers one day, I discovered my name attached to an article I had never written. I read it over carefully and with surprise. It was touchingly sweet and tender—the story of a woman's love. It was my Susie's story, and I was the hero. 'In another column I read a very flattering notice of the little sketch from the editorial pen. "Humphreys writes with all the strength and vigor of a man, and the tender sweetness of a woman." What could it mean? I read it all in Susie's eyes, as she looked up into my face after I had read the notice aloud. I felt it in the tightening of her dear arms about my neck, and the warm tears that fell upon my cheek, I understood it all before she said:

"Indeed, you'll not be angry with me for it, dear? I wanted to help you, and my name is S. Humphreys now, as well as yours, Saul."

"But who ever thought of my little Susie—"

"Never mind now—nothing like trying—and I did try, O, so hard. I studied your style, and—but tea's waiting."

So the sunshine came out at last from behind the cloud, soft as you have seen it of an April day. We sold the little cottage and moved to a pleasant little village in a southern State, where I set up a weekly paper, and fortune smiled—then there came a little Seal and a little Susie, although not bearing these particular names, and we had as pleasant and delightful a family and home as any in the land.

As I said, the sunshine came out as you have seen it of an April day—the sun comes out for a few moments, lights up the earth as if in mock-

ery, and then plunges into another rift, blacker, more impenetrable than the other.

Secession with all its withering blight desolated the land. Should a loyal man hold his peace—should a loyal paper lend its columns to treason? Never! Do you know it? Union papers were not allowed the freedom of the press in the State to which I refer. Crush out the Union sentiment, was the cry, and they did crush it with a heel of iron.

"Go," said my heroic wife, "they will not harm women and children. They will hang you or murder you in cold blood on your own hearthstone. Go North, and give your aid to the country we love, to the flag we worship. I will carry on the paper alone."

"You—"

"Yes, I. Our boys, Cuff and Jake are trusty, and used to the press. I am not afraid, and if but a quarter of a sheet be published, that shall speak for Union and the Old Flag, and, at least, one paper shall place the truth before this deluded people."

My brave, noble Susie—I never saw her but once after that dreadful night. When pursued by those who sought my blood I fled for my life. I had thought they were human, that they would spare her and my little ones; even they were driven out, their home burned, the press destroyed, and the halter the portion of faithful Cuff. Jake escaped with his mistress.

I said I saw Susie again—once again. When passing through St. Louis I saw a plain coffin taken from the hospital.

"Who is it?" I inquired of the surgeon, who stood at the door, and with whom I was slightly acquainted.

I need not have asked the question. Jake it was who sobbed over the coffin.

"O, mas'r, is dat you? O, missis—missis."

"And the children, Jake?"

"Both died on de way; missis an' me bury 'em ourselves. O, Mass Humphreys—missis died las' night—so tired—come all de way on foot."

Then it was I looked at my noble Susie for the last time, pale and cold, worn and thin; still the old sweetness lingered about the mouth, as if she were asleep.

I have laid down the pen for the sword, my dear madam. I shall avenge them and protect the old flag she died to save, with my life, for I account that woman a martyr if ever one was upon earth. I have done—pardon me if my story has been tedious. It is a brief sketch of my life, and I only wish it were more finished and complete. I have jotted it down on our

crowded gunboat, a drum serving as a desk, and confusion all around me.

Most truly your obedient servant,
S. HUMPHREYS.

S. Humphreys fell at Shiloh, a brave, loyal man, well known to the literary world under another name, as for good reasons the one we have given is fictitious. The few brief passages of a busy life and an uneventful one given in the confidence of friendship, are not those that should be paraded before the public, yet thinking the story rather interesting, it is presented in this manner, leaving the reader to be its judge.

STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend for a strong recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"Dear Sir,—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so story that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgewise; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre field, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rocks had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into firewood and piled symmetrically in my backyard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp—and in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of the mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety dollars in the lottery."

A FLATTERING LIKENESS.

A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Mons. de Chaillu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western country of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place, and a boy having been entrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed; so he threw down the letter and ran off. On his way down the avenue the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. "I had a letter for you, sir," says the boy. "Well, give it to me." "Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir," replied the trembling laddie. "My son, you little rascal; I have no son." "Well, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco leuk o' yoursell'."

There are some ideas that seem, like raindrops, to fall upon a man's head; the head itself having nothing to do with the matter.

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE.

Green glazed cards used for concert tickets, are poisonous; a single one of them contains a grain and a half of arsenic, enough to kill a child.

Never put a pin in the mouth or between the teeth, for a single instant, because a sudden effort to laugh or to speak may convey it into the throat or lungs, or stomach, causing death in a few minutes, or requiring the windpipe to be cut open to get it out; if it has passed into the stomach, it may, as it has done, cause years of suffering, ceased only when it has made its way out of the body through the walls of the abdomen or other portion of the system.

It is better to have no button or string about any garment worn during the night. A long, loose nightgown is the best thing to sleep in. Many a man has facilitated an attack of apoplexy by buttoning his shirt-collar.

If you wake up of a cold night and find yourself very restless, get out of bed, and standing on a piece of carpet or cloth of any kind, spend five or ten minutes in rubbing the whole body vigorously and rapidly with the hands, having previously thrown the bed clothing towards the foot of the bed, so as to air both bed and body.

If you find that you have inadvertently eaten too much, instead of taking something to settle the stomach, thus adding to the load under which it already labors, take a continuous walk with just enough activity to keep up a slight moisture or perspiration on the skin, and do not stop until entirely relieved, but end your exercise in a warm room so as to cool off very slowly.

Never put on a pair of new boots or shoes on a journey; rather wear your easiest, oldest pair; otherwise you will soon be painfully disabled.

A loosely-fitting boot or shoe, while travelling in winter, will keep the feet warmer without any stockings at all, than a tight pair, over the thickest, warmest hose.

Riding against a cold, piercing wind immediately after singing or speaking in public, is suicide. Many public speakers have been disabled for life by speaking under a hoarseness of voice.

If you happen to get wet in cold weather, keep moving on foot with a rapidity sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness until you get into a house, and not waiting to undress, drink instantly and plentifully of hot tea of some sort; then undress, wipe dry quickly, and put on warm dry clothing.

Never go to bed with cold feet if you want to sleep well.

If a person faints, place him instantly flat on a bed, or floor, or earth, on his back, and quietly let him alone at least ten minutes; if it is simply a fainting fit, the blood, flowing on a level, will more speedily equalize itself throughout the system; cold water dashed in the face, or a sitting position are unnecessary and pernicious.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE STARS.

Shine on, sweet-orbed souls, for aye
Forever calm, forever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be still a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night!

BARRY CORNWALL.

[ORIGINAL.]

BERRYING.

BY MRS. E. E. EDSON.

Thirty—yet the years sat lightly,
 Life had been so calm and fair;
 And I boasted to my fellows
 That my heart was free as air.
 True I chatted, rode and flirted
 With the bright bewitching dears:
 Knew by heart their wiles and fancies,
 Smiles or glances, pouts or tears.

Through some half a score of winters,
 Through three seasons at the beach:
 Skating, dancing, drives and boatings,
 I had taken turns at each.
 Ah, I knew the sex! I boasted,
 With a pompous unconcern—
 What I *didn't* know about them,
 Wasn't worth one's while to learn!

But one royal summer morning—
 Call it fate, or what you will:
 Half a score of lads and lassies
 Went a-berrying on the hill.
 And it somehow chanced that Kitty—
 Pretty little Kitty Lee,
 Just the sweetest little fairy:
 Picked in the same dish with me.

And the lush-red berries crimsoned
 Kitty's little finger-tips,
 Till they matched in winy richness
 The wild crimson of her lips.
 And the rippling sunshine, mingling
 With the soft, voluptuous air,
 Netted with their fairy fingers
 Golden meashes in her hair.

Filmy lace and soft blue ribbons
 Like a halo round her float,
 With the daintiest little ruffles
 Running round her snowy throat.
 And her smile—ah, how it thrilled me
 With a tender, happy awe;
 O, she is the sweetest fairy
 That you ever, ever saw!

"Nonsense?" Ah, you never saw her,
 Or you would have wished with me,
 That you were a scarlet berry,
 To be picked by Kitty Lee!
 But what use to tell the story?
 You have guessed it long ago;
 Little witch!—is she, I wonder,
 Glad as I that it is so?

"Thought I knew the sex?" Ah, yes; but
 I had never then, you see,
 Rambled through the bloomy meadows,
 Berrying with Kitty Lee.

Should this meet the eye of any
 Just such self-conceited churls,
 Take my warning—never venture
 Out a-berrying with the girls!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE CONVICT'S SACRIFICE.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEBCK.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE RANK-MOLE MARSHES.

THE full bloom of an Australian spring. And the days are bright and soft and golden, in what are our autumn months of October and November. Beautiful climate. This day of which we write opened gloriously, amid the glades of the open forest land, and was ushered in by the sweet songs of the mocking lyre—birds whose merry mimicry bursts from the flowery coverts, in imitation of the buzzing of the locusts, the trills of the frog, or the hoarse howls of the wild dogs. The sense of vigorous life is quickened in the clearness of the atmosphere, and in the brilliancy of the sky. With every breath man should inspire hope.

In the bluish haze of the distance, near a rank marsh, from whose miry depths the poisonous cane springeth, emerges two groups of soldiers in the brilliant uniform of the British army, and their scarlet jackets contrast with the pale green of the mystic trees brilliantly; the flowering *eucalypti* with their shifting tints of ash gray wave in the background, like a tremulous veil stirred by the south winds. The soldiers seem to be carefully scouting, and after some moments, hidden by the abrupt angle of a mountain, they join each other, and now (as there can be no enemy near) we form the conclusion that they are in the service of England, as part of her force are on duty at Barrataria town, a few miles from Sydney, to guard the convicts and prisoners in the galleys. Let us draw nearer and listen to the conversation.

"Sergeant, have you found the criminal yet?" asked an officer of one squad, of a lithe looking man who commanded the squad. The squad halted before him.

"No, lieutenant. We tracked him to the marshes, and even penetrated some distance in the mire, and yet he has escaped us there," was the prompt answer, as the young non-commissioned officer stood with "arms a port."

"But," continued the lieutenant, "how was it possible that he could go further into rank-

moles than you, especially as he had a ball upon his leg?"

"I cannot tell, sir. We penetrated until one of the men fell to the ground overcome by the noxious vapor which the mist and dews of the early morning seemed to concentrate at this spot," was the prompt reply.

"Has the reporting officer been deceived in regard to the shackles upon the convict?"

"I think not. We perceived where the ball and the chain had been trailed into the marsh, and at last lost sight of it, as though the convict had taken it up in his hand, and had by a superhuman effort carried it in a creeping position in order to destroy the trail."

"Wonderful!" repeated one or two of the officers in an under tone.

"Poor devil!" said the lieutenant, rather feelingly, in consideration of the fact that he had been on duty after escaped convicts for eighteen months, and had been known to shoot seven in that time whom he was unable to capture.

After some little thought he said to the sergeant:

"Have your men their cooked rations served for the day?"

"They have, sir."

"Distribute them around the east side of rank-moles at a distance of fifty yards apart. The appearance of the convict will be the signal for alarm to any sentry. My men I will place upon the west side, and from whatever post the alarm comes, to that must your men rally. It will be impossible for him to escape. We will not be relieved from Barrataria before nightfall. Remember, men, there is a government reward of thirty guineas for the capture of Seal Murdock, and a planter's bounty of ten guineas."

And the groups separated, the sergeant and lieutenant placing their men at the proper posts, on the lookout for the hunted convict, their guards commanding the river, and the only means of escape through the forest to the Sydney road.

The fresh dewy morning grew to the hot, sultry noon, and the burning Australian sun shot down upon the weary guards. The little creepers and flowers of dazzling hue withdrew their heads into the olive green of the foliage of the mountain side; Sol's kisses too warm for the drooping acacias, they bent towards the more moist earth, it almost seemed, as though pressed down by the weight of their own sweet perfume which filled the air. The flocks and herds seek the shade in yonder undulous pastures, and sleep lazily by those mazy creeks belted by their curving lines of feathery trees; the woodland is vocal with the croak and chirp and chatter of scarlet and blue and silver plumaged birds, and the

distant note of the magpie trills through the lucent air with a distinct, joyful melody, which ravishes the sense, and sounds clearer and sweeter than the linnet's love song, which is heard in the pauses of the green-backed parrot's scream.

The guards near the river side grow lethargic and drowsy in the sun, and they lean under the shade of the smallest *eucalypti*. The corporal has just finished his rounds, and one man throws down his gun on the emerald sod an instant, and turns his cheeks towards the fresh breezes from the river. His nearest companion on post is fifty yards off, and he is hidden from him by a hedge of luxurious briars which all bear scarlet and white flowers. The tired soldier watches the wind scattering the blossoms on the ground until the green sward is almost white with the down which flecks the earth, and seems to him so like the apple blooms in his own "merrie England," so many weary miles away, that he grows a dreaming of home, and a sweetheart, and many a thing else beside, which all brave men must think about in every country, in every part of the world. He don't think of his musket; it lies glittering there amid the waving grass. He don't even see a dark figure gliding out of the canes, slowly and heavily. It looks like a crocodile, only a crocodile don't have such terrible, fierce eyes, so full of human passion.

The wind still sighs softly through the luxuriant trees, the blossoms like apple blooms still float softly to the earth, and he breathes the odorous air—that soldier, with danger so near to him. There is a strange sound, a quick leap—the soldier turns towards his gun—his dream is broken! But what is before him?

A ragged figure, tall and straight—a giant, pale face, from which glowed eyes which seemed to burn into his soul, fierce, rolling, frenzied eyes; bare legs reeking with blood, which the briars had torn, and with mud where they had trailed through the rank-moles. At the ankle the flesh was swollen and bleeding, where an iron band clasped it, and from which a short chain with a heavy ball was fastened. The muscular arms held the soldier's musket, and the shining bayonet was pointed right at the soldier's heart. O, sad waking from dreams of home and sweetheart and merrie England.

In a moment the soldier comprehended that he was at the convict's mercy, and he started back from the dreadful bayonet's point, a faint exclamation escaping from his lips.

"Good God! Seal Murdock!"

"Hist! sh-u-sh!" said the convict, quickly. "Give me life for life. Utter one word, and you are a dead man!"

And he raised the barrel of the weapon to cover the heart of the sentry.

"Let me escape and I will spare you."

"You cannot," faltered the soldier. "Our men are guarding all the passes."

"Soldier, I am desperate! Let me go by your post and reach the wood you see beyond. I will chance the rest."

And he spoke in the quick, firm words of a man who feels he has but one chance for his life, and he means to take it. The soldier replied:

"I won't let you go! I know you can kill me, but I shall be shot for neglect of duty. You have my musket."

And the brave fellow seemed about to advance even in the face of the musket, and upon that desperate man, with but the one chance for a life, but the husky voice of the convict arrested him once more.

"Soldier, listen! You are brave. Give me my life! Say I shall go beyond that wood, and promise me you will not give an alarm, and you shall have your musket. I will put my life in your soldier's honor."

The man hesitated a moment. On the one hand sure death if he refused. (For the whole colony knew the iron purpose of Seel Murdock.) On the other, a chance that his lack of duty would not be discovered. So he approached nearer to the convict, and held out his hand.

"Give me my musket, man—you can go, for me! I want to live for others beside myself, or you should not go ten feet without my alarm being given to the corporal."

The convict looked in his eyes a moment, and seemed to read an honest purpose there, for his large, fierce eyes softened, and his pale face was lit up with an expression which did not seem to justify Seel Murdock's reputed character. It was a noble and sweet expression. He held the soldier's hand for a moment, and then gave him the musket, as he faltered out:

"Give me your name, soldier. If Seel Murdock lives, he may learn to pray for you."

"Ralph Cresson," was the reply.

And at that moment the numbers of the guard was heard being called by the corporal in the distance, and each sound was distinct on the clear air, and in an instant the convict crouched to the earth; and glided slowly and painfully through the grass, and by the flowering brier bushes, toward the dark passes of the deep wood beyond; the heavy ball dragged with Seel Murdock, and each movement he made lacerated the swollen flesh still more. And the soldier watched him out of sight, and a sigh of relief escaped his lips as he saw him enter the thick wood.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE FLOWERS.

In a low valley many long miles from Sydney. The sun is just going down, and its softened light is thrown like a golden veil over the flowering sides of Berkley Mountain. The scent of the acacias is in the dewy air, and the shrill voices of the mountain jak-ki echo through the defiles which open from the level valley. Flocks and herds are moving lazily by silver streams into the higher points on the hills, and the rude song of a boatman is not without a charm, as its merry chorus is borne through the valley of flowers.

Over a rude bridge which spans the little stream, a tall figure creeps, and quickly gains the shadows of the mountain side, in preference to walking by the natural hedges which girt the open valley path. But scarcely does he gain a little bower of *eucalypti*, than he sinks to the earth in a heap, and the rank, damp grass waves around him, as though even nature was eager to hide so uncouth a thing. After a while the man struggles up into a sitting posture, and then we can see the tangled hair which hangs around the pale, bruised face, the fierce large eyes which move uneasily and warily at every sharp cry of the jak-ki, or the almost human voice of the golden-crowned mocking-bird; the large, heavy chest, respiring nervously; the powerful limbs scarcely covered by the shreds of clothes which hang about them; the emaciated face, and long bony hands, telling a terrible tale of hunger, and fear, and suffering.

The reader has already guessed that it is Seel Murdock, the escaped convict, who has eluded his pursuers thus far.

When he has recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, and feels that he is in the security of concealment, he takes from a pouch by his side a few hard crusts which he has begged from a kind-hearted shepherd, and commences to eat, quickly, fiercely, more like a tiger than a human being. An old black bottle from which he eagerly drinks, sends a warm flush into his gaunt face, and he mutters a blessing on the shepherd who was so much a man that he did not join in the hunt after the convict. Throb with pity, gentle hearts! This man has been more sinned against than sinning.

The stars begin to peep forth from the clear ether, and they twinkle merrily upon the outcast. He has gathered a score of sharp stones from the mountain sides, and now he brings them down upon the chain which confines the ball to his limb. Each jar racks him with pain, but he

strikes on, strikes fire from the flint, till the cruel ball rolls heavily away from the chain which confines it, and only the chain is held to the ankle-band, and he stands up as though already free, exultant and hopeful. The trailing chain does not feel more than a feather's weight, and he glides along by the secret hedges, and the cool flashing waters of the stream, and he, too, dreams again of home and merry England.

Farther onward, many miles in the valley of flowers, and right in a gap of the Berkley Mountains, stood a neat little cottage. Its sides were covered with the luxuriant vines of the region, from whose depths of green, little purple flowers drooped. In front, the garden, which a neat paling enclosed, contained beds of the moola and sweet-scented bays, and a neat walk led from a quick flowing stream to the door, where trailing vines, with scarlet and white flowers formed a fragrant and graceful arch. Outside of this sweet, embowered cottage, which should have been the home of some Arcadian, the simple furniture was piled up in confusion; neat tables were thrown in the midst of beds, a tea-set laid in broken fragments in a water bucket, a cradle held a clock instead of a baby, pretty, figured coverlids trailed in the dust under an axe, and a washing tub and chairs were piled upon each other, as if children had been endeavoring to make a fantastic Chinese mosque, minarets and all.

But the saddest part of this confusion was the sight of an old dim-eyed man sitting in hopeless sorrow amid the wreck of his household gods, and an old woman bemoaning her lot in querulous tones of anguish by his side. A young, fair-haired woman stood in the doorway. Her eyes were moist with tears (and very soft blue eyes they were), and her full, red lips quivered with the sorrowful thoughts which were rushing like scared demons through her brain. She held by the hand a bright-faced boy of eight, who was weeping bitterly for the scarce comprehended sorrow of his parents. It was in the early morning, and the grass was still wet with the heavy dew, when the group we have described seemed plunged in such affliction. Perhaps we can gather its cause from the conversation of the woman and old man.

"O, Robert! Robert! To think we should ha' come to this, a huntin' for our boy so far away. O, woe to us!"

"Where be God to let us puir folk suffer so?" broke in the old man passionately.

"Nay, nay, Robert, ye maist not speak so!" said the young woman, coming forward, with the boy by the hand still.

"Why not, Mary? Why not, I say? Where be God, to let his gude folk suffer like unto us, who ha' always worshipped him, and giv' our ain little mite for the preachin' o' his holy name?"

"Whom he loveth he chasteneth, Father Robert," replied the tearful-eyed woman, Mary. "An' we must na' be for to curse his gude name now."

"Yes, yes! The gurl's right, old man," chimed in the wife. "We must na giv' up hope i' him, for who have we now to luke to but t' blessed Saviour?"

And she fell weeping upon the old man's shoulder, who, somewhat softened, remained silent. Mary spoke again in the pauses of the child's bitter lamentations:

"Fayther Robert, ye kno' I followed ye here fro' my own kin. I had trust i' God then, I ha' trust i' God now. Let us pray to him to save us fra' our bitter sorrows. He who feedeth the young ravens will not let his puir folk starve here so far awa' fro' home."

But ere they could kneel amongst the bright flowers to ask God's help, the strange figure of Seel Murdock stood in the centre of the group. His repulsive appearance made the child run back to the house in fear, and the old man forgot for a moment his sorrows, as he started up and opposed his still stalwart form to the dreadful figure of the convict. But there was a certain look of human sympathy in the eyes of the hunted man which conveyed the intelligence to the old man Robert, that he had nothing to fear from this brother in misfortune.

"Who are you?" stammered the old man, to the new comer.

"A man in affliction, like yourself," replied the convict.

"Ye cannot steal from us," said Robert, after eyeing his strange visitor for a moment, and evidently taking in his circumstances. "For we are as puir as yoursel', and may be more miserable," he added.

"I heard your words, old man," said Seel, "from where I lay in ambush by the creek. I think I understand what all this means. I am tired of life, although I have fought so hard for liberty. Perhaps I can help you."

"Ye cannot help us," said old Robert, hopelessly.

"Ye look more like as if ye needed help, man," said the dame, glancing suspiciously at the tattered clothes, the bleeding limbs, and unshaven face of the convict.

"More be likes ye do, puir man," said the gentle-voiced Mary, going for the first time towards the wretched Murdock. "An' tho' we be

turned fro' our shelter, an' have no roof to be under t'-night, we will no' refuse ye a crust an' a sup o' goat's milk. Who are ye?" She repeated the old man's first question, but with her soothing woman's voice,* which sounded to his weary heart like a lullaby. Tears stood in the eyes which lit up the outcast's haggard face. He took Mary's hand and led her to a huge oak tree which stood in the road, like a giant sentinel; Robert and his wife, with their frightened little boy, followed after. Upon the tree the following placard was nailed :

"**CONVICT ESCAPED**—From the valleys near Parametta, Seel Murdock. He is about forty years of age, of tall and powerful form. When he made his escape he had a ball and chain to his left leg. Is supposed to be making his way either to Murray River, southwardly, or to Berkeley Mountains, in the north. English ships are warned. Full description in Gazette.

REWARD.

A government reward of thirty guineas will be paid on his delivery to the nearest magistrate after his capture, and a further planter's reward of ten guineas.*

"Seel Murdock!" exclaimed the young woman, in alarm, shrinking from the outcast.

"Ye the convict!" echoed the old man and woman, as the little boy cowered behind his father.

"Yes, I am Seel Murdock!" he said. "Now tell me what the meaning of that confusion is? I can help you."

"You?"

"Yes!"

"Alack!" said the lady. "The bailiff has turned us out of the house. We lost nearly all the money we could get from home, and when t' old man lost his place as t' ranger for Squire Moss, we could pay no more, and our goods are seized an' we sleep under the sky t'-night. O, God, be merciful to Robert and Mary, am' t' boy!"

And she forgot the convict in her own grief again, and wrung her hands, and bemoaned her trouble in her broad North-of-England accent, which at times was so strange as almost to be unintelligible.

Seel Murdock turned to Mary who stood regarding him with swimming eyes.

"How much do you owe for rent, young woman?" he asked, suddenly.

"Twenty guineas. For t' last quarter's rent for t' house and land was never paid," she answered.

"Then I can save you," Seel Murdock replied. "Do you see that bill? You can get forty guineas for my return. Come, bind my arms. I will go with you to the nearest magistrate. Hassen, I say, old man. There is yet time to have your wife and child and this young woman sleep under your cottage roof to-night."

Then it was when the convict had offered himself thus nobly that the old man spoke :

"Get thee gone, man! I will have no such blood as yours on my puir head. Come in t' the house a moment, tho'. I will give ye a crust an' a cap. God bless ye. No, no, I wud na take yer body for my ransom."

"Nay," chimed in the old woman. "Away wi' ye, we wud na hev a fellow-creeter suff'rin' for our ain gade."

"Ye've a noble heart, Seel Murdock," said Mary, laying her white hand again in his. "God sent ye t' us in our trials, to show us how blessed our puir bodies are, for we are in no danger of our liberty."

"Hear me, Robert," said the convict. "I was convicted in England, of an attempt to murder my wife. I was jealous, crazed, and struck her with a knife. I have been working in the galleys four years. I am not a bad man at heart, but every one who knows Seel Murdock will tell you that when he wills a thing it must be done, if in the power of mortal to accomplish it. I now swear to you before Heaven, if you will not lead me before the magistrate, and claim the reward for my capture, I will give myself up this very day. So help me God!"*

And as he uttered this impressive oath, he held up his bruised right hand, and walked towards the house.

That day, about the hour of noon, a strange party wended their way to the residence of Sir William Harris, who lived at the foot of Berkeley Mountains, and almost at the head of the valley of flowers. The weeping old man and his wife, followed by the golden-haired Mary, and the son of the old couple. In their midst walked the convict, Seel Murdock, and in a few moments more the hunted man was sent with a guard back towards Sydney, once more a prisoner. His reward the ransom of the old man and his family. That evening found the former in the prisoners' hospital, and the latter once more in sweet possession of their little cottage embowered in the fragrant vines.

*The circumstances attendant upon the convict's voluntary return to the galleys, in order to insure to a suffering family the reward for his capture are strictly true, and no mere fancy of the romancist's brain. They were reported in Sydney and New South Wales papers, and no doubt the main incidents are familiar to many of our readers.—AUTHOR.

*Planter's reward— to further the capture of escaped convicts, as they would be likely to pillage through the country.—AUTHOR.

But a few more lines remain to be written of this most strange and truthful history. The governor of New South Wales heard of the noble act which prompted the escaped convict to sacrifice himself for the cottagers, and sent home a petition to the government for his pardon. His case was inquired into, and it was discovered that his wife whom he had endeavored to kill, had since married the man who had caused the husband's jealousy, and the next steamer took out Seel Murdock's pardon to Botany Bay. But the most strange coincidence was the fact of Ralph Cresson, the soldier, who had given Seel Murdock his escape at the rank-moles, discovering at last that it was his own father, Robert Cresson, his mother, little brother, and blue-eyed Mary Steen, whom the convict had saved from suffering in the valley of flowers. Ralph Cresson's father had left England unknown to him, and his sweetheart, Mary, had accompanied him, expecting to surprise the brave soldier in Australia. They had been robbed of nearly all their money, and had been reduced to the poor circumstances of which we have written. Thus God works his will in his own inscrutable manner.

And the lyre birds sing as sweetly beneath the ash gray veil of the *eucalypti*; the spring is as beautiful, and the atmosphere as odorous with the acacia's breath, but the memory of the one noble act of that man in misfortune will forever live in human hearts, and consecrate the enchanting cottage in the valley of flowers.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

After leaving the route of the great line of railway that is formed towards Marseilles and its immediate neighborhood, there begins a district of the south of France that scarcely seems to have got beyond the civilization of the middle ages. Travelling commences to be a fearful undertaking; the locomotion, in diligences which seem to be constructed on the system of those cages of terror in which the Chinese confine delinquents, so that they cannot sit upright nor change their posture, appears to have been diligently studied by the artificers belonging to the grand *messageries* of France. Over roads of an antagonism the most marked to macadamization, are unfortunate beings for a vast number of hours unmercifully dragged, till their wearied bones are much in the condition they would have been had the Holy Inquisition some few years since had charge of them. The cities through which those lumbering vehicles roll heavily on, are, for the most part, inhabited by a squalid, miserable peasantry; the beggars that besiege the doors form, sometimes, a fair specimen of the population. The language that is spoken is perfectly unintelligible to a Parisian.—*Court Journal*.

Envy is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

TYRE AND SIDON.

There is something in the very mention of their names, which seems to surround these cities with a peculiar and melancholy interest.

Tyre and Sidon are very frequently referred to in the sacred writings. They were among the oldest colonies or cities of antiquity. They were in Phœnicia, which formerly made part of Syria, and were situated on the eastern margin of the Mediterranean. Syria, at one period, included part of Palestine; and the country or district of Phœnicia also extended so far south as to comprehend a portion of territory, afterwards called Palestine. Or to be more particular, Syria is on the north, Phœnicia south of it, and Palestine still more south. Soon after the dispersion of mankind, in the second or third century from the deluge, or soon after Nineveh and Babylon were built, the descendants of Ham went south into Phœnicia and Palestine, into Arabia, Egypt and Abyssinia. Sidon was distinguished, among other inventions and manufactures, for that of glass. Sadia is the present name of that place.

Tyre was built after Sidon, and a colony from it. But it soon became the most populous and enterprising. Sidon is said by Moses to be the oldest son of Canaan, who was the son of Ham. When the Jews settled in Palestine, after their deliverance from Egypt under Moses, Sidon was a great city, and probably the most ancient in all Syria. This was about 1500 years before our era, and consequently upwards of 850 years after the deluge in the time of Noah. The citizens of Tyre and Sidon early engaged in navigation and commerce. They sent out a colony to Carthage, on the northern coast of Africa; and in the interior of Asia Minor, and even on the shores of Europe. About the year 1000, or 800 before the Christian era, Tyre became the largest and most enterprising of the two cities; and therefore, probably, is mentioned first by the inspired prophets.

It is evident they were places of great wealth in the times of some of the prophets; and that wealth engendered luxury, dissipation and licentiousness; for all which they were declared to be liable to the righteous judgment of God; and it was predicted that they should become diminished and desolate. The prophecy has been most wonderfully accomplished; especially in Tyre. The city was originally built on the continent; but when besieged by the Assyrians, the inhabitants went to an island in the vicinity; and several centuries after, Alexander converted it into a peninsula.—*Topography of Ancient Cities*.

SAVING.

The origin of wealth is in a moral feeling—self-denial. "Here is something I will consume or throw away—I will take care of it, store it up for the future use of myself and others." The man who first said and acted thus laid the foundation of a virtue upon earth. The savings of each man are a diffusive blessing to all, and therefore, so far, frugality is a thing which all may and ought to applaud.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal*.

Live with the culpable, and you will be very likely to die with the criminal.

[ORIGINAL.]

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

He came to me when spring-flowers threw
Their fragrance on the crystal air;
He was so manly and so fair,
No other thought or love I knew.

He told to me the old, sweet tale—
The story old, yet ever new:
Of love—I drank it as the dew
Is drunk by blossoms in the vale.

He said to me there was no face
So fair and good as mine on earth;
That it should light his cheerful hearth,
And help him noble deeds to trace.

He said for my sake every ill
Of life should pass him lightly by;
That every dark cloud in the sky
Should have its silvery binding still.

He said the sweet dream of his life
Was of a sunny, quiet spot,
Where vines should wreath a lowly cot,
And I should be his loving wife.

He gave to me a lock of hair,
A little silken, jetty tress;
How oft I kiss it, while I bless
His head, and pray he knows no care.

He said to me at our farewell,
"My darling, never let them take
You from me, or my heart will break!"
His voice was like a clear, sweet bell.

I thought the days would never pass,
So long they seemed away from him;
The sunshine of my soul grew dim,
When falling leaves and yellow grass

Told that the Summer laid her head
In Autumn's dusky lap to die,
And he came not—I prayed that I
Might, like the summer, soon be dead.

His dear voice never fell again
Upon my eager, longing ears;
No rose leaves robbed the weary years
Of piercing thorns and sullen pain.

But from the great cold world there came
A rumor of a lovely face—
A being full of girlish grace,
Who won and wore his precious name.

He wrote me that the past was o'er,
That he would be my brother—friend;
As if my love could ever end
In friendship, and in nothing more!

The sweet hopes died down in my life;
I did not hate—I only prayed
That o'er his life would fall no shade
I could have crushed were I his wife.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STEP-CHILDREN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"AUNT LEWIS, will you give me a home?"
said Marion Hamilton, as she entered her aunt's
sitting-room one morning.

"Marion," said her aunt, with some severity
in her manner of speaking, and without answer-
ing her question, "Why are you here?"

"Because my father's house will never seem
like home again, after *she* comes."

"That remains to be proved," said Mrs. Lewis.

"I know it never will. How can I bear to see
my mother's place filled by a stranger?"

"My dear Marion, if she whom your father
has chosen for a wife, is really what I have rea-
son to believe her to be, how much will your
burden be lightened. I have from the first, been
of the opinion that your task involved too much
care and responsibility for a girl of your age.
You have little or no time to devote to reading
and music, or any recreation whatever."

"I know that I have not, and I am sometimes
very weary; but then it is such a pleasure for
me to take care of my two little brothers, and
they are so fond of me."

"And yet, you would leave them to the care
of one whose presence you imagine will destroy
your own happiness. Return, Marion—perform
the part which duty requires, and if your step-
mother fails in hers, it will not be your fault."

"I will, for the children's sake, but it will be
impossible for me ever to like her. How could
I, for a moment, think of leaving them? But
my feelings were so wrought up, that I was in-
capable of reflection."

"You expect your father and his wife to-day?"

"Yes; they will come in season to take tea, I
suppose."

"Go now, my child," said Mrs. Lewis, "and
do as your own sense of right prompts you.
Your perceptions are clear, and your judgment
mature beyond your years. If the woman se-
lected to fill the place of my late sister is what
she is represented to be, such a course on your
part is all that will be necessary to insure domes-
tic peace and harmony."

"But I have already been guilty of indiscre-
tion. I have let Gerald see that I should con-
sider our step-mother an intruder. And that is

not all. Even little Edwin, I am afraid, is prepared to look upon her more in the light of an enemy than a friend."

"It was indiscreet to permit them to think that you questioned your father's right to do as he pleases. You must, however, as far as you are able, repair the mischief you have done, by example. Children are quick to observe, and prone to imitate. And remember, Marion, that even if Mrs. Hamilton should not prove to be all that could be wished, it will be no excuse for a dereliction from right on your part."

Marion returned home, fully determined, as far as she was able, to follow her aunt's advice. She went into the different apartments, to assure herself that everything was in order, and arranged with taste. She selected flowers for the vases, the freshest and most beautiful she could find. Only two kinds were omitted; the white rose and the forget-me-not. These she had planted on her mother's grave, and there was something too painful in the thought of permitting their bloom and fragrance to greet the advent of her successor.

She started when she entered the chamber where she was in the habit of teaching the children their lessons, and where they amused themselves with play on rainy days, for the portrait of her mother was the first object which met her eyes. It must have been placed there during her absence, probably by Mrs. Acton, the house-keeper, and without doubt, in obedience to directions from her father. It had, until then, hung in her father's bedroom beside his own portrait, and she felt indignant at its having been removed. This emotion, however, quickly subsided, for she saw, on a little reflection, the propriety of what had been done. The smiling, joyous expression of the youthful face—for the portrait had been painted when her mother was only eighteen—which looked out from amid a profusion of sunny curls, might almost seem as if mocking the bride who had been chosen to fill her place.

Marion stood and gazed at it for a long time; for, independent of the many sweet and mournful associations connected with it, as a portrait of her mother, it was, as a picture, very beautiful, and there seemed, as it were, to emanate from it a cheering and sustaining influence. She bowed her head on her clasped hands, and first invoking the aid of Him who doeth all things well, breathed a vow so to demean herself, that, could the original of the portrait be restored to life, her conduct would meet her approval. As she raised her head, the slant sunbeams fell across the portrait, kindling up the clustering curls, and

forming, as it were, a halo round the countenance, at the same time imparting to it an expression indescribably lovely. Footsteps on the stairs interrupted her reverie. They were bustling, eager footsteps, and to her ear full of music. She opened the door, and her two little brothers, Gerald and Edwin, bounded into the room.

Gerald, who was seven years old, was large of his age, and his head, a fine one of itself, covered with brown, wavy hair, was set finely on his shoulders. His figure was remarkably upright, his chest broad and full, and there was an air about him, which, without being defiant or bold, was certainly somewhat independent. The face of little Edwin, peering out from amid its bright, golden curls, looked like a reflex of that on the wall, whose soft, violet eyes seemed to commingle their beams with his.

Gerald was in high glee, and had commenced telling Marion something about some sport he and Edwin had been engaged in, when his eyes suddenly fell on his mother's portrait. His words were at once arrested, and with an air of reverence, while an almost tearful softness swept over his bright face, he removed the little jaunty cap with its golden band, which rested so lightly above its fringe of dark brown hair.

"How came it here?" said he, the clear, ringing tones of his voice, in which he had been speaking, sinking down to a whisper.

Edwin now saw the picture, and he too removed his cap; for so they had both been taught to do by Marion, when in presence of their mother's portrait.

"How came it here?" said Edwin, repeating his brother's question.

"Mrs. Acton brought it here, I suppose."

"I don't think that Mrs. Acton had any right to bring it here," said Gerald.

"If father told her to, she had," replied Marion.

"Did he tell her to?"

"I think he did. Aint you glad that we can have it with us, when we are reading and studying?"

"Yes, I like to have it here," said Gerald, "but I should think that father would like to have it too."

He was silent a minute, as if seeking in his own mind for the reason of its removal. He then said:

"I think I know why father don't want it in his room, but I won't love the woman he is going to bring here—I don't want her for a mother."

"I don't want her neither," said Edwin.

Marion, strong in the good resolution which the influence of her Aunt Lewis had caused her

to form, might have succeeded in softening the prejudice she had herself been instrumental in forming, in the minds of her little brothers, had not the sudden arrival of her father and his bride prevented. She had just time to reach the foot of the staircase when they entered the hall.

Mrs. Hamilton did not look at all as she expected. She had been told that she was thirty-two, yet she would have passed for twenty-five. She was not handsome, compared with her own mother, whose bright face only a year previously had lighted up their home. She was what at first sight would have been termed plain, yet there was something about her very attractive. When Mr. Hamilton presented his daughter to her, to a spectator she would have appeared perfectly self-possessed, yet Marion felt that the small white hand she gave her, trembled. It did more to soften the step-daughter's feelings towards her than a world of sweet smiles and honeyed words. Yet, after all, there was a certain coldness in Marion's manner which the new wife felt, rather than saw. She did her utmost to appear unconscious of it, yet it made her feel embarrassed and unhappy. There was something, too, in Marion's personal appearance more imposing than she had anticipated. Hair of raven hue shaded her broad, smooth forehead, while her eyes, though dark blue, were fringed by lashes so long and dark, that in the evening they were almost always mistaken for black. She was, moreover, rather tall, while the step-mother was a little below the medium height. Mr. Hamilton was just going to ask his daughter for the boys, when a whispering was heard at the door, which had been left partly open, and the next moment two faces, in which curiosity was strongly depicted, were seen peering into the room.

"Come in, my sons," said Mr. Hamilton.

Gerald hesitated a moment, then entered with an air of reluctance, while Edwin followed, keeping as much as possible behind his brother.

"These are my two boys, Lucy, I told you about," said Mr. Hamilton, rising, and leading them up to his wife. "Gerald, this lady is my wife, and will from this time be your's and Edwin's mother."

"I don't wish for any mother," said Gerald. "I want Marion to take care of me."

"So do I," said Edwin; and as Mrs. Hamilton attempted to draw him towards her, he struggled to free himself.

She smiled, but it was sadly; and next addressing Gerald, she asked him if he would not shake hands with her. He made a movement to place his hand behind him, but at the same moment, catching the eye of Marion, whose expres-

sive glance he well understood, he suffered his step-mother to take it. Marion's heart smote her, for her influence over the children was such, that all this ill feeling on their part, might have been prevented.

"I regret this," said Mr. Hamilton; "if it was any other time, I would not pass over it so lightly."

"There must be time for them to become accustomed to my strange face," said his wife. "I think, with their sister's help, I shall then persuade them to love me."

A few hours later, Marion stood by the bedside of her brothers. She spoke to them concerning their new mother, and did what she could to efface the impression made by her indiscreet remarks in their presence. This was not so easy as she had apprehended. She was not aware how deep and vivid the impression which is sometimes made on the mind of children, by a few words carelessly dropped. She fully realized its truth, when she found that all her efforts at persuasion were met by the somewhat precocious Gerald, by what she had herself said, and which, though not intended for his ear, had, as it seemed, been overheard, and carefully treasured in his memory. The mischief she had done, could, as she felt persuaded, be only fully repaired by the second mother's personal influence, which, judging by what she had seen of her, promised to be as benign as she could wish.

Mrs. Hamilton, though she had succeeded in preserving the appearance of composure, felt very uncomfortable. She was extremely sensitive, and what, perhaps, might be considered as a natural consequence, keenly observant. She was thus, generally speaking, able to form a pretty accurate judgment of character. She saw that Marion Hamilton, though a little haughty, and a good deal too impulsive, had many noble and generous qualities, and that it would be her own fault if she did not soon succeed in converting her into a warm friend. She could see well enough that she had been pre-determined not to like her, and for this, she made every allowance which the case demanded. She was not sure that her own feelings would not have been similar, had she been similarly situated. If she blamed her for anything, it was for communicating her own prejudices to the minds of the children.

Though she endeavored to view her situation in the best light of which it was susceptible, she saw that she must pass through a severe and trying ordeal. She said nothing of those inward struggles to her husband, and when he inquired of her how she got along with Gerald and Edwin, she told him truly, she had no doubt that she

should soon succeed in winning their confidence.

"Gerald," she said, "is a fine, spirited boy, and one to win admiration as well as love."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Hamilton, "that you will find him very unmanageable. My business has called me much from home, and Marion has let him have his own way too much."

"At any rate," returned his wife, "his frank, open countenance shows that he has generous qualities, and of such, there is everything to hope."

"And what do you think of little Edwin?"

"O, he is the most beautiful child I ever saw. He may, should he live, prove less self-reliant than Gerald, which will make it the more desirable for him to be surrounded by good and healthful influences. When Marion and I come to understand each other fully, we shall, I doubt not, by our combined efforts, be able to draw forth their good qualities, and successfully check those which are less amiable."

Time passed on, and though Marion Hamilton, with true and earnest endeavor, sought to control the unamiable feeling, which at first made her regard her father's wife as a usurper, she was not always successful. When by any little freak of temper she found that she had wounded the feelings of her step-mother, she was always sincerely repentant, and did what she could to make amends, by those little attentions which she knew would be understood and appreciated.

Gerald proved sufficiently refractory. Having been prepared to look upon his step-mother as an enemy, he adhered to the lesson so thoughtlessly inculcated, with a tenacity truly wonderful. Mrs. Hamilton's patience was sometimes sorely tried, yet it did not fail her. The disposition of Edwin was more pliant, and his confidence was easily won. In a few weeks, even Marion did not stand higher in his favor than his mother.

It was near the close of August, and the day had been one of the warmest and most oppressive of the season. The air was close and sultry, and about half past five o'clock in the afternoon a dark cloud was seen rising in the west. Marion was absent, and Mrs. Hamilton's first thought was for the two boys, Gerald and Edwin. About fifteen minutes before she had seen them together in a favorite nook, busily employed in making a miniature grove, with sprigs of spruce and hemlock. When she went to look for them, Edwin was there, but he was alone.

"Where is Gerald?" she inquired.

"He has gone to find Marion," was the reply.

"How long has he been gone?"

"A good while."

"Did he go out at the gate?"

"No ma'am, he went across the fields. He said Marion had gone to the village, and it would be nearer that way."

When Marion left home, Gerald had insisted on going with her, with a great deal of pertinacity at first, when suddenly giving over his importunity, he said he didn't care, and would stay at home. He had probably come to the determination in his own mind, to steal away and overtake her. Mrs. Hamilton cast a hurried look towards the western horizon. The cloud, heavily charged with electricity, was rapidly rising. She took Edwin into the house, and then prepared to go in search of Gerald.

"You mustn't think of going," said Mrs. Acton. "The cloud is already nearly overhead. I will run and tell Mark to go."

"He is not at home. I must go myself."

"Let me get you an umbrella, then."

At the moment Mrs. Hamilton received the umbrella from the hand of Mrs. Acton, a heavy gust of wind came rushing by, carrying with it a cloud of dust, intermingled with the leaves and twigs of trees. Limbs of the larger trees were twisted from the trunks, while those which were smaller, yielding to the sway of the tempest, bent almost to the ground. Half a minute afterward, a flash of lightning so vivid as to be almost blinding, was followed so quickly by a clap of thunder, that there was barely a breath between. A few large drops of rain then commenced driving by, in a nearly horizontal direction, the number soon increasing so as to blend together and assume the appearance of an almost unbroken sheet of water.

Mrs. Hamilton, seeing that it would be worse than useless to attempt to contend against such a war of the elements, assumed as much composure as possible, and sat with the little frightened Edwin in her arms. Not only Marion, but Mr. Hamilton was gone, which greatly increased her sense of responsibility.

One more flash of lightning, which made the air appear as if filled with flame, and a nearly simultaneous crash of thunder, seemed to be the signal that the fury of the tempest was past, for the wind almost instantly died away. In a minute or two more the rain ceased, and the sun, looking brightly forth, painted a rainbow on the clouds in the opposite sky.

Once more Mrs. Hamilton prepared to go in search of Gerald. As she was about to open the door, Mark entered, with the child in his arms. The clothing of both was dripping with water. Fortunately, Mark, who had been at work in a distant field, started for home, when he saw in-

dications of a shower, and came across Gerald, just as the first heavy gust of wind came rushing by. Finding it impossible to keep his feet, he crouched down till its fury was somewhat spent, and then succeeded in carrying Gerald to the shelter of a stone wall, where they remained together till the storm had subsided.

The wet garments of both were speedily exchanged for dry ones, and other precautions taken to guard against any ill effects which might result from exposure to the storm. But in the case of Gerald all proved unavailing. Owing to the extreme heat of the weather, and his hurry in crossing the fields, he was in a profuse perspiration when the rain commenced falling, which of course received a sudden check. Before morning he became restless and feverish. In a few hours he grew so much worse, that a physician was sent for, who found it necessary to resort to active remedies.

He missed Marion, and asked for her, but when told that she had not returned, he submitted quietly to whatever his step-mother required of him. It was eleven o'clock when Marion came, and then Gerald did not know her. For many days there was little hope that he would live.

It was midnight, and Mrs. Hamilton had persuaded Marion to go to her own room and try to take some rest. She sat alone by Gerald's bedside. He had been sleeping for half an hour more quietly than usual, and when he woke, it was so gently, that she thought he still slept. He could not imagine why he was there. It was not his own room, and Edwin was not by his side. He soon became aware that some one was sitting near, and thinking it must be Marion, pronounced her name, but he was so weak that he could scarce raise his voice above a whisper.

"It is I—your mother, not Marion," said Mrs. Hamilton, rising, and bending over him.

"Yes, I remember now. You have been here all night, haven't you?"

"Yes, and many nights besides. You have been very sick for a long time."

He made no answer to this, but taking her hand, drew it into bed; and while still clasping it in both of his, he again fell asleep. When he once more awoke it was morning, and Marion sat near him. He smiled and said:

"I love my new mother, now—aint you glad, Marion?"

"Yes; for she is a good mother, both to you and Edwin."

"I know it. I have been walking about in a dark place a long time, and sometimes I was

very tired, and should have felt afraid, too, only I knew that you or she always kept near me. And sometimes my other mother, who is up in our chamber, would come down from the frame on the wall, and stand by me and smile, but she never spoke."

The crisis of the disease once past, Gerald's convalescence was rapid, though for a long time the face which used to look so round and rosy, was pale and thin, and there was a languor in the dark eyes that used to sparkle so brightly. His steps, too, were slow and feeble, as with his little thin hand, from which his long illness had stolen all the dimples, clasped in that of his mother or Marion, he walked forth into the fresh air, while the sunbeams, in which the autumn fruits hung mellowing, stole down through the boughs, and threw a net-work of gold over the green turf. Edwin now, compared with him, looked robust. But the rosy fingers of health were busily at work, and the thin, pale cheeks daily grew rounder and fresher, and the feeble steps gradually became as free and buoyant as ever; while the soft, shining hair, which had lain on his pale forehead, still and drooping as the plumage of a bird's broken wing, waved and danced in the breeze, and caught the play of the golden sunbeams, as he and Edwin, in as high glee as formerly, engaged in those sports so fascinating to childhood.

One of the changes, however, wrought by his severe illness, was lasting. His words, "Marion, I love my new mother now," spoken at the time when he woke from the long dream which had so wearied and harassed him, were more than once repeated by his lips, and daily confirmed by his cheerful obedience.

Thus did the advice given by Mrs. Lewis to Marion prove to be "words fitly spoken;" while a few oblique hints relative to the delinquency and want of feeling so freely ascribed to step-mothers as a class, would have served to encourage her in her wayward humor, and caused her to regard all her actions through a medium distorted by prejudices.

What a world of unhappiness and misery would be saved, if so many, who, like Mrs. Lewis, have it in their power to extend over the domestic circle the olive-branch of peace, did not from a morbid love of excitement, prefer to throw into its midst the apple of discord.

OMISSION.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even when we sit idly in the sun.

SHAKESPEARE.

(ORIGINAL.)

MOONSHINE.

BY GEORGE H. COMER.

Pray, what is moonshine? I have heard
 (Until to me 'twill ever bring
 The thought of some delusive thing)
 In common life the hollow word.

On sober fields in silent hours—
 Like some attorney's artful brain,
 Perplexing all that once was plain:
 The moonshine pours its silver showers.

The trees grow nearer to the skies,
 And dragons seem to sleep or crawl,
 And serpents wind by rock or wall,
 And hedges stare at you with eyes!

See, all around are figures dumb,
 That may have risen out of graves,
 And seem uncertain as the waves,
 Yet never any nearer come.

Ah, how the most of what we find
 In life, bewitching heart and thought,
 Would fade like nightly mist to nought,
 But for the moonshine in the mind!

Alas, beneath this dusky ray
 We stake all joy, brave all despair,
 For shadows hollow as the air,
 That one bright sun-flash sweeps away!

Less noble spirits were undone,
 Less seeming glories would collapse,
 Less trusting hearts bewail mishaps,
 Had every brain less moon, more sun.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE POET'S CHOICE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"GERTRUDE, sister Gertrude!—please 'do come!"

The imploring voice was very sweet and winning, but the haughty young lady before the toilet-glass in that handsome chamber, did not heed it. Again it echoed up the carved mahogany staircase.

"Gertrude, do come, just one moment! I have such a beautiful engraving here, and I cannot make out the meaning of the French name beneath it. Please come and translate it for me."

Gertrude Warburton turned with a gesture of impatience to the French dressing-maid, who was arranging her mistress's beautiful hair, and there was a tone of fretfulness in her voice as she said:

"Lucille, go and explain to the child. Dear me, it is such a misfortune to have Edith crippled—poor thing! She causes me an immensity of trouble!"

On a low sofa in the little back parlor of the great house reclined the unfortunate child, who was such a source of vexation to her elegant sister. Edith Warburton was a fair girl of sixteen—though the accident which made her a cripple for life had dwarfed her growth, and in stature she was a very child. There was a shadow of patient suffering in her deep eyes; and the broad low brow, over which fell bright, soft rings of chestnut hair, bore the impress of serene content.

Edith was almost too lovely—too *spirituelle*—for the rough world; and in its harsh strife she had never mingled, for her lameness confined her almost exclusively to the house. A violent cold taken in childhood had settled in her limb, and for ten years she had been unable to walk without the aid of crutches. During her mother's life she was most tenderly cared for, and scarcely felt the blight upon her existence; but when the grave closed over that faithful friend, the lame girl was neglected by her brilliant sister, who, five years her senior, had been some time in society.

Dress, visiting and shopping occupied Gertrude's exclusive attention, and Edith was left to the care of menials. Did Gertrude have fashionable company? It would not do to have Edith, with those unsightly crutches, in the drawing-room! Was there a party, or a concert, or a *sotée*? Edith did not care for these things; and so it was generally understood among the friends of the Warburtons, that the invalid's nervousness prevented her from enjoying company.

Edith's father did not mean to be neglectful of his youngest child, but he was submerged in business, and thought the time wasted which was spent in caressing his helpless daughter.

"Edith would not like such foolish demonstrations," he said to himself, by way of excuse; and so he went to his ledger, as though adding up columns of figures were the sole end and aim of existence.

Edith, in her loneliness, often thought how blessed it must be to be the object of a fond love—to be cared for as her sister Gertrude was; and sometimes she lay back on her pillow, and wept softly and silently at the thought of her woe, aimless life.

Gertrude Warburton had been for four years the reigning belle of her set; but though many gifted men had bowed at her shrine, her heart had remained untouched. But the gay young beauty met her destiny at last, and even before

she knew it, she had yielded up all that she owned of affection.

At a festal gathering in her native city she saw for the first time the most celebrated orator and poet of the day, whom we shall call by the name of Rupert Graves. For once rumor had told no false story; for Mr. Graves was, besides being richly endowed in soul, handsome, agreeable, and of an ancient family. Although his name had been blown far and wide by the trumpet of fame, he was still under thirty, and was still unmarried.

Miss Warburton was charmed with him; he had for her an attraction which no other man had ever exerted over her; and he, in turn, admired her beauty and spirited conversation, and very readily accepted the invitation to call on her at the first opportunity.

Ten days after their introduction found Mr. Graves at Warburton Place. Gertrude exerted herself to the utmost to please him. She sang his favorite songs, notwithstanding most of them were old-fashioned; and agreed with him in admiring Milton's poems, although, as she often declared to her familiar friends, "she despised such dry reading!"

That first call was the precursor of a second, and in a few weeks Mr. Graves became a constant visitor at Warburton Place. Gertrude's hope swere high. Prospects of a brilliant alliance, and an after life of admiration and flattery as the wife of a distinguished man, haunted her waking and sleeping dreams. But greets to her chagrin time flew on, and Mr. Graves did not propose. He was polite, respectful and attentive, but his dark eyes never deepened to tenderness in her presence, and the hand which met hers in a social clasp was firm and untrembling.

One dreary, rainy day, Gertrude, disappointed in attending a gay picnic which had been for some time on the *tapis* among the fashionables, retired to her chamber, with her hair in papers, a faded wrapper enveloping her superb form, and a French novel in her hand for company. The servants had received orders not to disturb her—she was not at home to all who might call.

Edith, moved by an impulse she could hardly explain, left her little sitting-room, and wandered into the great lonely parlor, where, sinking down on a velvet divan before a pictured Madonna, she lost herself in a deep reverie. She did not notice that the parlor-door was opened and closed noiselessly, and she was unconscious of the admiring scrutiny of a stranger gentleman, until his voice disturbed her.

"Pardon my intrusion! I expected to find Miss Warburton here."

"I am Miss Warburton's sister, sir. Gertrude is indisposed."

"Indeed! I was not aware that Warburton Place possessed a hidden fairy. Excuse me!" he added, noticing the painful flush which suffused the cheek of the girl.

"Sir, I have nothing to recommend me to society—nothing which will compare with my beautiful sister. God has afflicted me with lameness, and I am confined to the house for the greater part of the time. I try to be content with my lot. It is all right, since He has willed it thus."

There was something so sad and touching in the tones of her voice that the gentleman was deeply interested. He immediately moved to her side.

"Miss Warburton," he said, respectfully, "allow me the liberty of introducing myself to you. I am Rupert Graves, of N——. Perhaps you have heard me mentioned as among your sister's visitors?"

Edith started at the name, and her eager eyes scanned his face; for long, long ago in her gentle heart had Edith Warburton enshrined that name as a synonym of all that was good and great. In her solitude books had been her most potent comforters; and the creations of Mr. Graves's genius were always most warmly and tenderly cherished. Perhaps he read all that she would say in the expressive face uplifted to his, for he took her hand, and spoke earnestly:

"Happy would I be to call one woman *friend*, who can exist without the flattery of society; who can be happy with the sweet thoughts which God gives her day by day! You know my character—you know that I scorn falsehood—will you accept my friendship?"

Edith laid her other hand in his, and replied in the same earnest tone which he had used in addressing her.

"Mr. Graves, I have long admired you for your written thoughts, and for the lofty integrity of soul that they told me was yours. If one like you can find aught pleasant in the friendship of one hopelessly deformed, take the gift—it is bestowed with gladness!"

Mr. Graves's fine eye kindled; the hand holding hers tightened its clasp.

"Miss Warburton," he said, feelingly, "I would give more for the disinterested love of one true heart than all the hollow flatteries the great world has been pleased to bestow upon me! I know well the heartlessness of society; and it is like the living spring to the traveller over the sandy desert, to find one soul unblazed by worldly vanity and interest! I shall consider

myself favored above all men, if endowed with the friendship of such a being!"

Edith Warburton lay down to rest that night with a new, sweet happiness in her heart; and in her prayers the name of Rupert Graves went up with fervent petitions for favor. He had condescended to ask her friendship—*As the great and gifted!* He had spoken words of kindness, and drawn from her, almost unconsciously to herself, the glorious imaginings which all her life long had tended to make her lonesome existence tolerable.

When Gertrude heard of the interview between her neglected sister and the one whom she would fain call by the name of lover, she cursed her own indolence, and forbade Edith from going to the parlors, unless she summoned her.

"Delicate, modest behaviour for a young girl, sitting alone a whole evening with an entire stranger!" exclaimed Gertrude, tauntingly; and Edith colored to the very temples at the groundless charge.

From that day forth Mr. Graves came oftener than ever to Warburton Place, but he never saw the object of his continual thought. Twice he had asked for Miss Edith, but Gertrude had gracefully excused her. Edith's infirmity, she said, made it exceedingly disagreeable for her to pass time in the society of strangers. She was requested by her sister to inform all who inquired for her that she was grateful for their attention, but preferred solitude.

And did Rupert Graves believe this? Far from it. He felt assured in his heart that he at least should be welcome; and the obstacles thrown in his way only made him the more determined. Chance favored him. A distinguished opera troupe came to the city, and all the fashionables were on the *qui vive* to see and hear. In a morning call on Gertrude, Mr. Graves learned that she would be at the evening's entertainment, and that she would expect to meet him there. He made some indifferent response, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

Evening came, and Gertrude, in a splendid toilet, was in her box at the opera, but in vain she searched the hall for Rupert Graves. He was not present. But at the very moment when the haughty belle was most anxiously expecting his arrival, he rung the bell at the door of Warburton House, and asked to see Miss Warburton.

"She is at the opera, sir," returned the obsequious servant.

"Miss Edith Warburton is the lady I wish to see," said the visitor, receiving with unruffled composure the servant's involuntary stare of astonishment.

The man ushered him into the parlor, and left him alone, returning directly to say that Miss Edith would receive him in her own sitting-room.

Edith was glad to see him; her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks told him so plainly. And he lingered long in the presence of the beautiful recluse, speaking words of tenderness and love, and when he went away he left his heart in her keeping.

On the following morning he sought Mr. Warburton in his counting-room, and asked for permission to address his daughter. The merchant supposing, of course, that Gertrude was the object of the distinguished suitor's love, gave his consent freely, and referred the young man to Gertrude herself.

"Sir," said the gentleman, "it is your youngest child that I would make my wife. The soul of Edith Warburton is of more worth to me than the royal charms of a princess; and in her pure love I shall find my happiness."

Mr. Warburton grasped Rupert's hand.

"God bless you, and make her worthy of you!" he said, with more emotion than the dignified Wall Street merchant was accustomed to exhibit.

It was a very quiet wedding—Edith wished it thus; and Gertrude concealed her vexation beneath a mask of the most exuberant gaiety.

Directly to Paris Mr. Graves took his young wife, and to the care of a celebrated surgeon he committed her. To his infinite joy the physician gave him hope; and in fifteen months of skilful treatment, Edith was restored to perfect freedom from lameness! She became the centre of an admiring circle of refined people—courted as much for the matchless charms of her mind and person, as for the lustre cast upon her as the wife of Rupert Graves.

Gertrude married a spendthrift, who, after reducing her to poverty, perished miserably in a duel; and the broken-spirited widow found at last a home with her forgiving sister. And when in after years she gave her hand to a worthy clergyman, it was with a realizing sense of the true aim of existence.

GHOSTS.

I heard the dogs bark in the moonlight night,
And I went to the window to see the sight;
All the dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they passed, and on they passed;
Townsfellows all from first to last;
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
And quenched in the heavy shadow again.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOVE SONG OF CATHAY.

BY HARRY HARRWOOD LEECH.

O, sweet! on the shores that skirt the bay,
 On the flowery reefs of rich Cathay;
 Here's coral, pearls and shells
 From mermaids' amber cells:
 And the fountains spout a crystal stream,
 When Phosphor is born, till Hesper's beam
 Winks at us strolling at eventide,
 Flashing a smile when I kiss my bride;
 Gathering pearls and shells
 From mermaids' amber cells.

O, sweet! borne on the waves of the bay,
 Circling the scented shores of Cathay,
 In our silken-sailed boat
 We thus dreamily float;
 Slow gliding past the spice-breathing isles,
 Love's languor stealing into our smiles,
 Brooding in eyes, or seeking for words
 To interpret the songs of mating birds,
 In our silken-sailed boat,
 As we dreamily float.

O, sweet! hear the chimes across the bay;
 They beat out music for all Cathay!
 Timbrel, and lute, and lyre,
 Makes young blood dance with fire.
 Through the shaded groves we 'scape rose
 showers,
 But ambushed maidens pelt us with flowers;
 And the revel holds till the moon glides away,
 Past luminous lakes beyond Cathay;
 For timbrel, lute and lyre
 Makes young blood dance with fire!

O, sweet! the boatmen shout on the bay;
 They sing a love song for all Cathay:
 To the plash of each oar
 Timbrels beat time on shore,
 And lutes so sweet to all under the sky
 Only are passion-full now thou art by;
 The lyre is thrilling me with its soft tone,
 O, sweet! thou art mine in every zone!
 Past the plash of strange oars,
 Past the towns on strange shores!
 O, sweet! thou art mine forever and aye;
 My Bride of the Tropics! Pearl of Cathay!

[ORIGINAL.]

MAUDE GILHAM.

BY MRS. F. P. BONNET.

"Good morning, Ada, as you will perceive, I have waived all ceremony for a nice long chat with you. What times we have fallen upon! Why, Frank Estace has forgotten to twirl that

pet moustache, and has actually secured a Heutenant's commission. The temple of Janus is shut up, and the brazen gates of Mars are thrown wide open. The most exquisite of our exquisites are seized with something like manliness, and one begins to respect them in their new characters. Our exclusives, such as Lizzie Atkins, and Kate Linden, are sewing on hospital garments, and condescend to meet people weekly, that they could not once see through an eyeglass. Ada, you are unimpeachable, what will interest you? I have it! Julia Tompkins is to be married to that splendid establishment of Esquire Brandon's. O, you provoking piece of statuary, when we all know that Esquire Brandon has been in fancy contemplating your graceful figure presiding with dignity and sweetness at his board, that exquisite spread of Sevres and China for months past, and to be dethroned by such a rival; to think of her upon that lofty pedestal, from whence we thought to see you smiling down benign indifference upon your adorers. There is my reward for all this gossip, one of your own smiles, Ada. I am repaid."

"Kind-hearted gossip," said Miss Greydon, smiling again, as she drew the bright face towards her, and fondly kissed the red lips. Then a shade of deeper feeling crossed her features as she added:—"You saw me sad, and could not leave me. Tender-hearted Maude, I have no right to be sad in your presence. Sympathetic and affectionate as you are, I cannot feel as if such smiles and dimples had anything to do with sorrow."

"Then you wrong me. I have something to do with anything, everything that concerns a friend. Now I know very well, that calm as your face is to-day, you are brooding over some inward pain. Why not rattle away as I do! shed a few tempestuous tears, and then forget it! But I came to tell you that my cousin Robert is in the city, and that I wish to have you see him, only, Ada, don't fall in love with him, for he is as heroic as yourself. You would make a couple of conscientious Atlases, taking the whole burden of the world upon your shoulders. Robert is my best of cousins—my brother—O, Ada, he has—"

"Why, Maude, what ails you?" cried Adelaide Greydon, in alarm, as the bright face was suddenly buried in both hands, and a burst of sobs shook the girl's frame.

"Indeed, I have tried to be calm," answered Maude, raising a pale, white face for a moment to her friend's, and then sobbing again like a grieved child. When Maude's tear-dimmed eyes were again raised to meet those of her friend,

Ada's eyes were full of unshed tears, yet calm as were her features, in those dark eyes Maude read a sorrow deeper than she could fathom.

"What is it?" she asked, in an awed tone.

"Frederic goes too!"

"Frederic—O, Ada, how cruel my nonsense must have seemed. Merciful Heaven, how can we endure this dreadful war?"

"We must do our best. No, Maude, your gaiety did not jar a single tense cord, for I knew that you were striving to cheer me. You felt my grief without defining it, and your cheerful talk diverted my mind from what I did not wish to dwell upon. If I should allow myself to, if I should give imagination leave to picture what might be, I should go mad."

"O, Ada, you are stronger than I. May Heaven teach me to be patient. I will strive to learn."

Ada kissed the quivering lip with deep feeling, then smiling tenderly, said:

"These are indeed to be terrible days for us. We are women, and for that reason our sacrifices must be heart sacrifices. We cannot do, we cannot, like our brothers, forget in the midst of excitement and in action, the terrible possibilities of the coming future."

"Cannot *do*, Ada? But we must do something. I went the first moment to get work for the poor soldiers, but O, those cruel needles, they tortured me. The hospital garments became shrouds. 'Ah,' thought I, 'what poor, writhing, wounded form will be wrapped in this? Some one will know and mourn for him. However rough, or ignorant, or besotted he may be, there is some heart that will ache for him.' And then I would drop my needle and cry until my head ached. The bandages, the lint, all these cruelly suggestive preparations torture me; to think of these noble fellows crippled for life, or dying without ease. And I know there are many like Robert and Frederic. I cannot work—I can scarcely think!"

"Maude," said Miss Greydon, in a tone both tender and calm, "you must control your imagination, instead of contemplating what a merciful Providence may spare you. Aid the suffering in some other way. To your sympathetic nature these days are more trying than all others, on account of that nameless terror which is derived from the alarm and excitement around you. I trust the public mind will be calmer by-and-by."

"But you must let me talk with you about Robert, for as you do not know him, it will not grieve you as it does mama, and talking will relieve me. Robert gives such a singular reason for enlisting. He told me that he was reviving

the question in his own mind, because there were reasons why he felt that he ought not to go. While his mind was in this undecided state, he was met by an acquaintance who urged him to accompany him to meet a few friends in B—Street. Robert went, but he was so much absorbed in thought, that it was a positive pain to him to arouse himself. As he stood there, careless of the social duties which devolved upon him, his emotions became so intense, that he resolved to find his friend and ask him to excuse him, when he suddenly approached.

"Now, Gilham," said he, gaily, "this is bad. Mrs. Wilson has been upon the *qui vive* to become acquainted with my witty, genial friend, Robert Gilham. Just now she said 'your brilliant friend disappoints me. See, he stands yonder, as grave as an owl. I am afraid he is not enjoying himself.' Like a true knight errant I came at the lady's command to request you to smile. There, that will do. Grin and chatter like a monkey if you will, but don't look that way again. There is a face yonder that ought to charm away your melancholy, let me introduce you to my friend Miss Haydon," Robert understood him to say. Robert followed his quick glance, and, well, Ada, you should hear him. I do not believe there is such a paragon in New York. Serene and stately, impressing one at a glance, as one above the crowd. Of course Robert obeyed, but just as he was near accomplishing an introduction, Lindsey broke away from him, with a 'please excuse me, Gilham, but Mrs. Wilson beckoned me. I promised to assist her in—' and away he dashed, leaving Robert at a side table to turn over some engravings. Fortunately he stood near this lovely lady, and in thought quoted Wordsworth's beautiful lines:

'I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet, a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.'

Strange. Robert never gets fancy struck in that way. I would give anything to see her."

"You would probably be disappointed," said Miss Greydon, smiling at Maude's enthusiasm. "He was impressed not so much by her personal charms, as by those higher qualities of the soul, which the poet has so beautifully described."

"Soon," continued Maude, with an incredulous shake of the head, "soon Robert found himself again absorbed in the subject which had engrossed all his thoughts, when a very earnest, chirruping little voice broke in upon his meditations, with—'O, Miss Haydon, how can you

asked? You do not believe that it is my duty to let Harris go?"

"Certainly, I do," answered Miss Hayden, in no light tone, but with a certain sorrowful intonation, that moved Robert wonderfully. "His country needs him, and can you keep him back?" The little lady thus addressed nestled about, brushed away a tear or two, and then said: "What a way you have, child; why, for a moment, I thought I could be patriotic, too, but I cannot, there, and you must not ask me to be. There are enough others whose business it is to fight."

"Is not Harris a young American? and is his country not in danger? Have we a plenty of trained soldiers to protect her in her hour of peril?"

"Of course not, but then there are a host of fellows ready to go, the poor who cannot get half as good a living elsewhere. Boughs that have been used to hardships, a perfect rabble of hard-fisted, fighting characters, that would rather fight than eat any time—let them go, I say, but my boy, why, Miss Hayden, you know what he is."

"But, Mrs. Long, I cannot believe that the rabble, the common people as you term them, are bound to obey their country's call, when the educated, the men who owe all they have and are to her institutions, are seeking an inglorious ease and safety at home. It is as a comfortable conscience that can take refuge in lying generalities."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Long, "I never could argue as some people can. It is cruel to ask me to let my boy go. He looks so heroic and handsome when he begins to talk about it, that it breaks my heart. He is too good to go out there to be shot—there—I can't help it if I am selfish." And then with the air of one who was putting in a clincher, she said, smartly: "People can be wonderfully clear-sighted where their own feelings are not concerned, but if you had a brother or a father who wanted to go, I guess you wouldn't talk so."

"My only brother, the only near relative I have since my father died, wishes to go."

"He does? your brother, that nice young Hayden whom Harris thinks so much of? dear me, you must have the heart to let him!"

"My country needs him, and knowing this, I give her all I have to give."

"Robert says he would have given worlds if I could have seen her face then, calm and sweet, yet unable even in the serenity of its beauty to hide the inward agony that looked out of her patient eyes. It inspired him as the heroic Ro-

man matron's, or the sculptured ideal of some Greek poet would have done, with lofty purposes, strong resolves to do or die in such a cause. He enlisted that very night, and think of the coincidence, he found that brother in the same company. He knew him at a glance, for he wore his sister's heroic front. They became friends at once. Robert tells me he is a splendid fellow, educated, refined, the true type of a young American, with fine talents, and high hopes for the future, and better still, as pure and free from vice as if he had never known temptation. Robert has not seen his friend Lindsay since, or he would have claimed the promised introduction. I wish it had been—Ada—it was, yourself." And Maude clasped her friend's hand, and looked into her face, smiles breaking through her tears.

"It was, indeed," answered Miss Greydon; "although I had no idea who it was until you began to repeat the conversation."

A deep silence followed, for the incident had deeply affected Adalaide.

"Maude," said she, at last, "I have never thought it an evidence of true humility to underestimate the power of my words or actions over another, but it is not often that I see my moral accountability for every spoken word in so clear a light. I shrink from being instrumental in bringing upon another the very same sacrifice that I am myself called to make."

"Adalaide," answered Maude, "it is enough to be upon the side of truth, the results are with a higher power. But I have already stayed too long. I may do something for poor Fred, may I not?" she asked, with a quivering lip, while she carefully veiled her eyes from the sorrowing, but clear searching gaze which Adalaide fixed upon her face, and then hurried away.

Adalaide took up her work, but the hand that guided the needle had lost its wonted skill.

"Poor Maude," said she, for the first time shedding tears. "Impulsive and sympathetic as you are, you are yet a true woman, and hide the deepest wound under the calmest exterior."

Maude Gilham was an only child of a wealthy merchant in New York, but prosperity had not spoiled her. We find the selfish, the grasping, the gross and vulgar pretty equally distributed among rich and poor, and by looking beneath outward circumstances, we shall find the same causes operating upon both classes. Maude was generous, affectionate, and high-toned, because her father and mother, possessing all those qualities, had been careful to instill right principles into her youthful mind. Her friend, Adalaide Greydon, was the daughter of a widow lady

who had once seen better days. By better days we do not mean days when money left her free to bask idly in its golden sunshine, for the Greydons had never been rich, and Mrs. Greydon's days had not been such days. In losing her husband and three children, Mrs. Greydon had lost what such a nature, rich in affection, most deeply regrets. Only those who have had experience in that sad school, know what it is to be a widow; but although the world is full of the greedy and avaricious, there are many souls large enough to deal more liberally with a woman than they would do with one of their own sex. Such Mrs. Greydon had met, perhaps because her own integrity and independence had inspired the like qualities in others. It is true that her income had been limited, but she had a fund of prudence and foresight, that had stood her instead of more liberal means. As a mother she had nobly fulfilled her duties, and now, both her son and daughter were able to relieve her from many of those economical expedients to which she had thought it an honor to resort, to save their income from too rapid waste.

When Mrs. Greydon gave her only son to her country's service, she counted the cost. All the love she had garnered in her boy, all the hopes of support and shelter in her declining years were given up. Did she give too much?

Ask her when she lays her head upon her pillow, thankful that the restraint is over, and she can weep, unchecked by the loving eyes that have followed her form so wistfully through the long day, and even through her tears she will tell you no.

Maude Gilham had been Adelaide's school-mate, and since their return to New York, she had kept the sometimes evanescent flame of school-girl friendship warm and bright, by frequent visits and kindly deeds. A school girl's friendship, it has become a synonyme for every thing false or frail, but there are hearts capable of loving truly, girlish though they may be, and some, loving only one, and losing her, have never filled the vacant place with a newer love. O, friend of my girlhood, early lost; has any tie in life made me forgetful of thee? That fair, sweet face, hectic flushed, and too bright for earth, has never faded from my gaze. Thy grave is still a sweet spot, though it enshrines only that lovely form, for am I not often conscious of thy presence still, angelic visitant, hovering near me, strengthening and re-assuring me in some doubtful moment, until the victory over evil has been won?

Although the new recruits were fitting out in haste, they found many precious moments for

their friends. Robert spent his in his Uncle Gilham's family. He had promised Maude to do so on condition that she should keep up a brave heart. As her promise had been given in all seriousness, she tried to keep it, but sometimes in the very midst of a cheerful conversation, she would suddenly raise a pair of deep blue eyes brimming with tears to Robert, with such an eager, appealing tenderness in them, and on her trembling lip, that he would tell her laughingly, her heroism was terribly contagious.

Poor fellow, the best thing he could do was to clasp this precious sister cousin in his arms, and give her leave to weep her fill. The reader will divine that Maude's long desired friendship between Robert and her friend Adelaide, was in a fair way to progress. The ceremony of an introduction was scarcely needed between the two, for Frederic had been as eloquent an advocate in the young captain's favor as Maude herself. Through Robert's influence a lieutenant's commission had been procured for Frederic, and the two young men were as warm friends as a similarity of tastes and feelings, and the same moral status could make them. Both Maude and Adelaide found consolation in the thought that the young officers would be inseparable, and as both shared their home letters in the most confidential manner, each received answers to questions of vital moment to them, which neither would have asked in her own person. Robert wrote that but for Fred he should sometimes see dark hours, much as he liked the stir and excitement of his own life, while Frederic wrote enthusiastically of the captain, saying: "Ada, tell Maude that he is the noblest fellow I ever saw, brave, patient, enduring, yet as gentle and sympathetic as a woman." Then further on, "tell mother that I have been sick, but am quite well now, thanks to Captain Gilham. I never had a wish which he did not anticipate. I almost fancied it was mother's hand that made even illness tolerable."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Maude, addressing Mrs. Gilham, as that lady sat by the window to catch the last ray of light for the sake of gaining the latest evening news. We can all tell how she read, the eye under the stimulus of an unwonted excitement, taking in the gist of whole columns at a glance, but we must have felt what that excitement was in a great city, to know how each excited mind acted upon that nearest, just as an electric jar fully charged communicates a double portion to that next it, and thus the subtle fluid glides along, until with a terrible shock and recoil, everything is shattered before it. At such times reason and reflection are in abeyance, and the wildest fiction that pulses along the tel-

ographic wire, is taken as a true index of the state of the country. That night Mrs. Gilham read, her cheeks crimsoned with shame and indignation, of our disgraceful defeat and utter rout at Bull Run. No wonder Maude's exclamation fell upon her ear unheeded. Maude, wondering at her silence drew near, with an open letter in her hand. "From Cousin Robert, mother," said she, holding up the paper with a smile.

"Merciful Heaven, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilham, with strange emphasis for one so quiet, "what have we to do with that news? Read here what heroes we have to fight our battles, the cowardly, spiritless fellows! O, my country, why was there not some heroic soul to turn the tide and make this ignoble rout a victory?"

She paused, and both were silent, as the closely-printed sheet again absorbed their attention. Now and then they exchanged glances of dismay, or a suppressed groan would break from Maude's lips, as that fearful list, the killed and wounded, presented to her eye now a name familiar as that of an acquaintance, or now one known to her by reputation for high political talent, now that of some gifted writer, now that of a neighbor, a near relative, or friend. But who can dwell upon the memory of that deadly sickness of heart, which overpowered us when we drank our fill of such horrors, knowing that among those very names we might soon see one dear to us as our life?

"Robert is unhurt, thank God for that," she murmured, reverently.

"Yes," echoed her mother, "I do, indeed, for I know my boy never sought safety in ignoble flight. But see how his regiment was cut up, poor, brave fellows! Maude, darling, what is it?" asked Mrs. Gilham, and from the white, but voiceless lips, her eye instinctively turned to the trembling finger upon the printed page, and she read there the name, that struggle as she would for self-control, Maude could neither see nor speak.

"Poor Frederic," breathed Mrs. Gilham, softly, and then from her mother's heart came a flood of tears for the bereaved mother and she a widow. Another instant and her whole attention was absorbed in Maude.

"Are you faint, dearest? Let me ring for something?"

The pale lips shaped a voiceless no, then a flush of color passed over her face, and she looked into her mother's eyes with a smile meant to be re-assuring, but sadder than tears. She lay for a little time, and in the desolate silence you might have heard the heavy beat of her laboring heart—then she rose.

"Please, mother, let us go and comfort Adelaide!"

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Gilham, yielding unconsciously to the emotion that swayed her child, and without speaking both were soon robed and glided out into the street.]

They passed knots of eager talkers, some in the low tone of repressed excitement were discussing the causes and consequences of this defeat; while others were uttering noisy imprecations upon those who had disgraced the American name. It was easy to prophesy which of these were ready to close us those broken and disordered ranks. Not the braggart critics who cursed those who had been tried and found wanting, but those who spoke compassionately of those who had generously gone before them, to meet an ordeal through which their undisciplined courage might not pass unscathed.

To the surprise of both ladies, Mrs. Greydon and Ada had received the sad news with more calmness than they. Grieved and chagrined at the disorderly rout and retreat of men that they had hoped so much from, they had talked of the defeat and its consequences, and quietly assumed that another day would bring them better news of Frederic.

"Dear little Maude," said Adelaide, taking upon herself the office of comforter; "you are very kind to come, but you must not be anxious for us. This is but a telegraphic report. I shall believe nothing until time confirms or contradicts these statements."

"True enough," answered Maude, catching encouragement from the hopeful spirit in which this was spoken, and then re-assuring both Mrs. Greydon and Adelaide by her own cheerful and hopeful tones. Alas, they were but the re-echo of their own hope. How often the sinking courage is re-animated by just this reaction, or treble power is given to some melancholy foreboding when we hear it put into words by another. When Mrs. Gilham and Maude returned home both were cheerful and hopeful, but Maude's emotion had not escaped her mother's notice. After Maude had retired to her own room, she roused herself from her reverie, and taking a seat by her husband's side, attracted his attention by a caress, that made the paper drop from his hand, and brought a smile to his anxious face.

"Nathan," she asked, in a hesitating tone, "Maude seems young, I know, but have you ever thought her particularly interested in—in anybody?"

"What a diplomatist you would make, Mary," was the reply, accompanied by a roguish twinkle in his eye. "Supposing you give me another

little clue to your suspicions, and then like a dutiful husband, I will think just as you do or don't, which is it?"

"Mr. Gilham!"

The gentleman addressed spoiled the lecture upon decorum by a kiss as fond as a lover's could have been, and then watched the firm face before him with an expression of amusement for a moment or two.

"My dear," he asked, more seriously, "what has come over you? Maude has shown a great deal of interest in a number of young men, but it has always been done in such a modest, captivating, altogether natural way, that I have enjoyed it vastly."

"I cannot explain, Nathan, and yet I feel—"

"Mary," answered her husband, in a serious, but re-assuring tone, "you know that it is my intention to leave Maude free to judge for herself in that matter. I think she will be wiser than we. She shall marry the man she loves, provided he be thoroughly honest and upright, that is, ahem! unless his intellect should fall below par; in that case—ahem! I might act the part of the bad papa in the story book, to arouse you, and need a great deal of coaxing. I have half a mind to try it. Fancy me at the mercy of two such captivating women, how long would I hold out?"

A gratified smile illumined Mrs. Gilham's features as he closed; she was already building bright castles for her own little darling, from which, with all a mother's tenderness, she was shutting out all trials and cares and sorrows.

The next day's news verified Adalaide's hopes, her brother's name appeared among the missing. She came to visit Maude herself, and both looked forward to a still more hopeful account as soon as Robert should write. Letters came from Robert, and Mrs. Gilham herself carried the package to Maude's room, as she was dressing for dinner.

"We will excuse you, if your letters prove more attractive than a dinner," said she, trying to put aside the forebodings that oppressed her.

Maude smiled, and taking the package, broke the seal, just as the door was safely closed upon her. Robert gave a full and glowing account of the share his company had had in their first battle, but broke off abruptly to say:

"That cruel account of Frederic's death must have greatly distressed Adalaide and her mother, but I see by my papers that his name appeared among the missing soon after. Merciful Heaven! is it my fate to dash such sweet hopes to the ground? I am a coward, I cannot write to them, the words look cruelly cold and unfeeling. To you, dear, tender-hearted Maude, I must leave the sol-

emn duty—take something from the bitterness of their sorrow by your sympathy. Enclosed are letters written in camp before the battle, which Frederic desired me to send to his mother and sister if he fell. To Ada's care he leaves the letter enclosed in the blank envelope. He kept his secret well, freely as he confided in me he never told me over what young life his early but glorious death, would throw the shadow of a grave. We are coming home soon. I cannot tell you all I would about poor Fred. In the midst of all that carnage and confusion I saw him fall. I pressed towards him. Happy fate, he had forgotten the horrors that dismayed my soul, for he lay there, with a smile upon his face, a smile that irradiated those beloved features as nothing earthly had ever done. But I could not remain by him, my duty pressed me onward. When I was free, great Heaven, Maude, can I tell you how I went mad with shame and indignation, when the panic-stricken herd rushed past me on their way to everlasting shame and disgrace! It was thus that I was free to look once more for that well-beloved form. I searched in vain, and I smiled bitterly as I said, 'Thank God, he never knew that his countrymen turned their backs upon their foes, and fled in ignominious fear over soil hallowed by his heart's blood.' May Heaven soften the blow that must fall upon one dear to so brave a heart."

How long ago that must have fallen from her nerveless hand—Robert's letter. She looked at it vacantly. Was this real? Was it not rather a midnight terror, that dream-like would pass away, if she had but strength to rouse herself and go out into that glad region of song and sunshine that she had left so far away? She looked up. Alas, the sun shone, the flowers in her window were rejoicing in the lavish gold that streamed through the broad casement, while her own little bird was singing as if he longed to melt his soul into one entrancing strain of melody, and pour it out upon her ear.

She pressed her hands over the temples that throbbed with dull, burning pain, and looked at him vacantly, then transferring all her self pity upon the unconscious songstress, she said, aloud, "Poor, poor birdie." A soft rain of tears broke from her eyes that saved her from going mad. Under all the stress of emotions which racked and tore her heart, she was conscious of a dull under-current of thought, which was urging upon her attention some neglected duty. Precious duty, something to do for another. She clung to it, it was an anchor fastening her frail, storm-beaten bark to the living world of realities. Such sympathy as she could, she would carry to Adalaide. She rose up, prepared herself mechanically for a walk, left a message for her mother, and went to her friend. She thought that she had failed utterly, when she could neither speak nor repress her own overpowering

grief, but to the bereaved mother and sister such sympathy transcended all other. As they parted, Adalaide placed the letter in the blank envelope in Maude's hand without speaking, kissed her, and turned suddenly away. The young soldier had devoted his last hour of life to the penning of a farewell to Maude, in which love and grief were sadly blended. More eloquent and touching sentences were never written.

"But for this," said she, "I should perhaps never have known how he loved me." And she embalmed the precious sheet with tears and kisses. As she sat with it clasped in her hand, vainly struggling to compose herself for a meeting with her father and mother, she heard a gentle step, and in a moment her mother's arm was drawn around her, and that fair young head, heavy with its first great weight of anguish, was at rest upon that fond heart which had heretofore shared all her joys, or chased away her sorrows.

"Dear little Maude," said she, in a soft, tremulous tone, "never until to-night have you had to endure a grief which my love could not lessen. But my precious child has been taught that there is a love and compassion truer and tenderer than even a mother's. Strength to endure lies in humble submission to the divine will."

"In time, dear mother, I hope to learn this. I will be humble and submissive, but O, this is so terrible!"

Mrs. Gilham drew the convulsed form closer, and left her to weep in silence.

"There is such comfort in your nearness, mother," she said, at last. "I feel alone, and in darkness. O, do not think me rebellious, you have known what it was to taste the bitterness of death."

"Yes, dear, and can assure you that God will give you strength to endure if you trust him."

"Mother," said Maude, after another long silence, "this is not unmaidenly. Frederic loved me, but for his death I should perhaps never have known it. I mean he would not have breathed it. He was proud and poor." And then placing the open letter in her mother's hand, she continued:—"Let my father read it too, but tell him that it was death that broke the seal of silence which he had placed upon his lips. He was too true, too manly, too sick—"

She bowed her head upon her hands unable to say more, while Mrs. Gilham's own eyes rained tears upon the poor senseless sheet, as she strove to read. When she carried it to her husband, his emotions entirely overcame him. He could not have mourned for Robert more truly. From that time the tenderest bond of sympathy

united the three, and it grew daily stronger, as Maude strove to conquer her sorrow, by doing all in her power for them.

"Robert's return was a consolation to them all. They would sit and listen to the smallest detail of Frederic's camp life with that kind of eager interest which always connects itself with all that has concerned the loved and lost. It is thus we strive to keep the departed spirit linked to all the common things of life, lest we should forget or be forgotten by one no longer bound to us by earth's ties and cares. How few dare to believe that the veil which separates them is but slight, or strive to keep it so by holy living.

Adalaide mourned her brother deeply, but with rare self-forgetfulness she devoted herself to the task of cheering and comforting her mother and Maude, and the very effort to do so bore up and sustained her own sinking spirits. And who of us have not learned that in our bitterest bereavements God sends us peculiar consolations? His crosses are not so hard to bear when taken up in the spirit of his beloved Son, who in the agony of his passion still prayed, "Father, not my will, but thine be done."

One afternoon Maude and Robert were sitting side by side in earnest conversation, when Robert said, softly caressing the head that had dropped upon his shoulder to hide the gathering tears:

"Maude, can you forgive me for having so cruelly taxed your fortitude?"

"You, Robert?" asked Maude, smiling at him through her tears. "I do not know that you ever did or said an unkind thing to me in all your life."

"Then it was because your gentleness disarmed my unruly temper, but I allude to that letter. How little we know of our best friends. I never dreamed that Frederic loved you. I wonder I did not kill you by my seeming carelessness. The truth was, I was overcome by Frederic's death, our terrible repulse, and the anguish I must bring upon Mrs. Greydon and Adalaide when I wrote. Maude, it was not because I loved Adalaide more than you, not because I wished to throw my burdens upon you that I wrote thus. Loving you with that kind of tenderness that a brother feels for a younger sister, I forgot that you had become something more than a pet and plaything. How could I dream that I was setting my heedless foot upon this precious flower?"

"Indeed, Robert," said Maude, earnestly, "you are doing yourself injustice. How many times I have thanked you for giving me such a duty to perform. I might have been selfish in my own sorrow but for that."

Robert fixed an almost reverent gaze upon the upturned face that had won such tender grace and beauty from its very sorrow, as he said :

"O, Maude, teach me patience. What is my loss compared with yours ? and yet I am still fretting, while you seem grateful for everything. I could not endure what you do. But I must leave you. I have business down town."

"Ah, Robert, I learned patience of one more trustful than I. If you will wait for me, I will go now, and ask Adalaide to visit with me a poor woman whose husband was a private in one of our New York regiments. He was killed at Bull Run, and now she is dying, and will leave three little ones orphans, and yet every day her faith in God's promises seems to grow brighter. She suffers all things hopefully. O, I have learned such sweet lessons at her bedside."

"Yes, and taught them too, doubtless. O, Maude, why am I not better, when I have such a sweet teacher always by me ?"

As they conversed they had reached Mrs. Greydon's door. Robert stopped abruptly.

"See here, Maude, you ladies ought not to go into that street unattended. Will Miss Greydon object to my coming in and waiting for you ?"

"Certainly not, and we shall be very glad of your company, but can your business wait ?"

"It shall. I cannot trust you alone."

Maude smiled as she glanced up at her tall, handsome protector, and thought how often she had threaded those forlorn alleys, safe in the fearless consciousness of being about her duty, and under the eye of that Providence that notes the sparrow's fall.

"Well," said she, as the servant answered their ring, "as I am quite at home here, I shall give you a seat in the parlor, while I go to find Ada." And thus saying, she glided up the staircase and made her way to Ada's room.

It was a pretty apartment, fitted up with books, pictures, and all those little appliances which a woman needs to carry on her multifarious pursuits. Ada had called it her lodge, and had assured Maude that over the door there was written in invisible letters of gold, "Always at home to thee, Maude." Giving a light tap, she scarcely waited for the low "come in," before she stood in the centre of the room. And then she knew that she did not stand in Adalaide's presence. She glanced towards the curtained window hurriedly, then stood rooted to the spot. Could the grave give up its dead, or was that searching, tender, passionate gaze an illusion ? It was thus she had always seen him, in all those pictures which love and memory had drawn. His dark eyes full of light, his proud, shapely

features made unutterably beautiful by the glowing of a soul, strong, and true and tender. She made an impulsive movement forward, and then in a mingled rush of tears and smiles, that crowded the emotions of days into a moment's space, she found herself clasped in Frederic Greydon's arms, to be kissed again and again with passionate fondness. And then he put her from him, to read with a joy softened by tender regret, what sorrow for him had written upon a face and figure, once a living impersonation of a bright and beautiful girlhood.

But we have no right here, when everything conspires to leave the lovers alone in their first meeting. Cupid, or some other agent, has sent Mrs. Greydon out into the garden in pursuit of a mischievous dog, that insists upon walking precisely through the centre of her choicest flower-beds. Adalaide who is superintending a wonderful dish especially patronized by Frederic in other days, is suddenly seized with an irresistible impulse to go up and refresh her eyes with a view of his handsome, pale face, in order to reassure herself that it is really he, so she darts into the parlor to carry up a book which she thinks will entertain him.

Robert, happily unconscious of the fact that Maude is absent a long time, stands by the table, musing. He is picturing Ada's sweet, sad face, as he saw it last, and hoping that time will make her more like her old self when he comes back from the wars wearing his laurels, and prepared to make her queen of his heart and the Indies. Why build castles in Spain at all, unless they can be more splendid than the domestic ones which grow up so slowly at home, when a young man is architect of his own fortune ? Suddenly she stands before him, a sweet, domestic goddess, her cheeks rosy as Aurora's, her eyes radiant with that light whose glow is brighter than the dawn, as motionless with surprise as if some old enchantress had turned her into a stone. But she could not have remained a statue under such an eloquent gaze, if she had been hewn from the rock.

"O, Robert !" she exclaimed, "I am so happy. Do try and prepare Maude for such an unexpected—indeed, I do not know what I am saying." And then yielding to the gentle attempt which Robert had made to seat her upon the sofa, she dropped her head upon the arm, talking, laughing and crying all in a breath.

"Miss Greydon," he asked, in an eager, anxious tone, "what has happened ? Can I do anything for you ?"

"No, indeed," she answered, raising her face, and smiling brightly. "I never was so happy

in my life. It is Maude I am anxious about."

"If I can carry any message to her, or do anything to assist you," began Robert, eagerly.

"Don't you understand me? Indeed, I thought I had told you a hundred times. Frederic is alive, is here, this moment, in this house!"

Then such a joy flashed into his eyes, as he took Ada's hand, that she needed not a word to assure her that his sympathy was as full as even her full heart could wish it.

"Tell me about it," said he, remembering Maude had a nearer claim than even he, upon Frederic, and thoughtful enough to detain Ada as long as possible. "It is incredible. I saw him fall, and I left no means untried to learn what had become of him."

"It was singular," answered Ada, "for as you say, he fell, as he thought, mortally wounded. He tells us that he does not know how long he lay unconscious, nor why he was spared, for when he recovered his senses enough to look about him, he was alone with the dead bodies, stabbed, hacked, and robbed of everything valuable, lying all around him, while he had escaped. By an almost superhuman effort he dragged himself a little distance, and then dropped down exhausted. When he recovered his consciousness, days after, he was in the house of a woman who told him that he had been brought there by some soldiers. She tended him as well as she could, but as he had been robbed with the rest, there were no papers, not a mark about him which could give any clue to his name. Of course his first strength was used in getting home, to relieve our anxiety, but I fear the exertion will cost him weeks of suffering."

"Thank you," said Robert, as soon as Ada passed, out of breath with giving this rapid sketch, "but Fred and I will go over the whole at our leisure, when we are rational enough. As for Maude, she has gone up to your room, and I dare say has been able to bear the joy of this blessed hour as bravely as she has borne her trials."

The wound which Frederic had received proved more serious than he had expected, and the exertion and excitement consequent upon his return, brought on a relapse. But he bore this trial, which demanded more patience of a certain kind than many possess, very calmly. Even the prospect of losing his left arm did not draw from him a murmur.

"It is enough to be here," he would say, sinking back upon the pillows which Ada had so carefully adjusted, and following her with his eyes, in her agile and graceful movements about his sick room. "Don't talk about my not hav-

ing any amusements. I could lie here always, watching you and mother, and, moreover, I have fun enough in enumerating the nine hundred and ninety ingenious excuses which you both find for doing the most unheard-of and unnecessary things for my comfort."

"Ah, well," gaily answered Adalaide, her beaming eyes fixed upon his face with a look of intense and wistful tenderness, "you can't help yourself, happily for us, and when you were the vigorous, proud young brother and son, you would do everything for us, and take nothing in return. Now it is our turn, and you may just as well submit gracefully." A piece of advice which was received with a happy, satisfied smile, and immediately put into action.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilham were among the first and most constant of Frederic's visitors, and their cordiality and interest in his well-being during his hours of enforced quiet was very soothing. How many bright visions were linked with Maude's pretty face. How long he remembered the picture she made whenever she ventured to come timidly in and stand by his bedside for a moment. But even in his day dreams Frederic marked out for himself an independent course, which set aside all idea of asking for Maude's hand, until he had made his own fortune. And thus it came to pass, that as day after day passed by, the distance between the two was ever widening. Maude felt more than she could define. It seemed to her that he was sacrificing too much to pride. He was too courteous, too self-possessed, she could have forgiven some show of weakness better. How long was this barrier to stand between them? Would he leave her altogether, when he was once more able to go about his duties? She wished this gold, this difference in station, might be swept away, no matter how. What did she care for it, now that it stood between her and happiness?

"He is hard and cold," she would exclaim, mentally, "or he could not sacrifice my feelings on the altar of his pride."

Then with her cheeks glowing with blushes, at the boldness of her very thoughts, she would draw out that precious letter from its resting place in her escritoire, and read it over. There was no coldness there, no barrier; all the passionate tenderness of his nature had infused warmth into that confession and farewell. It was half a pleasure and half a pain to shed tears over it again, even as she had done when she believed him lost forever.

One day, not long after Frederic had recovered health and strength enough to be able to go out, his physician called in. Doctor Mead sat

down and conversed for some time with Mrs. Greydon, but his quick, observant eye had been all the while taking in information as to his patient's condition. At length wheeling suddenly about, he faced him with:

"Well, Fred, I am ready for it, out with it."

"Then tell me how long I am to be swathed up here like a great baby. Ada and my anxious mama here, hardly give me leave to sneeze."

"Why, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Greydon, "I don't know what ails Frederic. I haven't heard him speak an impatient word until this morning."

"A sure sign, madam, that he is getting better. Well," addressing Fred, as he began to lay aside the bandages, "here you are at liberty, and let me tell you, with a fair prospect of finally regaining complete command over these muscles. So much for obeying orders. But you are not going back into the army, not with my consent, at least."

"No," answered the young man, with an air of enforced resignation, "I have given that up."

"Well, you have done your duty nobly thus far," said the doctor, cheerily, "and will no doubt serve your country at home as well as upon the battle-field."

"I shall try to do so, sir."

"Well, I hold that industrious, high-minded, Christian young men are better safeguards of our liberties, than hosts of armed men. I wish there were more like this son of yours, madam."

"Thank you," answered Frederic, smiling, as if even this heartfelt praise did not reach that deep seated disquiet, which it was harder to endure than bodily pain. "I want to be at work, doctor."

"Right, you may look for it at once. You are off my hands now, although I am half sorry to say it. I like visiting agreeable people." And with this laughing compliment the doctor bowed towards Mrs. Greydon and Ada, and went out.

The truth of the matter was, that bodily infirmities had induced a state of morbid sensitiveness and pride, which Adalaide was not slow to perceive, because it was so unlike her brother's usual cheerfulness and good sense. She was not therefore, unprepared to hear Frederic say, as soon as they were alone:

"Ada, I am going away."

"What plans have you made that will necessarily take you away from us?" she asked, gently.

"I think I shall do better away," he answered, waiving all further discussion by his manner. Ada smiled.

"What can you do elsewhere that you cannot

do here, and what can you leave behind you that is hindering your true progress?"

"Pshaw! don't be absurd," was the abrupt exclamation.

"Yes, dear Fred, allow me to be absurd, impertinent, inquisitive, anything I choose to be now." And as she spoke, she raised her eyes to his face, and he gazed down into their liquid, lustrous depths, and beheld a world of tender entreaties, which her tongue had failed to articulate. He paused impulsively in his walk up and down the apartment, which he had been pacing as if too narrow for his mood, and looked at her.

"You remember once," continued the loving voice, "how pride met pride, and coldness was deepened by silence. O, how vainly did I reproach myself for everything but the fondest love, in those dark hours that came and sat in judgment upon my sins. Now, you may call me fond, foolish, anything but proud to you."

"Precious sister, may Heaven forgive me," said he, as he bent to kiss her. "But, Ada, I cannot tell you how I suffer. My plans all thwarted, my hopes baffled, and I crippled, idle, dependent, placed in the character of a suitor for the hand of a heroine. No, Ada, do not speak, I will not stay here, even my worst enemy shall not say that I owe my success in that quarter to a lucky flesh wound. When I deserve Maudie's hand I will ask for it. O, Ada, what reproachful eyes. Look away if you do not wish to make a woman of me."

"Do you think I will sit here and listen to such utterly false accusations against my brother?" said she, laughing, until his stern brows relaxed a little. Then reverently, "You speak of being baffled, thwarted, your plans broken off. Who has done this?"

He bowed his head upon his hands and was silent.

"Are our plans better than God's?" asked Ada.

He did not answer.

"It is hard, poor Fred, but—"

"Not more than I deserve," broke from his lips with a groan. "Ada, I have not meant to set my will in opposition to his. I did not see clearly. You have put my pride in a new light—a light that searches me through and through."

"You were in the dark, because you were weak and suffering—now you will be yourself. Remember our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise," quoted Ada, and her tone was one of thoughtful self-reproach, not that of one coldly moralizing.

"Ada," asked her brother, after some moments

spent in thought, "how would you have me do?"

"May I tell you without risking another chance?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I would in the first place ask you to treat Maude to a glimpse of the better side of your heart. She probably knows by this time all that she wishes to of your pride and other kindred traits. I should not have advised you to seek her hand if you had remained at home, but since she knows that you love her, you cannot go back to your old stand point. We all know if you had died upon the battlefield, as we supposed that you had, Maude's whole life would have been changed. She would never have been our light-hearted Maude again, never. You are restored to her from the brink of the grave; make her life happy, by proving that your letter was a confession of sincere affection, and leave, no matter who, your enemies if you have them, out of the question. For, Frederic, you cannot believe that either Maude or her parents will suspect you of being base enough to become a fortune-hunter. The poor child doubtless wishes her money could be put utterly out of sight. I know what her heart pleads for. I know how cruel your distrust of her generosity must seem."

"Do I distrust her? Not in the least, Ada."

"Then tell her so. Now you appear to, most certainly. Fred, a true woman like Maude, does not love upon conditions. Depend upon it, you will retain her respect as long as you deserve it. It is you Maude loves, and she craves the privilege of proving that with her heart she gives you everything. It might gratify your pride to go away and come back some years hence her equal in fortune, but think what sacrifices both would make, and for what?"

"But her father, Ada, men do not look at these things as women do. Shall I ask him to accept such a son-in-law, when he doubtless hopes that Maude will draw a prize in the matrimonial lottery, not such a miserable blank?"

"Mr. Gilham is not an ordinary man, as you will find upon better acquaintance. I know of no man who measures others so strictly by their intrinsic worth."

"Well, Ada, I am convinced that it is my duty to see him, but I dread the interview." And as he spoke, Frederic rose to go out.

With little purpose except to avoid reflecting upon a subject that filled his mind with misgivings, Frederic went into the street. But Ada's words were with him.

"Have I seemed to consider Maude capable of being biased by such motives, then I have wrong-

ed her greatly!" he exclaimed, "impetuously, and I shall go and tell her so at once."

Thus reflecting, he directed his steps towards Mr. Gilham's residence, and was soon after engaged in conversation with Mrs. Gilham. Maude had gone out.

"Frederic," asked Mrs. Gilham, looking into his eyes with a mother's reproachful tenderness, "why have you been less cordial here than elsewhere?"

"Have I?" he asked, as much to gain time as anything.

"If you know how our hearts have been opened to receive you, how happy your recovery has made us, you would not think us unreasonable if we expected a great deal in return; we are not disinterested enough to give you up wholly, even to your mother and sister."

"I have felt that too much depended upon your good opinion to risk anything," said he, with a saddened face. "Forgive me if I have seemed ungrateful."

"Not ungrateful, but too faithless," said she, with a smile in her eyes that met his frank gaze with such a look that he understood all she desired he should.

At that moment Mr. Gilham came in from the street, and advanced to meet him. He said little, but that little placed the young man much more at ease than many elaborate compliments could have done. Conversation flowed rapidly and naturally from one subject to another for some time, when Frederic with a flushed cheek, and in an unsteady tone, asked for a few minutes' private conversation. Mr. Gilham led the way to his library. Recovering his composure by an effort, Frederic began:

"I trust, sir, that you will exonerate me from the charge of presumptuousness, when you reflect upon the fact that the letter addressed to your daughter would never have been sent to her under—"

"My dear fellow, you are going altogether wrong. Let me set you right, and then I will listen most attentively. I should not have accused you of presumptuousness if you had asked me for Maude's hand six months ago. There is but one thing that could create the least disparity between you two, and that I never allow such immense weight as you seem to suppose I do. Let us meet one another as men, and judge one another independently of money."

"There is now another drawback," began Frederic, glancing at his arm, without looking up.

"Drawback, and in the eyes of a romantic young lady, a wound received in a good cause,

a memento of the bravery of at least one young soldier at Bull Run? Well, well, your modesty is unparalleled in these times."

"Will you hear nothing upon that side?" asked the young man, looking into the benevolent brown eyes that were turned upon him, with tears of feeling standing in his own.

"No, they are words thrown away. Trust us, and you shall find that we love you as fondly as we do Maude. We never descant upon her drawbacks."

"Your noble generosity, sir, has disarmed my pride. I did not, could not, expect such encouragement."

"Perhaps it may teach you—"

"It has taught me a lesson, sir, which I trust I may never forget."

"Then prove it by meeting us at least half way," said Mr. Gilham, laughing, as he stepped to the door. "Mrs. Gilham is getting impatient, I must take her into your confidence it seems. Ha, little rogue, and it is you?" he cried, as the open door disclosed the beautiful Maude, blushing at the unexpected presence of her lover in her father's library. "Here, come here, I must kiss you once more, and then give you away to that audacious young soldier here."

Tears gathered in his eyes, as he placed the fair, trembling hand in that of the young man.

"Take her, and as I have now given you my best treasure, we are equal, so let us hear no more on that point. Good morning, I am going to carry Mrs. Gilham into the country. Maude, keep the house and this new found son of mine until we come back." And away he went, leaving Frederic to make his peace with Maude as best he might.

"O, Frederic," said she, raising her eyes timidly, to meet the tender, passionate, and proudly radiant ones which looked down into hers, "how could you doubt me?"

"Because I was a coward when I risked more than life."

On his way homeward Frederic met his old friend Mr. McDermott. He had been in his employment as clerk before leaving, but with characteristic unwillingness to ask favors, he had not sought his old place again. Mr. McDermott grasped his hand cordially.

"I never felt so glad of anything in my life," he exclaimed, with heart-felt emotion. "We thought we had lost you, once. I tell you it was a dreadfully still day up at the place the day we got news of your fall. Met Doctor Mead just now, told me you would come out all right and wanted to go into business again. I started right off for your place, but did not find you. I

wanted to make you an offer. My head clerk has gone off with that last regiment, you know, but glad as we should all be to see you back, we can't ask it, knowing that you can do better."

"Not in New York, sir," answered young Greydon, warmly.

"Wouldn't like a partnership in one of our best houses, eh?"

Frederic was as straight as an arrow at this. Mr. McDermott looked at him with a vague expression, then suddenly broke out with:

"Excuse me, Greydon, I am always talking in the dark. I forgot that I had never told you."

"Told me what, sir?" inquired Frederic.

"Why, just before you went off, a gentleman came to me to make some inquiries as to your business abilities. I gave him my opinion, and then he told me that he had had his eye upon you for some time. He had long been in search of a thoroughly honest, upright, and talented young man to take the responsibility from his own shoulders, and he said that he considered you just the one. It won't do to tell you all he said."

"But did he not suppose I had some capital? Such offers are not usually made to poor young men like myself."

"Exactly so, just what I said to him."

"A son who looks after his mother's interest rather than his own, or limits his expenditures that he may increase his sister's opportunities for acquiring an education, is harder to find than a few thousand dollars," was his answer."

"You surprise me. I was not aware that I had such a friend in New York. My acquaintance in such circles is limited."

"Ah, Greydon, you boys forget that we old heads have a motive for studying the character of our rising young men. I could tell you more about these young sprigs than they or you might care to hear, and more about other men's clerks than my own, and when I find one going right through all these fiery temptations unscathed, why my old heart warms up. I feel as if I wanted to bid him godspeed."

They stepped on side by side in silence for sometime.

"Well, as I was saying," began Mr. McDermott, "just then this rebellion turned us all upside down, and Mr. Gilham—"

"Mr. Gilham," broke unconsciously from Frederic's lips.

"Bless me, haven't I told you his name before? Well, Gilham concluded to wait, and let you take your own course about going. But when he told me about you yesterday, he was as happy as he could be. 'I never could make

Robert into a merchant,' said he, 'and now I have found his equal, a boy after my own heart, congratulate me, McDermott.' You may be sure I did it, and warmly too, although we are all sorry to lose you. Come and see us when you can." And rubbing his hands with good-natured enthusiasm, Mr. McDermott turned down another street.

"And this was the Providence that was leading me when I talked of baffled hopes, and broken plans," was the thought that made the young man's head drop upon his breast in repentant sorrow.

"Right about, face, or I will have you court-martialed for disrespect to your superiors. Making a projectile of your own head after that fashion. Upon my word, Fred, I have some faith in its hardness," cried a cheery voice, just as Frederic Greydon found himself running into an approaching pedestrian.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Gilham," was the response, as he drew himself up with a prompt military salute.

"Are you beside yourself to be out at this hour?" asked Robert, giving him a searching glance from under his eyebrows.

"Maude!"

"Ah, that will do, volumes could not form a better excuse."

But Frederic was not to be stopped here, his heart was full, and Robert must share his happiness, and if his happiness was doubled by sharing it, he certainly had as large a share as often falls to the lot of mortals here.

"Robert," exclaimed Frederic, suddenly seized with a new idea, "I wonder you have never found a fitting kindred spirit in all your wanderings? Is glory to be your sole divinity through life?"

A smile curled young Gilham's lip. Then in a moment he answered, gravely holding out a beautiful flowering plant which his blanket had concealed.

"Although no polytheist, Flora is at present the object of my devotion." And thus speaking, he entered Mrs. Greydon's door with her son, in such a matter-of-course way, that Frederic failed to notice that it was by no means a usual occurrence. Mrs. Greydon and Ada rose to receive them, giving Frederic a mild reproof for having caused them so much anxiety by his long absence.

"Mother," gravely remarked Frederic, "I will ask your pardon by-and-by."

"You are as nonchalant as if you were sure of receiving it," remarked Ada, and then Fred's eyes held hers for a moment. She read enough there to make her face so radiant in its happiness

that Captain Gilham forgot to complete a sentence he was addressing to Mrs. Gilham. He completed it in a very decorous manner directly, and the consultation between them ended in their going out to hang his offering to—Flora—in the deep window of another room that was already well filled with rare exotics.

"Ada," exclaimed the thoughtless Frederic, the moment the door closed, "you always do your best to be disagreeable when Robert comes here. Why need you be so stiff and cold? He is a splendid fellow, and I think there is no use in your being so—so—"

"So what?" quietly asked Ada, and the rose tint slowly died out of her cheek, as she went steadily on with her crocheting.

"It never occurred to me before," persisted Fred, "but it is a fact."

"What is a fact? That I do not make any especial effort to attract your proud, unsympathetic Captain Gilham by a display of tender interest in him, when he is only pre-occupied and distantly gracious?"

"Ada, what ails you, to call Robert proud and unsympathetic? I declare, I believe that you are—"

"It was disingenuous, Fred," hastily interrupted Ada, her face glowing with blushes, "for your sake if not my own. I have always tried to be agreeable, and it is doubtless my fault if I have not succeeded."

"You are the soul of frankness. Let me finish my sentence."

"No," cried Ada, anxiously.

Frederic held her hands in his own to keep them from sheltering her crimsoned face, then kissed her warm cheek tenderly, and then overpowered by a sudden rush of recollections, he threw himself back in his easy chair, and laughed long and loud. He had a peculiarly musical laugh. The very soul of mirthfulness was embodied in one of those contagious ringing cackling tones that invariably carry every sober face in the vicinity by storm.

"You ought not to tease me in that way, Fred," said Ada, as she came behind him and drew his head from its resting place upon his bosom. But I must forgive you if you laugh that way. O, how awful the stillness that I once thought would never again be broken by that ringing laugh. I used to remember how the light would dance and sparkle in those brown eyes of yours, until it seemed as if my heart would break. Dear Frederic, tell me all about your meeting with Mr. Gilham."

This adroit turn led Frederic into a long confidential chat with her, upon his afternoon's ad-

ventures, and when Mrs. Gilham returned, she was carried off again to attend to some trifling matter, that he might have an opportunity to tell her all.

"And mother," he added, as he closed, "it is all your work. How could I ever have gained such happiness if you had not been such a mother?"

When he returned to the parlor an hour after, Ada's evident embarrassment proved contagious, but Captain Gilham prevented his making a precipitate retreat, by calling him to look at a colonel's commission which he had just procured. Frederic's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he held out his hand.

"Colonel Gilham, you have my warmest congratulations."

"Not upon that," Frederic was answered, in an earnest tone; "congratulate me upon having won the dearest treasure I ever hope to possess in this world, and give me your hand as a pledge."

"Of more than brotherly love," quickly added Frederic, as he grasped the offered hand. But his clear voice faltered, he bent to kiss Ada, and went out abruptly, to conceal his emotions.

"How soon shall you be obliged to leave us?" asked Adalaide, of Colonel Gilham, some weeks after.

"Not before another month, perhaps not so soon, Ada."

"Indeed, Robert, I meant to be very brave, but—"

"If you look at me in that way, Ada, I shall throw up my commission and stay at home."

"You do not mean that," exclaimed Adalaide, brushing away the tears.

"So truly, that I shall not go until"—Ada looked up with eyes full of interest—"until you give me this hand. I cannot leave you for three years, I want somebody to work for, to fight for, to live uprightly for, I shall be a better man if I leave a wife behind me. I lost your interested gaze at the outset, and your rising color, and decidedly negative aspect have not escaped me."

She neither spoke nor looked up.

"How many chances are there of my ever returning, if I do my duty as I mean to, no matter where?"

"O, Robert!" she shuddered.

"It is terrible, Ada, but our country demands such sacrifices. Have you forgotten whose heroic aspect first inspired me with courage?"

"Do you need courage now?" she asked, looking up.

The eyes bent upon her face were dark with unshed tears. He did not speak. She laid her hand in his with a smile that would have made a

coward heroic, and from that time seemed to forget herself completely. The shadow of the grave hallowed a union formed in such an hour. What to them were the conventionalities of fashionable life? Hearts that are pledged to suffer in the cause of liberty and humanity, gain some just idea of the significance of the marriage rite, a rite too often desecrated by the gay and thoughtless.

THE MODEL MINISTER.

He never exchanges. Is not particular whether he occupies a four-story house or a ten footer for a parsonage. Considers "donation parties" an invention of the adversary; preaches round and round the commandments in such a circular way as not to hit the peculiarities of any of his parishioners. Selects the hymns to suit the singing choir instead of himself; never forgets when excited in a debate, that pulpit cushions are expensive articles. Visits all his people once a month, and receives their visits whenever they choose to inflict 'em; brings forth things "new and old" every Sunday, more particularly new. Knows by intuition, at a funeral, the state of every distant relative of the deceased, and always hits the right nail on the head in his prayer. When he baptizes a girl, never afflicts the anxious mother by pronouncing *Louise, Louise!* Frowns upon all attempts to get him a new cloak; looks upon "bronchitis, throat complaints," and "journeys to Europe," as modern humbugs; never wears a better coat than any of his parishioners. Submits his private personal expenses to a committee of the greatest dunderheads in his congregation; has the eloquence of Paul—the wisdom of Solomon—the patience of Job—the meekness of Moses—the constitution of an elephant—and—lives on two hundred dollars a year!—*Tribune.*

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack my book-case, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless men—and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance!—*Cobbett.*

It is a special trick of low canning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science; and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.

[ORIGINAL.]

GLAN-EBLIS FALLS.

BY ARTHUR L. MESSERVE.

Did you ever stand mid the mountains grand,
On the bank of Glan-Eblis Falls;
And watch the waters deep, as they onward sweep,
While the echo loudly calls
From the mountains gray, where the sunbeams play
High up their rocky sides;
And watch alone the snow-white foam
Weaving robes for blushing brides?

No time for talk, but a lonely walk
Is the best for these that love;
To hold commune with the water's tune,
Now soft as the voice of dove:
And then again like the raging main,
Dashing on the rockbound shore,
It startles the ear with a sound of fear,
With its hoarse and hollow roar.

The waters tell, with a solemn knell,
Of the unknown days of yore;
And you wander away to another day
In the years that long are o'er;
When the forest deep, where the echoes keep
Their watches in dark caves,
Had ever heard an English word
From o'er the western waves.

Old ballads tell that naiads dwell
In brooks and dashing fountains;
And if that be so, when'er you go
To these Falls among the mountains,
I pray you look in the laughing brook,
And see the pearly gems,
That glisten as bright as a ray of light
In their crystal diadems.

[ORIGINAL.]

STORY OF VIOLET GREY'S LOVE.

BY ESTHER SMITH KENNETH.

MINE had been a sad life. I was poor and friendless. I lived alone and worked hard. My position was isolated, and the great sea of life rushed by me unseen, unnoticed. I was in the world, but not of it. I worked mutely and lived upon dreams, but life is not a dream, nor do dreams fit one for life. But the hour came when existence was vitalized for me. My beautiful face won me Guy Warrenton's love. The air grew rose-colored and sweet, I found that the sunshine was golden. The buds of my vague hopes burst into blossoms, and my heart was op-

pressed with fragrance. Suddenly life was real and dear to me. I was myself tangible, earthly, full of thrilling pulses.

Guy had seen me day after day passing by the door of his father's extensive warehouse. I had a fair, delicate face, like a dream, he said. He followed me to my boarding-house one night unnoticed. The next day he became acquainted with my boarding-mistress—the next was introduced to me. I saw him—tall, handsome, gentle—bowed and forgot him. But he came to the house often. He sought me out—he talked to me—he made me talk. My heart woke up. I learned to wish for his presence—to listen for his step—to tremble and put on an air of coolness when he came, as women do so often when they love. He said to me one day:

"Violet, do you know how pretty you are?"

"Do you think so? Do you think me pretty?" I asked, eagerly.

"Why do you ask?" he replied, quietly.

"Because I would like to have you. Do you?"

He smiled. I did not know that I had betrayed my secret. A woman prizes her beauty most highly when it pleases the man she loves.

The summer days went by. I did not mind that they were hot and dusty. I forgot to long for the dimly-remembered clover fields of my childhood. I had found a sweet, living spring, in the midst of the great city. I was content through all the long days of toil, but Guy said:

"Violet, you are growing thin and pale. You need fresher, purer air," and the next day he got me another boarding place. It was among some kind people who lived on the outskirts of the town. From their house I could find green meadow land and daisies in five minutes. The breeze that came in at my window, waving the snowy muslin curtain, brought the scent of pine, and the sound of bird music. I worked happily in my little room, and went to sleep every night with my heart full of blessings for the dear world I was in. One day the little daughter of the house tripped into my room.

"Miss Grey, there is a gentleman down stairs to see you."

A little perverse impulse made me say—"who?" for I knew it could be no other than Guy.

"The nice gentleman who toases me up, and calls me 'puss.'"

"I will come down, Nelly."

She tripped away, and I put my sewing aside, and went down to the pretty parlor. Guy sat there looking pale and grave.

"You are sick, Guy?"

"No, I am not. My father has failed. I am poor, now—as poor as you are, little Violet!"

"I am very sorry."

It was all I could say. I did not dare to comfort him with kisses, and promises of my yet stronger love, strengthened by his misfortune. He had never kissed me in his life, or said "I love you."

"What will you do, Guy?"

"I must go away and fight with the world for another fortune. I can never be content in poverty."

The thought came to me that it was wrong for him to waste the best years of his manhood—giving them to a temporal end. I wanted to say, "stay with me and be happy, and we will work together," but I was mute.

"Get your bonnet and come out for a walk, Violet."

It was nearly dark. We went down the pretty path to the road—away to where the fields stretched on either side of us—in some the grass fresh mown, in others the cattle waiting at the bars to be driven home.

"I shall go to California, Violet. That is the best field for me. I do not know when I shall come back—not until I am rich again."

I was sad and wistful. Wistful for the words that should give me the right to vow love and faith and patience until the end. But they were not uttered. We stopped a moment at the pine grove and then turned back. He was silent and moody, and my heart was dying within me. Suddenly he bent and plucked from the roadside a blue violet.

"A violet in September!" I exclaimed.

"It is strange, but take it, Violet, your little namesake. Keep it as a remembrancer."

I fastened it at my belt, and we walked on in silence. We reached the garden gate at last.

"Will you come in, Guy?"

"Thank you—no. It is quite dark. Violet, I want one of your curls."

"You may have one."

He severed one with a sharp penknife, placed it between the leaves of a little memorandum book, and put the book back into the breast pocket of his coat.

"And now good-by, Violet."

He took my hand.

"Guy, you are not going immediately—so soon?" I cried.

"I sail to-morrow morning. I shall not see you again," he replied.

My aching heart was shadowed in my eyes as I looked up at him. He wound his arms quickly about me, kissed my lips, and released me.

"Good-by," he said, hoarsely.

"Good-by, Guy," and he was gone.

I thought I was going to die for a little while, I stood in the pale starlight, faint with pain. I tried to pray, but could only moan. Guy had gone and taken with him all the light of my life. I crept noiselessly up to my room, and went to bed in the dark. By-and-by comfort came to me. Surely Guy loved me. He had kissed me, he had been very sad, he had taken one of my curls—and was not the language of the blue violet he had given me truth? I grew hopeful. He would write to me. Perhaps he would put on paper what he had not uttered with his lips, and sometime he would come back. My heart lost its weight. I should yet be happy, and fell asleep.

How I equated the days! Surely, I should hear from him before cold weather. The fruit was gathered from the orchards, and the grain from the fields. The distant woods glowed scarlet and purple instead of green. The blossoms disappeared and the leaves fell from the trees. The fall passed.

But all through the winter I waited and watched. Dreary months passed while the fields lay whist and still. I could not keep back the tears of disappointment, and my sobe kept me company in my little room. The spring was coming, and no letter, no word.

One day a carriage drove up to the door, and a lady came into the cottage. She introduced herself as a sister of my dead mother's, whom I had heard of but never seen. She wanted me to go home with her. She was very sweet and kind, with my mother's eyes, and I loved her. She took me to her beautiful country seat on the Hudson. The verdure was springing full and tender upon the lawns, and the smell of the lilac buds was in the air. My new home was beautiful, the sense of rest and kindness was delicious, but I was not at rest. My heart cried out for Guy, and I could not pacify it. Another summer, and no word from him.

In October my aunt removed to her city residence. I was thrown into fashionable society. How it came about I never knew, but I found myself a belle. But I shrank from the honors they would have bestowed upon me. I did not like crowds and midnight dances. I was not happy in a promiscuous company—I had far rather be alone with my sweet, kind aunt, who loved me fondly. I had books, and music, and a hundred things to make me happy, but my heart turned from all at times and wanted nothing but Guy.

Four years passed by. I was no longer girl-

ish looking. I had lost my youthful prettiness, and gained richer coloring and fairer outlines of form. I was still beautiful, but it was the ripe beauty of maturity.

I was twenty-four when I became acquainted with Arthur Hayden. He was very handsome, dark and brilliant, and had the reputation of being a "lady's man." It was well earned—the reputation. All the women I knew talked about him, and praised him, and were ready to fall in love with him at a glance—some did without it. He smiled upon them all—danced with them all—sang to them—drove with them—talked low and winningly. I watched him curiously. He was so singular. Eight-and-thirty—I wondered why he was never married. I surmised whether the power of winning women's loves and holding them transiently, satisfied him. I had discovered a power and pathos in his nature that made me believe it did not. So when he met me, and asked for an introduction, I allowed the acquaintance to become a familiar one. I met him often in company, and saw him at my aunt's house. I had every opportunity to satisfy my curiosity regarding him.

I found him a man having little faith in life, yet thirsting for it. Bitter, cynical, having no trust in any one, and chafed by his own theories of human nature. He had hoped, he had believed in truth and honor and woman's love, he said, but, bah! that was when he was unsophisticated—a dreaming youth! He knew what the world was—he had made himself sick to the heart in it, and now—he laughed bitterly—he did not know what he lived for, unless it was to keep his belief strong by experience.

"What do you refer to?" I asked.

"Women," he replied. "I used to believe them miracles of purity and truth, but, bah! they are strong in moments of temptation as so many straws."

"Mr. Hayden, do you not know that a woman's strength lies in her weakness? Can you reach a woman's honor until you have gained her heart?"

"No."

"Then shame upon you that you do not become her strength instead of her trial! It is her magnanimous, trusting love, that works her shame and proves yours."

We became friends. He was the nephew of my aunt's husband, and came often to the house. I saw him every day. He became devoted to me. At last he told me that he loved me.

I went up stairs, took Guy's violet from between the pages of my little Bible and looked at it. It was over four years since he had put it in

my hand. I thought of his face—of his precious kiss—of my hair where one curl grew shorter than the rest. I leaned my cold face on my clasped hands, and tried to be wise. He had never written me; he might at least have done that, if he had no cheering words to send. I remembered that he had never told me that he loved me, and he had not proved love otherwise. Bitter tears filled my eyes. I was forced to believe that I had been true to a false hope.

Then I thought of Arthur Hayden. I weighed well every circumstance. I thought of his love, of his faith in me, that gave him faith in himself and in life. I thought I saw my duty plainly. I would be his wife. I should be very useful, and moderately happy—as happy as I could be.

I went down stairs and found him in the parlor. I made no noise in entering. He was standing at the window, whistling softly to my canary. I went to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Arthur, I will marry you," I said.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed.

I had always been courted and flattered in spite of myself. After my engagement I frequented society more than I had ever done before. It was to please Arthur. He was proud of me as fond. I danced, and sang, and promenaded through a whole winter, and spring found me pale, and thankful that my aunt had concluded to spend the summer at her country seat instead of visiting a watering place. I needed the country quiet and purity.

My aunt's villa was situated on the banks of the Hudson, but a few miles from the cottage where I had been so happy in my love for Guy. It was a lovely place. Arthur rode out from the city every week—sometimes oftener—and he soon announced the discovery that I was growing rosy and strong again. He came into the garden at the close of a beautiful June day he had spent with us, and found me with my hands filled with roses.

"Are these your favorites?" he asked, taking a bud from my collection, and fastening it at his button-hole.

"No, I like violets better," I replied.

He plucked a purple pansy of the violet species, and handed it to me. I could not have taken it, if otherwise I should have died. I had never touched a violet since I had taken that one from Guy's hand.

"Put it in your button-hole with the bud," I said. He did so, talking on.

"I think you are aptly named," he said. "Violets are blue, and blue is true, you know,

and that is why I love you,"—looking at me fondly with his handsome eyes.

"Because I am true?"

"Yes, because you are true to yourself—to what you believe to be right. Such a woman as you are will love to the end and be true to her heart, if all the rest of the world goes wrong."

How his words stung me! for in my own soul I knew that if the light of life was in Guy Warrenton's blue eyes, I loved him before all else on earth. My conscience rebelled against the lie I was living. A bitter cry broke from my lips—I put my hands over my face.

"Violet, what is the matter?"

I told him the story bravely. I said:

"Arthur, I love Guy Warrenton to this day. I did not promise to marry you for my sake, but for your own. I thought your life needed my best efforts, and I gave them, conscientiously—kindly. But I was wrong. I cannot free my heart of its love for Guy. It was my first love, it will be my last. I may marry you on earth, but my spirit will claim his in heaven!"

Arthur Hayden was heartily noble. He said:

"You have proved your worth, Violet. You have been wrong, but you could not stay so, and your kind sympathies led you wrong. I release you sorrowfully, a better man for having known you. For, Violet, I will not be unworthy of you. I will not encourage the thought that Guy Warrenton may be dead. I saw his name this morning in a California paper. He is a wealthy grain dealer in San Francisco."

He smiled sadly at the scarlet flame that rose to my cheek.

"Yes, you love him," he said.

"You will be my friend?" I murmured.

"Ever, my noble girl! I love you a thousand times better than ever before, but you will never hear me speak of my love again. I will be your true friend, so help me God!"

Arthur went back to the city. No one suspected that our engagement was broken. The summer slipped away, and the fine September days came. September holds in the last hours of her life the most beautiful days of the year. My aunt spoke of returning to the city.

"Not yet!" I cried. I had planned to visit the cottage. I wanted to see the good folks who had known Guy when I lived with them, and the fields that he had looked upon with me—new mown, I knew, and the cattle waiting at the bars at twilight.

I went. They were so glad to see me, the good people. Little Nelly had grown a tall girl. There were many changes, but my little room was the same. Through the window, with its

white muslin curtain, I could see the distant forest glowing in purple and scarlet. I was tired. I ached to be left alone there to rest. I shut the door and sat down in the little old rocking-chair by the window. Sitting there how many times I had watched Guy coming up the path. My heart ached terribly. The desolation that I had known on the night he went away from me came back. But I tried to be brave. I was being true to my love which was deep and sincere. For the circumstances I was not to blame.

Suddenly I heard the latch of the gate click. Involuntarily I looked out. Guy Warrenton was coming up the walk! He raised his eyes—he saw me—he called to me! I was dizzy, blind, faint. I could not move—I heard his bounding step on the stairs—I was in his arms! That blissful moment when life hung suspended for pure joy!

"My darling, I did not expect to find you here. It is so long! Four years. Do you know it?"

"Do I know it? O, Guy!"

"Were you sad and sorry? I was sorry, but I was stubborn. I have been fighting with something very like fate. But I conquered, so it could not have been fate. I am rich, Violet, my darling."

"Guy, I have been so near to failing! Why did you not write to me?"

"Because I was determined to leave you free, to wait for me or not, as you chose. You knew I loved you when I went away, although I did not say so. You also knew what my plans were—what my aim was. I have succeeded. God bless you for the true-hearted woman you are!"

His kisses fell warm and tender on my face. They were my reward.

DIFFICULTIES USEFUL.

It is difficulties which give birth to miracles. It is not every calamity that is a curse, and early adversity is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted obstacles not only teach but hearten us in our future struggles, for virtue must be learned, though, unfortunately, some of the vices come as if by inspiration. The austeries of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts, as our wintry nights and stormy seas have given us a race of seamen perhaps unequalled in the world.—*Sharpe's Essays.*

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns, and grinds, and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in, it still grinds on; but then it is itself it grinds and slowly wears away.

The Florist.

"So take my gift! 'Tis a simple flower,
But perhaps 'twill wile a weary hour;
And the spirit thou its light magic weaves
May touch your heart from its simple leaves:
And if these should fall, it at least will be
A token of love from me to thee."

Andromeda.

Named in allusion to the virgin, Andromeda, who, like this plant, was confined in a marsh, and surrounded by the monsters of the water. The species are neat plants, and some of them considerable shrubs; all requiring a moist situation and peat earth.—Water Andromeda.—This beautiful little shrub is from twelve to eighteen inches high, found in wet, mossy bogs, in various parts of the State, and to the extreme north of this continent. The flowers are red before they open, but when fully expanded, of a rosy hue. It flowers in June. There are a great number of North American species, which might be introduced into the shrubbery with good effect. Most of them are dwarfs, and succeed well with the same treatment that is given to the azalea. *A. speciosa* and all its varieties are very beautiful, and flower in great profusion, and continue in leaf nearly the whole year, although they are not strictly evergreen shrubs. They grow about three feet high. They are all propagated by seed, layers or cuttings.

American Woodbine.

This is the most ornamental plant of its genus. It recommends itself by its hardiness, the rapidity of its growth, and the luxuriance and beauty of its foliage. It is a native of our woods, and climbs rocks and trees to a great height. In cultivation it is often made to cover walls of houses, forty or fifty feet high, clinging by rootlets which proceed from its tendrils. The flower is of a reddish-green, and not showy, which is succeeded by clusters of dark-blue, nearly black, berries when mature. At the same period the fruit-stalks and tendrils assume a rich crimson or red color. This luxuriant climber is easily propagated by layers and cuttings. It flourishes best in a rich, moist soil.

Honeysuckle.

A beautiful genus, of well-known climbing shrubs, growing from fifteen to twenty feet high, some of them producing their flowers in succession through all the summer and autumnal months. They are all valuable for pillars, arbors, trellises, etc. Many of the species are natives of North America; among them is the splendid Scarlet Trumpet Honeysuckle, a native of the Southern States, but found to be hardy here, and in general cultivation. Its trumpet-shaped flowers are produced in clusters, of a rich scarlet without, and orange within; in bloom from June to October.

Schizanthus.

Schizanthus, from Greek words *to cut*, and *a flower*, in allusion to the numerous divisions of its beautiful purple and yellow flowers. Tender annual plants, with finely-cut pale green leaves and terminal panicles of elegant flowers. The pinnate-leaved Schizanthus is one of the most common species, from which a number of beautiful and improved seedlings have been produced. All the varieties are very pretty in the open ground, and bloom most of the season, but are much injured by the sun or severe rains. They can only be brought to the highest state of perfection when grown in pots in the greenhouse, where they can be made to attain the height of three or four feet—in the open ground about two feet; from August to October.

The Mignonette.

The *Reseda odorata*, or common Mignonette, is a hardy annual too well known to need any description. A bed of it should be found in every garden. It continues to bloom and send forth its sweetness all the season, perfuming the whole region about the premises. Self-sown plants begin to produce flowers in June. The plants are in great demand in and about London and other great cities, being sold in pots and in bouquets. Some idea of the great extent of its cultivation may be derived from the fact, which is given from a creditable London seedsman, that he alone sold a ton and a half of the seed yearly.

The Nasturtium.

This is a well known ornamental annual, of easy cultivation. It flowers best in a light soil. It looks well trained to a trellis, or over a wall. The flowers are rich orange, shaded with crimson and various colors; the variety with crimson or blood-colored flowers makes a fine contrast with the orange. The seeds are used as a substitute for capers, and the flowers sometimes eaten as salads.

The Sphenogyne.

The *Sphenogyne speciosa* is a most beautiful flowering annual, growing about a foot high. The plant is of handsome foliage, and a most profuse bloomer. The flowers open fully when the sun shines upon them, and then display a show of the most pleasing kind. It is in bloom from June to October. Rays, yellow; disk, dark-brown; flowers, about two and a half inches across.

Hibiscus.

The African Hibiscus is a plant of extremely easy culture; should be planted early in the spring. The petals are large and showy, of a straw color, the centre a deep rich brown or purple, finely contrasted with the brilliant gold color of the stamens or anthers. The flowers quickly perish, but, to compensate for their frailty, it continues to bloom from June to September.

The Housewife.

To clarify Sugar.

Take the quantity of fine white loaf-sugar you intend to clarify, add to it of very clean warm water half a pint for every pound; when dissolved add to it the white of one or two eggs—as the quantity may require—well whipped, put it on the fire, and when it comes to a boil, pour into it an ordinary teacupful of cold water; on its rising again to a boil, remove it, and let it settle for twenty minutes; skim the scum from the top, pour off the syrup into a clean vessel with sufficient quickness to leave all the sediment at the bottom, and such steadiness as to prevent any of the latter rising and mixing with it.

Chicken Panada.

Boil a chicken till about three parts ready in a quart of water; take off the skin, cut the white meat off when cold, and put into a marble mortar; pound it to a paste with a little of the water it was boiled in, season with salt, a grate of nutmeg, and the least bit of lemon-peel. Boil gently for a few minutes to the consistency you like; it should be such as you can drink, though tolerably thick. This conveys great nourishment in a small compass.

Bread Jelly.

Cut the crum of a penny roll into thin slices, and toast them equally of a pale brown; boil them gently in a quart of water till it will jelly, which may be known by putting a little in a spoon to cool; strain it upon a bit of lemon-peel, and sweeten it with sugar. A little wine may be added.

Soiled Carpets.

When soiled, carpets may be cleaned after beating with the following mixture:—Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth.

Rout Drops.

Mix two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of currants clean and dry; then wet into a stiff paste, with two eggs, a large spoonful of orange-flower water, sweet wine, and brandy; drop on a tin plate floured. A very short time bakes them.

Wine Biscuits.

Rub into one pound of dry flour four ounces of butter, four ounces of white powdered sugar, one egg, and a spoonful or two of thin cream to make it into paste. When mixed, put currants into one half, and caraways into the rest. Bake on tins.

Cherry Tart.

Line the sides of a dish with good crust; strew in sugar; fill it with picked cherries, and put sugar at the top; red currants may be added, if liked; cover with crust, and bake.

Stewed Lobster.

Take out all the meat and soft part from the body, and cut it into small bits; put them into a saucepan with two cups of white stock, a little mace, cayenne and salt; dredge in some flour, some bits of butter, and stew it about ten or fifteen minutes; stir it frequently, and when done, add a little vinegar or white wine.

Ginger Biscuit.

Work well one and a quarter pound of butter with the same weight of moist sugar; add eight eggs well beaten; stir in two and a half pounds of flour, one ounce of volatile salts, and quarter of an ounce of ground ginger; mix these well, roll out the paste, cut it in fancy shapes, and bake crisp.

Broiled Shad.

Scrape and scale a shad; split it down the back, wash it clean, wipe it dry, lay the flesh side on to the gridiron, broil ten or fifteen minutes; then turn it skin down, broil it ten minutes; dish it, and rub it over with a little sweet butter; serve hot.

Corn Cake.

Take one pint of sour milk, put into it a teaspoonful of soda, and beat it as you would eggs. Stir into it a pint of meal, one teaspoonful of cream tartar; add the milk, stir them up quickly. Bake half an hour in a tin cake-pan.

To preserve Strawberries in Wine.

Put a quantity of the finest large strawberries into a gooseberry bottle, and strew over them three large spoonfuls of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine or sherry.

Raspberries.

These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good dried in the sun, or in a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

Plain Cake.

Four pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, and half a pound of butter, with clove, caraway and coriander seeds to the taste, together with lemon-peel grated; wet it with milk and half a pint of yeast.

Baked Rice Pudding.

Butter a dish; take a gill of rice, wash it clean, add half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of salt, half a cup of molasses, and a quart of milk. Bake it three hours.

Fried Oysters.

Take large oysters, wash them clean out of the liquor, wipe them dry, dip them in eggs and crumbs, and fry them in hot fat.

Shrewsbury Cake.

One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three of butter, four eggs; beat till very light; bake moderately.

Curious Matters.

A deep Spring.

On Lake Prairie, Iowa, there is a spring, the bottom of which no plummet has ever sounded. It has a false bottom, about three feet from its surface, through which, if a twenty-foot pole be thrust, it will sink under the sand comprising this crust-like layer, and in a moment after its disappearance, will bound up again on the surface. An Indian legend has it that on a quiet full-moon night, the Great Spirit led the wicked ones of a certain tribe thither, and when they saw the glorious beauty of the crystal water, they thought to bathe themselves in the moon-kissed fountain, and therefore plunged into the spring, but sunk to rise no more. Ever afterwards, runs the story, the remains of these evil unfortunates have troubled the bottomless waters, and to this day they agitate the deceptive bosom of the beautiful though dangerous spring.

Singular.

In London, a few weeks since, a gentleman driving a Hansom, met a four-wheeled cab, and the teams were accidentally interlaced together. At last the gentleman of the cab struck the occupant of the Hansom with his whip. The latter immediately jumped out of his vehicle, climbed up the side of the cab, and seized the occupant by the throat. They both fell to the pavement together, but the gentleman of the cab struck his head upon the stones with such violence as to inflict a wound from the effects of which he died. His assailant was arrested, tried, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to one day's imprisonment.

Six Rainbows at once.

The editor of the *Marquette News* says that just as the force of a recent shower at that place was spent, the sun looked out from behind the clouds, when a brilliant rainbow spanned the heavens, then a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and finally a sixth one; all of them in regular gradation from the inner, which was a mere line, to the outer, which was of great breadth and magnitude.

Odd Advertisement.

The following is a verbatim copy of an advertisement which recently appeared in the *Limerick Chronicle*:—"An extensive landed proprietor on the banks of the Shannon will make a wager of £500 that he has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest estate in Ireland. Application to be made to J. F. E. G., Eryes's Hotel, Glin county, Limerick."

Lusus Naturæ.

Mr. Cyrus B. Buel, of Lydon, Vermont, owned a sheep the past season that had a lamb with two regularly formed heads. The heads were attached to the right and left of the neck, side by side, and were similar in size and shape.

Stamping Fruit.

A German journal publishes the following:—"At Vienna, for some time past, fruit dealers have sold peaches, pears, apples, apricots, etc., ornamented with armorial bearings, designs, initials and names. The impressions of these things are effected in a very simple manner. A fine fruit is selected at the moment it is beginning to ripen—that is, to take a red color—and paper, in which the designs are neatly cut out, is affixed. After a while the envelope is removed, and the part of the fruit which has been covered is brilliantly white."

Curious mixing up.

In a report of the case of Harrod vs. Jarrod, instituted in the British Court of Chancery, to recover payment of a legacy, the *London Times* says "it was an extraordinary feature in the case, and one giving rise to much confusion, that out of two families of the respective names of Harrod and Jarrod, the intermarriages had been such, that every female member of the family of Jarrod had become a Harrod, and every female member of the family of Harrod had become a Jarrod."

Sad Misfortune.

In West Newbury, lately, as the wife of Mr. John C. Carr was stepping down from a chair, her head came in contact with a two-foot rule in the hand of her husband with such violence as to destroy the sight of her only remaining eye, the other having been destroyed about ten years since by coming in contact with the rein-hook inside of the chaise in which she was riding, in consequence of the horse falling down. The accident renders her totally blind.

Remarkable Spring.

There is on the route of the overland mail, about two hundred and eighty miles east of El Paso, a spring said to be a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which has been sounded to the depth of eight thousand feet without finding bottom. The surface is as smooth as that of a mountain lake. It is slightly impregnated with alkali, and contains five varieties of fish. It is called Leon Hola.

Curious Wedding.

There is a spouting well in Salineville, Ohio, up which the gas rushes in large volumes and with great violence. A romantic couple, a few nights since, invited their friends and a clergyman to the vicinity of the well, set fire to the spouting jet of gas, and by the light of the tall pillar of roaring flame were united in marriage.

Singular Disease.

Whipple Angell, who died lately at Burrillville, R. I., aged 67 years, had been confined more than twenty years to his bed with ossification of the muscles. He could move scarcely anything but his fingers; yet was cheerful, enjoyed conversation, and planned his farm operations successfully.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FLATTERY.

To a truly sensitive and modest heart flattery is nothing less than insult; and it may be set down as a criterion of judgment, as to soundness or imbecility of mind, whether it will suffer the insidious approaches of the flatterer. Yet sometimes men flatter each other as they would have a bout or sword exercise—passing, foiling, thrusting and retiring—making of it a traffic of meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived.

Unfortunately this is a very universal weakness, and those who think themselves freest from it are still culpable. Thus there are those persons who pretend to despise all flattery, but are nevertheless flattered by being told that they despise it! Flattery is the key by which some small people unlock the hearts of those favored by fortune, and through their patronage they obtain a livelihood; but it is the vilest sort of surveillance they adopt. "Of all wild beasts," says Johnson, "preserve me from a tyrant, and of all tame, a flatterer!"

But there are species of flattery as delicate as true, and which any one may be justly proud of. For instance, we do know of one sincere form of flattery, so to speak, and that is imitation; if a person compliments our habits, conduct, or manner, by adopting it, we may then believe them to be genuine admirers, and that their expressed appreciation is not assumed for effect, but arises from honest conviction. To the discriminating mind flattery is not without its benefit; it may serve as a warning and guide, inasmuch as it is pretty sure to be in those qualities wherein we fall short of real excellence that a sycophant will be apt to offer commendation. This fact is worthy of remembrance, and should be applied in the matter of judgment as it regards our intercourse with the world, aiding our discrimination of ourselves as well as the characters of others.

Let no one fancy himself beyond the influence of flattery; it is not a safe thing to do so; for the most certain way to be cheated is to believe himself more cunning than others, and the weakest spot in any man is very apt to be where he thinks himself to be the wisest. Though it argues weakness, yet it is very true that the most honest people are the most easy to be flattered.

HEALTH.

The veteran William Howitt, who has maintained to an old age remarkable health and vigor, both of mind and body, gives some useful hints to those of the literary brotherhood who keep late hours, and sit over the bottle at late suppers. By the aid of such doctors as Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours, he is now in good health, active and vigorous, at the age of seventy. We quote from what he says about himself in an English paper: "Those who imagine that I only wag a goose quill mistake a little. In that department, indeed, I have perhaps done as much work as any man living. Often, in early years, I labored assiduously sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weather. I work hard in my garden, and could tire down a tolerable man at that sort of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked, often under a burning sun of 120 or 130 degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day, for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold, in great heat, and against young and active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers, for neither man nor nature had made many bridges, and let my clothes dry upon my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread before I ate it; slept occasionally under the forest tree; and through it all was hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp."

REVERENCE FOR TRUTH.—"My friend has a reverence for truth," said a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps a respectful distance from it."

JUST SO.—Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.

EXPRESSIVE.—A Frenchman writing from London to a Paris newspaper pronounces a Sunday in London as the sum of human wretchedness—a very Himalaya of ennui.

FASHION OF DRESS.

Of all the vagaries of human nature which mark it as

"Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar."

none are more extraordinary than the freaks of fashion. "When Adam delved and Eve span," dress was certainly very primitive, for fig-leaves required little skill of the tailor. But since that antediluvian period, the empire of fashion has embraced more changes and singularities than the revolutions of a kaleidoscope. Most fashions are purely arbitrary, and referable to no principle of beauty or utility. We can understand why an Esquimaux clothes himself in skins, and why a miller wears a drab coat, but it would be very difficult to tell why young men ever submitted to have their heads shaved and voluntarily assumed the annoyances incident to wearing wigs. Even Cæsar concealed his baldness by a laurel wreath; he never thought of having recourse to a pig-tail. But in the time of Pope, such was the universality of wig-wearing that the ancient Romans were represented on the stage with this head-gear; and Pope in one of his satires speaks of the thundering applause shared by Cato's wig with his flowered gown and lackered chair. In the times of Richard I., and John of England, the shoes of the dandies had points so long that they were fastened to the knees with chains; and other portions of the masculine costume were equally ridiculous. But it would be a wearisome task to run over the history of the ages, and fasten upon all the foibles of fashion, from the middle ages to the present day. Here and there only, we might encounter a fashion that would bear the criticism of time, and stand accepted for its grace and fitness.

Ladies have been severely criticised by satirical writers for the absurdities of their attire, but we are quite sure that the ruder sex is amenable to the same censure. Our puritanical fathers legislated upon the subject, and passed prohibitory laws with regard to certain fashions of dress, which perhaps is the reason why the "little tailor," commemorated in the song of "Good Old Colony Times," was compelled to steal broad-cloth. In 1634, the general court condemned the use of gold or silver laces, girdles or hat-bands, embroidered cape, women's veils, or large sleeves. Such articles were subject to forfeiture, with an exception of those already in use, which were allowed to be worn until essentially used up. The pulpit seconded the magistracy in this crusade against fashion. Governor Endicott joined the assistants in an association against wearing long hair, "as a thing uncivil and unmanly, fit

only for Russians and barbarous Indians." So also were long boots prohibited, on account of the waste of leather! The "simple cobbler of Agawam" aided the magistracy and the ministry by applying the lash of satire to the follies of fashion. We quote from him, both to show the object at which his shafts were levelled, and the quaint and peculiar style of the period:

"Methinks it should break the hearts of Englishmen to see so many goodly English women imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them. We have about five or six of them in our colony; if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my phanases of them for a month after. It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine tailors make a man; it were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind. If tailors were men indeed, well furnished with but mere moral principles, they would disdain to be led about like asses, by such mimic marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing for men that have bones in them to spend their lives in making fiddle-cases for petalious women's phanases; which are the very pettitees of infirmity, the giblets of perquisquilian tongues. I am so charitable as to think that most of that mystery would work the cheerfuller while they live, if they might be well discharged of the trying slavery of mistrying women; it is no little labor to be continually putting up English women into outlandish caskets, who, if they be not shined anew once in a few months, grow too sour for their husbands.

He that makes coats for the moon,
Had need take measure every noon—

and he that makes for women as often, to keep them from lunacy."

The tyranny of fashion is one from which none of us are wholly exempt; and the chance sight of the contents of an old wardrobe is humiliating in the extreme. How could we have worn those singular pantaloons! How could we have sported that enormous bell-top! These are questions to which there is but one word of answer—fashion!

A REMEDY.—A piece of rennet soaked in milk is said, by one who has often tried it, to be an effectual remedy for a felon. The application is to be renewed at brief intervals until relief is found.

TURNIPS.—"What a nice lot of turnips you have got!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones—the latter's children's noses being all turn-ups!

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

Nowhere is the Sabbath more religiously observed, and nowhere does this divine institution appear more beautiful, than in the country. In the city its observance is less strict; and there are worldly associations and ideas to divert the mind from devout feelings and holy contemplations; in the indifference and neglect of many, there are discordant contrasts to the piety of the majority, yet even in the city, the religious rites are marked by impressive features. The richness of the churches, the solemn pealing of the mighty bells mingling together in one grand diapason, the peal of the organs, the enchanting melody of trained chorists, the decorous dress of the church-going multitude, all produce strong effect upon the senses. A Sabbath in the country is very different, yet how charming! The village bells, not numerous enough to oppress the ear with a ponderous volume of sound, send forth a touching melody through the hushed air, announcing what is emphatically a day of rest. Even the domestic animals seem to know it. The patient ox is certainly aware of it, as he luxuriously chews his cud by the wayside, in all the indolent enjoyment of an opium-eating Turk. The very dog, while watchful as ever, seems to exercise his calling with less than usual violence. And even the family horse, though he draws the family to church, does so leisurely, and is never hurried either to or from the meeting-house. At length the congregation—the old grandfathers and grandmamas, the middle-aged men and matrons, the young men and maidens, the boys and girls—are seated. There is no irreverence in the fond glance which some of the young turn towards the singers' gallery, for there sits the village belle, as beautiful as she is good; and there are other girls, far better ornaments than sculptured angels of the old cathedral churches. At last the minister moves up the middle aisle, and ascends the pulpit stairs. A brief pause, and there bursts from the choir one of those simple, old fashioned melodies, which go quicker to the heart than any of the brilliant compositions of the modern schools. The music gradually dies away upon the ear, and then comes the prayer. It is fervent and impressive, not, perhaps, delighting the cultivated ear with its musical cadences and rhetorical elegancies, but moving the heart by its earnestness, its trust, its hope and its piety. So well-directed by local circumstances are the hearts of a country congregation, that it needs no brilliant talent to lead them on in the right way. Yet country parishes often enjoy preachers of the most cultivated genius and attainments, for many of the most gifted ser-

vants of the Lord, prefer to remain where their spiritual teachings are aided by the benign influence of nature around them. The rural surroundings of their homes are more in consonance with their hearts and inward promptings than busier scenes of city life. The services concluded, the worshippers linger at the church door, as if loath to depart from the hallowed place. Many have a word for the clergyman; many parishioners and pedestrians, who have come a great distance, remain all day in the temple. Thus passes a Sabbath in the country—a day full of holy influences, of quiet happiness, of needful and refreshing rest.

WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in any part of the country, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

CONVENIENT.—The following excellent arrangement is in vogue on the line of railroad from Chicago to Philadelphia. A boy goes round with a card through the cars, with numberless refreshments printed thereon, with the price attached to each, including tea and coffee, and you check such as you want, which are speedily brought to you on a salver from the commissary car.

SINGULAR DECISION.—An article appears in a late number of the *Illinois Farmer*, in which the relative cheapness of corn and coal as fuel is discussed. The author concludes that, at ten cents per bushel, coal is cheapest, but at nine cents per bushel, corn ought to be preferred for burning, unless the coal or wood should happen to be of the very best quality.

INTERESTING.—A female dromedary belonging to a menagerie exhibiting at Stirling, Scotland, has lately given birth a promising infant dromedary—the first ever born on English soil. Mother and child are doing well.

ENGLISH NAVY.—The *London Times* decides that the English navy must all be built over again, and henceforth not even so much as a gunboat will be constructed of mere timber.

THE CHINESE.

A late National Quarterly, the issue for June, contains, among many other important papers, an interesting article on the Chinese language and literature. It is instructive to the great arrogance of the West, which claims for itself all that is noble and superior in human life. It may be well for us to state some of the principal facts enumerated in this article, not so much to give us hints for utility, as to let us understand more distinctly that our civilization is a modern civilization, and that all our records of the past may not be incontrovertible.

The author says that though he cannot translate a difficult passage from the Chinese, he has sufficient knowledge to compare it with the Greek and the Latin, with five or six of the principal modern dialects of Europe, and to some extent with the Sanscrit. All these have a general resemblance to each other, but he cannot say that the Chinese has the least resemblance to any one of them. The elements, or mother characters of the language comprise no more than ten hundred and thirty, but these combined, form at least 80,000. The most reliable Chinese historians trace these back to twenty-five hundred years before Christ; two thousand years anterior to Confucius, and the best European scholars accept this chronology. Other Chinese historians make them 4000 years old, and the only evidence against it is the Mosaic chronology. Books, vases, seals of agate, drinking cups, urns, etc., testify to the age of 2500 years before Christ. The simple characters represent natural objects, such as the sun, moon, fire, water, and the combinations represent the various modifications of these things in natural life—a most simple principle indeed. Many scholars say it is more easily learned than the German, and is far more artistic than the English. In the best dictionary of China there are not more than 35,000 characters, and Worcester's dictionary has upwards of 50,000 words.

The Chinese are everywhere surrounded by evidences of ancient civilization. It is as certain that Fohi gave laws to China 2500 years before Christ, as that Lycurgus gave laws to the Spartans 900 years before Christ, and Solon to the Athenians 600 years before Christ. Of 32 eclipses calculated by her ancient astronomers, 28 have been verified by the mathematicians of Europe. They understood the art of printing hundreds, if not thousands of years before the Christian era. Their porcelain towers have not been equalled by European science. The great dictionary of Kaung-Shee was compiled 200 years before our era, under the direction of an

Emperor of the Han dynasty, and its arrangement and definitions are such that European science could not improve them. The extent of their libraries is enormous; the catalogues alone not unfrequently amount to hundreds of volumes. Germany is not so fertile in books and book making as China. One of the emperors of the last century had a private library at Nankin, the catalogue of which comprised 122 printed volumes. Abbe Hue tells us that the public library of Peking surpasses all other public libraries of the world in extent.

DIAMONDS.—The Duke of Brunswick has published a catalogue of \$3,000,000 worth of diamonds in his possession. It relates how this one adorned a Turkish sabre, that a royal diadem, another an imperial collar, a fourth a grand electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye; that brilliant rose diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber at Agra (it weighs 41 carats and is worth \$80,000); those were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro; this diamond ring, with the cypher "M. S.," belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; that pair of ear-rings hung once on Maria Antoinette. He has plenty of diamonds worth \$20,000, \$30,000 and \$45,000, apiece; two worth \$60,000 each, one \$70,000, and one \$80,000. He is in treaty now for two diamonds, one of which is worth \$232,000, and the other \$660,000.

RELIGION.—It was Carroll who said, "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things that the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practised the duties of my religion."

A SHORT CHAPTER.—DeQuincy mentions a chapter in Von Troll's Work on Iceland, which is entitled "Concerning the Snakes of Iceland." The entire chapter consists of these six words, "There are no snakes in Iceland."

DOUBTFUL GENDER.—A clergyman at a funeral, when at the grave side, said to the chief mourner, "Is it a brother or sister?" He received the puzzling answer, "Neither; it is only a cousin."

HOW TO MAKE A REAL COWSLIP IN WINTER.—Grease a cow's hoofs, and place her on the ice.

JUST SO.—If a man is doomed to the stake, he would generally prefer that it should be beef.

THE MODEL STATESMAN.

Time was when he who should have pictured faithfully the features of a statesman, would have presented to the world the portrait of a gentleman. "Long time ago" very queer notions were entertained by professedly sensible people, with regard to the qualifications of a public man. It was thought requisite, in the first place, for a legislator to possess ability and education, a good moral character and sound views. Having obtained his seat, he was to keep constantly in view his responsibility to his constituents and the nation. In the heat of debate he was never to forget that his adversary, as well as himself, was a gentleman; a hasty expression was to be followed by a manly apology, and, in short, the conduct of the member, both in and out of the legislative halls, was to be perfectly exemplary.

Your modern model statesman is a very different character from the precise and pedantic representative of the old school. He considers himself as born to rule; his country signifies mileage and per diem; he picks up his political information out of the newspapers—is aware that there is such an instrument as the constitution of the United States, but has never seen it. He is not aware that the laws of nations apply to American citizens; political economy he supposes to be merely a political abstraction, and one of the filagree belongings of claptrap politicians; right and wrong with him are majority and minority. Free suffrage means the number of purchasable votes in the market, and to be out of order is to use civil language to an adversary. If his opponent happens to be a man in years, he describes him to be "a hoary-headed serpent standing on his hydra feet like the Colossus of Rhodes, to dictate to his inferiors in years but his superiors in reason." A younger enemy is "a stripling whose maternal parent is not aware of his absence." If an opponent galls him by a home thrust, our Hotspur starts to his feet and exclaims, "Mr. Speaker! the gentleman who has just addressed the chair is a liar; and though within this house parliamentary privileges protect his caittiff carcass, without this house he well knows that protection will not shield him." One of his favorite mottoes is, "Fair play is a duel." Arkansas toothpicks and revolvers are his bosom friends. He is fond of showing his weapons, and telling how many minorities they have made, and talks (as our neighbor of the Transcript says) as though the Union were to be dissolved with a pocket pistol! His speeches for Buncombe are inimitable—perfect blossoms of rhetoric!—such as never flowered in the gardens of Cicero or Demosthenes. The American eagle is always por-

trayed with the minuteness and detail of a modern poultryer (since the fowl-fever set in).

"Gentlemen," he will exclaim, "let us never forget that the American eagle, to whom we owe the birth of our free institutions, perched with one foot on the Rocky Mountains, and the other on the Alleghanies, menacing with the shadow of his tail-feathers the benighted subjects of Queen Victoria on the north, whose affrighted lion sinks into the moral insignificance attendant upon all mean animals, while his beak proudly overshadows the island of Cuba, ready, like a rich offering on the shrine of general and individual freedom, to drop into his angry talons like the ripe fruit of the tropics, which you have only to climb the tree to obtain it, and which furnishes not only food, but a delicious beverage equal to goat's milk, which is used by the inhabitants, the leaves of it to manufacture into mats, the shell for drinking vessels, and the bark for cordage, all of which will be ours, watches us with an intense anxiety, comparable only to the expression of a clerk in one of the departments, watching the progress of an appropriation bill, whereby he is to get his salary, against which, Mr. Speaker, I shall vote, for one, until the same provision is made by this house for removal of the stump cottonwood which has for so long obstructed the navigation of the Ocklogusecty, the beautiful and fertile stream that irrigates the district of my constituents, whereby skow navigation at Pampkinville has been, Mr. Speaker, almost entirely suspended," and with a heart overflowing with patriotism, or something that he mistakes for it, he sits down quite overcome with his exertions.

PLAYING PARSON WITH LITTLE PROFIT.—

A young gentleman from a western city recently palmed himself off upon the people of a country town as a minister, by way of a joke. In this capacity he married a couple, who, upon learning the facts of the case, had him arrested. He compromised the matter by paying the expenses of a *bona fide* wedding for the couple, and promised never again to don the robes clerical.

OBEDIENCE.—Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

BUYING CHEAP.—The man who is always buying merely because he can buy at low rates, had better commit suicide, if he happens to find poison cheap.

THE QUESTION.—May a judge who retires from the bench be said to lay down the law?

A CHAPTER ON MISERS.

One of the saddest features of human nature, and yet a common one, is where the principle of saving degenerates into extreme parsimony, and the most revolting forms of meanness of spirit. The world is full of instances of this low passion, and in recently looking over some of the recorded examples of wretched voluntary destitution of the comforts of life, by persons whose means were amply adequate for even a luxurious ease, we noticed the following, which we select as illustrations of the vice.

Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his heaps of gold. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched, who was by agreement to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty guineas. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense amount in stocks, and £6000 in the house.

A miser of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and discreditable extortion, applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual mode of hiding his gold. With great care and secrecy, he dug a deep cave in his cellar. To this reception for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap door he attached a spring-lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By-and-by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made, the house was searched, woods were explored, and ponds were dragged, but no Foscue could they find. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and the workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of Foscue the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure;

a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of Mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

Daniel Dancer's miserly propensities were indulged in to such a degree that on one occasion, when at the earnest solicitation of a friend he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat, "better as new," to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eight pence. He performed his ablutions at a neighboring pool, drying himself in the sun to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet this poor mendicant had property to the extent of upwards of £3000 per annum.

In 1790 died at Paris, literally of want, the well-known banker, Ostervald. A few days prior to his death, he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like the soup," he said, "but I have no appetite for the meat; what is to become of that? It will be a sad waste." This poor wretch died possessed of £125,000 sterling.—Another deplorable case might be cited—that of Thomas Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left £2475 in the public funds.—Still another desperate case was that of Elwes, whose diet and dress were alike of the most revolting kind, and whose property was estimated at £800,000.

SHAKING HANDS.—The custom of shaking hands is a very old one. It will be remembered by our scriptural readers that Jehu said to Jehonadab, "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." It is such a custom with us that a stranger would take us for a community of Shakers.

A CROOKED MIND.—There is a man living in Brooklyn so crooked in thought, that he generally believes himself wrong when any person agrees with him.

VERY POETIC.—"What," said Margarita to Cecilia, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrowroot."

SAD.—Mrs. Butler, of Edgesfield, S. C., died of grief, recently, from the loss of her son in the battle of Fair Oaks. He was a rebel conscript.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.—Monkey Skin Boots. They are said to be equal to Alligators.

Foreign Miscellany.

Lamartine (how fallen!) has just started a grand humbug lottery for his own benefit.

The French government keeps in full force its system of secret spies all over France.

The number of deaths per week in the city of London is about fourteen hundred.

There are 25,000 men engaged in working upon the Isthmus of Suez canal.

The rate of interest at the Bank of England has been reduced to two per cent.

An English tailor has been convicted of bigamy, having six wives alive, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

During a recent discussion in the French Corps Legislatif it was stated that the treasures carried to France in 1841 by Dumont d'Urville lie still unpacked at the Garden of Plants!

The news from Lebanon is not satisfactory, as it is said that the Druses of the Haram testify some intention of again rising against the Christians.

The Pesth and Vienna papers speak very highly of Mlle. Filippi (Adelaide Phillips) who has been the leading singer of Italian opera in both of these cities recently.

La Grange, since the death of her husband, has been living in retirement near Paris. On the occasion of her last benefit at Madrid she took both the parts of Alice and Isabella, in "Robert le Diable."

Wachtel, a new German tenor, has been singing with Adelina Patti in "Lucia." He has better voice than execution, and is the man who a few years ago was the coachman of a German nobleman.

John Bull is never the wiser for experience—to judge by his manner of talking. He seems as much surprised at official mismanagement in the United States, as if the history of the English government were not a long record of official blunders.

A balloon, fifty-five feet in diameter and sixty-nine feet in length, has just been built in England for scientific purposes. The builder proposes to ascend five miles, for the purpose of making observations on the temperature and premidity of the air at different heights.

Germany has produced a substitute for gunpowder, in the form of starch and nitric acid. It is stated that its projectile force is greater than that of the common powder, and as it is not explosive before its ingredients are mixed, it is more safe and convenient for use. The Prussian and Austrian armies are, it is said, to adopt it, and no more "villanous saltpetre" need be dug from the earth.

There are in London 640 religious and benevolent institutions, 141 of which have been established within the last seven years. Their aggregate income last year, derived from voluntary contributions, or from dividends on money bequeathed and invested in consols and other stocks, reached a sum which, translated from pounds, shillings and pence into American money, amounts to \$12,200,885.

The London Jews have eleven establishments for the gratuitous education of their poor.

Manchester, England, has at present a population of over five hundred thousand souls.

There is a translation of the Bible in the Irish language, now to be had in Dublin.

The English cotton manufacturers are losing \$5,000,000 a month.

An enormous diamond—big as a hen's egg!—has lately been discovered in Brasil.

The College of Physicians in Edinburgh has voted, 16 to 18, that females shall not be admitted to the practice of the medical profession.

There are in London one hundred and seventy women who are engaged in distributing Bibles to the poor.

Adderley Park, in Saitley, England, is to be given to the people by its owner. It is valued at eighteen thousand pounds.

The tunnel under Mount Cenis has now reached a length of 1600 metres, and progresses about seven feet a day.

Extensive orders for iron-clad vessels are now in course of execution in England for the Russian government.

Napoleon is to present a copy of his "Life of Julius Caesar" to each member of the French Institute. The work is now passing through the press.

Only one-half a silk crop is expected this year in France. The disease among the silkworms has been less destructive than in former years, but the yield is not uniform.

It is said, at this late day, that the crown of Mexico was once offered to Joseph Bonaparte, the exiled King of Spain, who refused it for the more quiet life of an American citizen on the shores of the Delaware.

The Dublin papers announce the death of a person named Sterne, who had been imprisoned for debt in the Four Courts Marshalsea for thirty-seven years. Mr. Sterne was a gentleman of large fortune who fell a victim to wine, women and money lenders.

Hollow metallic canes, filled with condensed gas, are now used in some of the European cities. The bearer has only to turn a small nipple, and apply his match, when he will instantly find himself furnished with a torch that will light him several hours.

In the colliery districts of England, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of Knight's Quarterly Magazine says that clergymen in Staffordshire "have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name."

The Anglo-French commercial treaty is a disappointment in more ways than one. The influx of French wines, brandies, silks, gloves, bronzes and jewelry into England has not been so sudden or excessive as was expected, and the exportation of British produce, greatly as it has been stimulated, has increased less under the heads of coal and iron, and more under those of other commodities.

Record of the Times.

There are said to be over ten thousand Frenchmen in the city of San Francisco, California.

They say lodgings cost \$100 a month in Mississippi, and poor enough at that price.

The number of colored people in Massachusetts, all told, is less than ten thousand.

The income of Wm. B. Astor, of New York, is only six thousand dollars a day. Poor fellow!

The Yazoo River is navigable for fifty miles, and empties into the Mississippi a few miles above Vicksburg.

Up in central New York they have a commendable custom of offering a cow to the wife of each married man who will enlist.

Chicago lies on both sides of a narrow river. It is proposed to run a tunnel beneath it to accommodate the travel, which now has hardly room enough on the bridges.

The Poughkeepsie Eagle notes the elopement of Joseph Pint, seventeen years old, with Melvina Gains, fifteen years old, both of Poughkeepsie. So it appears that, in spite of all opposition, Melvina Gains her Pint.

The wool clip of Maine the present year, has greatly exceeded that of any previous year. It is computed that Somerset county has yielded 150,000 pounds, and that the yield in Franklin county reaches 115,000 pounds.

Near the village of Ansterlitz, in Columbia county, N. Y., lives a young woman whose husband has gone to the war, who takes his place in the field, clears land, hoes crops, repairs fences, and does all the farm work as well as any man could.

During the French war, as it was called, the poll tax in New England was four dollars, the tax on real estate was at the rate of thirty-six dollars on a hundred valuation, and there was an excise duty on tea, coffee, wine, rum and other articles in general use.

Presuming that the debt and liabilities of the United States will be eighteen hundred millions of dollars at the commencement of 1863, it will then be less than one-fifth of the national debt of England, less than one-half that of France, and about one-half that of Austria.

What they have to be healthy in spite of, in New York, is hinted at by the fact, given in one of the annual civic reports, that the animals killed for market, within the city limits, in the last year, have numbered no less than one million five hundred thousand.

The South Church in Hartford has been sued by the heirs of William Stanley to recover about \$100,000 of real estate bequeathed to the church by Stanley, the church having broken a provision of the will which forbid them ever to sell the property.

General Halleck is about forty-two years of age. He is rather under the medium height. His eye is of a hazel color, clear as a morning star and of intense brilliancy. He seems to look through and through a man, making even an honest man consider whether he has not been up to some mischief.

An immense spring of coal oil of superior quality, has been discovered at Santa Barbara, California.

Physicians in India raise blisters with red hot iron, and dress them with Cayenne pepper. If such treatment don't make a man "smart," we don't know anything that would.

Falling stars are near the earth; the fixed are far off in the heavens. A radiant cloud is most beautiful to behold, but it is the dark one that gives the fertilizing shower.

An urchin being sent for a cent's worth of Maccaboy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked the man for a cent's worth of make-a-boy-sneeze.

Fear not to have every action of your life open to the inspection of mankind. Remember that a nicer casuist than man sees into your least actions. Answer to him, and fear no man.

The Chinese of the present day are said to have lost a curious secret. They knew formerly how to paint their porcelain with fishes and other creatures in such a manner that these figures never appeared to the eye until the vases were filled with liquor.

A minister in Beverly, Mass., who happened to have a few sleepy hearers of the masculine gender, in reproving their somnolency, stated that throughout the whole twenty-seven years of his ministry, he never yet had seen a woman asleep in meeting.

Mr. Billings, a bookseller at Mitchellsville, Tenn., was driving a span of horses along the road, lately, when he noticed a dark cloud coming up. A flash of lightning from it struck and killed the horses, which were at a fast trot, leaving Mr. Billings unhurt.

General Heintzelman having almost invariably drawn upon the Maine 4th for men to do special duties requiring marked heroism and despatch, some one asked him the reason of such partiality. "Why, sir," replied the veteran, "that's the best regiment under my command; it could furnish a corps of brigadiers as good as any in the army. That's the reason of my partiality toward it."

Brilliant meteors are getting common. One was seen the other night at Newburyport. On the 24th of July, at St. Louis, Mo., about ten o'clock at night, one was seen like a globe of light, as large as a haystack, emitting a splendor that made the atmosphere as bright as day. Its disappearance was accompanied by an explosion, a rumbling noise that lasted several minutes.

There is in operation in Haverhill, Mass., a new machine for sewing the soles on to the bottoms of shoes, which has heretofore been done by hand, which is capable, by application of steam, of sewing three hundred pairs of shoes per day, and by hand power two hundred pairs. The work is admirably performed, and is quite a new era in this part of the business.

Cervantes, the immortal genius of Spain, is supposed to have wanted bread; Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal, deprived of the necessaries of life, perished in an hospital at Lisbon. The Portuguese, after his death, bestowed on the man of genius, they had starved, the appellation of great!

Merry-Making.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said, when he held out his arm for the baby.

Which is the best way to keep a woman's love? Never to return it.

When does a man dye for love? When he turns his red whiskers brown.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

Women are seldom sailors, but they sometimes command smacks.

The greatest organ in the world—the organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop!

The quickest way to make "eye-water," is to run your nose against a lamp post.

They who "pine" in their youth can never look "spruce" in old age.

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he's a bit of a buck.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot of 'em.

"You can't do that again," said the pig, when the boy cut off his tail.

"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a supergallant, "is to shut your eyes."

"Shall I paint your cheeks for you, wife?" "No, husband, you have done it often enough by making me blush for you."

Why is a stove an agreeable affair in summer as well as winter? Because at either season it is always grateful when coalied.

Bald-headed men take a joke more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

"One of our city bakers," says a New Orleans wag, "has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound loaf only weighs eight ounces."

"This snow storm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Doctor S., during a late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of!"

Bill came running into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does charity begin?" "At home," we replied, in the words of the proverb. "Not by a good deal," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (C)."

The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: "A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a secret."

Phelix McCarthy, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply, "sure some one must be last."

A general on the point of death, opening his eyes, and seeing a consultation of three physicians, who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons, it's all over with me!" and instantly expired.

What is both food for the body and food for the mind? Bacon.

What joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder? A fillet (fill it).

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

When was beef tea first made in England? When Henry the Eighth dissolved the pope's bull.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

It is no misfortune for a nice young woman to lose her good name if a nice young man gives her a better.

A young girl of the delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gun-barrels were often exhibited without breeches.

Instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will keep them from staring and wondering hereafter. This is philosophy.

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a barrel.

The moment friendship becomes a tax, it's singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home.

"Revenge is sweet," as the boy said, who had been whipped by a grocer while he was stealing his sugar.

Jeremiah was telling how much he liked calves head for dinner, when the mistress exclaimed, "O, you cannibal!"

The difference between a speech and an essay should be something like that between a field of battle and a parade.

"Bob, did you go to the gold mines?" "Yes." "What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

"How do you keep your books?" "By double entry. I make one entry and father makes another."

Daniel says that he thinks that boarders who are obliged to eat sausages three times a day during dog days, are justified in growling at their fare.

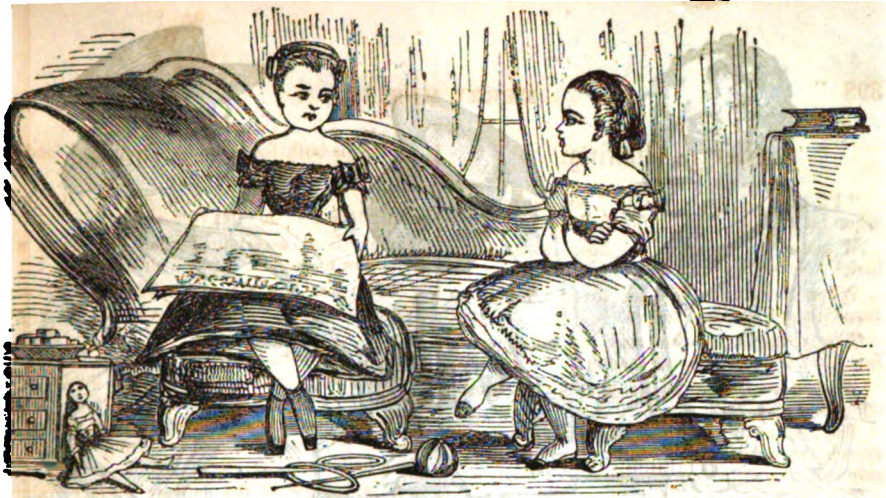
"Now, mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but, between you and I, the decanter don't keep full all day."

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's creed—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.

There is a man living somewhere in Albany so alarmingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass. It is said anybody can see through him.

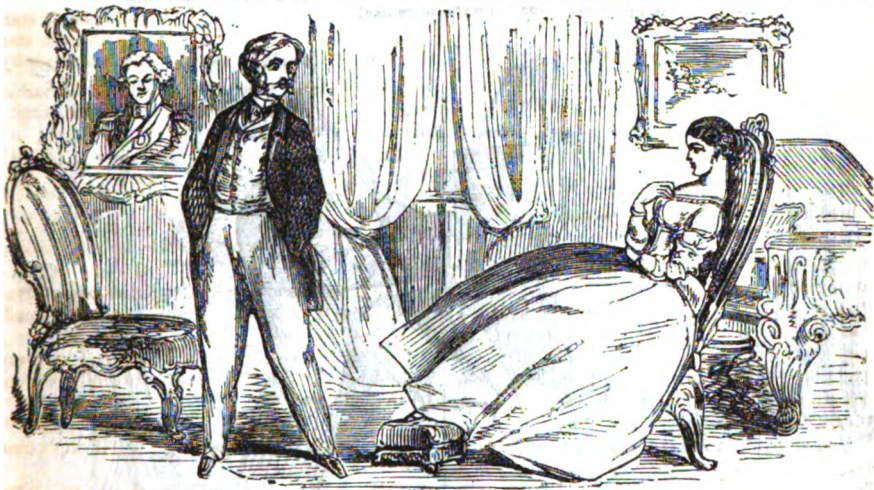
"Wont you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty dameel. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair? And is it also true that those who live by the Red Sea have carryto hair?



ENCOURAGING.

"O Ella, they want lots of soldiers!" Ella—If the war will only last long enough, my sons shall fight for the Union.



A STUNNER.

Hopeless Young Gent—Dearest tormentor, cease your cruelty, or you will drive me to enlist.
Dearest Tormentor—Do so, and I am yours at once.

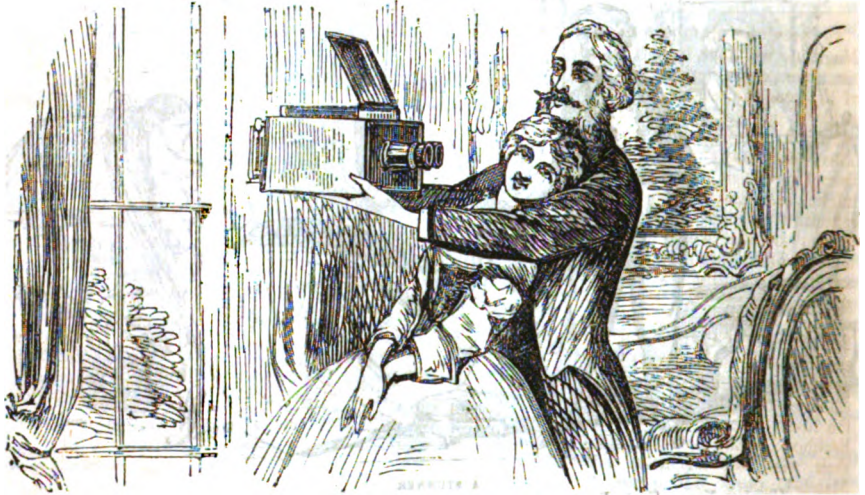


COMMANDING OFFICER LILTON, ON LEAVE, ETC.

Young Disagreeable (to pretty sister)—Why is *somebody's* regiment like a bad nut? Ahem! because the corps (core) is without a colonial (kernel).—Stampede.



EXEMPT FROM DRAFT.
Young Gent—You wouldn't believe it, my boy, but I turned six and forty last June.
Old Gent—Six and forty!—four and sixty, more like!



BEAUTIES OF THE STEREOSCOPE.
Enthusiastic Admirer—Is it not beautiful?—*Appreciative Student*—I am quite charmed.



PHOTOGRAPHY—COLORED CARTON DE VISITE.
"Mr. —, these seems to be all white subjects—we would like to look at some colored specimens."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI.—No. 5.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1862.

WHOLE No. 95.

SCENES IN PARIS.

IN previous numbers of the Magazine we have from time to time given characteristic sketches of life near the seaside, in the interior of nations, and among the people of cities and their suburbs. There are many phases of life from high to low, from which we might draw, and furnish food for reflection and for humor. No locality in the world yields a more prolific theme than Paris and its surroundings. We propose to offer now a glance at some of its personal specialities. But the subject is inexhaustible, and from the full harvest before us we gather a few ears for present consumption. From among the lower classes, who force a livelihood by the keenest effort of their wits, we begin with the Match-Dealer. He seems the very picture of penury. And truth to say, it matters little to him whether his wardrobe be in fashion or no, if it only cover his form from the weather's vicissitudes. He is a poor old blind match-seller, rolling his wheel before him, and humbly soliciting custom. He is clad in sordid rags, but that in Paris is not always an indication of extreme poverty. It is sometimes adopted by successful itinerants as a mute appeal to the sympathies of Parisians and strangers. As the Parisians live so much out of doors these itinerant vendors of cheap wares have a good opportunity of driving a brisk trade. They are not so numerous as formerly, for the imperial government has rather discouraged them, because they interfere with the regular shop-keepers. Still enough of them remain to give



THE MATCH-DEALER.



THE PICKER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

variety to the streets of Paris, and make up that wonderful picture of all costumes and all types of humanity to be found nowhere else in the world. Here, beside the dandy Parisian, dressed in the latest fashion, you may behold the bearded Turk stealing along with oriental gravity, and not seeming to notice anything that is passing around him. In another place you may see, among every variety of representatives from nations of the Eastern world, any number of Americans and English, and perhaps you will even find a Western Indian, for not a few of the red

men have found their way to Paris in the train of some speculator. Every peculiarity is found in that city. Let us introduce to you still another. And what have we here? Amidst the throng of street-sweepers, behold a hawker of cast-off garments—a “picker up of unconsidered trifles,” which he retails for a few sous, quite as much as they are worth. The articles of dress with which he is laden were once the “togger” of a Parisian “lion.” Those shattered boots, that greasy *paleto*, that battered hat, once figured in the orchestra stalls of the Theatre Italien, and will

now, patched and furbished up, decorate the person of some Robert Macaire or Bertrand. The dandy who rattles by in his American wagon, drawn by a "high steppaire," will never recognize his cast-off skin as he casts a disdainful glance on the "old clo'" man. Who comes next? A young girl bending over an embroidery frame, earning by patient toil the means of support for herself and her old mother, who lies sick abed in that comfortless attic, perhaps under the very same roof that sheltered a rich man's

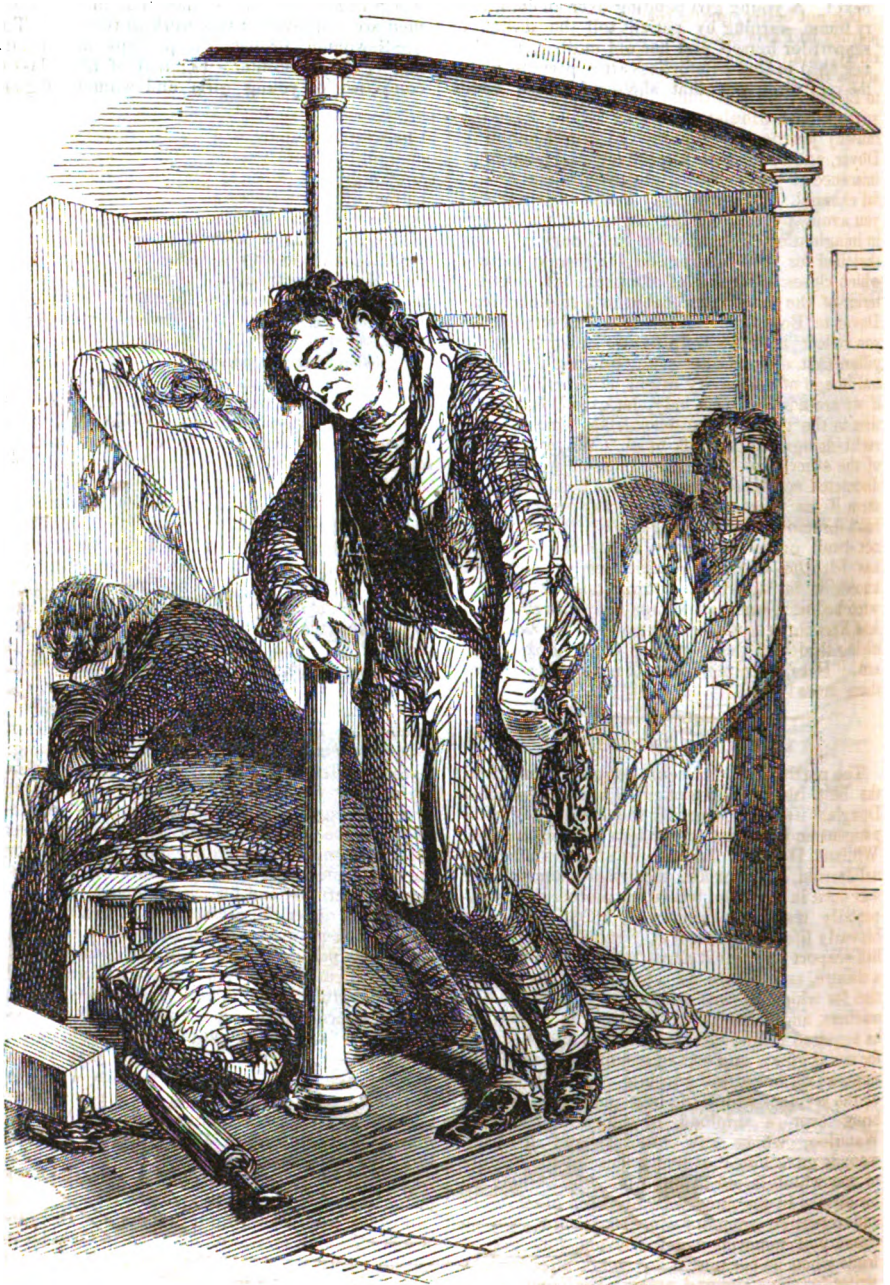
family. Most of the embroideries sold in Paris for consumption or exportation are executed in the country at a very low price. Still as there is always in Paris a large number of women eager for work, however ill-paid, much of it is executed in the city—say eight millions of francs' worth in a year. More than four thousand women are employed at this work in the city. The needlewomen proper are perhaps a minority among the embroideresses; half of this class is composed of young girls and women of good



THE PARISIAN SEWING-GIRL.

family, who employ their leisure in embroidery to eke out their means, or ladies of reduced circumstances who resort to the needle. These latter, sometimes aged and little skilled, rarely gain enough to suffice for the most urgent necessities. We hear of women who contract for the

supply of embroidery work to dealers, and who employ apprentices, each of them having twenty, thirty, and even a hundred young girls of from ten to twenty years of age at their establishments, who work from eight to ten hours a day for their board and lodging, with sometimes an



SEA-SICKNESS, CROSSING FROM DOVER TO BOULOGNE.

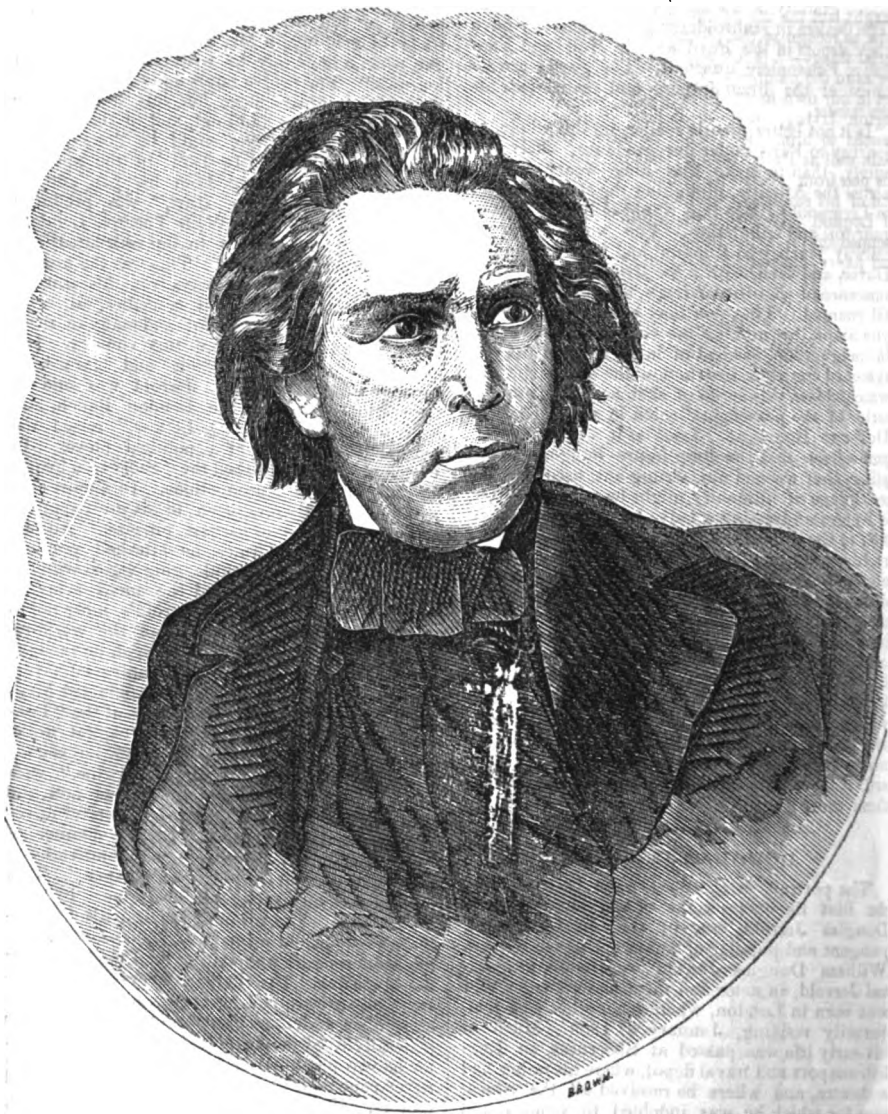
added gratuity of a franc (18 34 cents) a week. The dealers in embroidered goods generally have their depots in the Feydeau, du Mail and Faubourg Poissonniere quarters. The goods are retailed at the linen-drappers and *marchands de nouveautés*.

Is it not better, gentle reader, on the whole, to journey to Paris under our guidance, safely and surely, than to make that long weary voyage across the Atlantic, ploughing the stormy surges to Liverpool? But that would only be a part of your toil and tribulation. You would have the railway journey to London, and from London to Dover, and then, with a too lively and fresh reminiscence of your ocean trials, to cross that dreadful channel. That you may know what tortures you avoid, by making the voyage on paper and in imagination, instead of in fact, our artist has sketched for your instruction the dismal picture which closes this series of sketches. It is the interior of the passengers' cabin in a steamer from Dover to Boulogne. Look at it and shudder as you reflect that the limp figure hanging to the pillar, that washed out, wrung-out, used-up spectral image of humanity might be yourself! Or, if we are addressing a lady, let us call her attention to the graceful but despairing female figure reclining against the bulk-head. We say nothing of the other two wretches, in such a helpless, distracted condition that it would be a mercy to them if the boat should blow up or go down head foremost like a dipper-duck. But we will not dwell on so harrowing a scene. Whoever has felt the horrible realities of sea-sickness, knows it is the very culmination of human wretchedness, and can sympathise with the luckless Frenchman who exclaimed, under the agonizing throes of the relentless tyrant, to the steward, "Here, take my boots, I nevere shall want them more!"

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The portrait on the next page is considered the best likeness extant of the late lamented Douglas Jerrold, one of the most powerful, pungent and popular of modern English writers. William Douglas Jerrold was the son of Samuel Jerrold, an actor and theatrical manager, and was born in London, where his mother was temporarily residing, January 3, 1803. Much of his early life was passed at Sheerness, an English seaport and naval depot, where his father had a theatre, and where he received all the education for which he was indebted to schools and teachers, and this was but little. At Sheerness he acquired a fondness for the sea and a thirst for naval glory, and served a short time as a midshipman on board the gun-brig "Ernest." One of the services which the brig performed, was to bring over a shipload of the wounded from Waterloo, whose raw stumps and festering wounds gave him that lively sense of the horrors of war which lasted through his life. Short as his service in the navy was, his keen observation and retentive memory furnished him with a treasury of material which yielded him golden fruits when he became, a few years afterwards, a writer for the stage and press. His popular drama of "Black-Eyed Susan," and his popular story of "Jack Runnymede," were the results of his naval experience. In 1816 he came to Lon-

don with his family, and passed through a trying period of toil and privation. He learned the trade of printing in Mr. Sidney's office, and began when a mere boy to write for the London journals. For twelve hours daily he was in Mr. Sidney's printing-office; but this long service was broken by rest and food, and in these intervals reading and writing could be done. Both were accomplished." In 1821, in the author's eighteenth year, a farce from his pen, entitled "More Frightened than Hurt," was produced with success at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. It had merit enough in it to be translated and acted on the French stage. This was the precursor of a great number of plays from his pen, all original, dramas, farces and comedies, all, with a single exception, successful, and many of them still acted in England and this country. His comedies are witty to a fault, and blaze with gems of original thought. Jerrold was one of the original writers of the London Punch, and his contributions, the "Q Letters," raised the journal to the rank of a political power. In Punch also, was published the "Story of a Feather," one of his best productions. In almost everything Jerrold wrote, even in his most sportive articles, there was an earnest purpose. An ardent liberal and reformer, he attacked political and social abuses with unflinching vigor, with the heavy artillery of logic and the small arms of sarcasm and wit. Among Jerrold's most popular contributions to Punch were the world-renowned "Candle Lectures," of which he thought little himself, but which became universal favorites. In 1843 he edited "The Illuminated Magazine," published by the proprietors of the "London Illustrated News." It was a capital work, but lived only two years. In 1845 he started "Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine," with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, then as now, the publishers of Punch. It was a powerful advocate of the Liberal cause. In the summer of 1846 he embarked in another undertaking, "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper." This journal was very successful for a time. In 1852 he was engaged as editor of Mr. Lloyd's "Weekly Newspaper," at a salary of \$5000 a year. At the same time he was writing for Punch and for the Magazine. His literary labors were incessant and various, and his engagements were often fulfilled under the pressure of ill health. He generally lived in the neighborhood of London, for he was passionately fond of the country, and never contented unless surrounded by trees and flowers. His style of housekeeping was plain, though liberal, and his home was always the resort of the most brilliant men of the day. Among his most intimate friends in later years, were Dickens, and Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London Times. He died June 8, 1857, at Kilburn Priory, whither he had removed in the autumn of 1856. He was a fearless champion of the popular cause, and a dangerous enemy of corruption and torism, because every line he wrote was readable. His political essays were not dull, droning affairs, such as partizans read as a matter of duty, but which leave no durable impression on the mind; they bristled with salient points; their arguments were connected together by the diamond cement of wit, and enforced by brilliant illustrations that could not be forgotten.



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The bright looking individual whose portrait is represented on page 411, is a young man who has achieved a high rank in the republic of letters, as a writer of brilliant and graphic sketches of the people and places of the day. He is best known in our own country, perhaps, by his "Journey Due North," a series of pictures of Russian life, written for Dickens's "Household Words," and republished by Ticknor and Fields of this city, in book form. In this work he paints only what he saw during a brief sojourn in the Russian capital, but with such a minuteness, in language so quaint and

peculiar, and in so many lights and from so many points of view, that he produces astonishing effects. He has a great deal of humor, some wit, and a most fertile fancy. Perhaps the single epithet "picturesque" may best describe his manner. As his name indicates, he is not of an English family, his father being an Italian and his mother a West Indian. He was born in 1837, and is consequently still a young man. In early life, like Thackeray, he mistook a passionate love of painting for a vocation to art, and studied it for a time with assiduity, discovering, however, at length, that the pen and not the pencil was his legitimate implement. The art-apprenticeship

however, was not lost time, for it undoubtedly taught him the use of his eyes, and showed him how to recognize the picturesque aspects of material things—a faculty as important to the writer as to the painter. A similar inclination for art in our own most picturesque writer, Washington Irving, was doubtless of the greatest benefit to him. A friend of ours, who knew Sala well at Paris, tells us that he first took up his pen from sheer necessity. He was at the end of his resources, and had roved the streets of London all night without a shelter. He stepped into a coffee house, and calling for pen and paper, dashed off a rapid sketch describing

a night in London streets, and sent it to Charles Dickens, with a request that he examine it immediately. Dickens read the sketch, was delighted with it, and sent the author a liberal sum of money for his present use. From that time he became a constant contributor to the "Household Words," and one of its most popular writers. Among Sala's gifts, is the faculty of imitating any writer's style to perfection, and he has frequently, at Dickens's request, written sketches in his manner, so that the occasional necessary silence of "Box" has not been noticed. This popular writer has wielded a very prolific pen, and with remarkable power.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND POOR.

The two pictures open before us present one of those contrasts which life, and especially life in great cities, affords, and of which European capitals furnish far more numerous examples than our own favored land. In one of these sketches

the darling offspring of rich parents, reposing in a comfortable bed, surrounded by every luxury, yet unspolled by wealth, and folding its innocent hands in prayer. The figure calls to mind an exquisite little French poem, from the pen of Madame Desbords Valmore, entitled "The



THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

a group of ragged and homeless orphans are clinging together for mutual protection, like sheep which have lost their shepherd on the mountain side. It is heart-rending to witness the keenest sorrows of life descend thus early upon tender childhood. The contrasting picture represents

Child's Pillow." We cannot justly render this into rhyme, and our readers must accept our apology with the following literal prose translation:—"Dear little pillow! soft and warm beneath my head, full of choice plumeage, white and made for me, when winds and wolves and

tempests terrify, dear little pillow, how sweetly I sleep on thee! Many children, poor, naked, motherless and homeless, have no pillow to sleep upon! They are always sleepy—O bitter fate! mother, sweet mother, it makes me mourn. And when I have prayed God for all these little angels

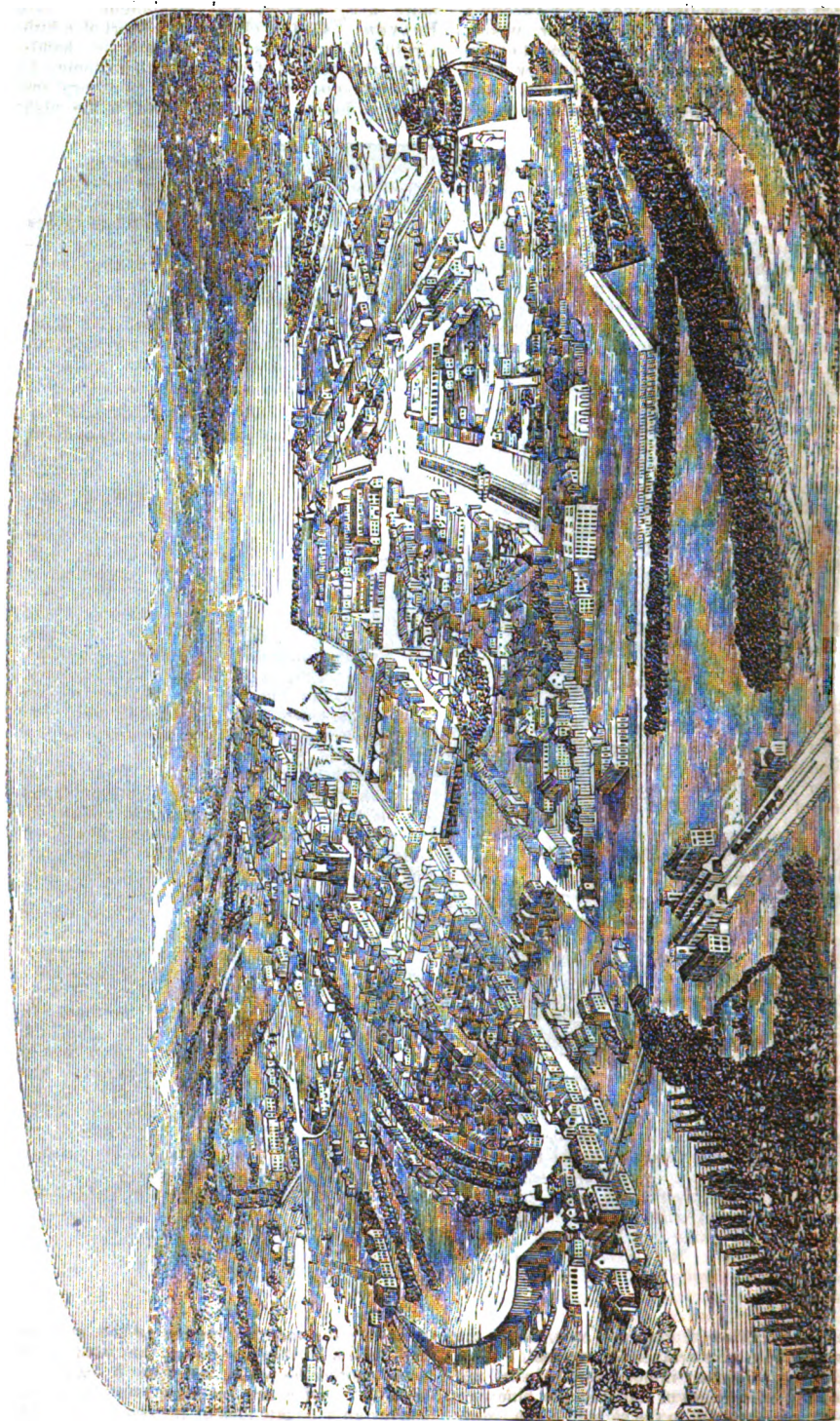
more kiss, mother, and good-night!" THE PRAYER: "God of children, the heart of a little girl full of prayer is here beneath her hands. Alas! they tell me of orphans with no home. In the future, good God, make no more orphans. Let a pardoning angel come down in the night

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.



who have no pillow, I kiss my own, and in the sweet nest you have arrayed for my feet, I bless you, mother, from my inmost heart. I shall not wake till the first light of dawn on the blue curtain—it is so cheerful to the sight! I am going to murmur my tenderest prayer. Give me one

to answer the moaning voices of the sufferers, and place a little pillow under the head of the poor, motherless child, so that it can sleep soundly." Of course no prosaic translation can convey an adequate idea of the beautiful melody of the original.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

VIEW OF ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND.

We give on the preceding page a view of Zürich, the capital of a Swiss canton of that name, and situated on the Limmat as it issues from the north-westerly extremity of the lake of Zürich. The inhabitants, who number about 17,000, are nearly all Protestants. The Limmat divides the town into two parts, and is spanned by three fine bridges. It is surrounded by old walls, and has an arsenal with a fine collection of ancient armor. The chief public buildings are the cathedral, St. Peter's Church, of which Lavater, the physiognomist, was minister for twenty-three years, a town-house, post-office, orphan asylum, and the tower of Waltenberg. It has a university, established in 1832, and which, in 1834, had 209 students, and a library of 3000 volumes, a cantonal school, and many other polytechnic schools, a public library of 50,000 volumes, a cabinet of medals and natural history, a botanic garden and many learned societies. It has important manufactures of silks, cotton fabrics and ribbons, dye works and tanneries. Zürich is the birth-place of Gessner, Zimmerman, Lavater and Pestalozzi. Near it, the Swiss defeated the Russians and Austrians, August 26, 1799. The lake of Zürich, celebrated for its picturesque beauty, is enclosed at the east end by the cantons Schyz and St. Gall. Its length is twenty-three miles, with a breadth varying from half to two and a half miles. Its chief affluent is the Linth, which it receives from Lake Wallenstadt. It is divided into the upper lake, extending from Schemirkan to Rapperschwyl, and the lower lake, about three times its extent from Rapperschwyl to Zürich. At its narrowest point it is crossed by a wooden bridge nearly half a mile long. The upper lake is frozen over about every winter, but this is seldom the case with the lower lake. In summer its water is sometimes raised very high by the melting of snow.

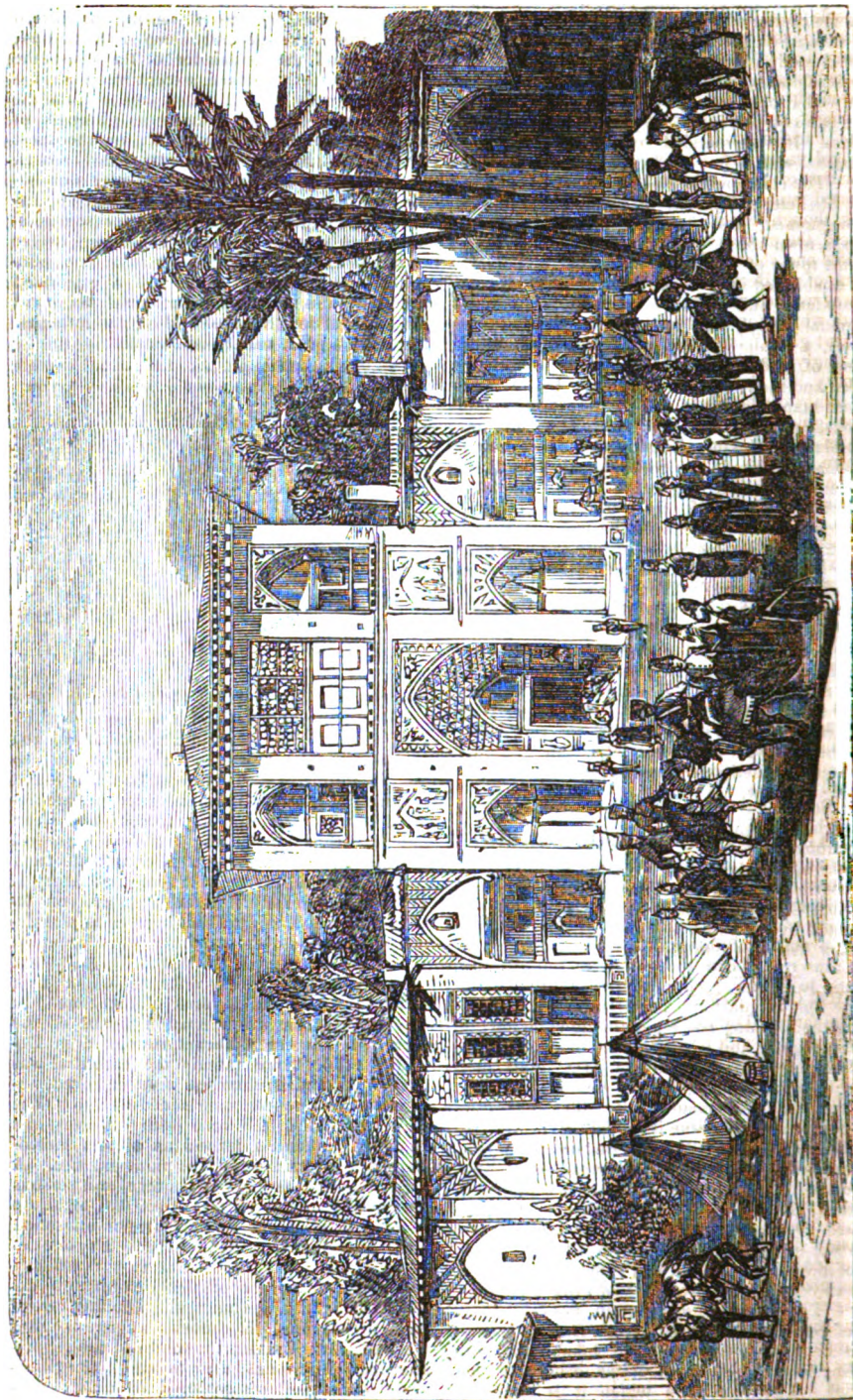
PALACE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The engraving on the next page is a correct representation of the private palace of the reigning sovereign of Persia, in the city of Astrabad. The airy and rich architecture of the exterior gives promise of internal splendors, while the trees that rise above the range of buildings in oriental luxuriance, tell us that within the court, by the lips of plashing fountains, is a garden where the blushing pomegranate glows beside the golden orange, and where, all the livelong night, the balbul tells his story to the rose. The picturesque military groups in the foreground indicate the pomp of Persian royalty. The geographical position of the scene is as follows: On the southeast coast of the Caspian Sea lies the small, but important province of Astrabad—anciently Hyrcania. On the river Astor, which traverses it, stands the city of Astrabad, whence the farsighted Oriental gazes on Khorassan, or the province of the sun. It is governed by a member of the Shah's family, and rumor says that its palaces contain vast treasures of gold and jewelry. The fortifications, though not extensive, are of considerable importance. Astrabad contains about forty-five thousand inhabitants, according to the loosely-calculated census of the empire. The river upon which it is situated, falls into the southeast point of the Caspian Sea,

which here has for its boundaries Persia and Independent Tartary, while, on the north and west it is encompassed by Russia. Along the eastern border there are several deep indentations; though, round the remainder of the coast the outline is almost unbroken, except where a ridge of the Caucasus projects forty miles from the western shore. At this point some glimpses of the picturesque are afforded; but for the most part, there is little attraction in these level coasts, which, occupied chiefly by marshy plains or desert steppes, present a peculiarly desolate appearance. The depth of the water is, for some distance, very small—often not exceeding twelve feet, while the middle parts vary from one hundred to three hundred feet; and a celebrated authority states that no bottom could be found with a line of four hundred and eighty fathoms. It presents a great variety of climate.

CITY OF CANTERBURY, KENT, ENG.

Our general view of the historical city of Kent, England, is taken from the Scotland hills, between Canterbury and the little town of Fordwich. The most conspicuous building in sight is the far-famed Cathedral. This structure carries us back to the days when kings entered the cell, and royalty dignified the cloisters—the times of Ethelbert, and of St. Augustine, of Anselm, Lanfranc of the "Agitator," Archbishop Thomas A'Becket, and of the humiliated and scourged Henry. Originating in a palace, this, with the adjoining buildings of St. Augustine, was converted into a cathedral and monastery, dedicated to the honor of our Saviour, whence came the cathedral name of Christ Church. For three hundred years little else was done, but its donations and gifts were numerous. It suffered from Danish plunderers, and also from fire, so that at the time of the conquest Lanfranc found it almost a ruin. This energetic prelate restored and rebuilt it, using therein fine Caen stone, and thus introducing stone in cathedral buildings as a substitute for timber, until his time the only material used. In the reign of Henry I. and II., it again suffered from fires, and on its being repaired, a magnificent new choir was determined upon, which elaborate work occupied eight years, the carved and arched stone-work and exquisite pillars being the theme of high laudation by the antiquarians of the time. In 1220 a new shrine was erected in honor of the martyr St. Thomas A'Becket, murdered in December, 1170. Subsequently the cathedral was repaired, extended, enlarged and improved, numerous noble chapels being added thereto. The pilgrimages filled the road with devotees, and the convent revenues derived an almost incredible source of gain from this pious practice. A jubilee was held every half-century, and persons of all classes, to the number of 100,000, made the place a second Mecca, and a centre of attraction to the whole world of the faithful. The last occurred in 1520 (time of Archbishop Warham), since when the advent of the Reformation destroyed all faith in the martyr. The interior of the noble cathedral yet contains numerous relics of its ancient splendor; the tombs of kings, prelates, martyrs, monks, divines and other illustrious personages, are gathered in ornate profusion within its walls, and pointed out to the



PALACE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, AT ASTRABAD.

curious. Among the relics and chapels left are Arundel's Tower; St. Dunstan's, or Chicheley Steeple; the Virgin Mary's (now the Dean's) Chapel; the great Middle Tower; the Bell Harry Tower, so called from a small bell of that name brought from France by Henry VIII. and presented to the Angel Steeple, which is 235 feet in height, and forms a most commanding object. The Parisians, in their iconoclastic zeal, destroyed many of the carved and ornamental beauties of the cathedral. Inscriptions were defaced, brasses removed, figures broken, and, in fact, though much has been restored and replaced, the evidences of their spoliation are yet legible and clear. The north cross aisle is the scene of A'Becket's murder; here also Edward I. was wedded to Queen Margaret. The great south window is described as a "patchwork of ancient glass," but rich with religious light, and strikingly beautiful in its occasional quaint deformity. In the chapel of the Holy Trinity are the tombs of the kings. In its centre stood the once golden shrine, enclosing the martyr's golden coffin. The chapel, called "A'Becket's Crown," is an elegant edifice, containing the throne of gray marble on which the Lord Primate is enthroned. In St. Peter's and St. Paul's is the shrine of St. Anselm; while St. Andrew's Chapel contains the ancient charters, some of which date prior to the Conquest. In the north aisle will be seen two finely painted windows, while the crypt or undercroft is appropriated to the worship of the Walkoon emigrants, the race of which is now nearly extinct. The city is situated in the eastern part of Kent, fifty-six miles from London, sixteen from Dover, and seven miles from the sea. It is built in a valley famous for its fertility, partly girdled in by wooded hills and verdant undulations, rich in every form of the picturesque, and from which spring several streams of water, choicest of which is the river Stour, running in two distinct channels through the slumberous city. Its antiquity is undoubtedly great. It was called by the Britons *Durnarn*, or *Durovernum*; by the Saxons *Canterbury*; and finally rendered into the old English *Canterbury*, a name which will be perpetuated by the pages of Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Pilgrims" to the end of time.

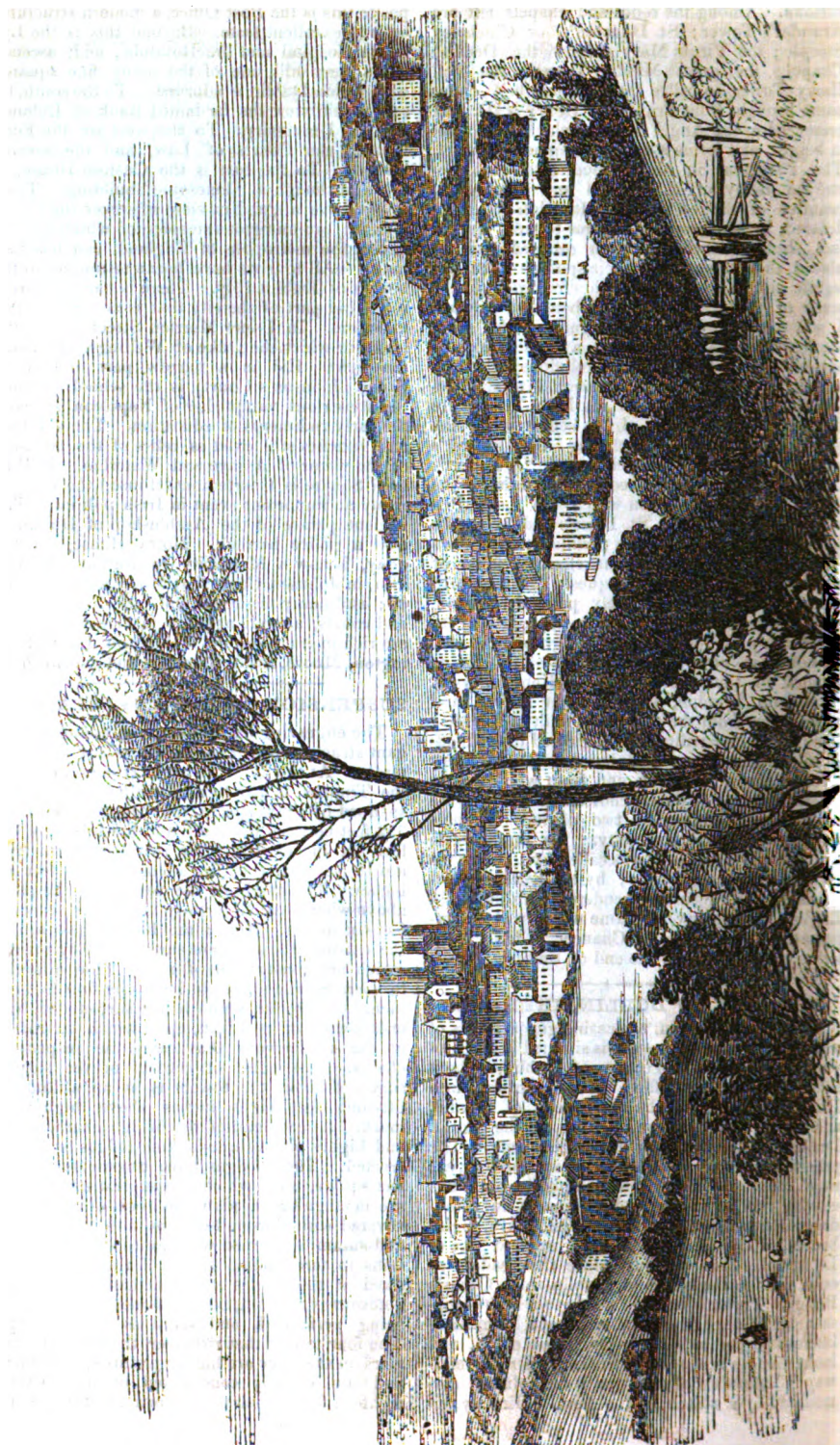
THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

The city of Dublin, a pleasing general view of which we herewith present, is situated in the province of Leinster, and county of Dublin, on both sides of the river Liffey, on its entrance into Dublin Bay. It is the metropolis of Ireland, and one of the handsomest cities in the world. Dublin has the aspect of an English city. The private houses of the wealthy, as in England, are small, neat and plain; and the public buildings equally rich in pillars and ornaments, in rotundas, colonnades and portals. The quays, light-houses, docks and patent slips, remind one of Liverpool. But we must place the reader, at once, near to the centre of Dublin, upon Carlisle Bridge. Perhaps from no single spot in the kingdom can the eye command so great a number of interesting points. He turns to the north, and looks along a noble street, Sackville Street; midway is Nelson's Pillar, a fine Ionic column, surmounted by a statue of the hero. Directly op-

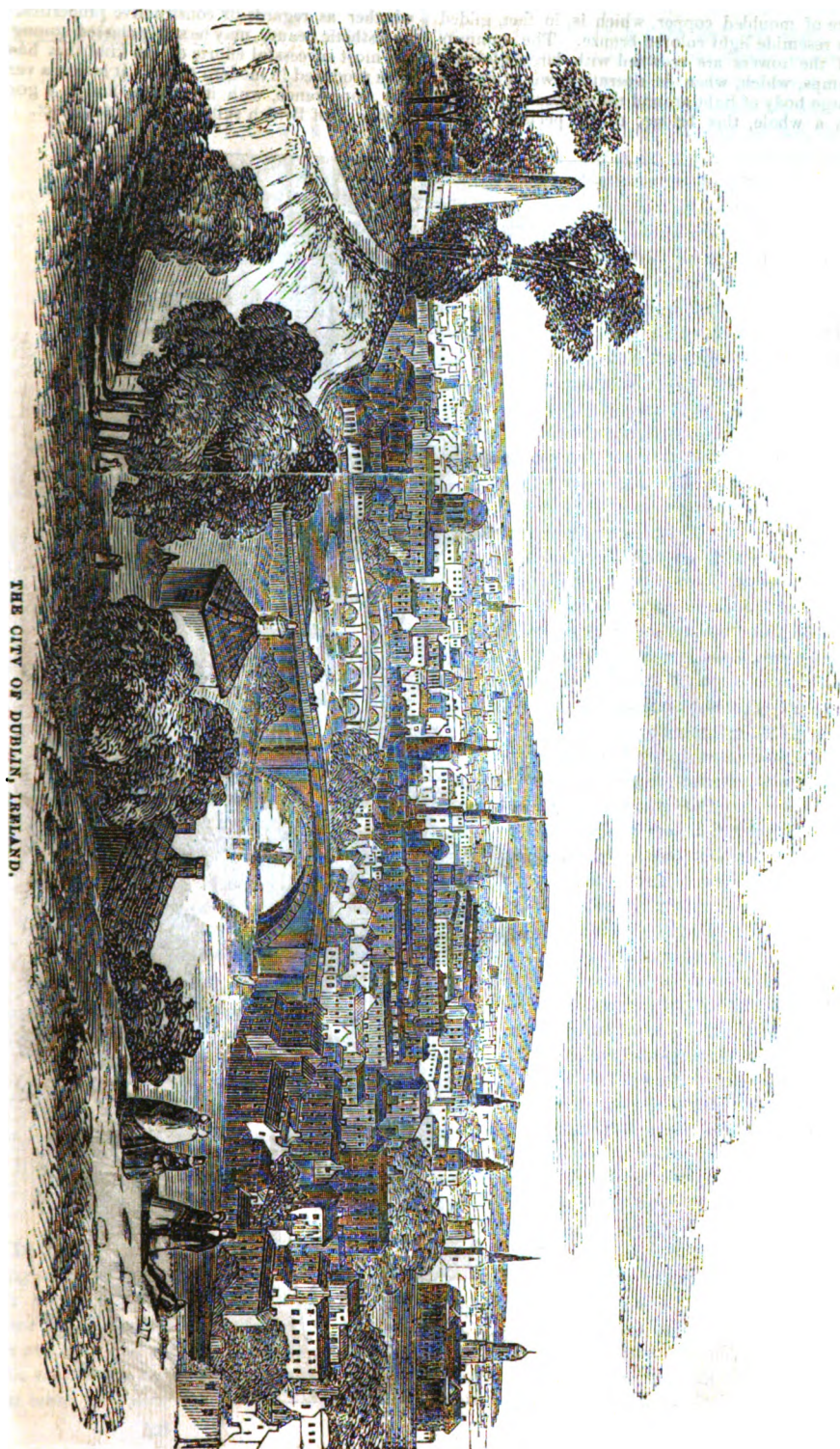
posite this is the Post Office, a modern structure, built in excellent taste. Beyond this is the Lying-in Hospital and the Rotunda; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares with which Dublin is adorned. To the south, he sees within view the far-famed Bank of Ireland, and the University. To the west are the Four Courts, the Courts of Law, and the several bridges. To the east is the Custom House, a splendid though a "lonesome" building. Towering above all, and in view wherever the eye is directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the metropolis of England, can boast so many. All tourists have borne testimony to the beauty of Dublin City. There is hardly a street in the old part of the city that is not rich in historic lore. In Upper Merrion Street stands the house in which the Duke of Wellington first saw the light. Hid in a narrow part of Grafton Street (Johnson's Court), is the school in which the illustrious vanquisher of Napoleon received the early rudiments of education. The old desk and benches still exist as relics of the boyhood of the victor of Assaye and Waterloo. In Rutland Square is Charlemont House, the scene of many an important event in Irish politics. The ancient palace of the Archbishop of Dublin is now a police barrack. Moira House, on the quay, is now a Mendicity Institution. It was, also, in Johnson Court that Moore's father resided; and many neglected and now decayed lanes and courts, as well as more fashionable streets, are rich in traditions of Wellington, Lord Mornington, Moore, Swift, Sheridan, and many others.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CHELSEA, ENG.

The engraving on page 420 represents the elegant structure which connects Chelsea and Battersea. At the point where it crosses the river the Thames is 737 feet in width. The river is spanned by three spaces, the central one being 352 feet between the piers, and the side ones 173 feet six inches each; the two piers in the river are 19 feet wide each, by a length of 86 feet six inches. The height of the caissons of the piers, above what is called Trinity high water, is seven feet six inches. Above the level of the top of the caissons the piers are surmounted by towers, which are constructed of iron. They diminish in plan to nine feet eight inches by four feet two inches at top, the whole being surrounded by a cradle-work of cast iron, upon which the rollers of the saddle work that carry the suspensory chains. The point of contact of the suspensory chains on the towers is at an altitude of fifty-one feet eight inches above high-water mark. At each end of the bridge characteristic and highly picturesque-looking lodges have been erected. These lodges have basements sixteen feet square, upon which rise superstructures that are octangular in plan, the roofs of which are covered with Portland cement, and their angles and summits adorned with appropriate terminations in terra-cotta. Some of the terminations fixed at the angles of these small buildings are noteworthy as being both ornamental and useful, being perforated, and serve as chimney-tops. The four towers that rise over the caissons and piers in the river are highly picturesque in form, and are entirely constructed of iron, except eighteen feet of their upper portions at top, which



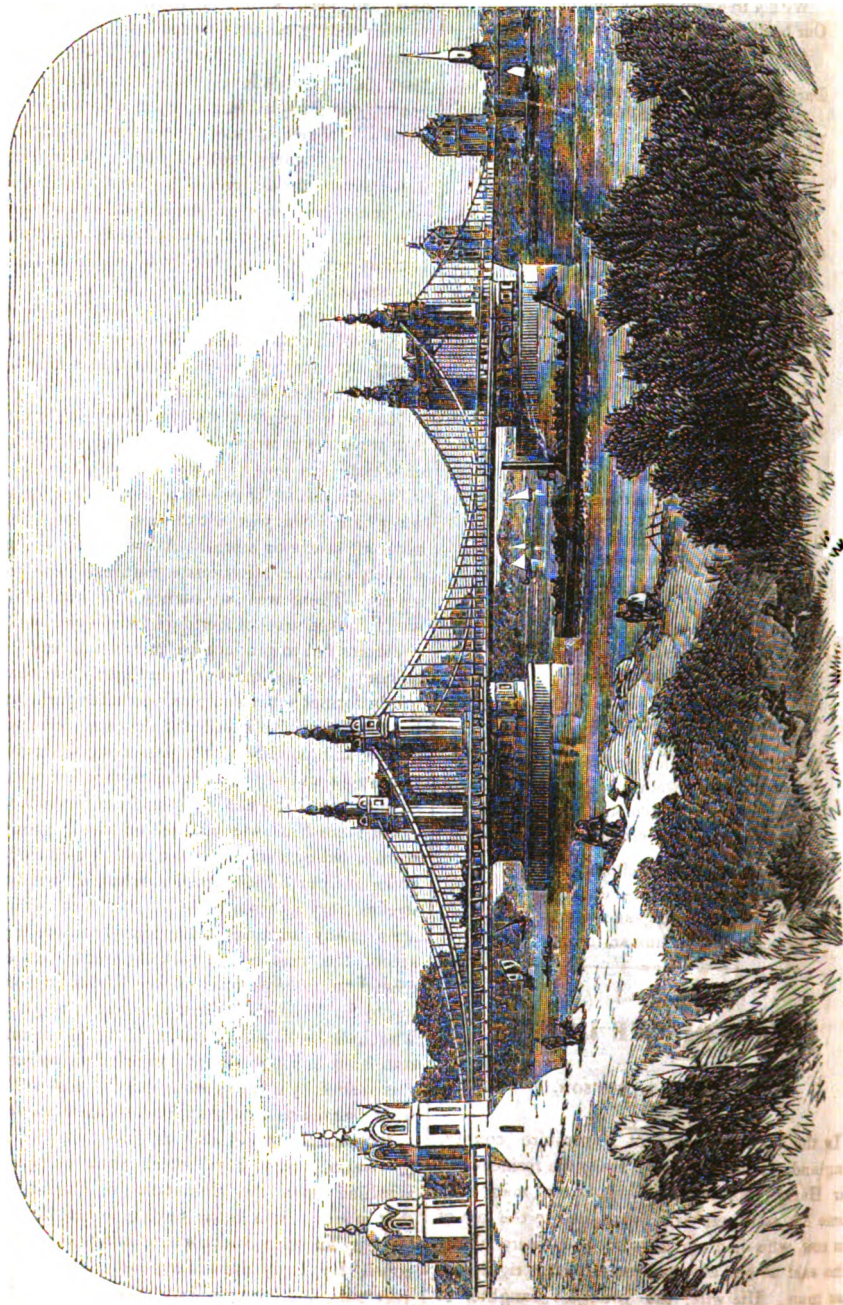
THE CITY OF CANTERBURY, ENGLAND



THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IRELAND.

are of moulded copper, which is, in fact, gilded to resemble light colored bronze. The summits of the towers are crowned with large globular lamps, which, when in operation, will diffuse a large body of light around the structure. Taken as a whole, this bridge, of its peculiar class,

whether as regards its constructive properties or its æsthetic beauty, may be safely classed amongst the most successful efforts of the kind that have been produced in modern times. It makes a very fine appearance, with its towers, and is a good specimen of British skill and beautiful effect.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SHADOWS OF THE LAGOON.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

Our boat is gliding o'er the wave
With a free and steady motion;
Our boatman chants in a rolling stave
A symphony with ocean.

Dark lies the low and swamp-lined coast
Beyond the rolling billow;
In lurid form flit ghoul and ghost
Beneath the bending willow.

The phosphorescent gleam that mocks
The chase of man or ocean,
Gives forth no light, but sternly locks
Those spectres from our vision.

Our bark is bounding full and free
Within those dim recesses;
Our gondolier, with a thrilling cheer,
Bids welcome home's caresses.

But still that phantasy is sitting
On brow, and heart, and brain;
I know it well, but none may tell
Whence that Plegathian chain,

That binding sense and sight with terror,
That gazing in the distance,
Sees ghoul and ghost along the coast
Arrayed for stern resistance.

Our footsteps press the clammy ground,
Funereal shadows flit around;
But denser still that magic thrill,
That omen of foreboding ill.

Beyond yon dark and sullen river,
Where fairy sunbeams never quiver,
Sweet ladies fair, exempt from care,
Inhale the breath of orange air.

But here beneath the clinging vine,
Where leaves of cypress darkly twine,
I hear a note of vengeance float,
The echo of some human throat.

[ORIGINAL.]

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY EMMA T. WILSON.

In the southern part of Hampshire county, England, stands Ellsmore Hall, the residence of Sir Harry Langdon, a cold, stern man. By some his sternness was attributed to the loss of his son, who died abroad; but there were others who said he had always been the same rigid, joyless man. His wife, the youngest daughter of

Lord Percival, was a very handsome woman when he married her, but she had lost most of her beauty now, and she was slowly passing away. Few knew how much she had loved Sir Henry, but many felt when they saw her drooping daily, uncomplainingly bearing her fate, that hers had been a life of trial, saddening her youth, sending all her devoted love back to her heart. Do not think her life was wholly unblest. She had a lovely daughter, Margaret, a gentle, though spirited girl, upon whom she lavished all her rich store of tenderness. Margaret in her turn nearly idolized that mother, and now though almost crazed by the thought that she must lose her soon, she stifled her own feelings, that she might be always ready to aid and comfort her, trying to supply by additional tenderness her father's place.

As my story has more to do with Margaret than with any one else, I will describe her minutely, and try to give my readers a true account of her beauty and virtue.

Margaret Langdon was beautiful—a beauty that went to the heart—a beauty, the very spirit of which was love! Love smiled on her lips—it lingered on her brow—it played in her brown wavy hair. She was just the kind of person that takes all hearts by storm. A sweet disposition, a lively soul, an affectionate nature, all she possessed. There was an earnestness and spirit which looked out of her dark hazel eyes, which could not fail to produce an interest in any beholder. She was quite tall, but lightly and beautifully formed; her complexion rather dark, and her hands and feet small and delicate. She was gentle and confiding, but possessing a firmness of purpose and self-independence very few would have dreamed she had, judging from her looks.

Ellsmore Hall was situated on rising ground surrounded by a smooth green lawn, which sloped down in front till it reached a beautiful winding stream, varying from three to five feet, which, after many turnings, disappeared on the right among the trees of the park. On the left extended an immense tract of wooded land belonging to Sir William Melton, the nearest neighbor. The hall itself was a plain, English country seat, built of rough stone; the principal entrance was shaded by a heavy stone porch, the top of which served as a balcony for a window above.

It was a beautiful day in June; one of the few warm, bright days which shed unclouded sunshine upon the inhabitants of England in that month. In a room having a southern aspect, by an open window, reclining on a rich couch, lay Lady Jane Langdon. She looked very pale, and her eyes were closed, but as Mar-

garet who entered the room at that moment bent over her, she slowly unclosed them, and said, smiling sadly :

"Dearest Margaret, you must be very kind to your father when I am gone ; and don't grieve for me, because I shall be very happy ; and now the only thing which makes me sad is leaving you, my own darling."

Margaret waited only till she had subdued her own emotion, and then she answered, in a voice which trembled slightly, but grew calm as she proceeded :

"Mother, I promise you to stay by father, always, to bear with him patiently ; and if ever I am tempted to rebel, I will remember you, who bore with him for so many years, for the sake of your child. Dearest mother, do not fear for me, for although I shall miss your smile, I shall bear cheerfully the trial, knowing you are happier, and hoping to meet you where 'sorrow never comes ;' and when I look at the stars, I shall feel that you are watching over me."

Lady Langdon passed her hands fondly over her daughter's silky hair, and inwardly blessed her for the comfort her words gave her, and prayed God to give her strength to bear her lot in life, by her father's side unshrinkingly. The mother knew not, although she partly guessed, how much that outward calmness cost her daughter. God alone saw the terrible struggle, and heard the agonised prayers for strength. Each day Lady Jane grew more feeble, and a week from the time our story began, she passed away. She died as she had lived, forgiving her husband, and blessing her daughter. Before she died she requested to see her husband alone. Margaret left the room. What passed between them she never knew, but Sir Henry came from the room looking more stern than ever ; and when Margaret returned to her mother she found she had fainted. When her mother recovered her consciousness, she motioned Margaret to raise her up, which she did, and Lady Jane then said, seizing Margaret's hands :

"Margaret dear, whatever you may discover hereafter, forgive your father as truly as I do now ; and, darling, always love those who are bound to you, no matter what their fault. Never scorn those in a lower sphere than yourself. That is useless advice, for you never did, nor never will."

Here she grew faint, and her daughter supported her in her arms. She was dying. Her husband and servants were summoned. She spoke a kind word to each, and said to Sir Henry :

"My husband, may God forgive you as I do.

Guard our dear Margaret from all trouble. Farewell now, and may we meet above. Kin me, my own Margaret. Thy kindness and love have been my joy. Farewell !"

Her head sank back, and Margaret knew by the dull weight that her mother was no more. Still she sat, pale as the lifeless face on which she gazed in breathless anxiety. She was aroused by the withdrawal of the weeping servants. She gently removed her arms and laid her mother's head on the pillow ; then turning to her father, who still remained kneeling by the couch with his head bowed upon his hands, she placed her cold hands upon his shoulders, and bending her head so that her lips almost touched his cheek, she said, in a voice the strange calmness of which struck with a chill to his hardened heart :

"Father, do not grieve ; she is happier now than she ever was, or ever could be on this earth."

Her father slowly raised his head, and Margaret was shocked to see the change which had come over him. His face, however, showed no signs of softening. He stood up, and kissing Margaret, he gave one hurried look at the corpse, and then left the room. After he was gone Margaret knelt by the couch, and there in the presence of death, she repeated her vows of fidelity to her father. Then came the full tide of misery upon her, almost crushing her with its weight, and the brave Margaret, who had smothered her feelings that she might encourage her mother, gave way to such a burst of emotion as threatened to destroy her. An hour after, when she had recovered her calmness, she rose, and drawing a seat near, seated herself so that she might gaze upon the tranquil features of her mother. How long she remained so she did not know ; but when she rose she felt saddened, but comforted, and her despair was changed to a sorrow which shed a softening influence over her future life.

It is over—her beloved mother's remains have been consigned to the tomb—the house seems deserted. Her father has ordered the rooms her mother occupied to be closed, but at Margaret's earnest prayer, has permitted her to keep the key, on condition that she never go there except in his absence, a permission she was willing to sacrifice anything to obtain. Many, very many happy hours Margaret spent there, for since her mother's death her father had been at home but very little.

One day her father came home earlier than usual, and brought with him the only son of his neighbor, Sir William Melton. James Melton

had been abroad many years, and now returned to settle. No one who knew him liked him, for he was arrogant and conceited; and it was whispered that he had committed some crime abroad which hurried his return home. Margaret had seen him before he went away, when she was ten years old, and he had frightened her every time she saw him in various ways, and her recollection of him was anything but agreeable; but, setting aside all personal feelings, she welcomed him with dignity. He was a tall, dark-browed man of twenty-seven or eight; his features were perfectly regular, and his hair glossy black; but notwithstanding that he had a repulsive face. If the glance of his eyes had been unsuspicious, and his smile frank and open, there would have been nothing disagreeable about him; but as it was, he was one who filled the gaze with a feeling that, no matter what he did or said, nothing good would really come from his heart. Such was the feeling Margaret experienced when she met him. She was perfectly polite, although extremely cold, and met all his advances with a *hauteur*, which, had he been other than he was, could not have failed to repel him; but he did not seem at all disconcerted by her manner, but continued to devote himself to her with an air which seemed to say, "your manner makes no sort of difference to me; you are compelled to like me." Margaret, incensed at his behaviour, stayed but a short time in the room, when she withdrew to her own apartments. That her father had some object in bringing him there, she knew by his peculiar manner; what it was she was busily engaged in finding out, when her father entered the room. The frown upon his brow betokened that he was very much displeased, and his words soon discovered the cause.

"Margaret, is this the way you treat my guests? Is it not enough that I brought him to my house, for you to treat him politely?"

She did not quail beneath his scowl, but looking at him she said, gently:

"Father, I treated him politely. When you were engaged in conversation, I left the room. He deserved to have me leave while he was talking to me, for his impudence!"

"Do you mean to say that you call his attentions impudence?"

"Not exactly his attentions, but his way of speaking I thought was impudent."

"Hear me, Margaret," he said, in a cold, hard tone, "it is my wish that you receive his advances more kindly, for he is a fine young man, and will ere long be owner of the adjoining territories."

He left the room as he said this. Margaret threw herself back in her chair, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears; then being somewhat quieted, she questioned herself whether her father had any right to force her to receive the addresses of one she despised. No, he had not. He could command her in everything else, but to bid her make her future life unhappy he could not.

Day after day passed, bringing to the Hall James Melton. Margaret continued to treat him with the same haughty coldness, despite her father's threats. One day her father accompanied her on an equestrian excursion, and when quite a distance from home they were joined by James Melton. Her father rode on for a while, then turning to Margaret, he said:

"Margaret, I have to ride a great way farther, and you will return with Mr. Melton."

"No, papa, I am not in the least fatigued, and will ride on with you."

"No, you will not. It is my command that you return immediately, since Mr. Melton is here to escort you."

Margaret bowed in acknowledgement of Mr. Melton's offer to escort her, and suddenly wheeling her horse round, she touched the spirited animal with her whip, and he dashed homeward. Mr. Melton was so taken by surprise that he knew not at first what to do, so that she had some distance the start of him. As soon as he recovered himself, he put spurs to his horse, and followed at full speed. His horse, which was much the fastest, soon came up with hers. When James Melton came beside her, he put out his hand to take her rein, in order to check her horse, and keep by her side. As he put forth his hand she raised her whip, and gave him a smart cut across his fingers with it, and at the same time reined in her horse to let him pass her. Smarting with pain and rage, he said, between his clenched teeth:

"Miss Langdon, you shall rue this day. If a man had done that I would shoot him. By heavens, you shall some day or rather on your knees implore my forgiveness! Yes, when you are my wife, as you surely will be, you will find you have gained very little."

She looked at him with her calm, fearless eyes, and exclaimed:

"When I am your wife, which by the mercy of Heaven I never will be."

"Do not go too far!"

Margaret shook her head, and closing her rein, was soon home. Throwing the bridle to the groom, she sprang off and rushed into the house, and rested not until she had locked herself in her

mother's boudoir, where, hanging on one side of the room was her mother's portrait. It had been taken at her daughter's request, a few years before her death. Kneeling before the picture was Margaret. Her riding hat had fallen off, and her hair unloosed, fell in rich waves over her shoulders, her face was as white as the collar which encircled her throat.

"Mother, dear mother, aid me! Well I know thou wouldst not counsel me to perjure myself by—"

She was startled by an unusual noise in the hall, as of opening doors, followed by a rush and sudden silence. Margaret's heart stood still. She sprang up and rushed down stairs, and met in the hall three or four laboring men, who looked at her pityingly and passed out. Her father's chamber was on the first floor adjoining the library—he had always persisted in having it so—thither she rushed, wildly, and there—her father lay bleeding.

"What has happened? For God's sake, tell me."

"You must come away, Miss Langdon," said Mr. Carroll, the family physician, kindly taking her hand and leading her away. "Your father has been thrown from his horse, and has been badly injured, how badly, I cannot tell you."

"Let me go to him—I can bear it now—and I will be very quiet."

She looked imploringly into his face, and he knowing how unflinchingly she had tended Lady Jane, gave the required permission. She thanked him, and tripped up stairs to change her dress, and was soon by her father's side. She had not been there long before a change for the worse was discerned upon Sir Henry's features. He opened his eyes, and for a moment looked wildly about, and then seeming to comprehend his situation, he called in a faint tone for Margaret. Margaret bent over him; but, although his eyes were open, he evidently did not recognize her, for he repeated her name.

"Here I am, dear father," said Margaret, speaking tremblingly.

"Thank God—thank God! Margaret, you have a brother—in the little ivory box in the library is the only clue I can give you. The key of both the chamber and box are in the secret drawer of my escritoire. Forgive me, daughter. Pray for—" He fell back upon his pillow dead!

Two deaths coming so close upon each other were too trying for Margaret, and she sank beneath the weight. Long weeks she laid upon her bed of sickness—how long she did not know—but when she recovered her consciousness, she

saw her beloved Aunt Mary, her mother's only sister, sitting beside her. Mary Percival had never married. She was betrothed to a young lord, who died a few months before the time for their marriage. Mary Percival drooped for a while, but her good sense and religion enabled her to bear up; and if after her grief she was not quite so lively, she was a better woman. Her father was dead, and her brother lived in the family mansion. She had always lived there—and now at the earnest entreaty of Margaret, she took up her abode with her. Mary Percival was nearly fifty; she was the oldest of the family. Under her judicious management and soothing kindness, Margaret soon recovered her health and spirits.

As soon as she was well enough to bear any excitement, she searched her father's escritoire for the keys. Taking the key, she, together with her Aunt Mary, proceeded to the mysterious chamber—for such it was to Margaret. She never recollected having seen any one enter there. With a trembling hand she turned the key, and opening the door, entered. On the left hand side stood the bed, draped with lilac-silk curtains, and on the right stood a handsome marble table, near which stood a door, which, being open, showed that it was a studio. A light easel stood in the middle of the room, with a blank canvass upon it; on a little light table near by, was laid a paint box and some brushes. Hanging between the two windows in the bed-chamber, was a large picture with a gray silk curtain concealing it. Margaret stepped forward, and pushed aside the curtain.

"My brother!" burst involuntarily from her lips. Turning to her aunt, she said, "Dear Aunt Mary, is that my brother?"

"Yes, dear, do you remember him?"

Margaret mused awhile, and then motioning her aunt to come and sit beside her on a low fauteuil there was in the room, she replied:

"I remember when I was very young, there was somebody who used to carry me in his arms about the house. I know it was not papa, for this person used to kiss me, and call me his little Maggy, and darling, and papa never did that, that I can remember. Sometimes he would take me into the park, and put me on low branches of trees, and tell me not to be afraid. I can remember nothing more, until one day, I was sitting in dear mama's room, and he came to me, and taking me in his arms, kissed me; and I knew he cried, for my face was wet. 'Maggy will not forget Russell, will she? I am going a great ways off, and I may never see my little sister again.' I cried very hard then, and he

kissed me again and again, and tried to comfort me, and gave me a little locket, and told me never to forget my brother; and he also said, almost in a whisper, 'Don't talk to mother and father about me.' I thought that strange, young as I was; however, I asked no questions, and as I had always obeyed him in everything, I determined to remain silent. 'Now, dear Maggy, good-by,' and he left. That was the last time I ever saw him. The locket I put away, knowing if I wore it papa would ask where I got it. All this comes to me dimly, but as I proceed it becomes brighter. Sometime afterwards, more than a year, I think, papa came and opened this chamber, and he and mama remained in there a long time. I heard mama crying, and apparently asking papa something which he refused. When they came out mama was still crying, and papa looked very cross, and I felt afraid to ask what was the matter; but I heard mama murmur, 'Russell, my child,' and then she walked to her room. I was afraid no longer, but came up to papa, and asked him what was the matter with Russell, that made mama cry so hard? He only pushed me away, and locked the door; but I persisted in knowing the reason, and he at last exclaimed, 'Child, your brother is dead to us. You must never mention his name again.' I went to my room and cried a long time. I did not understand the 'to us' then; I understand it now."

Margaret then opened the ivory box which she had brought with her into the room, and found in it four or five letters from her brother to her father, and his miniature. She read all the letters, and then gave them to her aunt to peruse.

While Mary Percival was engaged with them, Margaret walked into the studio, and began overlooking a large portfolio which stood against the side of the room. It contained some engravings, but principally pencil and water-colored sketches. There was an unfinished sketch of the Hall; an outline drawing of her mother, an excellent likeness.

When Mary Percival had finished the perusal of the letters Margaret joined her, and looking rather despairingly, said:

"Aunt Mary, we do not know whether he is alive; and even if living, where he is. Can you tell me why he was sent abroad?"

"He was sent away from home because he refused to marry an heiress, your father had chosen as his bride."

"And he went away, and while in Switzerland met a young American girl, an orphan, travelling as companion to a rich old lady—so much I can gather from the letters—and he married her,

and papa discarded him. Why did he change his name? Was it his own whim, or papa's command?"

"Your father's command. In the only letter I ever had from him, he said, 'I have disobeyed my father by marrying a poor, but virtuous girl, and he commands me to drop my own name; and though much against my will, I shall do so.' The letter was without a postmark, so I had no clue as to his whereabouts."

"From this time it shall be my whole business to find my brother. Who knows but he is suffering from want—or did papa send him any money?"

"None at all."

"How could he be so heartless?"

Margaret got up and paced about the room in great agitation; then suddenly stopping before her aunt, she spoke in the following manner:

"Dear Aunt Mary, you will aid me, will you not, in my undertaking? This is my plan. I will send advertisements to all the country papers, for he might be near us. Then, after waiting sometime, I will go to London and do the same there. If I meet not with success, I will travel all over the world till I do. That is the only way I can find him out. When out of England I can advertise quite boldly; but here I must be cautious."

"My darling girl, I like your plan, and will go with you everywhere."

Margaret instantly began to write the advertisements. Very many she tore up before she could get one to suit her. She submitted the following to her aunt's criticism:

"If R. L., having been disowned by his family for marrying, about eight years ago, and now living under an assumed name, would hear of his sister Margery, and something to his advantage, he can do so by addressing R. L. M., by post, and sending his mother's miniature, or by coming to his home, Ellsmore Hall, in Hampshire county."

"Will it answer, Aunt Mary?"

"Very well indeed."

The advertisement was written, and copies of it sent to all the papers. Weeks of suspense passed, and nothing was heard in answer. Margaret withdrew the notice, and with a heart still hopeful, went to London, accompanied by Aunt Mary, and her nephew George. She met with no better success there; still she did not despair. She went to France, stopping a long time in Paris. Switzerland, she visited next, stopping at every little village; then she went to Italy. In Rome she might meet with success.

One day when she was beginning to despair, her servant announced that a gentleman had an-

answered the advertisement in person. Telling John, the servant, to show him up, Margaret sunk into a chair, pressing her hand to her heart to still its tumultuous beatings. The door opened, and John, announcing "Mr. Griffin," closed the door. Margaret rose at his entrance, and motioning him to be seated, remained standing herself. Mr. Griffin was the first to break the silence, by saying :

"Miss Langdon, I come on the part of my friend, Mr. Russell, to—"

"Why could not Mr. Russell come himself?" Margaret asked.

"He is ill. He told me to give you this," handing her a packet, which she immediately opened, and took out a beautiful miniature set with pearls.

"My mother!" exclaimed Margaret, as she gazed at it.

"He also desired me to ask you if you possessed a locket set with turquoises in the form of a forget-me-not."

"Yes, yes. But take me to him directly."

She left the room, and soon returned, equipped for her expedition. Her carriage, which she had ordered before the arrival of Mr. Griffin, was at the door; springing in, she beckoned Mr. Griffin to follow, and telling him to direct the driver where to go, she drew her veil over her face and gave herself up to the pleasure of thought. The carriage stopped at the door of a small house, in a retired part of the city. Without waiting for the coachman to open the door, she unfastened it herself, and sped into the house. In a small room on the second floor, she found the object of her search, sitting propped up with pillows in a chair, and a table before him, engaged in drawing a beautiful pattern of leaves on lace.

"Russell—brother! I have found you at last. I am your dear little Margery."

The sick man strove to rise, but was too weak, and Margaret came and put her arms around him affectionately, and with eyes full of tears, both of joy and sorrow, she murmured :

"I have found you, my own dear brother, and you must come home to the Hall. Where is your wife?"

"She has gone to take some embroidery to a lady who has given her a great deal of that kind of work, and since my illness, has kept us from want."

At this moment the door opened, and a lady, leading a little girl by the hand, entered. Her features were very regular, and she would have been pronounced beautiful, but for the expression of suffering about her mouth.

"Isabel, this is my sister Margery, whom I have often spoken to you of."

At the mention of her name, Margaret came forward, and seizing Isabella's hand, said in her peculiarly sweet tones, "And your sister, too."

Tears filled Isabella's eyes as she gazed at her.

"My father—"

"He is dead, Russell. He repented of his severity."

"I know that my darling mother is also dead. And you, dear Margery, how did you bear so many trials?"

Margaret only kissed him in answer. She then gave him a purse filled with gold. His cheek grew crimson as she did so, but Margaret bending over him, whispered :

"It is your own, brother. You are no longer poor, but the owner of Ellsmore Hall."

Every day Margaret visited him, cheering him with her kind words, and each day endearing herself more and more to Isabel, and little Jenny, by her sweetness and consideration. It was not very long, before under judicious treatment and comfort, Russell Langdon was able to set out on his return home. Margaret had remained to be with him on his journey; but Aunt Mary had returned to the Hall, that she might be there to welcome them home. When they arrived, there stood Mary Percival in the old stone porch, with such a warm smile of welcome, that Russell almost forgot that he had ever known want and sorrow. He soon got entirely well, and Isabel regained the bloom she had lost for a while, and rarely was a more attractive face seen, than hers, literally beaming as it was with happiness. Margaret's especial care was little Jane, or Jenny, as they called her.

Three years have passed, and there is a slight change at the Hall. Margaret is there, but only on a visit. Why? you ask. She is married. Not to James Melton; but to a man every way worthy of her—Sir Harvey Blake. He dotes upon his wife, and at times manifests a decided jealousy, when she seizes little Percival, Isabel's youngest child, and caresses him. Here we will leave them.

VERY WELL PUT.

Some one writes both gracefully and forcibly: "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home and enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

[ORIGINAL.]

THE UNNAMED HEROES.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Poet bards and patriot sages,
Catching inspiration's ray,
Leave the old romance of ages
For the romance of to-day!
Glory gilds the glowing picture,
Lips of fire the story tell,
How some gallant patriot-hero,
Bravely fighting—fighting fell.

But where sweeps the Androecoggin,
Where the Atlantic billows roar,
On the bloomy prairie stretches,
By Pacific's golden shore,
In the Mohawk's lovely valley,
By the Ohio's sandy bed,
Women sit in hall and hovel,
Weeping for their unnamed dead!

On the well-worn oaken threshold
Of a humble farmhouse door,
In the pleasant summer gloaming,
When the day's long toil is o'er,
Sits a white-haired, stricken father,
Reading in the uncertain light,
How the boy he blessed at parting,
Fell amid the thickest fight!

From the settler's lowly cabin
By the wild Missouri's shore,
Comes a wail of mortal anguish
For the brave who are no more!
By thy vales, O Susquehanna!
By each sunny eastern bay,
Women sit in dead, dumb terror,
Children weep amid their play.

Fame with trumpet-tongue is sounding
Dirges for the titled dead;
But of scores as brave and tender
Scarce a single word is said!
Other lips may tell the story,
Other pens baptized in fire,
Sing of deathless fame and glory,
Thrilling nations with their lyre;
But be mine the touch to waken
Tenderly the sad refrain,
For the host of unnamed heroes
Lying mid the ghastly slain.

[ORIGINAL.]

LA MELANCOLIE.

BY MISS L. J. DUNLAP.

A FEW years since I paid a long promised visit to an old college mate, residing in one of the Southern States. Two weeks passed rapidly away, and I was beginning to talk seriously of

tearing myself away from his pleasant companionship, when one afternoon he proposed a ride to visit a private insane asylum, of which the neighborhood was justly proud.

It was one of those soft, balmy afternoons of early summer, and our ride for the most part lay through a thick wood. Listening to the twitter of the building birds; watching the sunlight as it fell shimmeringly through the leaves, marking the greensward beneath with patches of light and shade; or gazing down some narrow woodland aisle I caught an occasional glimpse of those fairy bowers with which such woods abound—where the wild grape vine leaping from branch to branch forms a leafy canopy overhead, whilst beneath the moss-grown trunks of fallen trees imbedded in the flowery turf woo one to dream dreams of the days when Titania, reposing in such bowers, wore "coronets of fresh and fragrant flowers," to hang upon the "hairy temples of her new found lore; I had scarcely noticed that A— was unusually silent, until, when through an opening in the wood I observed at a distance a high stone fence, surmounted with small iron spears, and turning to inquire if that was the end of our drive, I saw that his usually cheerful countenance was overcast with a gloomy shadow. Fearing that for some cause unknown to me it might be that he was performing a kindness to me at the expense of his own feelings, I suggested that we should return home without making our visit. To this A— simply said "No," yet as the heavy gates closed behind us, there was such a look of mute suffering in his eyes, that I was again about to protest with him, when a sudden turn in the carriage track brought us in full view of the building, and the old physician who had charge of the establishment, catching sight of us, advanced from a group of patients with whom he had been conversing, and greeted us most cordially.

Alighting from our buggy, and leaving our horse in the charge of a servant, we joined the doctor and strolled about through the highly ornamented grounds for sometime, whilst he explained to me his course of treatment for the insane, and told me of some perfect cures which he had effected. At length, noticing that A— appeared restless and ill at ease, the doctor turned to him, saying:

"Millicent is not so well to-day; would you like to see her?"

A— replying in the affirmative, the doctor asked me to accompany them, and entering the house, we passed down a long corridor, upon which a great many doors were standing open, revealing tasteful little bed-chambers, which, with

their bright-colored papering and matting, and snowy drapery, looked far more like the retreats of happy girls than the cells of maniacs. At the end of the hall we stopped, and the doctor knocked at the door of a room which seemed to be larger than those we had just passed. Upon receiving no answer he knocked again, saying :

"A— is here, Millicent, will you see him ?"

A murmured "Yes," just reached us, and Doctor H— opening the door, ushered us into a large and cheerfully lighted apartment, in the bow-window of which was a stand of plants in full bloom, whilst upon either side of the room an easel with a half finished picture upon it, a well filled bookcase, guitar case and piano, gave evidence that this was the retreat of a sometime highly accomplished lady. A cheerful looking matron arose as we entered, and with a smile and a few words to the doctor, left the room. I then for the first time noticed, seated upon a low chair by the window, and almost hidden by the flowering plants, the figure of a lady completely enveloped in the folds of a large black veil or mantle. Twice the doctor spoke to her before he won from her the slightest acknowledgement of our presence. When at length she gave heed to him, it was only to put back for a moment the folds of the enshrouding veil, and turn upon us a countenance, the exceeding pallor of which made the large black eyes look almost ghastly. For an instant she bent upon A— a glance the exceeding mournfulness of which I shall never forget, then drawing the veil more closely about her, again bowed her head upon her hands and appeared to entirely forget us.

Wondering that A— did not address her, I turned towards him, when to my intense surprise I found him leaning heavily against the wall, the doctor supporting him with one hand, whilst with the other he held to his nostrils a bottle of strong salts. Offering my arm, we led him from the room. At the door of the doctor's study A— asked us to leave him ; we did so, and passing out of the house, seated ourselves upon the portico. Then to my surprised questioning the doctor replied ;

"A sad story, sir, a very sad story. But A— will tell it you himself, I have no doubt ; he would scarcely have brought you here, had he not intended that you should know of the grief which has shadowed his whole life."

For some time we sat in silence, and then A— joined us, and in a short time we had spoken our farewells, and were seated behind Bijou on our homeward way. But it was not until, when late in the evening old Jupe had carried away the re-

mains of our supper, and left us to our wine and friendly pipes, that A— told me the story of "La Melancolie," which I shall tell as nearly as possible in his own words.

"You may remember, Laurence, my showing you when at college, the miniature portrait of a very beautiful child, whom I jestingly called my little sweetheart. Ah, I could just about her then, for she was at that time but ten years of age, and nothing more to me than the daughter of my father's oldest friend, and the pet and plaything of the many happy days I had spent at his house in the village.

"You know that after I left college I went abroad, spending two years in travel, then, deciding to study medicine in Paris, I spent four other years in the study and initiatory practice of my profession. At the end of that time I returned to America to take charge of my property, and if advisable, to settle down as a physician in my native country.

"After a six years' absence I returned to find my little sweetheart a blooming maiden of sixteen. The promise of her childhood had been more than fulfilled in the exquisite beauty of her girlhood. The idol of her widowed father, she was the petted darling of a whole house full of servants, and from her very babyhood had reigned in her father's house as a little queen. I think now, that the injudicious indulgence of her early years had fostered a disposition naturally willful and imperious. Be that as it may, at the time of my return there was no one within the whole circle of her influence who dared gainsay her. To my prejudiced eyes, however, this seemed only the natural homage of such exceeding grace and beauty. Need I tell you that the fancy of my boyhood soon developed into the love of my manhood, and I worshipped Millicent Evlyn with an intensity of passion which I had never dreamed myself capable of ?

"I thought that she returned my affection, but she was so very young that I feared to startle her with a declaration of my feelings, and thus I allowed the days to glide into weeks, and the weeks into months, through the whole of that delicious summer—too happy to be wise. Late in the summer an elder sister of Millicent's returned home after a long residence with some relatives in the north. She, too, was a beautiful girl, but the entire opposite of her sister in every respect.

"Business of importance called me to New Orleans in the month of October. On my return to L—, I found a stranger domiciliated in the house of Judge Evlyn. Stanton was a man eminently calculated to excite the admi-

tion of all, and to awaken the feelings of intense jealousy, which I immediately felt towards him. Handsome, talented, and agreeable, a northerner by birth, and a lawyer by profession, he was a gentleman in every sense of the word; and I can scarcely express to you my satisfaction upon seeing by the direction of his attentions, and the blushes of the gentle Lucy, that it was the elder sister whose magnetism had drawn him to our little village. I soon learned that they had been betrothed lovers for one year. He was with little difficulty persuaded to remain in L—, and commence the practice of law under the auspices of his future father-in-law.

"The wedding was set for the following June, so that Lucy might spend her honey-moon with her friends in the north; and Staunton, taking an office near mine in the village, I induced him to make my house his home for the winter. Thus domesticated with him, I daily discovered new traits to admire in him, and in a short time loved him as a brother. The fall and early winter passed rapidly away, a season of great enjoyment to all. Our days were spent in devotion to our professions, our evenings in devotion to our lady loves, and a late hour every night saw us on horseback en route for home, where a friendly smoke closed the programme, and sent us to bed to prepare for another day's similar exercises.

"It was about the Christmas holidays, I think, that I first began to be annoyed, at Millicent's excessive fondness for her 'brother Everard,' as she called him. Ardent and impulsive by nature, she had never been subjected to the slightest restraint, and now threw herself with the utmost abandonment into the enjoyment of the society of one in every way so congenial to her. At his suggestion she resumed the practice of her music and painting, which had been almost entirely given up since her sister's arrival at home, and by his request devoted several hours a day to pursuing a course of reading which he had marked out for her. Evening after evening she drew him away from the side of his betrothed, to accompany her piano with his violin, or to join his rich voice with hers, in the execution of some difficult duett, or there was a passage of some favorite author to be discussed, or questionings as to the disposal of the light and shade in a new picture, until I began at last to wonder that the father and sister should be so blind as to the danger into which the thoughtless girl was rushing.

"But Lucy, naturally of a gentle, yielding disposition, was too much accustomed to giving up her own will to that of her imperious sister,

to think of demurring at this monopoly of her lover; besides, at this time she was generally occupied with some piece of fine needle work, and was entirely content to draw her candle-stand toward the fire, and join in the sober chat of her father and myself. Often have I seen her raise her blue eyes and glance with a loving smile towards the musicians, then turn to her father and say that she was very happy that Everard had some one to sympathize with him in his excessive fondness for music, as she had so frequently regretted for his sake, that she herself was not musical.

"It was this time of all others that I chose for declaring my love to Millicent. I might have known better, but I did not; and my mortification was intense upon being dismissed, with a laughing injunction not to talk nonsense, as one pair of turtle doves was quite sufficient for one house.

"For weeks I struggled with a heavy presentiment of coming ill. I tried to persuade myself that I was jealous, that there was no real danger that Millicent would lose her heart to her sister's lover. Yet when I saw the black eyes gleam, and the color deepen at his sudden approach, and marked her eager yielding of obedience to him—yielding never to another—my heart misgave me.

"All this time Everard was most sincere in his attachment to his betrothed, and most affectionate in his treatment of her; and it was the certainty I felt of his never having harbored one disloyal thought towards her, and the knowledge I had of the perfect trust which she reposed in him, that sealed my lips upon this subject in my otherwise confidential intercourse with him.

"The day so ardently desired by at least two of our party, the day which made Lucy Evelyn a wife, at length arrived. Millicent and I officiated as waiters, and immediately after the ceremony the whole bridal party started northward. The following summer was the happiest of my life. Staunton had eyes and ears for no one but his newly-made wife, and Millicent, in the crowds of admirers which her wit and beauty drew around her wherever we halted, seemed to lose her desire for the admiration of her brother Everard. I was her cavalier par excellence, and again my hopes rose buoyantly, as she treated me with an affectionate familiarity, which, as she was well aware of my feelings towards her, I thought must mean encouragement.

"Early in September we returned to L—, and the young couple, after a short visit to the paternal mansion, went to housekeeping, as Everard, with true northern independence, de-

clined finding a home in the house of his father-in-law. Millicent, who on her return home had resumed all her interest in, and fondness for the society of her sister's husband, strenuously opposed this measure, but she was for once overruled. I hoped great things from this arrangement, but was doomed to disappointment, as evening after evening found the old judge seated by his daughter's fireside, whilst Millicent, whose piano and guitar had been sent down to adorn the cottage parlor, discoursed sweet music to all hearts but mine.

"Thus the winter wore on, and although I was the avowed suitor of Millicent, with her father's consent, I seemed no nearer the fruition of my hopes than I had been on the previous year when all looked so dark and forbidding.

"It was in the month of February, and we were having very cold weather for us, when one morning as I was sitting by my office fire, old Doctor Anthon with whom I was in partnership, entered in great haste, saying that Staunton had been thrown from his horse and dreadfully injured. Seizing a small case of instruments, we hastened to the cottage, and found him very seriously injured, and quite insensible. A very critical operation had to be performed upon his head, and we had finished that successfully, and without arousing him, and were about to set an arm which had been broken, when the door was flung violently open, and Millicent, in her morning wrapper, without bonnet or shawl, and her long hair escaped from its comb and falling about her shoulders, rushed in, and pushing away her sister, who was kneeling by the side of her unconscious husband, seized the uninjured hand, exclaiming:—'Not dead! Everard! Everard! my love, my life, awake! It is Millicent who calls; Millicent, who loves you better than her life! Arouse, Everard, my darling! O, my God! He is indeed dead—dead!'

And with a wild shriek she sank senseless upon the floor.

"All was now confusion. I dared not let go my hold upon the half bandaged arm; indeed, so stupefied was I with horror at this dreadful scene, that I doubt if I could have stirred. Doctor Anthon, with the help of a servant, lifted the unhappy girl, and carried her from the room whilst Lucy, the insulted wife, coming to my side, took her husband's arm in the position which she had seen Doctor Anthon holding it, and with perfect calmness desired me to finish the operation. At this moment Everard for the first time opened his eyes, and after one surprised glance at his arm, seemed to understand his situation. Then perceiving the occupation of

his wife, he said, 'You should not be doing that, love. Where is Doctor Anthon?'

"Lucy, upon hearing the tones of that well-beloved voice, which she had thought hushed forever, sank sobbing by his side, and upon the entrance of Doctor A—, was removed to her chamber, where the shock of beholding her husband brought into the house dead, as she had supposed him to be, the distressing scene which Millicent had enacted in her presence, the restraint which she had imposed upon her own feelings, and the great joy of her husband's recovery, acting upon a naturally delicate constitution, brought on a violent fit of hysteria, in which she gave premature birth to a child, which breathed a few gasping breaths, then closed its little eyes forever upon this wicked world. Everard, who would not be denied, had been removed to a couch in his wife's room, and it was a sad sight to see him pressing his quivering lips upon the little dead face of his child. We were entirely unable to combat the fever which in the mother's case set in, and in a few hours she was delirious. Then all her ravings were of the dreadful secret she had just discovered, of her sister's love for her husband.

"At first Everard could not understand it, but when he observed our conscious looks, he insisted upon being informed as to the cause; and his horror and disgust at the tidings would have convinced us—had we before doubted—of the perfect unconsciousness of the existence in Millicent's secret of any such feelings towards himself.

"It was a pitiful sight to behold the girlish figure of the young wife writhing in agony, the fair face flushed with fever, and the blue eyes glaring with delirium, as she would wildly exclaim, 'Take her away, take her away! He is my husband, mine! O, Millicent, wicked girl!' Or changing her tone to one of loving entreaty, would recall some happy incident of their past life, and beg him, by its memory, to send Millicent away, for that her black eyes were burning out her heart.

"Words cannot paint the agony of the unhappy husband, as bending over her he strove to hush her ravings by endearing caresses, and assurances of his unchanging love. Nor that of the wretched girl, who, crouching by her sister's door, refused to be removed, her eyes distended with horror, and her pallid cheeks and lips bearing silent witness to the grief which she endured in view of the suffering she had caused. And thus the hours wore on for three dreadful days and nights. On the morning of the fourth day the fever abated, and consciousness was restored to

our patient; but the strain upon her delicate constitution had been too severe, and she sank rapidly away, and at sunset died in her husband's arms, her last words full of love for him. Millicent was borne raving from the room, and in this state was conveyed to her home by the heart-broken father, whilst Staunton knelt for hours in unutterable grief by the couch which contained all that remained to him of his brief dream of happiness.

"As for myself, after assisting in placing Millicent in her father's carriage, I mounted my horse and rode rapidly home. Feeling very ill, I immediately sought my chamber, and threw myself upon my couch, from which I did not arise for weeks. The fatigue and excitement of the past four days, together with total neglect of food and sleep, resulted in fever of a malignant type, and for some days my life was despaired of. During the time when I lay so ill, the last sad rites were performed for the dead wife; the cottage closed, and after a brief farewell to his father-in-law and myself, Staunton went abroad, where he has ever since remained.

"Millicent sank into a melancholy from which nothing could arouse her. In this state she continued for nearly a year, refusing to leave her room, or to see any one excepting her father. As the month of February drew near her symptoms became alarming, and on the anniversary of the night of her sister's death, she was detected in an attempt upon her own life. The certainty of the total wreck of his darling's mind was the one feather's weight too much upon the already overburdened heart of the poor old father, and he sank beneath it, dying with his hand in mine, and leaving me the sole charge of Millicent, with instructions to have her removed to the asylum and placed under the treatment of Doctor H—, if I thought best. It was a fearful legacy, a woman whom I had thought to call my wife, insane through her guilty love for another, and liable at any time to kill herself! Do you blame me that I thought best immediately to carry out her father's instructions?

"Under the scientific treatment which she receives, Millicent is during the greater part of the year quite herself, during which time she is willing to receive her friends, and is of great assistance to the doctor, by her fearless intercourse with, and judicious treatment of the worst patients. As the anniversary of the first mental shock returns, she always has a return of her melancholy, at which time she shuts herself up in her room, denying herself to every one. This generally lasts for one month, then passes off gradually, and in the course of a few weeks all

traces of it are gone. This spring she has remained under the cloud longer than usual, and the doctor is very anxious about her, as she will for days refuse all nourishment. You witnessed to-day my distress upon seeing her; it was occasioned by observing the change which a few weeks had wrought in her appearance. The thought of her probable death is very dreadful to me. In case of its occurrence, I shall only wait to lay her by the side of those who loved her well in life, and bidding farewell to this country where I have suffered so much, I shall join Staunton in Europe."

One year later I received a letter from my friend, written just before sailing from New York, telling me that the spring flowers were blooming upon the grave of "La Melancolie."

LIFE IN RUSSIA—LIVING IN CASKS.

A peasant here is a wretched-looking being—dirty, ill-clad and hungry-looking. His shaggy beard, huge boots outside his trousers, dingy blue frock, and rough cap, speak of hardships of all kinds. But give him his short black pipe, and spirits enough to madden him and then stupefy him, and he will not complain of his destiny. The female of the same class is even more easily contented. The tub residences to which I referred are among the features of the monster market here, and they are inhabited by women. Elevation, ground plan, and other architectural contrivances, are all comprehended in a single effort. A large black cask, somewhat resembling a sugar hogshead, is laid on its side, and the house is built. A quantity of hay is laid inside, and the house is furnished. The lady gets in upon the hay, and the house is inhabited. Before the entrance of the mansion she strews the onions, tomatoes, or whatever else she may vend, and during the hours of business she sits in the tub, smokes her pipe, chatters with her customers, and says her prayers. After business is over she ascertains in which quarter the wind stirs—turns the close end of her tub towards that quarter, and creeps to rest in peace and tranquillity. But some of these women are ambitious, and take to building. They do not indeed demand marble staircases and mahogany doors; but they take two tubs, which are laid face to face at a distance of three or four feet—and over the interstice, tubs and all, is placed a water-tight canvass. The fair occupant (and two or three whom I saw, though not literally fair, were extremely pretty) has then two rooms, besides a hall; but this luxury is not adopted by the older class, who think that we ought to adhere to the customs of our ancestors.—*Russians in the South.*

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away."
It is written on the brow,
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now,
"Passing away."—MRS. HEMANS.

[ORIGINAL.]

FIRELIGHT SHADOWS.

BY H. W. H.

Oft while in my chamber sitting,
Gazing at the firelight flitting
To and fro upon the wall,
Shadowy forms about me hover,
And with joy my soul they cover,
For old memories they recall.

Forms long gone rise up before me,
Throwing recollections o'er me
Of the happy days of yore;
Which to me seem like some vision
Conjured up by bold magician,
As in ancient fairy lore.

Shapes and shadows pass and glide
Like the waves of the ocean's tide,
In the blaze of the flickering flame;
Tracing fair pictures in my mind
Of friends long dead once true and kind,
And they murmur in sorrow their names.

Companions true, my manhood's pride,
In sweet communion by my side,
Seem uttering words of love;
They pass, another form is near:
'Tis she in life to me so dear,
An angel now above.

The fire dies out,
The shadows have flown;
I sorrow to think
That the past has gone.

[ORIGINAL.]

DROWNED.

BY ELLA MCKAY.

LINGERING around the ruins of what in my childhood was a fair and stately home, I was led to think of the changeful fortunes of all whom I had ever known who were connected with it. I had, in the short space of half an hour, gone through with a dozen remembered histories of the family to whom it belonged. I thought of the times, even since my remembrance, in which the home seemed bright and happy—when the roof-tree echoed with young and cheerful voices, and the old lawn was alive with gaily springing forms. And O, how nearly did these memories touch me when I thought of three sweet sisters who were my own chosen friends, and whose paths in life promised to be of equal brightness! Alas, for two of them!

Jane, and Alice, and Eudora! The names

fall lovingly from my pen, for they were as dear sisters to me. I was nearest the age of Alice; but Jane was only a brief year older, and Eudora not a year younger, and the trifling difference made no difference in our feelings; while Jane seemed actually the youngest of the four, and bowed to our opinions and asked our advice, as if it really were so. She was so fair too, so small, always reminding me of Scott's Fenella, in her airy, graceful ways; and, like her too, she nearly always was dressed in green; her dress seeming like the beautiful, soft, half-shining leaves of the Ethiopian lily, and enclosing as fair a flower.

Alice was a pretty brunette; sparkling in conversation and rich in repartee, which sometimes verged on the sarcastic, but was instantly redeemed by a kindly flow of feeling that made you love her even when she had just wounded your self-love. Eudora was the stateliest of the three. Queenly in look, lofty in feeling, almost haughty in appearance, Eudora claimed the respect and attention she merited. She was the very soul of honor, and had quick sensibilities that seemed, at times, to threaten her peace too severely. Such spirits oftener feel the stings of life more deeply than we know, who only see the haughty outside,—that outside which is so often "worn just to cover their tears."

We had left school together, and were enjoying the first delightful feeling of freedom consequent upon that event. We were together almost continually, and I was but a fourth sister, so intimate had we become. My friends' father was a clergyman by profession—a great scholar, but sometimes considered by his brethren as not quite sound on certain essential points. This idea of his laxness had wonderfully thinned his congregation; but he made no effort to justify himself in the eyes of his people. He had three girls who must be provided for, and he advertised for family pupils to repair the income thus unexpectedly shortened. His house was soon filled to overflowing; and he was obliged to add a new and inexpensive wing to the old house, and cut it up into dormitories, to accommodate the influx of scholars whose parents held Mr. Helstone's educational abilities in such honor.

The boys lived wholly in the family. There were twenty of them; mostly bright, active lads, with a superabundance of animal spirits, a mischievous love of play, and a dread of being criticised by Eudora Helstone. To Alice, the raw, half-educated boys were continual sources of that unaccountable sarcasm which was wreathed into her nature as the thorn is wreathed with the rose—a part of its life, and not to be covered but by

tearing it out forcibly, and leaving a wound upon the stem as incurable as it is deep. Yet Jane and Alice were as sisters to the lads, while Eudora kept up her stately ways, and looked the criticism which her father would not permit her openly to manifest.

Sidney Winter came last. The house was crowded, so that the girls were obliged to give up the spacious chambers they had occupied, and enter into smaller quarters; but every pupil brought their father a solid income, and they did not murmur, even to each other. Eudora felt it the most, as she always did all things. Her cherished haunt to become the property of a great halting boy! This description of him was purely imaginary; for Sidney Winter, when he came, was found to be, in manners, in principle, and personal appearance, a gentleman. He was older than any of the pupils, and had no occasion to study the branches so indispensable to them. There were two or three subjects which he wished to pursue farther, and he proposed devoting a year to patient and unceasing toil.

Before he had been there three weeks, I saw that Eudora was subdued. Never had she been so gentle, never so amiable. And Sidney Winter's happiness, comfort, convenience, were all she thought of. To care for his room, to see that everything in it was delicately neat, to adorn it with the choicest flowers, even to the rifling of her favorite geraniums, to impart just the right shading and just the right degree of atmosphere to it—these were her every morning duties; and she entered into them with a heart and will that showed it was no unwelcome task.

The indolent disposition of the young man and the probable indulgences he had been accustomed to, prevented any very warm appreciation of her services. Eudora did not perceive this selfishness in him so apparent to others. It was no sacrifice in her to labor for him, even though the fair white hands were never put to such uses for any being before. She loved the task, and heeded, not the lack of thanks for what was a pleasure.

Suddenly Eudora awoke from her dream. Sidney Winter was going away! And Alice and he walked together, night after night, in the grove of elms, while Eudora sat alone in her chamber. This was the bitterness of the cup, that her own sister, so dearly loved—for Eudora had a loving heart—should be her rival in Sidney's heart. Had she indeed misinterpreted his appearance of preference for herself? She had felt every smile, every expression of approbation, as proofs of a growing attachment; and now—O, how dreary seemed her life!

That Sidney liked Alice was very evident; but he soon forgot her, and turned to Jane with a fervor that seemed quite real. Jane, however, was exceedingly cool. She knew—that clear-sighted eldest sister—that her lover was a coquette of the first water. She had seen how he had alternated between the three, and she determined to punish him.

His first love-speech, all unmeaning as it was, was reported to her father; and then, for the first time, Mr. Helstone became aware that his two younger girls had each received similar avowals of attachment. Mr. Winter's philosophy was like Tom Moore's:

"How happy I could be with either,
Were the other dear chamber away."

With Jane and Alice there was no scar of the wound they had borne. They talked together of his conduct, and wisely concluded that such evanescent love was not worth the echo of a sigh. But Eudora's love grew deeper than theirs. She was one of those who, having loved, love always. Passion, once aroused in her soul, burned into her very nature; and as this was the first, so it was the deepest and strongest—the *last*. And Mr. Helstone, who knew the natures of his children, would not scruple to give him his opinion.

"I do not believe in either Jane's or Alice's impressibility," he said, "but with my youngest daughter it is dangerous to trifle. If you have ventured so far as to engage her affections, you must fulfil your pledge."

Alice told me of this as we sat at her window at sunset. She disagreed with her father, and thought Eudora's pride would be her safeguard from misery. We sat long talking of this, until twilight came, and then the sweet starlight. Beneath the lovely light we saw a figure in white at the bottom of the garden.

"That must be Eudora," said Alice. "No one else is romantic enough to walk there at night." And she laughed—a gay, happy laugh, that told me of a heart free from any entanglement with Sidney Winter.

Then we were very still again. The figure glided away, and then we heard a splash, a gurgling of waters, and Alice screamed out, "The pond, the pond! Julia, Eudora has fallen into the pond!"

I did not dare to say what I thought, but I silently believed that if it were really Eudora who had troubled the waters, she had done so knowingly, meaningly. I ran down and out into the garden. As I passed out of the door, I saw Sidney Winter lying asleep on a couch in the hall. There was no lamp, but the starlight shone soft and bright upon his forehead. I

shook him by the shoulder. I have had no doubt—never have had—that I pulled him by the hair quite violently.

"Come along and see your work!" I exclaimed, recklessly. I did not care for the man at all, and had been indignant when Alice seemed to favor him. I was now full of a deep, bitter rage against him; and I was willing he should know how little I approved of the worship he was getting from them all.

I did not *think* this, for there was no time; but I *felt* it. I did not relax my hold of him until we reached the pond. There were Eudora's white garments floating on its surface, her white arms struggling. She was not dead then.

"What does this mean? Who is that?" he asked, dreamily.

"One of Mr. Helstone's family. Is not that enough to make you move quicker?"

He did move then, but not so as to arrive at the edge of the pond before Alice and myself. When he did come, he threw off hat, and coat, and boots, and plunged in. I saw him grasp the white robes in the rays of the moon which was rising. He brought the pallid figure to the bank and laid it gently down. There was horror, if not grief, in his face. I ran to the house for help, and we followed the seeming corpse back to the home which only a few moments ago Eudora Helstone walked out from in life and health.

"Will she live?" was the question asked by eager lips and eyes. That was a question all too difficult to answer; for there she lay immovable, stiff, rigid and cold as clay.

The housekeeper had a sailor son visiting her. I thought of him, so much more capable of meeting the case than ourselves. Under his direction I did what Jane and Alice were too much terrified too; and before long we had the satisfaction of beholding our patient alive. There were tears and embraces, but I gave none of these. My business was with Sidney Winter, and I followed him to the parlor, and relieved my mind greatly by bestowing upon him a hearty scolding for the reckless conduct which had nearly cost a life, and had doomed a young and happy girl to lasting mortification, perhaps to insanity. He heard me through, and went back to the room where Eudora was sitting up, but still pale and wrapped in blankets. A faint blush warmed up her pale cheek as Winter came forward and knelt before her.

"Forgive me, Dora!" he said, humbly. "Forgive and love me. Mr. Helstone, I ask you for your child."

The father was agitated, even to tears, but he gave no answer.

"Jane, Alice, Julia!" continued Winter, "plead for me! I have done wrong, but I may be forgiven. May I not, Mr. Helstone? Will you trust me with your daughter?"

Never did I see a man so humble. I almost hoped that his proposal would be rejected with scorn; but Eudora's eyes were lifted to Mr. Helstone's face, and their fervid, pleading glances prevailed over the father's righteous resentment. I declare, upon the faith of a lady, I would have refused him had I been Eudora Helstone, if it had broken my heart.

They live very happily now. I wonder if they ever think of that time. My namesake, Julia Winter, is now thirteen, and inherits her mother's romance. Perhaps one of these nights she may act over again that melo-dramatic scene, and revive in her parents' hearts the memory of that night. I think of this sometimes, when I find Eudora quietly mending a coat for her husband, or moving around gently amidst her little tribe of children, and wonder what she thinks now of "drowning for a husband."

Poor Jane! poor Alice!—theirs is a harder lot after all. They watch over the helplessness of insanity in their father, whose case seems altogether hopeless. Their lives are wasting away in ineffectual efforts to comfort and console one utterly insensible of their care.

GARIBALDI'S KIND-HEARTEDNESS.

An English letter, speaking of Garibaldi at home, describes the trouble of his family over a lost lamb, and goes on to say: "The general got up as soon as he had finished the bowl of milk, lighted a lantern, and, without saying a word, started off again to seek the missing lamb. We ran after him, following him over the crags and through the thorny brushwood; and, from time to time, we heard the bleating of the deserted creature, but again the cry ceased, and the light of the lantern failed to show us where the poor little lamb lay. It was now nine o'clock, and raining, and we were very tired; so we once more returned to the house, and went to bed. About midnight we were aroused by a voice; it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck, to keep it quiet, so that no one should know how kind the act he had done. At five o'clock in the morning we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades and began to work also. Not a word was said of the lamb, although everybody was thinking of it. How like the good Shepherd, seeking the lost!"

DREAMS.

Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do. MRS. BROWN.

(ORIGINAL.)

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

BY ARTHUR L. MEEVER.

How well I remember, while sitting to-night
 Gazing out on the evening sky,
 Watching the stars as they marshal their hosts,
 And the clouds moving slowly by,
 Of the days of my youth, that so quickly have fled
 Down into the shadowy past;
 And the present is going on wings of the wind,
 Till we cross the dark river at last.

Yes, well I remember my home in the valley,
 Hemmed in by the mountains so gray;
 How I thought them the boundaries of the wide,
 wide world,
 And naught but chaos away.
 And the gold-tinted clouds that lay in the west,
 I thought hid the portals of Aiden;
 And they but the robes were for the blessed
 That walk the pathways of heaven.

The hemlock-crowned hilltop away to the south,
 How plainly I see it to-night!
 Where the trees threw their branches o'er many
 quaint nooks,
 Hiding the blue heaven from sight.
 And the echoes that hid in the depth of the wood,
 And laughed in such frolicsome glee,
 Are coming hence on the wings of the wind
 Across hilltops and valleys to me.

The brook that came from the dark mountain steep,
 Is in my vision to-night;
 And I seem to hear what the waters say,
 And I listen with keen delight
 To the story they tell of olden days,
 When I wandered by its shore,
 Dreaming of what the future shall bring—
 But those holier days are o'er.

No more shall I wander along its banks,
 When the glory of the eastern sky
 Tells that in her chariot of gold,
 With banners waving high,
 The queen of night is rolling up
 From yon the mountain's line,
 Where, like grim sentinels of the sky,
 Stand cedar, spruce and pine.

How well I remember amid the wood,
 Fringed round with hazel-brake,
 Where the monarch mountains sun their face
 In the emerald, smiling lake.
 How the fog came up amid the trees,
 Like a ghost in the evening gray,
 Waved a misty hand aloft,
 Then vanished in the woods away.

I remember—but ah, the darkness has come,
 The mantle of night is cast,
 And I'll close up my window with a heartfelt sigh
 For the days that long have past,

To come no more, save at memory's call,
 From the misty far-away:
 And I seek my couch to rest until
 The sun of another day.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ACCUSING LEAVES.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

It is astonishing what a small circumstance will sometimes serve to detect a criminal. I have known the most simple thing, which in itself seemed so trivial as to be deemed scarcely worthy of notice, in more than one instance serve to clear up a mystery and bring a guilty party to justice. The history I am about to relate is a case in point.

Some six years ago there lived in a good substantial dwelling, about a mile from Hoboken, a gentleman of the name of Palmer. His household consisted of himself, an only daughter, and a servant girl. I became acquainted with Mr. Palmer in a rather curious manner.

I was at the theatre one night, and noticed an old gentleman seated in front of me, who was very vociferous in his applause. This appeared to annoy a young man who sat by his side, and he several times made some disparaging remark at the old man's expense. This at last became so annoying that the latter took it up, and high words ensued between them. At last the young man rose from his seat as if to strike the old gentleman. It was then that I caught sight of his face for the first time, and recognized in him a noted pickpocket. I thought it was now time for me to interfere. I laid my hand gently on the young man's shoulder, he turned sharply round, but the moment he saw me he turned pale, and could not utter a word.

"Don't you think you had better leave the theatre, Emory?" said I.

"Certainly, Mr. Brampton, if you say so," he replied, completely cowed by my presence.

"Go, then!" I exclaimed, pointing to the door.

Emory took up his hat and walked out without saying a word. When he was gone the old gentleman introduced himself to me as Mr. Palmer, and thanked me for my interference in his behalf, although he could not understand the power I exercised over his antagonist. This, however, I soon made clear to him by relating to him the nature of my profession, and the occupation followed by the young man who had insulted him.

Mr. Palmer invited me to occupy the seat beside him, and we were soon engaged in a most interesting conversation. I found him to be a

very intelligent man, well read, and with an extraordinary knowledge of theatrical matters. In the course of conversation he told me that he had a fine collection of old plays at home, and invited me to visit him to examine them. This was a temptation I could not resist, and I promised to visit him the following week. When the theatre was over we separated, mutually pleased with each other's society.

The next week I kept my promise, and visited Mr. Palmer at his house. He treated me most hospitably, and introduced me to his daughter, a charming young girl about eighteen years of age. He then took me over his grounds, which were kept with remarkable neatness and order.

"What tree do you call that?" I asked, pointing to one isolated from the rest.

"That is an almond tree," replied my host. "It was planted by my father, and I prize it above all others in the garden."

I had never seen an almond tree before, and examined it attentively. I was particularly struck with the beauty of its leaves. After dinner he led me into his library, and spread before me his fine collection of old plays. I was soon deeply absorbed in Wycherly, Congreve, Dryden and Beaumont and Fletcher. It was quite late when I returned to New York, after promising to renew my visit at an early date.

About a week after this visit I was walking down Broadway, when I met Hardin, a brother officer of mine, with whom I was on terms of intimacy. We stopped and shook hands.

"That was a terrible murder last night," said he, after we had passed a few remarks upon the weather.

"What murder?" I returned. "I have heard nothing of it."

"Is it possible? Are you not aware that Mr. Palmer of Hoboken was found early this morning murdered in his garden?"

"Mr. Palmer!" I cried, in the greatest astonishment. "Impossible!"

"I assure you it is true. News came to the office of the chief-of-police at seven o'clock, and Lewis has been sent over the river to investigate the matter."

"I shall go myself," I returned. "This Mr. Palmer was a friend of mine."

"You will find Lewis there."

After a few more words we separated, and I hurried through my business, and by twelve o'clock I was at Mr. Palmer's residence. I met Lewis in the parlor.

"Well, Lewis," said I, "what do you make of it?"

"Did the chief send you here?" was his reply.

My success in the P— case where he had so signally failed, had rankled in his heart, and he was not on the very best of terms with me.

"No," I returned, "this Mr. Palmer was a friend of mine, and I am not here in a professional capacity at all."

"If you are here only as a friend to the deceased, I don't mind answering your questions. The person who murdered Mr. Palmer is arrested."

"Indeed!" I returned. "I am glad you have been so successful."

"Yes. I think I am legitimately entitled to take great credit to myself for the way I have worked it out."

"Who is the murderer?" I asked.

"Guess."

"I haven't the most remote idea."

"What would you say to Miss Charlotte Palmer?"

"Who?" I exclaimed, not believing my ears.

"Miss Charlotte Palmer, the daughter of the deceased."

"Ridiculous!" I replied.

"Of course, I expected you would say that," replied Lewis. "I tell you what it is, Bampton, you think there is nobody as clever as yourself."

"My dear fellow," I returned, in a good-natured tone, "rely upon it, you have found a mare's nest."

"You can think as you please, but the proof will be made manifest on the day of trial, who is right."

"The idea of Miss Charlotte Palmer murdering her own father is to me so supremely ridiculous, that I cannot entertain it for a moment. But I would be much obliged to you, Lewis, if you would relate to me the particulars of the proofs you have against her."

"Certainly, I have no objection to do that. Mr. Palmer's body was discovered very early this morning under the almond tree in his garden, with his throat cut. The man who discovered the body—a carpenter living in Hoboken—immediately went to the house to give the alarm. He found all the house fastened up, and knocked for sometime without being able to arouse the inmates. He then immediately left for the city, and brought information to the chief's office. I was immediately sent over. I made a strict examination of everything connected with the case. I soon discovered the strongest proofs that Miss Palmer was the perpetrator of the deed. I traced drops of blood from the front door to her room. When she was awakened her bedroom window was found open, some drops of blood were on the window sill, and underneath her window in

the long grass was found the knife with which the deed had been committed. She had evidently thrown it out of the window after committing the deed."

"That is a strange conclusion to arrive at," said I.

"How so?" he returned.

"Why in the name of all that's wonderful should she take the weapon back with her to her bed-chamber after committing the deed?"

"In the excitement of the moment she doubtless forgot she held the knife in her hand, and only found it out when she reached her own chamber."

"But what could be her motive for committing this deed?"

"That I have not discovered yet. I have heard it whispered that Mr. Palmer opposed her marriage to a young man whom she loved."

"Where is Miss Palmer now?" I asked.

"She is in custody, of course."

"But where?"

"In Hoboken."

"Well, Lewis, strong as you think the proofs are against the young lady, I assure you, you have made a mistake. I would stake my life she is innocent."

"You would lose it, Brampton, for she is guilty of this murder as sure as I am standing here. Just examine the proofs yourself, and I am sure you will be of my opinion."

Lewis a few minutes afterwards returned to New York, and left me a clear field for action. Before even I began my examination I was perfectly convinced of Miss Palmer's innocence. Everything was against it. In the first place I knew that she loved her father devotedly, and that under no circumstances could she possibly commit such a deed. A single glance at the wound by which the deceased met his death satisfied me that she had not physical strength enough to have inflicted it. No woman's hand had dealt that blow.

I proceeded to visit the spot where the body had been found. It was in the midst of November, and the ground was strewn with the leaves of the almond tree, for a violent wind had been blowing on the night the deed was committed. There appeared to be no evidence of any struggle having taken place, for with the exception of a pool of blood of considerable size, the place presented its natural appearance.

I inquired which was Miss Palmer's bedroom, and found that the window looked out into the garden where the deed had been committed. That side of the house was covered with a thick grape vine which ascended to the very roof. I

examined this grape vine very minutely, and was soon rewarded for my trouble, for I discovered distinct marks of some one having recently clambered up it. On some of the branches the pressure of the foot was plainly to be seen. I came at once to the conclusion that whoever had committed the deed had entered Miss Palmer's apartment by the window, no doubt for the sole purpose of fixing the guilt on her. I then traced the stains of blood which Lewis had considered such a positive proof of the young lady's guilt. To my mind they proved her innocence, for just outside her chamber door they were plentiful, and grew less as they descended, until at the front door they were scarcely discernible. If Miss Palmer had been guilty, the exact reverse would have been the case. It was perfectly evident to me that the murderer had descended the stairs from Miss Palmer's chamber, and then ascended them again, and escaped through the window by which he had entered. The fact of the window being found open strengthened the hypothesis.

My next proceeding was to visit the young lady in custody. My profession procured me an order instantly, and I was shown into her presence. I found her naturally in a state of great excitement, but she immediately recognized me and pressed my hand warmly. I commenced the conversation by expressing my firm conviction of her innocence. She could not restrain her tears, but wept bitterly.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, through her sobs, "there is at least one person who believes my innocence. I cannot at present realize the fact that I am accused of murder. I fancy I am suffering from some hideous nightmare. I repeat to myself the question over and over again, 'can it be possible I am arrested for murder, and the murder of my own father?' No, no, it cannot be!"

"Miss Palmer," I returned, "unless we can set aside the evidence, I know not what we must do. To the vulgar mind the evidence is strong against you. Let me hear your statement"

"I have no statement to make. I retired early to bed last night leaving my father up. I slept all night through without waking. In fact I was asleep when the officers of justice entered my room."

"Has your father had any quarrel with any one lately?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"There is a rumor abroad that your father opposed your marriage with a young man whom you love."

"There is not a word of truth in it, Mr.

Brampton—in fact it is exactly the reverse. A young man named Charles Butler has for some time past been persecuting me with his addresses, but I have always disliked him. His persecution at last became so annoying that I was obliged to appeal to my father for protection. He called to see him, and I have only met the young man once since that time."

"When was that?"

"It is about a week ago. He always used to be loitering about our house. After tea on the evening in question, I left the house to take a short stroll by moonlight. I had scarcely gone a dozen yards when he presented himself before me."

"What passed at that interview?"

"He was extremely violent. He informed me that father had called on him, and forbade him ever addressing me again, but that he would be revenged on both of us. I told him that I despised his threats. He left me in a towering passion, and I have never seen him since."

"This information is of very great importance," I returned.

"You cannot surely think that he could have been guilty of my poor father's murder?"

"There is no telling what a man will not do for revenge. Where does the young man live?"

"He lives about two miles from my father's house. His father is a miller."

"Well, I shall call and see him."

I now took my leave, promising to see her again as soon as I could. I immediately directed my steps to the residence of Mr. Charles Butler, and had strong hopes of being able to obtain some important information from my visit.

In about an hour's time I had reached the dwelling in which the young man's father lived. It was an old mansion, and beside it was the mill, which stood on the banks of a rapid stream of water. The mill was enclosed by a fence, and the entrance was by means of a stout gate. I tried to open it, but I found that it was secured by a large block of stone being placed on the other side, the lock having been broken. I pushed at the gate for some moments, but found I could not move the stone. I then rattled it violently. This summons brought out an old German, who appeared to be in charge of the building.

"Good morning," said he, when he saw me.

"Good morning," I replied. "Can't you let me in? I want to speak to you about grinding some corn."

"In a minute, mein Herr, you see dat de lock is broken. Mr. Karl, he broke dat wit his foot."

"Mr. Charles broke it with his foot, did he?"

I replied, while the old man was moving the stone away; "how was that?"

"Mr. Karl, he came home vary late last night, and he found de gate locked, then he kick him open wit his foot."

"Mr. Charles must be a very impatient young gentleman," I observed.

"You may well say dat, mein Herr—he be one wild boy."

"He must have been out late last night," I said.

"Ya, ya, he be come home vary late, it be four o'clock in de morning."

"Where had he been?"

"Das weis ich nicht—but he be vary pale—like a ghost."

"What time did he go out last night?" I asked.

"He left his home at ten o'clock, for I see him go."

This information was very important to me, and I continued to interrogate the old German, but he began to grow suspicious of my questions, and at last declined to answer any more of my interrogations. But had heard sufficient for my purpose.

"Is Mr. Butler at home?" I asked, of the old man.

"Ya, mein Herr—he and his son be in de house yonder."

"Well, perhaps I had better see them about my business?"

"Mebbe you had," said my German friend, very glad I am sure to get rid of me.

I left the old man and went to the house, and ringing the bell asked to see Mr. Butler on business. After a little delay, I was ushered into a parlor where both father and son were sitting. The former was a fine old man, about sixty years of age, the latter was a young man about two-and-twenty. He was decidedly handsome, but there was a restlessness about his eyes which immediately struck me. I also noticed that he was very pale. He was in his shirt sleeves, but his coat hung on the back of a chair.

"Mr. Butler," said I, when I entered the room, "could you grind me fifty bushels of corn to-morrow?"

"Certainly," replied the old gentleman, "send it in, and I will do it to your satisfaction."

"Your neighborhood has been the scene of a terrible tragedy," said I.

"Fearful," returned Mr. Butler, senior, "but they tell me that there can be no doubt but that the unfortunate man's daughter committed the deed."

"The proofs are very strong against her," I returned, glancing at Mr. Charles Butler.

He was very uneasy, and moved restlessly about the room.

"It seems to me very extraordinary that she should have committed this deed," said the old gentleman—"the father and daughter always appeared to me to live on the best of terms together."

"She must have had some secret motive for the act—perhaps she was actuated by a feeling of revenge."

As I uttered the last word I fixed my eyes on the young man's face. He could not stand my gaze. His face assumed a livid hue, and he turned away his head.

"It was a very windy, dark night, just fitted for such a crime," said Mr. Butler, senior.

"I believe it was, but your son can better answer that question, as he was out nearly all night."

"My son out last night—you make a mistake—he went to bed before I did."

"The gentleman is in error," said the young man with a ghastly smile. "I was not out last night."

"You have forgotten," I replied, quietly. "You left the house at ten o'clock, and did not return until four in the morning. When you wanted to enter the gate leading to the mill you found it locked. You then knocked the gate with your foot and broke the lock."

"Is this true?" said the father, gazing sternly on his son, who stood trembling in every limb, unable to utter a word.

"Is this true, I ask?" repeated the old man, in a more peremptory tone of voice.

The young man made a violent effort over himself, and replied in a broken voice:

"Yes, I believe I was out last night, now I come to think about it."

"It is very strange you should have ever forgotten it," returned the old man; "pray what were you doing out last night?"

"I went to Jersey City on business," replied the son, with a determined air.

"To Jersey City on business, in the middle of the night?" repeated the old man, in a tone of astonishment and incredulity.

"Your son makes a slight mistake," I observed; "he did not go quite so far as Jersey City."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Charles Butler, gazing fiercely on me, for he was evidently getting desperate.

"I simply mean that you went no further than Mr. Palmer's," I returned.

The young man staggered, while his father looked at me, with surprise most intensely marked on his face.

"I—I—don't—understand you," stammered Mr. Charles Butler.

"O, yes you do," I returned, "you understand me very well. I may as well tell the truth at once, gentlemen. I am a detective officer, my name is Brampton, and it is my painful duty to arrest Mr. Charles Butler, charged with the wilful murder of Mr. Palmer."

"It is a false charge," exclaimed the accused, assuming a kind of bravado.

"Your denials are of no avail, young man," I replied. "The proofs are only too evident against you. Your case is a very black one. Not content with taking the life of that poor old man, you must endeavor to fix the guilt on his child. For that purpose you ascended to her window by means of a grape vine, and took the trouble to drop the blood from her chamber to the front door."

"Who is the witness against me?" said the young man, his bravado giving way when he saw that all was known.

"The Almighty," I returned, advancing to the spot where his coat hung on the back of a chair. "Examine the back of your coat. Do you see those two leaves from the almond tree sticking to it? They are fastened there by the blood of your victim. The high wind blew them after you, as you had in all probability turned to leave the spot, and there they are, a damning proof of your guilt."

Charles Butler fell back in a chair, buried his face in his hands, and did not utter a word.

The moment I had entered the room, I had noticed the almond leaves on the back of his coat, and I knew that I stood in the presence of Mr. Palmer's murderer. Mr. Butler senior was utterly overwhelmed by the accusation made against his son. He saw in a moment from the young man's manner, that he was really guilty, and gave way to his feelings by a paroxysm of grief.

I immediately procured assistance, and removed the murderer to prison. He maintained an obstinate silence, but proofs in addition to what I had already discovered were soon forthcoming. A witness was found who had seen him loitering about Mr. Palmer's premises; a dealer in cutlery recognized him as the man who had purchased the knife with which the deed had been committed—in short the evidences of his crime became perfectly overwhelming.

Miss Palmer was at once set at liberty. In due time Charles Butler was tried and convicted. He did not, however, die on the scaffold, for a week before the day fixed for his execution, he was seized with a violent fever which carried him off in three days.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE "OLD BRIDGE" RE-VISITED.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

'Tis evening, and beside the stream
I pace this grassy ridge,
Or wander through, as in a dream,
The old thought-haunted bridge.

Held by its idle, rusted chain,
I sadly pause to view,
Upon the eddying tide again,
The well-known "Old Canoe."*

But ah, I hear not, as of old,
A voice like music's own;
I see no hair like rippled gold
Gleam as the sun goes down!

O meteor-stars, that fade and fall!
O flowers, that droop while springing!
Ye, ye, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging!

But wherefore tears of vain regret
For her in yonder sky?
If life is sweet in youth, 'tis yet
More sweet in youth to die.

* "The Old Canoe"—a beautiful poem by the late Emily R. Page.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOST RING.

BY H. N. H.

BRIGHTLY stole the summer sunshine through the small window that lighted the little apartment occupied by the widow Selwyn and her three children; but its rays did not fall upon a soft rich carpet, but upon a hard, unpainted floor; yet they did not shine a whit the less cheerily, for all that. The room was plainly furnished, still taste was discernible in its every arrangement. In one corner stood the neatly made bed, covered with its snow-white drapery; and under the small glass was an oaken table, polished so brightly that you could almost see the reflection of your face upon its smooth surface, and on it lay quite a number of prettily though not expensively bound books; while here and there might be seen a few articles of nice fancy work—such as tufted mats, clove, and card baskets, small shell pyramids; and over the mantel stood a porcelain vase of prettily arranged flowers. Two beautiful birds, which occupied a cage that hung before one of the windows, filled the whole apart-

ment with their melodious warble, occasionally pausing as they flitted from side to side of their gilded prison-house, to peck and whirl the wires that impeded their flight, as though they would fain break from their durance and bathe their wings in their native element.

In a large easy chair sat a woman, who, though sadly wasted by disease, still bore traces of more than ordinary beauty; while at a window, seated on a low stool, was a beautiful girl, apparently of some eighteen summers, plying her needle. Swiftly flew her small white fingers, as she wrought the many richly-colored flosses into the costly fabric before her, and bright buds and green leaves seemed to spring up at her touch, as though by enchantment. Occasionally a smile would dimple her fair face as she paused for a moment to admire the effect of the last touch, and then again she would bend to her task, if possible with greater alacrity than before.

"Annie, dear," said Mrs. Selwyn, who had been for some moments drowsing, but had now awakened, "sewing yet? I should think you would be weary; I fear you will make yourself sick, and then I don't know what would become of us. Your face is flushed, and your eyes look heavy; besides, you have eaten nothing since the morning, for there stands your dinner untasted upon the dresser. Do, child, lay by your work at once. It really troubles me to see you confine yourself so closely."

"Not quite yet, mother dear," replied Annie; "just let me finish this one bud, and then the work is done, and I'm so glad, for I can take it to Mrs. Benson to-night, and it will be quite an agreeable surprise to her; for though she wanted it very much, she did not think it possible for me to complete it in so short a time."

The candle was lighted, and around the small table were seated Mrs. Selwyn and her two younger children—Letta, a dark-eyed girl of thirteen, and Charlie, a pale-faced boy of eleven.

"Past eight o'clock," said Mrs. Selwyn, as she cast an anxious glance at the old-fashioned time-piece that ticked upon the mantel, "and Annie not here yet. I do not know where she can be so late. Do, Letta dear, run to the street door, and see if she is anywhere in sight."

Letta had just risen to go, when Annie entered, her face all radiant with smiles; and without pausing to lay aside her hat and shawl, she said, as she seated herself:

"O, mother, you can't think how delighted Mrs. Benson was with my work! and she says she will give me sewing at her house for three long weeks, and only think what a help it would be to us. You should have that nice new wrap-

per, which you have so long needed, and Letta should have a pair of shoes, and then the poor child would not have to be laughed at for wearing ragged ones, and Charlie should have that nice little cap with bright buttons, which he has so long wanted."

"And what would you have, Annie?" said Mrs. Selwyn, as she gazed with all a mother's pride upon the radiant face of the fair speaker.

"O, nothing, mother, just now, for I'm not in want of anything."

"I'd rather go without the cap, Annie," said Charlie, as he raised his pale face from his geography, "than to have you go away."

"And I'll go without the shoes," chimed in Letta, "and I'll not care any more if the girls do laugh at me, if you'll stay at home, Annie, for we shall all be so dreadful lonesome."

"Take good care of mother, Letta," said Annie, as she lingered at the door, as she was about to leave for Mrs. Benson's, "and be sure to show Charlie about his lessons, and do not let him go late to school; remember the birds, and don't let them go hungry, and look out that pass does not get near enough to them to do them harm."

"O yes, Annie, I'll do everything just as you always have done," replied Letta, who felt highly pleased with the prospect of her newly-acquired responsibilities, although she was unfeignedly sorry to have Annie leave home.

"Come home often, Annie," said Mrs. Selwyn, "for we shall be lonely—very lonely without you."

"Yes, mother, I will, two or three times in the week, perhaps, and then I shall be with you all day Sunday."

It was with a light heart that Annie, after having placed her hand-box in the pleasant chamber allotted to her, seated herself to her sewing, and the thought of the comforts her exertions would bring to the loved ones at home, lent speed to her fingers, and busily indeed did she ply her needle.

"What beautiful girl is that, sis, who sits sewing in the sitting-room?" said Walter Harrington, to his sister, Mrs. Benson,

"Annie Selwyn," was the reply; "and she is as gentle and good as she is beautiful, and the most expert creature at her needle you ever saw. If I could but secure her services, I should think myself very fortunate, and if she will consent to stay with me, I shall dismiss Eveline."

Eveline, who was in the next room, heard these remarks unknown, and a malignant expression passed over her face as she murmured to herself: "We'll see if I'm to be turned off for that pert little hussy! I'm as good as she is, and

as sure as my name is Eveline Morse, I'll put a stop to this."

Annie knew nothing as yet of Mrs. Benson's intentions, still she felt there was something forbidding in Eveline's manner towards her, but what it was she could not tell.

Mrs. Benson stood before a table, carefully lifting each article from its place, while each moment the evident expression of concern upon her face deepened; and not finding the object she was in search of there, she commenced looking carefully about the carpet, moving divans, chairs, ottomans, but all to no purpose. At this moment she heard Eveline's well-known step in the hall, and she exclaimed:

"Eveline, Eveline, come here, child! can you tell me anything of my diamond ring? I'm quite sure that I took it off last night after my return from the opera, and placed it in the small box upon the table, and now it is nowhere to be found; do you not remember of seeing me do so?"

"O yes, madam, perfectly well; for I noticed particularly the brilliant rays reflected from it upon the table-cover as the light struck upon it."

"Well, you have been in the room the most of the morning; has any one else been in?"

"No, I believe not; but yes, now I remember that just as I came in, I met Annie Selwyn going out, and she said as I passed that she came down to look for a pattern that she lost, and asked me if I had seen it anywhere, and then she hurried up stairs, and the last I saw of her she was in her room sewing. But, of course, you cannot suspect her, for I do not think she would do such a thing, if it was to save her from starving."

"Walter," said Mrs. Benson to her brother, who had just called in, "I have something of importance I would like to say to you, and I want it for the present to be strictly confidential. I have lost my diamond ring in a mysterious manner. I left it upon the table last night when I retired, and this morning it is missing, and I am quite sure that no one had been in the room, but Eveline and Annie Selwyn; and I cannot with any reason suspect Eveline, for though she has her faults, I have proved her to be strictly honest, and would not hesitate at this moment to trust her with anything in the house; and, therefore, I am forced to think that Annie Selwyn knows more about this affair than she would care to tell. It seems hard that my kindness to her should be thus repaid, and when I look into her sweet, gentle face I can scarce credit my own suspicions; and yet it must be so. I have not mentioned a word of this as yet to Mr. Benson, for I scarcely dare to, he is so hasty. Now, Walter, I want your candid advice."

"I must say, Ellen, that it appears highly mysterious, but don't be hasty in passing judgment; remember the future happiness of this young girl is pending upon it, and I am loath to think that such a beautiful and innocent exterior can hide so base a heart, and, in fact, I will not believe this until there is proof, positive, against her."

"I feel all this, Walter, as sensibly as you do, but what can I do? If it were right for me to do so, I would let it all rest here; but the ring Charles presented me on our wedding night, and he would think I was strangely indifferent to take no measures to regain it."

"True, Ellen, and now I think of it, would it not be best to call the girls at once, and inquire into the matter? I will step into the back parlor, and remain a silent listener to what passes between you."

Annie and Eveline, in obedience to Mrs. Benson's summons, soon entered the room, and Mrs. Benson, in a voice trembling with emotion, said:

"Girls, I am about to speak with you on a subject that is highly painful to me, and I regret the urgent necessity that forces me to this step; still, duty to myself as well as to you, compels me to do this."

"Mrs. Benson," said Eveline, after she had concluded her story, "I cannot wonder that the disappearance of your ring seems mysterious to you; but, rather than to be the least implicated in so disgraceful an affair, I will allow you to search every article that belongs to me, and presume Miss Selwyn will consent to do the same, rather than to have this dark suspicion resting upon us."

Annie had stood silent and almost motionless, with her face blanched to an ashy paleness; but now that she was called upon to speak, she said in a strangely cold, calm voice:

"Certainly, Mrs. Benson, if it be your wish; you are at perfect liberty to look over the few articles contained in my box;" and rising, she led the way to her chamber, scarce conscious of what she was doing. Mrs. Benson and Eveline followed, Mrs. Benson half wishing that she had remained silent; but she strove to nerve herself for the unpleasant task with the thought that duty demanded it, at however great a sacrifice of feeling.

The last article but one had been taken from Annie's hand-box, and Mrs. Benson breathed more freely, for she was about convinced of her innocence; but as she lifted the remaining one, from its folds fell a small silk purse, and unclasping it with a trembling hand, she drew from it a small package, and tearing from it the wrapper, before her sparkled her own diamond ring.

Annie uttered one wild shriek, as her eye rested upon it, and she would have fallen to the floor had it not been for the timely assistance of Eveline. It was some time before the unhappy girl was restored to consciousness; and when she revived, the first words that escaped her lips—all pale and quivering with the intensity of her anguish—were:

"O my poor, poor mother! how will she bear this? I fear it will kill her; but God knows my innocence, and this thought shall console me."

"Poor, canting hypocrite!" muttered Eveline, while a malignant smile lighted her large dark eyes, "her piety has come quite too late to save her."

We will not stay to relate the conversation that passed between Mrs. Benson and Annie; Annie had received her dues, and with a trembling step, and a well-nigh breaking heart, was treading her way through the crowded streets to her mother's humble dwelling.

"Why, Annie, child, what has brought you home to-night?" exclaimed Mrs. Selwyn, as she entered their small apartment; "we were not looking for you. But how pale you look, and I'm quite sure you have been weeping. Do tell me, dear, what it is that troubles you?"

"O, mother, mother!" cried Annie, as she threw her arms around her neck, and nestled her throbbing head upon her bosom, "I must tell you all, or my heart will surely break. Only to think of it, I have brought ruin and disgrace upon you—upon us all! Mrs. Benson has lost a diamond ring, and she found it in my purse; how it came there I cannot tell; but though there is no possible way for me to prove my innocence, yet there is One who knows it. O, how ungrateful she thinks me, thus to repay her many kindnesses! and how she wept when she pressed my hand, just before I left! and her voice quivered as she said: 'Annie, I pity you from my heart, I do.' Don't blame her, mother, she cannot help thinking me guilty; and yet, I would far rather have died. I wish I could die now, mother, O, I really do!"

When Annie had concluded her mournful recital, the mother and daughter blended their tears in silence; for O, it is such a luxury to weep! such a relief to the aching, overcharged heart! At length Mrs. Selwyn said:

"Annie, my child, this is to us a dark, inscrutable providence; but there may yet be light behind the cloud. Let us not lose our confidence in God, for has he not promised never to forsake those who trust in him? In this trying hour, human consolation can avail us nothing. Let us, my child, seek strength and comfort from above."

The sable curtain of night had fallen around the earth, and the busy hum of the passers-by had ceased. Hushed were the strains of mirth, and sounds of revelry; but in that lonely apartment of woe and sorrow, might have been seen, at that late hour, that heart-stricken mother and daughter low upon their bended knees, communing with that Being who never slumbers nor sleeps. Could Annie's accusers but have seen that aged mother, and viewed the holy light that irradiated her face, as she prayed for those who had brought this great and terrible trouble upon them; could they have looked upon the beautiful "madonna" like expression of the upturned face of the fair young creature by her side, and have heard the fervent responses that fell from her quivering lips, they would have felt that she was all too pure to be guilty of so dark a crime.

The evening after the departure of Annie from Mrs. Benson's, that lady and her husband were seated in their luxuriously furnished apartment. At length the gentleman raised his eye from the paper he had been perusing, and gazing silently and intently upon the face of his young wife for a moment, said:

"Ellen, you look sad; what troubles you?"

"Not sadder than I feel, Charles," was the rejoinder. "I am thinking about poor Annie Selwyn; I have striven all the evening to banish her from my thoughts, but her pale, sad face is constantly before me."

"O, Ellen, you are quite too sensitive. For my own part, instead of reproaching yourself, I think you may take considerable credit for letting her off so easily. If I'd had my say about the affair, she should have been made a public example, and I'm not sure but in the end it would have been better for her. She reminds me of the story of the viper that turned and stung the hand of the one who had kindly nourished it. Now, pray do cheer up, Ellen dear, and think no more about the girl, for she is unworthy of your thoughts."

"Well, God grant that her innocence may yet be proved," said Mrs. Benson, as she sighed heavily, and then relapsed into her former musing mood.

Weeks came and went, but they brought no token for good to the stricken heart of Annie Selwyn; but each day the shadow rested darker around her path.

"Mr. Harrington," said a little boy, who had long resided in the family of Mr. Benson, addressing Mrs. Benson's brother, Walter, "I have something I want to tell you, and so I followed you into the garden. I have thought I would tell you a good many times, but have not dared

to; but last week when Mrs. Benson sent me to carry some patterns to Annie Selwyn—you know her, Mr. Harrington, the girl who sewed at the house—she came to the door when I knocked, and O, how she looked, so white and thin! and when she spoke to me, her voice was so low and sad that it made the tears come into my eyes, and I had to hurry away without speaking, for my throat swelled and swelled, so that I could not say a word, and when I got away where there couldn't anybody see me, O, how I cried! and then my throat didn't ache so any more, and that day I made up my mind that I would tell you all, the first chance I could get."

"Well, my boy, go on," said Walter, as he laid his hand caressingly upon his head, and smoothed his damp, dark locks. "Come into the summer-house, and then we shall be out of sight; and don't be afraid to tell me all."

"Well, then," said the boy; "you know while Annie Selwyn was here, Mrs. Benson lost her diamond ring, and it was found in her purse, and so all the folks believed she stole it. Well, that morning—are you quite sure there's no one to hear me, Mr. Harrington?—as I passed her room door, which stood open, I saw Miss Eveline bending over her band-box, and when she found that I saw her, her face at first was mighty pale, and then red, and as she came towards me, a small green purse dropped from her hand, and a ring rolled out of it upon the floor. She picked it up quick, and then said:

"'Henry, if you wont tell what you have seen, I'll give you this silver half dollar; come, promise now, that's a good boy.'

"'I don't want the money,' said I, 'and I guess I sha'n't promise,' for I never did much like Eveline, she was so spiteful.

"Well, do as you please, Master Henry," said she, looking at me so ugly with her great black, staring eyes that it quite frightened me; 'but if you dare to tell, I'll be the means of your leaving this house, and that aint all.'

"This made me afraid not to promise, and so I did; and when I heard the servants say that Annie Selwyn had stolen the ring, I thought if I was only to tell what I knew, it might help to prove that she did not steal it, and I knew I ought to, but somehow I could not find courage; but the other day when I saw her looking so altered, it made me think all about how kind she was to me, just as gentle as if she had been my sister, and I made up my mind to tell everything I knew about the ring, in spite of Miss Eveline."

"I am sorry that you did not come to this determination before. But you may go now, and mind that you do not breathe a word of this to

any one, until called upon, and then do not be afraid, but relate the story you have told me, and I assure you no harm shall come to you, my boy."

"O, Walter, Walter!" cried Mrs. Benson, when he had related to her the conversation that had passed between himself and Henry, "only to think what that poor girl has suffered! I will call Eveline at once, and make her confess all. Heaven be praised, it is not too late to make restitution, in part, to poor Annie Selwyn!"

Consternation was written upon Eveline's every feature, as Henry proceeded at the request of Mrs. Benson to relate the facts in regard to the ring; and the girl seeing no chance for escape, at once owned her guilt, and the motives that induced her to commit the heartless deed.

The lamp burned dimly in the apartment of Widow Selwyn, and its flickering rays fell upon the pale face of the mother, who was hanging over the bed on which Annie was lying, tossing from side to side, and occasionally moaning piteously.

"Mother," she at length said, "what is to become of us? I heard you tell Letta you was burning your only candle, and that your last stick of wood was upon the fire. Besides, you had but a fourpenny loaf of bread left in the house."

"This is all true, Annie; but I comfort myself with the thought that our Heavenly Father 'suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice'; and does he not still 'temper the wind to the shorn lamb'? I verily believe this, and I will trust him though he hides his face from me."

"Your words sound very sweet and cheering to me, mother," replied Annie, as she turned upon her pillow and closed her eyes, and in a few moments was in a gentle slumber.

A gentle tap at the door soon called Mrs. Selwyn from her post, and hastening to open it, before her stood Mrs. Benson and Walter Harrington.

"Is Annie Selwyn within?" was the inquiry that greeted her.

"She is," was the response of Mrs. Selwyn, as she pointed towards the bed. Mrs. Benson's heart was full. As she bent over the emaciated form of Annie, and stood gazing silently upon the pale face before her, she suddenly unclosed her eyes, and looking steadily at Mrs. Benson for a moment, she extended her hand, and a sweet smile played over her countenance as she exclaimed:

"It is indeed Mrs. Benson! O this is very, very kind of you!"

For some moments Mrs. Benson's tears fell thick and fast upon the little thin and almost transparent hand, resting so confidently in her own, and at length she said:

"Annie, will you, can you forgive me all the bitter injustice I have unintentionally done you? Many and many a sleepless night have I spent since the unhappy affair in regard to my diamond ring, thinking of you; and if ever I raised a grateful prayer to God, it was that hour that brought proof of your perfect innocence."

Readily did Annie extend forgiveness to Mrs. Benson; and as Walter Harrington sat a silent and unseen listener to the words that fell from Annie Selwyn's lips, he brushed the tears from his eyes ever and anon, for he had never witnessed so holy and touching a display of Christian humility and forbearance.

The widow's prayer that night was as a song of praise; and words would be inadequate to describe the secret happiness that was nestling in the silent depths of Annie Selwyn's heart.

Firm and unchanging was the friendship that Mrs. Benson now felt for the sewing girl, humble and unpretending as she was; and it was among the happiest moments of her life when Walter Harrington claimed her as his wife, and took her to his own beautiful home—the home that was now to afford a refuge for Mrs. Selwyn, Letta and Charlie; and whenever Annie reverted to the disappearance of the diamond ring, and the train of circumstances connected with it, she would recall her mother's words: "Annie, my child, trust in God; there may yet be light behind the cloud."

A DEATH CLOCK.

We have recently been informed of a truly wonderful clock, which is said to belong to a family in Newport. The clock is of simple construction, and belongs to the family of Mr. L—y; but all the efforts of clockmakers have not been able to make it keep time—consequently, it has been permitted to rest in silence. A few hours before the death of Mr. L—y's sister, some short time since, the clock suddenly struck one, after a silence of many months. It thus continued to maintain its silence until another member of the family was prostrated with a fatal malady, when it again struck one, and on the following day the child was buried. A year elapsed, when a second child sickened and died. The clock was punctual in sounding one a few hours previous to its death. A third child, a little boy fifteen months old, was afflicted with scrofula, which baffled the skill of his physician, and died. The clock gave the usual warning, and struck one. It has never failed in sounding a death knell when any of the family in whose possession it now is were about to die. "There are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."—*Cincinnati paper.*

(ORIGINAL.)

DIDST EVER SEE THE DEWDROPS?

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

Didst ever see the dewdrops,
 As at early morn they lay
 Upon the grassy meadow,
 And on flowerets bright and gay?
 Didst ever mark the freshness
 Of each flower and tiny leaf,
 After they had departed—
 Those emblems fair of grief?

Each human flower's oft bathed in tears,
 And sad they sometimes seem;
 But as the dew upon the flowers
 Doth make them brighter gleam,
 So every anguish of the heart
 But purifies the soul,
 And every storm, however rough,
 Doth sanctify the whole.

I would not care to live a life
 Of sunshine without shade,
 Or have the promptings of my will
 Implicitly obeyed.
 I'd rather have the storm at times
 To whirl around my way,
 So that I could appreciate
 A fairer, brighter day.

(ORIGINAL.)

TIT FOR TAT.

BY FRANÇOIS A. DURIVAGE.

LET the reader fancy a delicious garden attached to a noble country seat in one of the rural counties of England, on a fine summer morning. On three sides it is enclosed by a high wall; on the fourth it is separated by a hawthorn hedge from a smooth-shaven lawn, shaded here and there by clumps of graceful trees, and extending up to the fine old manor-house with its quaint gables and diamond-paned windows of the Elizabethan era. In the garden there are arbors, fountains, statues, trellises covered with luxuriant grape-vines, flowers and flowering shrubs of all kinds, and sunbeam and shadow play together through its wide extent. Such is Halldon Hall, the residence of Sir Humphrey Halldon, "a fine old English gentleman all of the olden school."

Surely he must be a happy man. Let us wait and see. A hale, ruddy old fellow of sixty-five is Sir Humphrey—a devoted horticulturist, something of a fox hunter, a man of tastes and accomplishments. In his youth he served in the

dragoon guards; in his manhood he made something of a figure in parliament. An old bachelor from Epicurean principle, he has not succeeded in escaping all the trials of life, as may be inferred from the soliloquy he indulges in according to his wont of talking to himself, as he paced to and fro in one of the shady and mosaic-paved alleys of his garden, or "pleasaunce," as it was termed in the old time.

"Surely never was a man so harassed and perplexed as I am. To think that in my old age, when I felt secure of my neighborhood by the tenure of the surrounding property, in pops this confounded Dr. Groesbeak from London, and sets up a mad-house under my very nose. I suppose I shall have lunatics clambering up my garden walls, and making faces at me from the coping, or inroads upon my premises, playing out their mad freaks at my expense. Then there's my niece Emily—a beauty and a fortune. I thought to see her married to some fine young countryman, when lo! at Paris she falls in with a confounded foreigner, and gives heart and hand to him. To be sure the fellow was handsome, accomplished, well-born, and all that—but after a year of marriage she comes back to me alone—out of humor with her husband and herself, virtually, if not legally, separated. Ah, here she comes! I am determined to find out the cause of their separation—hitherto she has evaded my questions; but now I am resolved she shall make a full confession."

The lady thus alluded to was an exceedingly beautiful woman of two-and-twenty—one of those fresh, healthy, dark-haired, dark-eyed Englishwomen, whose charms, if fully developed at twenty, or thereabouts, last far beyond the middle age. She was elegantly attired in a morning dress, and now approached her uncle slowly, stopping here and there to inhale the fragrance of some opening flower.

"Emily, my dear," said the old gentleman, "you look charmingly to-day. The absence of your husband does not seem to prey upon your spirits."

"The absence of an annoyance never affects me disagreeably, uncle," replied the lady, drily.

"Then you don't love him?"

"He does not love me," replied Emily, with a half sigh.

"Are you sure of that, my dear?"

"Quite sure."

"Emily," said the old man, taking her hand gently, and leading her to a rustic seat, "there is a mystery about this affair which you must clear up to my satisfaction. I have been a father to you, and it is your duty to tell me all."

"I have very little to tell you, Sir Humphrey," said the lady, plucking a rose to pieces as she spoke.

"You have never even described your husband to me, my dear."

"I am no portrait-painter, uncle. Suffice it to say that Colonel Eugene Lavalle is a handsome man—a very handsome man he thinks himself; and I am sure he was never so happy as when dressed in full uniform, and mounted on his black charger, showing himself at the head of his regiment on the Champ de Mars. He was very much in love—with himself."

"You are severe, my child."

"I am just. For two months I thought indeed he did love me. But if so, why did he accept an embassy to Vienna, and set out for his mission alone?"

"There might have been political reasons for that," said Sir Humphrey.

"I do not believe it, uncle."

"We ought always to believe the motives of our friends good till we prove them to be otherwise."

"You shall hear the rest of my story, sir. Two months passed without my hearing a word from him. At last came a letter of an old date, but I was so much piqued at his long silence, that I answered him very coldly. He replied with much warmth—I retorted in the same spirit, and the correspondence ended. At last he resigned his appointment, and came back to Paris; but I had already sought refuge from his neglect and indifference here, where my infancy—my happiest days were passed."

"It seems by your own account, my dear," said Sir Humphrey, after a thoughtful pause, "that you abandoned him."

"Say what you please of my conduct, uncle, I could not bear the thought of witnessing with my own eyes the humiliating spectacle of his estrangement."

"And you have not heard from him since you left France?"

"He wrote me once, but I sent back his letter unopened. I heard of his plunging into the gayest circles, and figuring as one of the gayest of the gay. Could I require stronger proof than I have lost his affections?"

"The gayest countenance often veils the saddest heart," said the old man. "He may love you yet."

"I cannot think so."

"But you love him still, I am sure."

"Pray, don't insult me, uncle," said the lady, angrily.

"Alas!" said the old man, "how often in this

sad world are two loving hearts forever estranged from each other from some misunderstanding—some mutual misconception. It was wrong in Colonel Lavalle to leave his country without you. Man and wife ought never to be separated. A temporary absence, in the chance of life, often turns out an eternal one. But let us drop this painful subject for the present. Here comes Flanders—let us hear what news he brings from the village. Well, Flanders, where have you been?"

This question was addressed to a short, thick-set, red-faced fellow, in an unexceptionable livery suit, who now made his appearance—and after touching his hat to his master, stood before him with the stiff perpendicularity of a ramrod.

"King's Arms, Sir Humphrey," replied the servant.

"The tavern, as usual," said the baronet, with a smile. "Well, what is there new at the King's Arms, beside the ale?"

"An arrival, Sir Humphrey."

"Ah! who is it?"

"Foreign gen'l'man, Sir Humphrey. Pays like a prince—orders servants like a lord; breakfast, champagne and beefsteak; luncheon, oysters and Burgundy. Kissed chambermaid, and gave her a guinea. Frenchman, moustache, undress uniform!"

Mr. Flanders's sentences were jerked out with peculiar emphasis.

"Did you learn his name?" asked Emily, taking a slight interest in the narrative.

"Yes'm. Colonel Eugene Lavalle."

Emily uttered a faint cry and changed color.

"Lady faint?" inquired Flanders of Sir Humphrey, jerking his thumb in the direction of the baronet's niece.

"No—it is nothing. Have you anything more to tell us?"

"Gen'l'man gave me a guinea."

"What was that for?" asked Sir Humphrey.

"Gen'l'man told landlord he wanted to see the new mad-house—came down purposely from Lou'ou. Landlord told him he couldn't see it without permit from the directors. I told him you'd give him a letter to the doctor. Was I right?"

"Yes," said Sir Humphrey, after a moment's reflection. "Follow me into the house, and I'll write the note." Then handing a crown-piece to the servant, the baronet whispered some directions in his ear.

"My eyes, what jolly fun!" cried the fellow, slapping his thigh with his hand, while his countenance lighted up with a broad grin. "The Frenchman 'll be done brown, as sure as my

name's Jack Flanders. Beg pardon, Sir Humphrey."

"Let us walk into the drawing-room, my dear," said the baronet, drawing his niece's arm within his. "I have something for your private ear."

Half an hour afterwards Mr. John Flanders might have been seen ushering the dashing French colonel into the presence of Sir Humphrey, who received him in the garden. After this the valet bowed obsequiously, and took his departure.

"Pray, sir," said Colonel Lavalle, in perfectly good English, "have I the honor of addressing Doctor Solomon Groesbeak?"

"My name, sir," said Sir Humphrey, with all the gravity he could muster.

"Then, sir," said the colonel, "allow me the honor of presenting my apology for intrusion."

And with a graceful bow he tendered Sir Humphrey his own letter of introduction to Doctor Groesbeak. After perusing it, the baronet extended his hand, and said:

"Any gentleman bearing credentials from my respected neighbor, Sir Humphrey Haliden, is sure of a welcome from me. I am very happy to make your acquaintance, colonel."

"You do me too much honor, sir," replied the visitor. "I had heard of your establishment in France. The treatment of the insane, doctor, has occupied much of my attention. Though I pass for a frivolous young man, I am by no means destitute of serious purposes. Indeed, an event in my own life has saddened my existence, and rendered me more than ever keenly sensible of the sufferings of my fellows."

"And pray, colonel, if my curiosity does not seem impertinent, what cloud can have cast a shadow on your brilliant prospects?"

"A twelvemonth since, doctor, I married a most charming woman. After a compulsory absence, I found, on my return to Paris, that she had left my bed and board without a cause, as the advertisements say, nor have I been able to discover her whereabouts."

"Yet men say you bear her desertion very well, colonel," said the pretended doctor.

"Morbleu!" answered the colonel, laughing.

"What would you have? I am only five-and-twenty. Pride compels me to feign gaiety, and sometimes I succeed in imposing on myself. Besides, what says our spiritual author? *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a.* French philosophy, you will say—but it is philosophy, after all. But to abandon self—your location is admirable, your gardens enchanting, and if the exterior of the establishment equal the

interior, you can boast of the very first lunatic asylum in the world. But *adieu!* I am dying with impatience to see the inside arrangements of your household."

"Then you will have the kindness to excuse me for a few moments," said the baronet, "and amuse yourself here while I prepare my patients to receive you."

At this moment a plaintive female voice was heard singing a melancholy air in the garden. The words were not distinguishable, but the air was inexpressibly touching and tender. Colonel Lavalle started.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I never heard a finer voice at the grand opera."

"One of my patients, poor thing!" said Sir Humphrey.

"Is there no hope for her?"

"Incurable," replied Sir Humphrey, shaking his head sadly. "But I must leave you. I beg you will be careful not to alarm my poor patient. I perceive she is coming this way. *Au revoir, colonel.*"

Colonel Lavalle withdrew from the pathway as Emily approached, her hair fantastically dressed with straws and flowers, in the received style of love-lorn madness. She sank listlessly into a seat, and as she turned her head towards him Lavalle recognised his wife, and exclaimed vehemently, "Emily! By heaven!"

The lady started; her dark eyes rested on the countenance of her husband, but she gave no sign of recognition.

"Some one called my name," she said. "O, sir," she continued, rising and wringing her hands, "have you seen my Eugene?"

"Have I seen him?" cried Lavalle. "Look on me, dear, lost Emily—I am your Eugene—your husband."

"Husband!" she cried, pressing her hand on her temples. "No, no, he has forgotten me—he is far away—he will never come back!" and she sighed heavily.

"Look on me, dearest; try to remember the past—try to recall your faculties. I am indeed your own Eugene."

"Away, away!" cried the lady, with a gesture of repugnance. "You mock me because my brain is weak. Eugene is lost—forever lost!" and sinking into a seat, she covered her face with both hands.

Sir Humphrey had approached the scene of this interview, and stood near by a silent spectator, conquering with difficulty his disposition to burst out into a hearty fit of laughter. Lavalle suddenly perceived him, and rushing towards him, pressed a purse of gold into his hand.

"Doctor," he said, "with a choking voice, 'be kind to her. I will pay your care with gold. When you cease to receive remittances from me, know that I am no more. Farewell.'"

"Stay," cried Sir Humphrey, alarmed at the agony of his niece's husband. "Stay and hear me."

"I cannot, I cannot linger here," cried Lavallo, fiercely. "My brain reels—I must away from this piteous spectacle. But you shall hear from me—I will write, I will write." And he fled from the spot with all possible speed.

"Hallo, there!" shouted a voice behind him. "You sir, mounseer, hold hard!"

Lavallo turned and beheld Flanders, out of breath, and gesticulating frantically.

"Well, fellow, what now?"

"Sich a rum go!" said the valet, bursting into a horse-laugh.

"Continue this insolence, and I'll murder you," said the colonel, grasping him by the throat. "What do you mean, dog?"

"I mean as how you've been done very brown, mounseer. Don't choke me, but hear me. You gave me a guinea just now to drink your health. Can't see a hon'rab'le gen'loman imposed upon."

"Speak out."

"That air aint the mad-house, mounseer. The 'sylum is over the way. That air aint the doctor; it's my mas'r, Sir Humphrey Halidon. That air young lady aint no more mad nor I be. Are you up to trap now?"

"Don't say a word," cried Lavallo, with a joyous revulsion of feeling. "Don't say a word, and I will pay them in their own coin."

"But don't let on as how I 'peached, mounseer."

"Not a word; only follow my directions, and here's a couple of guineas to strengthen your memory."

The valet's face lighted up with a broad grin, as he listened to the detailed instructions of Colonel Lavallo, and promised to perform his part in the projected farce faithfully and well.

Meanwhile Sir Humphrey and his niece were talking over their own project, when they were startled by a terrific crash of glass, and immediately afterwards Flanders came running up to them, his eyes starting out of his head with well-feigned terror.

"O mas'r! O my lady!" he exclaimed. "Ere's the rummest go of all."

"Speak out!—what is it?" cried Sir Humphrey.

"The foreign gen'loman—him with the anchorvies on his upper lip."

"What of him?" cried uncle and niece in a breath.

"He's gone mad—mad as a March hare, and ten times madder. He turned a flip-flap, head over heels, right into the oratorio where you keeps the victory lily, and he's been playing foot-ball with the japoniky pots."

"O, heavens!" cried Emily, "here he comes—perhaps my voice will soothe him. How criminally we have acted."

Colonel Lavallo, with his dress in the most admired state of disorder, here came galloping up on a restive broomstick, brandishing his walking stick in the air.

"Out of the way," he cried, "or I'll sabre you all! Close up to the front there—charge!"

"Eugene!" cried Emily.

"Halt!" said the colonel, reining in his broomstick. "Colors to the front! *Honneur aux dames!* Salute the ladies!"

"Eugene," said the same voice.

"Madame," said the colonel, dismounting from his broomstick, and giving it in charge to Flanders.

"Don't you know me, Eugene? I am your Emily!"

"My Emily loved me once," said the colonel, passing his hand wildly over his forehead.

"She loves you still," said the lady.

"My Emily used to place her little hand in mine."

"Does she now withhold it?" said the lady, giving her hand.

"My Emily permitted me to kiss it," said the colonel.

"Does she now forbid it?"

Lavallo kissed the white hand that lay in his lovingly.

"My Emily permitted me to press her lips."

The ripe, dewy lips of the beautiful lady were offered to the colonel's salute.

"My Emily permitted my arm to encircle her slender waist."

The lady rested her head upon her husband's shoulder.

"You have worked a greater wonder than Doctor Grosbeak," said the colonel, in his natural voice. "Sir Humphrey, your plot was well laid, but I have paid you fairly in your own coin."

"Then you were not mad," cried Madame Lavallo, joyously.

"No more than you were, dearest. But you were indeed mad when you thought me forgetful of or unfaithful to your charms. Reasons of state compelled me to depart from Paris. The same motives induced me to prolong my stay. The same reasons compelled me to mix in the gayest society, to flirt with the liveliest coquettes, to appear the most confirmed and maudlin subject

of them. But I was never untrue to you; and I had devoted my life to the task of finding you again."

"And I, too, Eugene," said the happy wife, "have loved you all along, although my pride compelled me to conceal my true feelings, believing, as I did, that you had forgotten me."

"Chance," said Sir Humphrey, "has enabled me to bring about a reconciliation which I felt ought to take place. I welcomed you as a stranger; permit me now as a relative, to take you by the hand, and bid you heartily welcome to Haldon Hall, your home as long as you choose to remain here."

"Perhaps I will accept your offer," said the colonel, gaily; "for in the compulsory gaieties of Paris, I might perhaps again awaken the jealousy of my dear little wife here."

"No, never, Eugene," cried Emily, with an earnestness that carried conviction to his heart.

In spite of his promise to Flanders, Colonel Lavalie revealed to Sir Humphrey, in strict confidence, however, the agency of that extraordinary valet in the discovery of the plot against him; but since his treachery had turned out so happily for all concerned, the baronet generously added another guinea to the fees he had that day received, and the evening closed with joy to all beneath the old manorial roof of Haldon Hall.

FLOWERS AND FAITH.

The vital instincts of flowers correspond to some characteristics of faith. Put a flower-pot on your parlor window, and its flowers will invariably turn towards the light without. No matter how often you change the position of the plant, the flowers will always turn towards the window. Faith and piety seek the light; sin seeks darkness. Some love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Put a plant in a dark room, with but a single ray of light penetrating through some crevice in the shutter, and it will turn towards the place where it enters. Different persons enjoy different degrees of spiritual illumination. Some have their eyes but half opened, seeing men as trees walking; others walk in the meridian effulgence of the sun. Conversion turns the eyes of the soul Christward. "He that followeth after me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Flowers turn the face of their hearts heavenward. Thus uplifted and open, the sun shines down into their inmost being; the dew gently distils into their leaves and hearts' core, until its drops gather on their petals and leaves like glistening pearls, reflecting the colors of the rainbow. For a flower to turn its face earthward, is unnatural and ruinous; for its petals thus form a roof, to keep out of its heart rain, dew and sunlight.

To draw for money on those not indebted to you, is playing a dishonest game of draughts; to leave your card as a substitute for visits, is playing a dishonest game of cards.

AN IRISH DUELLIST.

Pat Power, of Daragla, was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion named Bill Bricco. When taking aim, he said he still had friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristic of his class, and so a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person who sent it. He pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and, presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presenting it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed. On another occasion he ordered supper; and while waiting for it, he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table; and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare; and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and, directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper of the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he had laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.—*Ireland Sixty Years Ago.*

When generosity, friendship or fraternal affection is represented on the stage, well or ill, every one sympathizes with it; but when a fond pair are making love, we laugh at them, or at best are wholly unmoved. What is the reason of it! Because love is essentially selfish, and we cannot sympathize with selfishness.—*Jean Paul.*

[ORIGINAL.]

WILLIE'S GRAVE.

BY MARIA M. JONES.

Blow ye softly, gentle breezes,
O'er the spot where Willie lies;
'Tis for him the mother's weeping,
'Tis for him the father sighs!

Bring ye on your wings, fair zephyrs,
Fragrance from the woodland flower;
Gentle music waft ye ever
From the sweetest fairy's bower!

Bird, that in the morning soareth
From the flowery grove,
Sing your sweetest notes outpouring
O'er the grave we fondly love!

Stars, that brightly shine at even
In the azure vault on high,
Look upon it from the heavens,
With a tender, pitying eye!

Where the wild rose blooms in summer,
Where the streamlet passeth by,
Where the bee is ever murmuring,
There our darling one we lie;

Where the gentle lily bloometh,
With her pale and pensile brow;
And the violet fair perfumeth
There we lay our darling now;

Queen of even, treading softly
On the meek and silent air,
Shed thy brightest halo gently
O'er the grave we've made him there!

[ORIGINAL.]

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA.

BY W. W. FROST.

A SUPERB chamber, rich with hangings designed by the immortal pencil of Raphael, and adorned with magnificent paintings, was occupied by four lovely ladies. At one end of the vast apartment stood a bed of crimson velvet, embroidered with silver; and near it was a toilet table with its wondrous mirror, both of massive gold beaten into its present form. At the other end was a state chair, under a canopy, which was splendidly decorated. Scattered here and there amid the golden and silken couches, and tabourets, and inlaid tables, were beautiful Indian cabinets of rare and costly workmanship.

At intervals music was heard from a foreign band that was stationed in the court beneath the

windows, which were open, but so heavily draped with thick brocade, made heavier by being wrought with gold in a deep pattern of lilies and Parmese violets, that the sound came to the apartment softened and subdued; and well was it that it did, else the tones had been torture to English ears. The music proceeded from the unceasing instruments of the Portuguese band, in honor of their princess, recently wedded to Charles II., of England.

It was the queen, Catherine of Braganza, who sat in that chair of state. The others were the Countess of Suffolk, and two Portuguese ladies of rank—the Countess of Ponteval and the Countess of Penalva. The queen was the smallest of the quartette assembled here—a *petite figure*, gipsy eyes, olive complexion, and rich, dark hair, gathered in a knot behind, with full, large curls, hanging gracefully down upon the neck. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, richly trimmed with lace. Her arms and neck were quite bare, but their extreme beauty deserved that they should be seen. A few pearls were all the ornaments she wore.

Although the first month since her bridal had scarcely passed away, the young queen seemed melancholy and thoughtful, and her lip sometimes quivered when she attempted to address her companions. The deepest sympathy was expressed in the countenances of the ladies. Two of them had accompanied the youthful bride in her triumphal entry into her kingdom. Since that time the color of her life had faded into gray, and clouds dark and lowering had come upon her in the new home where she had anticipated so great happiness. A few hours before she had suffered exquisite pain from the conduct of the king, who had not only insisted on making the infamous Lady Castlemaine a lady of the queen's bedchamber, but, at her refusal to accept her, had led the odious woman into her presence before the whole court.

When Charles presented her, the queen did not catch the name; so that she little imagined that she whom she had smiled upon and given her royal hand to kiss, was the bold, bad woman who was stealing from her the king's affections, and making shipwreck of the poor heart that now longed to recall the last few weeks of a darkened youth.

When the hapless Catherine became aware of this, she struggled so intensely to keep back the tears, that the blood gushed from her nostrils, and she had been brought to this room perfectly insensible. When she recovered, instead of soothing her wounded feelings, Charles insisted more strongly than ever that she should receive

the "poor lady" whom her conduct had publicly injured. It was this that started the unbidden tears, and caused the sweet young face to wear a mournful aspect. It was so deeply mortifying to her pride, as well as cutting to her heart, to find herself but second, where she had a right to reign alone—in the heart of her husband. She sighed now for the freedom which, as Catherine of Braganza, she so fully enjoyed at her father's court of Lisbon. Alas, for that trusting woman who had believed in princes!

Passionate and proud, she refused to receive the bold woman in the capacity which Charles wished. A stormy scene was the result, and unrestrained by the presence of the three ladies, who evidently were on the queen's side. It was in vain. Scarcely had he left her apartment, when the object of their quarrel intruded herself. Catherine's anger was at the boiling point, and one of the ladies left the room, craving her majesty's permission to depart. The others would not leave their royal mistress to encounter the insolence of her impudent visitor, and stayed to sustain her by their presence. The young queen was too much discomposed to assert the dignity of her position, and the bold woman carried the day loftily, and compelled the attention which she could not win.

From this day the queen was intruded on by the presence she so hated. Like the fabled shirt of Nessus, she clung to her with a pertinacity that Catherine had no means of resisting. If the queen rode out in the state-coach, lo! there was Lady Castlemaine ready to follow her into it. Did she go to the theatre or to church, to drive around the park, or to make visits, there was the detestable face that came between her and her lord. To crown all, Lady-Castlemaine openly avowed herself a convert to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The queen was mortified and disgusted at this imitation of herself; for, of course, it was for no other purpose than to hold the king to herself through his religious faith. Charles lived and died a Catholic, and Lady Castlemaine was fully aware of the fact that he favored it.

But she, too, soon felt all the pangs she had given. Her jealousy was roused in two quarters; for the king became suddenly more fond of Catherine, while at the same time he too evidently admired her new maid of honor, Frances Stuart.

This beautiful girl was the daughter of Walter Stuart, Lord Blantyre, immortalized in her beauty by Philip Rotter the royal medalist, who took her for the model of the Britannia on the copper coinage of Great Britain. She was poor; but this did not hinder the full flow of spirits that

characterized her. The king saw her, and from that moment the reign of Lady Castlemaine was partially over. Frances Stuart was a madcap and a coquette, and she trifled with Charles so openly, that her reputation suffered with the world; but although imprudent, she was virtuous, and the queen never lost her confidence in her.

Lady Castlemaine—never very sweet-tempered—was furious at the open preference of Charles for her rival, and her passionate threats were so violent as to call forth only disgust from the disenchanted monarch. But the tyrant could not be disobeyed. She forced him back again, and meantime Frances Stuart became sensible of her imprudence, and was glad to marry her cousin, the Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Two years afterward she lost the beauty which had so nearly proved a fatal gift by the small pox, and with it she lost the admiration of her royal lover.

Many thought that Charles would submit to a divorce from the queen, after his repeated disappointments in an heir; and popular opinion pointed to Frances Stuart, while single, as the new queen. Perhaps the king had cherished some such intention, but the rancor which was shown to Catherine, and the bold conspiracy which threatened her as the murderers who attempted his life, were so monstrous, that they overreached all bound, and actually softened his heart toward her. Indeed, Charles, aside from his awful infidelities, was a kind husband in the main, and really loved his wife, as he showed by his conduct when she was abused by others. "I will never suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed," was his reply to her enemies. A beautiful French girl was his next object of admiration, whom he afterward created Duchess of Cleveland.

In 1665 the great plague broke out in London, invading even the royal limits of Hampton Court. Then came the great fire, either of which events would seem sufficient to turn the most thoughtless into reflection and penitence. Yet the dissipated monarch and his abandoned court went on, unheeding what might justly have been looked upon as a righteous rebuke from the Almighty to their dissolute lives.

Charles lived twenty years after this. One favorite succeeded another, all openly acknowledged, and equally bold, presuming and extravagant. The annals of the world do not present another career of royalty so long and so utterly dissolute as his. It is not with these that we have to do, however, but with the unfortunate and injured queen.

It was the first Sabbath of February, 1685, that

Catherine and her ladies were performing their devotions as was their wont. While thus engaged, the king and his courtiers, male and female, were assembled in another apartment of the palace. Some of them were at cards, others even more shamelessly forgetting the day in idle songs, love-making and laughter; while a French boy was singing love ditties in the gallery. All day the king felt ill, yet he joined that God-forgotten crew at evening; and after a sleepless night, rose with a terrible premonition of coming sickness. By eight in the morning the queen was aroused with the tidings of his having been seized with apoplexy. She flew to his bedside, but was so completely overpowered with grief, that she fell into convulsions and was borne away. Before the last scene was over, she was again permitted to see him. They mutually asked pardon for any offences committed by each against the other, and they parted then and there forever. The physicians refused to allow her to re-enter the chamber. At twelve the next day Charles died, praying for God's mercy.

The royal widow remained in England seven years after the death of the king, and then gratified the darling wish of her heart by returning to her own country. Here she was received with all the pomp of royalty, and the consideration due to one who had been the great instrument of freedom to Portugal.

She remained there during her life. In her last year she acted as queen-regent, her brother, Don Pedro, having delegated that right to her while ill. She prosecuted the war with Philip of Spain with the most brilliant success; and she, who in England had been thought scarce meet for the wife of the most dissolute of kings, was a heroine, such as England never saw, with victorious armies in command, and a world to look on and admire her career.

It was the last night of the year 1706 that Catherine of Braganza yielded up a life so disastrous in its commencement, so brilliant and happy in its going down. Her illness was sudden and short. In her childhood she had lost a beloved child-brother, Don Theodosio, the infant of Portugal. Fondly had she cherished his memory through life, and in her old age she still expressed her desire to be interred beside him. She was buried with all the pomp which would have attended a reigning sovereign, and with the strictest rites of her religion.

There were those, even in England, who loved and honored their former queen; and to them the announcement of her death brought a pang of grief which they had not felt even when Charles himself had died. Her few faults were

forgotten, and her many virtues remembered; while the infamous women who had wrought her woes went down to unhonored graves, remembered only as the shameless mistresses of Charles the Second.

MANUFACTURE OF WINE.

The wine-press consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four feet square to as many square yards. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by the tub and caskful into the press. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole level with the bottom of the trough into a sieve of iron or wicker work, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose at the moment of our arrival the press for a brief space empty. The treaders—big, perspiring men, in shirts and tacked up trowsers—spattered to the eyes with splashes of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad, open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-smashed clusters splash into the reeking *press*. Then to work again; jumping into the mountain of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping, jumping and rioting, in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spurt about their feet and rush bubbling and gurgling away. Presently, having as it were drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, while the treaders continue with their wooden spades to turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet.—*Visit to Madeira.*

THE POST-OFFICE.

There is no better place to view human nature in its various phases than to survey the countenances of a crowd of people as they retire from the post-office window. Disappointment, sorrow, pleasure, each has an impress on some countenance; an elderly woman appears—she soon receives the same negative answer that she has heard for the last month. As she slowly retires you can plainly read despair. A merchant hurriedly walks up and receives a letter; the envelope is broken, but he finds no expected remittance; he rethres a disappointed man. The young lady in the full flush of youthful hopes, receives an expected letter from her lover; hastily the seal is broke; you can see her face wreathed and illuminated with smiles, as the contents are perused. A daughter of Erin hastens away to find some one to tell her the secrets contained in her letter. Truly, the cheap postage system has a twofold effect to quickly disseminate information that shall bring happiness to some, and misery to others.—*Exchange paper.*

[ORIGINAL.]

OUR FOREST HOME.

BY ELIZA F. MORLARTY.

We once had a home near an old forest dim,
Where the trees kissed the clouds, and bowed at
the hymn

Of strange birds untold, that sang to the blue,
And awoke the young morn to bathe in the dew;
Where flowers coquetted with every breeze,
And streams all in love fled away to the seas;
Where butterflies fluttered through long golden
bowers,
That slanted from heaven at noontide's soft hours.

With hearts filled with glory, and footsteps as light
As the young fawns that leave not a track in their
flight,
We fled through the woodlands, the red roses
glowing
On our cheeks and our lips from the summer-wind
blowing;
O, we sang with the birds, and we danced with the
breeze,
And we strayed where the golden grain crested the
leas;
We climbed the steep hilltops, all sunshine and
flowers,
And thought we could reach the white clouds in
their bowers.

O, glad were our hearts in that old forest dim,
For we heard not the wide world's sorrowing hymn;
We knew not of anguish, oppression or pain,
Our lives were like sunbeams afloat on the main,
Till time sent its tempests of sorrow and care,
And scattered the light through the waves of despair;
Now in silence and sorrow that home we deplore,
And remembered with love are the days gone before.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ARTIST IN FULL SAIL.

BY MINNIE FOSTER.

THE whole population of the good city of
Brussels was in excitement. Talma, the great
French tragedian, was to close his representa-
tions of Leonidas, which had been raised to class-
ical literature by young Pichat the author, who
was now realizing his first triumph.

The doors of the theatre were besieged from
daybreak, and at noon the line of eager specta-
tors extended to the Exchange; it was evident
that the old play-house could not contain every
one, and that many would be obliged to go away
without gratifying their curiosity.

The hero of this commotion which had thus

excited these good old beer-drinkers, so little en-
thusiastic in their nature, was standing near a
window of the White Cross Hotel calmly shaving
himself, regarding the crowd which he alone had
attracted with as much indifference as if he was
accustomed to this kind of triumph, and accepted
it as a monarch who is no longer elated by the
homage of his subjects. He chatted familiarly
with an old friend, an inhabitant of the city, a
great lover of tragedy, who had even attempted
the stage in his time but without success, and
under the protection of Hamlet had doffed the
buskin which suited him so little, and received
the employment of tax-collector, in which he
was more successful, and secure from the hisses
of the multitude.

"Well, he will not come," said the tragedian,
in a tone which expressed wounded self-love;
"he is an old fool, a misanthrope. I declare to
you, dear Lesec, I selected Leonidas purposely
for him, believing it would gratify his old repub-
lican ideas and give him pleasure. It is the
most declamatory and uninteresting tragedy we
have played since Germanicus; but I have pro-
duced with great effect some high-sounding and
patriotic verses, particularly in the country, and
thus good David would have seen his picture
brought upon the stage. But he will not come;
he refused you, I am sure of it? Age, exile, re-
membrances of the past, have fearfully estranged
us—he is no longer our David of the consulate."

"I went to his house," replied the collector.
"He received me as Hermione received Orestes,
in the fourth act of Andromache; the meeting
was rather unpleasant. 'I never go to the the-
tre,' said he, bluntly. 'Tell my friend Talma I
thank him for his good intentions, but I retire to
rest at nine o'clock; it will give me pleasure to
have him come and drink some beer and smoke
a pipe with me before his departure.'"

"He has become a true Dutchman," replied
Talma, with an ironical smile. "Poor genius,
see what he has come to!—smoking tobacco, and
no longer believing in the arts. Persecution
does more evil than the guillotine," added the
tragedian, in a bitter tone. "I can pardon the
Restoration for surrounding us with ciphers, but
it ought not to exile our talents. But let us
leave this subject; we should speak politics."

Talma finished shaving himself as a private
individual would; his friend silently admiring
him, as if it was an extraordinary circumstance
for the personator of so many heroes and demi-
gods to deign to use a razor. And still the
crowd increased, promising an ample harvest of
pistoles and crowns to Leonidas.

"Did you know, dear Lesec," said the great

actor, suddenly dashing the water upon his face, and winking his eye as if about making a satirical speech, "that our ferocious republicans are sometimes as enraged with aristocracy as the old noblemen? I wager you ten Napoleons that David would come to the play, if I should give him the invitation! I did think of it, but the time failed me—my trade here is that of manager and galley-slave; rehearsals kill me, to have to play tragedy to talking dolls and prejudiced old men. Wait, I have three-quarters of an hour to myself, I will go and attack this old Roman in his fort. Will you accompany me?"

"Willingly," replied Lesec, bending his head as if conferring a favor.

The tragedian, who off the stage was very simple in his manners, put on his great coat, and familiarly gave his arm to the collector, who, proud of such a companion, held up his head very haughtily while crossing the Exchange, and liberally took his share of the glances of curiosity and admiration which followed the two travellers on the way.

"We may experience a storm," said Lesec; "so prepare yourself. I leave it all to you. I shall not mingle in it."

"Is he a lynx, then?" replied the actor, quickening his step. "Poor exile—poor crushed genius, I pity thee!"

The travellers soon arrived at the new Louvre of the celebrated artist, who was still comfortably situated, in spite of his loneliness and old age. A servant at least sixty years of age opened with difficulty the heavy door, having first examined the visitors through the wire grating, to see if they could be admitted, and ushered them into a drawing-room badly lighted and somewhat in disorder. The master of the French school, the illustrious exile, left his painting, and in an undress advanced to meet them with a rapid yet majestic step, although his body was somewhat bent by age. To the great surprise of Talma, who expected a cold reception, David smiled upon him, even throwing his pipe upon an arm-chair, to cordially shake hands with his friend.

"You are welcome, my old comrade," cried he, bluntly. "You could not have come in a better time. I have not experienced such happiness for a long time as seeing you gives me!" And the old painter rubbed his hands—a sign with him of perfect content.

Talma looked at Lesec, as if to say, "He is not quite so much of a devil as you made me believe." The honest collector replied only by a pantomime, his arms extended, and his eyes opened wide. "I do not understand it; the barometer has changed. One thing is certain,

he received me on my own account as a dog in a play of nine-pins."

"You must promise to come and dine with me to-morrow," said the painter, accompanying his cordial invitation with a smile; and a smile upon a grave and austere face like David's bore more resemblance to a grimace, as he had in his mouth an eye-glass, which drew in his cheek while he conversed, and affected his pronunciation.

"I cannot accept, my good comrade," replied Talma, in a tone of regret. "I play to-night for the last time; to-morrow I set out for Paris."

"You go to-morrow?"

"I must. Michelet and Damar have all the records to attend to, the committee urge my return, Lemercier waits for me to read with him Richard III."

"Ah, ha! I shall make game of the committee; you shall go the day after to-morrow—the French theatre will not starve for one day. I expect my friend Girodet, and you must dine with us. It will carry me back twenty years, and recall our parties at Hollikens at the gate of the Louvre."

The illustrious exile accompanied these words with a second smile more frightful than the first. The comedian was slightly affected by it, for there was a sadness in his friend's manner which betrayed that his thoughts were of his lost country.

"I will stay, I will stay, my good David!" earnestly replied the tragedian. "I will not fail in my duty to thee. I will take one day of absence for our pleasant societies, but upon one condition, that you will make a sacrifice for me, and come and see me play Leonidas this evening."

"Ah, well, you have gained your point. I consent," replied the painter, quite affable and joyous at the prospect of a visit from his friends. "I will go and see Leonidas, my comrade; but if I should take a nap—which I always do at a play—"

"The applause with which Talma will be greeted will awaken you, M. David," said Lesec the courting.

This pertinent remark was rewarded by a smile and an invitation given Lesec for the following day, who proudly accepted it, even at the risk of slightly compromising himself with the Prince of Orange.

"Really, he has some pleasant moments," said Talma to Lesec, as they left the house; "we owe it all to Girodet."

"This visit will give him much pleasure," added the collector. "Girodet is going also—the poor old man will weep for joy."

"And not one of them has sufficient influence to procure his return to France," said Talma, with a tragical smile.

The same evening, between the hours of six and seven, the old French painter, the baron of the empire, doffed his black cloak, and with a new red ribbon attached to his button-hole, timid and confused, entered the grand theatre of Brussels, and endeavored to conceal himself in a stage-box reserved for him by his friend Talma, in company with the inseparable Lesec, who was prouder, happier, and more elated, than if he had been nominated head clerk of finances.

Notwithstanding our modest artist's endeavors to remain unknown, it was soon whispered around the theatre that he was among the crowd of spectators. He was recognised, the multitude rose respectfully, and repeated cheers resounded throughout the building. The illustrious exile, deeply moved, affected even to tears, rose, bowed awkwardly to the audience, saying at the same time to Lesec:

"Well, my friend, they still think a little of me; they know, then, that I live in Brussels!"

"The country of so many celebrated painters owes this acknowledgement to the great man who has sought here an asylum," answered Lesec.

"Well, well," said David, as this compliment awakened painful remembrances, "do not forget that I came here only to please Talma."

Leonidas was now brought forth, and engrossed the attention of all. The numerous assembly held their breath to listen, while each word of the generous Spartan was received with renewed applause from the excited public. The painter remained calm, motionless, dumb, amidst this scene of tumult and profound silence which followed the acts. He heard not the shouts of delight, he forgot he was at the play, that he was listening to his friend Talma; he was at Thermopylae by the side of Leonidas, ready to die with him and his three hundred brave men. Never before had a play so deeply impressed him; he forgot his accustomed nap, and seemed to feel that he had taken an active part in the heroic devotion which gives the charm to the drama. The curtain at length fell, it was some moments before he could collect his thoughts, and realize his situation, when he exclaimed, "Ah, what a gift are such talents as his!"

At the entrance of the theatre the multitude pressed around the artist, who, elated with happiness and thoughts of the morrow, when he could gather his old friends around him, quickened his pace, desiring to escape from a second triumph, when a young lady of commanding

figure and elegantly attired, stepped forward, and presenting her hand, said:

"Will you not permit Lady Hobart, the great niece of Franklin, to present her compliments to you?"

The old man bowed, pressing his lips upon the gloved hand of the beautiful American, but he could not find words to address her. A gentleman next appeared, and with a supplicating air presented an open portfolio and pencil to him.

"M. David," exclaimed the young Englishman, in a guttural tone, "will you have the goodness to make a single stroke, a line, upon this paper?"

"One line!" smilingly replied the painter, not understanding the desire of the collector of autographs. "You shall have two, if you like," and he took the pencil and traced two parallel lines. The Englishman was profuse in his acknowledgements, and disappeared among the crowd.

The poor exile's sleep was mingled with pleasant dreams that night, and for the first time he arose at daybreak happy and lively, and appeared before his old house-keeper, telling her to prepare a dinner worthy of the illustrious guests he expected that day.

"What! are you going out at six o'clock in the morning?" cried the good woman, noticing that he had put on his hat and taken his cane.

"Yes, mother Rebecca," replied David, smiling, and opening the outer door.

"But it is hardly day; all the shops are closed."

"I am not going to make purchases."

"But where are you going at this hour, I ask you?"

"O, you old fool!" impatiently cried the painter; "do you not know that I am going to meet my friend Girodet, at the gate of Flanders?"

"O, that makes a difference; but are you sure that he will come by that gate? Did he tell you the exact hour?"

"What importance is it to you? I shall soon see him, when I have walked an hour. The exercise will do me good, it will amuse me. Dr. Franchom recommended walking to me. Go and take a walk yourself, and do not let the roast meat burn."

The old man walked at a brisk pace, inhaling the pure morning air, feeling once more young and happy at the prospect of meeting his friend. But in his eagerness he had forgotten to notice the time, and it was still two hours before the diligence would arrive. He did not discover this fault in his calculation until he had walked for a long time in the large and unpleasant faubourg which extends to the gate of Flanders. What

could he do? His pipe, the faithful companion of his exile, he had forgotten in his haste. He continued his walk, watching the laborers as they passed him going to their daily toil, gazing at the flowers in the windows, trying to pass away the time, when he had the good fortune to discover a painter or glazier mounted upon his ladder, flourishing his brush with the same assurance and enthusiasm as Gros might have done when finishing his admirable cupola of St. Genieve.

The painter of Napoleon passed twice before the glazier, casting furtive glances upon his work, admiring the intrepidity with which he dashed on the colors, to delineate clouds. Above the sign board was written in large characters, "The Dawn," a precaution as indispensable to indicate the author's design, as the inscription Holland and Flemish beer was to denote the merchant's business, the proprietors of this work of art.

"There," said the French artist to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows nothing of perspective, and I'll wager he thinks he has as much talent as Rubens. He brushes his board as if he was waxing a pair of boots—and he is happy."

The third time he passed the ladder he could no longer contain himself, for the painter was covering the board with another coat of indigo. It made him shudder, and continuing his walk, he cried out, without looking at the offender, "There is too much blue."

"Hey? What do you want?" said the sign painter.

But the one thus addressed was some distance off. Twice again the friend of Girodet passed and repassed "The Dawn," repeating the same remark, "There is too much blue!"

The injured glazier turned round and shrugged his shoulders for his only reply, doubtless questioning within himself why this gentleman, who did not appear to be well off in the world, nor a judge of the fine arts, should meddle with his affairs. A fourth time the unknown traveller repeated his endless "There is too much blue." The color mounted up to the temples of the glazier.

"Do you not see that I am painting the sky?" said he, in that moderate tone which betrays anger one vainly attempts to conceal.

This time the artist descended from the ladder, crossed the street, and closing his left eye, using his palette as a shade, to judge of the effect, admired himself in his work. He was happy, and the remarks of the traveller no longer disturbed him.

"Zounds! I do not doubt that you wish to

make a sky!" replied the pitiless fault-finder, "but I say there is too much blue."

"Have you ever seen skies without blue, sir amateur?"

"I am not an amateur, and I only tell you for your good there is too much blue—that is all. Do as you please; if you think there is not enough, put on some more."

"But, strange mortal that you are, I tell you it is a sky—a pure sky without clouds—which represents daybreak."

"A charcoal daub, you mean! Why do you not put in some more blue? You must have lost your reason."

"This is too much!" cried the exasperated painter. "You are only an obstinate old man, and know nothing of painting. I should like to see you make skies without blue."

"I did not say I knew much about skies, but if I should paint it, I would not put in any blue."

"Truly, that would be fine."

"It would at least look like something."

"Do you mean that my painting looks like nothing?"

"Pretty much so. Here it looks like a screen; here a painted coupon; this reminds me of a plate of spinach—"

"A plate of spinach!—a screen!" cried the artist beside himself. "I, a pupil of Ruisdael, a cousin of Gerard Dow—do you have the pretension to know more than I do of my art?—an art that I have honorably practised at Anvers, at Louvain, and at Liege? A dish of spinach!" And the fury of the painter reached such a point, that he seized his criticizer by the arm, shaking him violently, and adding, "Do you know, old dotard, that my reputation was long since established!—that I have a red horse at Malines, a stag at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every one stops lost in admiration?"

"Old botcher!" replied David, snatching the palette from the painter's hand, "you deserve to be put in the centre of your daub, with your idiotic head, and ears like a jackass!" And impelled by his indignation, he had mounted the ladder, and was effacing with his hand the work of art just completed, the author of which stood gazing at him completely stupefied.

"Stop, stop, you old fool!" cried the unfortunate dauber, pale with terror. "A superb sign, a picture worth thirty-five francs—I am lost! I am ruined!" And he shook the ladder, trying to make the cruel artist descend. But he, regardless of the cries of his victim, and the presence of fifty of the neighbors, who had run to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, continued

to efface the "dawn," mingling together earth and heaven, sun and trees, buildings and men—or rather what was intended to represent them. Then, as ready to atone for the evil he had committed, using only the end of his finger, or the handle of his brush, the artist, in full sail, in a few moments dashed off a gray morning sky, and the figures of three men drinking beer, among whom was caricatured the sign-painter, distinguishable by his heavy eyebrows and long nose.

The crowd, disposed at first to take the part of the poor dauber rather than the stranger, collected around the ladder, and as the design appeared through the chaos of colors, a murmur of admiration escaped from the delighted throng. The proprietor of the house, attracted by the noise, made his appearance, and was the first to cry "bravo!" supposing the new artist had been employed by the first. The cousin of Gerard Dow felt his anger suddenly abate, and admiration take its place.

"O," cried he, "you are from the country! Acknowledge it, my worthy friend. Yes, yes, it is a painter of French and Dutch signs, who wanted to play this trick upon me!" said he, smilingly, to the neighbors who surrounded him. "But I will be frank; he has some talent, and I acknowledge he is my master."

The exile descended the ladder, his temper restored, amidst the applause of the spectators, when a stranger appeared among them mounted upon a fine English horse, who, thinking he recognized the great artist as he stood upon his singular pedestal, had pressed through the crowd, regardless of the danger of crushing some of the people.

"This painting is mine!" cried he, in a language which sounded strange to the ears of the Brussels populace. "I will take it—I will buy it—I will cover it with guineas, if necessary!"

"What?" said the glazier.

"What do you mean?" continued the Dutch brewer.

"I say that I will give for this sign any price you may ask," replied the stranger as he dismounted, and whom Talma's friend recognized as the young Englishman who, the evening before at the entrance of the theatre, had requested him to make a pencil-mark upon his portfolio.

"The picture is not for sale, young man," said the dauber, with paternal pride, as if the work was his own.

"No, no," said the beer-dealer, "for it is sold, and partly paid for in advance. Still, if you wish to make a bargain, there is one way of settling the matter, and I am the one to trade with."

"It belongs to me!" cried the dauber, pushing aside the crowd. "My fellow-painter wished to give me a proof of his friendship; but the sign is my legal property, and I alone am free to sell it, if I choose."

"It is a theft!—a swindle!" exclaimed the master of the house. "My 'Dawn' is my property; it is nailed to my wall, and I alone have the right to dispose of it."

"I will make you appear before the judge, old knave!" said the one who had not painted the picture.

"I will assail you for abusing my confidence," returned the other.

"Zounds!" cried a third speaker, in a thundering voice, who had not yet spoken, so astonished and stupefied was he at the turn affairs had taken. "It seems to me I am of some account in this matter, and that I should be consulted a little."

"That is right, friend," said the sign-painter. "It is not best to dispute thus in the public street; let us enter Master Martzen's house, settle the matter amicably, and drink a pot of beer."

David allowed himself to be hurried into the inn, to escape from the curious multitude, which still increased. The quarrel waxed warmer; the landlord and the glazier each claimed the sign as his property, while the Englishman continually offered to pay for its weight in gold.

"And what if I did not wish to sell it?" impatiently and almost angrily cried the true author of the painting.

"O, my dear sir," said the landlord, "you would not deprive a poor man of the means of earning his living, when he can scarcely make both ends meet? I need the money to renew my stock of tobacco and beer."

"Do not believe him, friend," cried the glazier; "he is an old miser, who pleads poverty, and yet has more crowns than you or I. I am the father of a family, and you should give me the preference as an artist; besides we will share between us the price of the picture. Is not that fair?"

"Don't mind him," quickly answered the landlord. "He is an old spendthrift, who cannot marry off his daughter because he has squandered her dowry."

"He speaks falsely! My Lucette is betrothed to a young French mechanic—a cabinet-maker, a good workman, who will marry her in September, poor as she is."

"A daughter to marry a good French mechanic?" interrupted the strange artist. "That changes the face of things. I consent to part with the picture; it shall be the dowry of the young bride, and I will leave it to the generosity

of this rich lord to name the price he is willing to give for this rough sketch."

"Well done, illustrious master!" said the young Englishman. "You have acted justly—Solomon himself could not have decided more wisely. I gladly purchase it. I have offered a hundred guineas for the drawing as it is; but I will give two hundred, if the artist will consent to write beneath it but two words, 'Pierre David.'"

The baron smilingly consented; but his name had been uttered—he was recognized. A cry of joy and surprise arose at this discovery. This revered and glorious name was repeated from mouth to mouth with the greatest and loudest enthusiasm.

"What!" cried the abashed dauber. "David! you M. David the celebrated French painter? O, my illustrious master, pardon me for having spoken to you with my hat on, and for treating you as an associate! I am only a poor wretch—say that you will pardon me!" And the poor man, taking off his hat, with tears in his eyes, was about to throw himself on his knees before him, when David extended his hand to him with fraternal affection worthy a republican.

The inn was filled with beer-drinkers and people drawn there from curiosity, and all arose with one accord at the repeated cry of "Vive David!" Then they all gathered around him, disputing for the honor of touching their glasses to his. The good old man, affected and gratified at these proofs of their affection and esteem, could not refuse them, and again re-echoed the shouts of "Vive David!"

To complete this scene the glazier's daughter, the pretty Lucette, arrived, attracted by the report circulated in every quarter of the gate of Flanders, of a wonderful sign-board, which had hastened her marriage, and constituted her the heiress of two hundred guineas. She threw herself unceremoniously upon the neck of her benefactor, who received her with open arms, remarking that it was very natural that he should embrace the bride.

At this moment three strangers abruptly entered the inn—Lesec, followed by Talma and Girodet. The latter, arriving at Brussels an hour since, found his friend absent from his dwelling. The tragedian and his companion had not seen him; and all three, upon learning of his disappearance since morning, fearing some accident had befallen him, ran to search for him, and guided by the public rumor, entered the "Dawn."

"O, Apollo be praised!" said Talma, as he perceived the great artist in the midst of a group

of beer-drinkers, his glass in his hand. "He is safe—nothing has happened to him."

"May I be pardoned," added the collector, "but he kisses the pretty girls! He was not inspired by an evil spirit when he rose early this morn, was he?"

"Bravo, bravo, my old comrade!" replied Girodet, running to him with extended arms. "You can mingle with another people and in a new school! There is no harm in finishing as Rembrandt commenced. But, upon my word, I did not suspect you would produce Flemish pictures also!"

THE NEGRO AND THE NEEDLE.

It is not generally known that in the early progress of the needle manufacture we are indebted to the negro. The earliest record of needle-making in this country is in the year 1545, in the reign of Henry VIII., and it is supposed that this useful branch of industry was introduced by a Moor from Spain. The historian Stowe tells us that needles were sold in Chesapeake and other busy streets in London, in the reign of Queen Mary, and were at that time made by a Spanish negro, who refused to discover the secret of his art. Another authority states that the art of making steel needles was lost at the negro's death, but was afterwards revived by a German in 1566. Probably these facts may account for the crest of the needle-maker's coat of arm's being the head of the negro.—*History of Needle-making.*

WHAT IS HEAT LIGHTNING?

The flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud beneath the horizon of the observer reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, informs us that on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.—*Prof. Henry.*

"*Haïches*" and "*Hoes*."—"Is there anything 'ere for George Hogden?" inquired a newly imported cockney named Ogden, the other day, at the New York post-office.

"Nothing, sir," replied the clerk, after making search for the expected letter.

The inquirer departed, returning the next day, the next, and the next, repeating the same question, and receiving the same reply. At last, happening to closely observe the clerk in his searching operations, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Look 'ere, I say! You're looking among the *Haïches*, and my name begins with a *Ho*!"

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE GUIDING FLOWER.

BY B. C. LEECH.

Amid the distant prairies wide,
Those trackless wilds in yonder West,
A little plant, in modest pride,
Smiles sweetly from its place of rest.

Ever the same, no change can mar,
Its leaves and flowers come springing forth;
And as the needle to yon star,
As truly turn they to the north.

The traveller lone o'er desert wild,
Of compass, star, no cheering ray,
Is greeted with its modest smile,
To guide him safely on his way.

* * * * *
So journeying through a world of sin,
When erring feet would sadly stray,
There springs a monitor within
To guide us in the narrow way.

As travellers o'er life's desert drear,
When cares disturb the troubled breast,
God lends his radiant smile to cheer,
And guide us on to endless rest.

[ORIGINAL.]

FICKETT VERSUS PICKETT.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

"MARRY my daughter, sir? No, sir! By Jupiter! See you at the Antipodes first!"

It was evident the old gentleman was in a rage. He brought down his fist upon the counting-room table hard enough to shake the great house of Tallow Chandler & Sons to its foundation. In his adolescent days Mr. Chandler was, I am reluctant to admit, in the habit of using language of quite a different character from that which I have quoted. But one day Mrs. Chandler, with that fine sense of fitness which distinguishes her sex, said mildly:

"Don't say 'by jingo,' Tallow. Why can't you say 'by Jupiter?' It is quite classical, and will sound as if you had studied Latin. And it is much more refined than that horrid 'jingo.'"

To Mr. Chandler's credit he acted upon the suggestion. Upon the whole, his clerks liked the change. It was indeed rather flattering to be consigned to the shade in the name of the beathen god. And this leads me to say that in the days just referred to, the Antipodes was not the place where Mr. Chandler was wont to send offenders. The Antipodes was a later acquired

fact. Then he supposed the word to be the name of some savage tribe kindred to the Esquimaux and the Comanches. One lives and learns, however, and when our story opens he had become accustomed to the use of the term as an euphuism for a place much more equatorial in its temperature, and rather more mythical.

What more would John Pickett have wished, than to have his suit refused, by Jupiter, and a residence at the Antipodes, suggested as a more likely alternative? Mr. Chandler glanced at him as if he thought the answer quite too good for him, gruff as it was. The young man took up his hat. He was proud as well as poor, a state of things which occurs quite frequently. But sweet Mary Chandler's blue eyes looked up at him out of the depths of his heart, and he paused on his way to the door.

"Is that your ultimatum, sir?"

"Yes, sir! By Jupiter, sir!" roared the old gentleman, again.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Chandler will put himself in a passion, for being very plethoric, particularly about the cervical region, and very florid of face, it gives him so undignified a look, that a person who knew nothing of the relative position of the parties, might fall into the error of thinking the young man, who stands hat in hand, and who presently passes out, the better gentleman of the two.

"The young rascal!" mutters the old man, wiping off the perspiration with his handkerchief. "He marry Mary! A good joke, ha, ha!"

Leaving the office of the great firm of Tallow Chandler & Sons, we will follow the unlucky aspirant for the honor of Mary Chandler's hand. He strode along the crowded streets in no very pleasant mood of mind. It was just at the setting in of evening, and the great city was gathering its forces anew for its night's work. The streets were thronged. The crowd poured in a full smiling stream up the principal thoroughfares, throwing off little branches which ran along the smaller streets.

Every man had an object, from the millionaire rolling in his easy carriage, to the newsboy who cried his papers at the corner. But in all this great multifarious work, John Pickett bitterly thought there was no part for him. He hurried through the streets and soon gained more quiet roads, which led directly out into the green country, lying beautiful and still under the light of the midsummer moon. His rapid steps soon took him to the door of a small cottage, some four or five miles from the counting-house of Chandler & Sons.

In that quick, silent walk, he had doubtless

fought out the conflict in his heart, struggled through sharp disappointments, to serenity and resignation, for on entering the house, he set his Panama down upon a table, and pushing back the thick brown hair which clustered around his forehead, threw himself upon a sofa and sighed. It was an expression of relief. The battle was over, the victory lost, but like many another valiant hero, he was ready to take up his arms anew. Not by any means a great man, yet John Pickett was a hero of no common order.

Look at him. See the straight, dark eyebrows, outlining the clear, honest eyes, the lips firmly set, refined and sensitive, curving now and then into faint suggestions of smiles, as he recalls the ludicrous points in his late interview with the irascible Tallow Chandler. His figure you see is lightly made, his hands white and delicate, but there is an abundance of fibre, and fair hands can do useful work as well as brown ones. Clearly he will make his way in the world, and in the end prove no unfit husband for Mary Chandler. He has already worked his way to this conclusion.

"Well, at any rate," he says, at last, crossing his hands over his forehead, "I'm no worse off than I was before. I know to a certainty where I stand. If I had been fool enough to rely upon Mr. Chandler's preference for merit over money, I should have been duped. It is well I was prepared. Mary's conscience will be relieved, and I have only to go to work and win her as I expected to do in the first instance. I know I can trust her, dear heart."

A tall old clock in the corner, an heirloom, which had fallen to John Pickett a month since through the death of his mother, slowly ticked out the words:

"Go to work and win her, go to work and win her."

"Yes, go to work and win her," repeated John Pickett. "I'll win her yet, by Jupiter!"

Some ludicrous reminiscence flashed across his mind here, and he broke into a genial, cheery laugh, just such a laugh as it does one good to hear, musical, mirthful, spirituelle, with no disagreeable sub tones to link the laughter to the animals. Just now the door bell was pulled by a strong hand, and a loud jingling ring brought our hero to his feet. He lighted a lamp hastily, and opened the door.

"Mr. Fickett live here?" said a voice, with an indistinct, markedly German accent.

"Yes sir. My name is Pickett."

"Johann—John Fickett?" inquired the obscure German speech.

"John Pickett, sir."

The man looked up at him curiously. John Pickett looked down at the German with an answering curiosity. At length the German gave a satisfied nod.

"Ho! I have business with you, Herr Fickett."

"Very well, come in, then."

John led the way into the little sitting-room. The stranger, a large, burly man, in a queer, antiquated costume, sat down carefully upon the sofa, glanced around the room, gave another complacent nod and said:

"Herr Fickett is a chemist?"

"That is my profession, sir."

"Just now out of employment?"

John bowed assent, wondering how his expulsion from the office of chemist to the house of Tallow Chandler & Sons had become known so soon.

"My business must not be known," said his singular visitor, with a stealthy look about the apartment.

"We are quite alone, sir."

"Beg pardon. I heard laughing as I came up to the door," said the man, with a suspicious look.

"It was only I," replied John.

"You?"

"Yes, sir. I often laugh to myself when anything amuses me."

The man gave him a keen glance. John smiled. The stranger did so too.

"When a young man living alone laughs to himself he must have a clear conscience, I think." And again he fixed a pair of sharp blue eyes upon John's face.

"You said you had business with me, sir," said John, presently.

"Ya, so I did, so I have. Are you quite sure no one can overhear us?" he asked, anxiously.

"Perfectly so. There is no one else in the house."

"Then I may as well come to the point." And the stranger drew a chair to the table opposite John.

"In the first place, young man," he continued, taking pains to speak distinctly, and so far succeeding that though a word now and then was obscure, John caught the sense perfectly, "I must tell you that you were recommended to me as a person who is capable of doing what I want of him."

"May I ask to whom?"

"He does not wish to be known at present," said the German. "What do you take me to be?" he added, abruptly.

"A farmer, probably—certainly an active out-of-door man, and not a New Yorker," said John.

"Sehn wohl! you have—what do you call it—hit the nail precisely on the head," laughed his visitor. "And what do you suppose I am here for?"

"That is just what I am waiting to hear."
"And you shall hear."

Thereupon the stranger commenced a narration, which sounded to John's ears like some German romance—some tale of fays and magic. As he went on he grew more enthusiastic, and the language of the narrative became strangely mosaic—a droll mixture of German *patois* and American provincialisms. Translated, it was briefly thus:

The stranger was a German farmer, prosperous and in good position, owning extensive lands in that section of Pennsylvania since become famous as the coal oil regions. Within three days he had made a wonderful discovery. Accident had revealed a spring of a peculiar character, excavation had shown that the supply of this singular fluid was almost exhaustless. Other wells of the same nature had since been found. In short the sagacious farmer leaped at once to the conclusion that a fortune was within his reach. He wanted a competent person to examine the fluid and undertake to superintend its manufacture into an illuminating oil.

While this story was told John had been quite silent. Was it possible that a way had opened for him out of poverty, and up to the hand of Mary Chandler? The stranger brought his relation to a close.

"Do you think you are competent to decide upon the value of this thing?" he then demanded.

"I think I am, sir."

"My friend who recommended you to me thought you would be able to advance something to pay the expense of getting the article into a saleable order."

John's countenance fell.

"If it depends upon that, our negotiation may as well come to an end. I am poor. I could not raise five hundred dollars in the world."

The German looked disappointed, but after a pause he said:

"After all, what I want is an honest man. I have got money to carry the affair through, but I want a man who understands such things, and an honest man. Don't you see, a knave could fool me out of it all?"

"I do, sir." Then coloring a little, John said: "I can refer you to my late employers, Tallow Chandler & Sons. They will, I believe, give me a good character for integrity."

"I've no time to consult them. I am losing a thousand dollars every day the thing is neg-

lected. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay your expenses out to —, and when we've talked it over, if I like you as well as I do now, you shall have a share in the manufactory. You shall furnish brains and I capital. It's lucky a man can buy brains when he needs 'em."

John Pickett didn't know how to command himself to accept this offer. He was tempted to throw himself down at the feet of this new Aladdin in the homespun coat, and embrace him. There was no sleep for him that night. He tossed about till five o'clock in a delirium of delight. At five they were off.

John's last act was to place a note in the hands of a trusty messenger, with orders to carry it immediately to the house of Tallow Chandler, Esq. If we had looked over his shoulder when he was writing it, we should have read the following lines:

"DEAREST MARY:—I have seen your father, and, as we anticipated been refused. My connection with him is at an end. An unexpected opening has suddenly presented itself, and I start this morning for Philadelphia. You shall hear from me the moment my course is decided."

"JOHN."

What there could have been in these few business-like words that a young maiden should laugh and cry over them, why she should carry the note about her and kiss it over and over again, what power it had to keep her heart light and her face smiling, when, as the whole household in Chester Place knew, her lover—presumptuous fellow—had just been sent to the Antipodes, I cannot divine. It must have had a charm known only to lovers. Perhaps it had successors. Certain it is that Mary did not droop and grow pale, and by-and-by Mr. Chandler said to his wife, with much exultation:

"Mary has got over that nicely. Knew she would. I took just the right course, by Jupiter!"

It is some months since we lost sight of our friend John Pickett. It is now just at the opening of winter. In the interim, large buildings have been erected, workmen gathered together, machinery set in motion, and what was last spring a rural valley, now swarms with busy life. Along the front of a large, newly-built structure are the words, "Reigner and Pickett, Coal Oil Manufactory."

Reigner and Pickett's advertisements are in all the newspapers. The establishment is prosperous. It counts its daily gains by thousands. But before this unexampled good fortune became John Pickett's, a curious little scene occurred in the valley. A gentleman one day came up to him. John was in his working suit, and was probably mistaken for a laborer.

"Where is your employer?" he was asked.

"Mr. Reigner is at his house."

To the house the gentleman accordingly went. Our German friend was reading the afternoon paper.

"How are you, Reigner?"

Mr. Reigner rose and shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Dudley. I've been wanting to thank you for mentioning your friend to me."

"Ah, you went to see him then?"

"Of course I did."

"And secured him?"

"Certainly. He's down there now looking after the workmen. I am greatly indebted to you, Mr. Dudley."

"You like him, then?"

"Very much. He is invaluable—can turn his hand to anything."

"Indeed!" Mr. Dudley looked surprised. "I didn't know John had a knack for anything but his profession."

"He has, though. I've taken him into the firm. He is sure to make a fortune, and I'm glad of it."

"You think him a fine fellow?" said Mr. Dudley, looking pleased.

"A splendid fellow. The very soul of honor."

"Exactly what I told you."

"I know you did, and I put great confidence in your opinion. He is just the man for me."

"You haven't told him I recommended him?"

"No, though he has been very curious to know."

"Good. I want to surprise him. He's down at the works, you say?"

"Yes." Mr. Reigner rose and went to the window. "There he is."

"Where?"

"There—the tallest man in that group—the one in the frock."

"Frock! That's good! John used to be a dandy," laughed Mr. Dudley. "I'll go down and see him." And he started for the group of busy men at the foot of the hill, leaving Mr. Reigner looking after him somewhat wonderingly.

"John Pickett a dandy! I should think so. I never knew Mr. Dudley to make such a blunder," and quite puzzled, he turned again to his newspaper.

Return we to Mr. Dudley. He approached the workmen, and looked about him for the face of his friend, but vainly. Not quite understanding, he tapped one of the laborers upon the shoulder.

"Was not Mr. Fickett here just now?"

There was so much noise that he had to shout to make himself heard. The man looked at him a moment, and then indicated the active young man in the working dress of whom Mr. Dudley had first inquired.

"That is Mr. Pickett, sir."

Mr. Dudley did not quite catch the words, but supposing himself referred to the young man aforesaid for inquiry, approached him with:

"I was looking for Mr. Fickett, can you tell me where I shall find him?"

John bowed. "I am Mr. Pickett, sir."

"Fickett, I say—Fickett. Mr. Fickett, the superintendent of these works," said Mr. Dudley, a good deal mystified.

"I am the superintendent of these works," said John Pickett, looking surprised.

Mr. Dudley stared at him as if he doubted his sanity. At length he said, repeating the words rather slowly, as one teaches a rhyme to a child:

"I want to see Mr. John Fickett, a chemist, formerly of New York, a gentleman who has lately come here."

John looked puzzled. "I am a chemist, sir, and just from New York. I know of no other person to whom your description applies. Are you sure of the name?"

"Sure of the name?" echoed Mr. Dudley.

"Excuse me, sir, there must be some mistake."

Mr. Dudley turned abruptly, leaving John Pickett in a maze of bewilderment, and went straight up to the house.

"Reigner," he said, the moment he was face to face with the proprietor, "didn't you tell me that Mr. Fickett was the superintendent of your works?"

"Certainly—Mr. Pickett."

"Fickett, I say—Fickett!"

"Yes, Pickett—Pickett."

"I mean John Fickett," said Mr. Dudley, in despair.

"John Pickett—that's his name," persisted Reigner, thinking his friend Dudley had lost his senses.

"Reigner," demanded Mr. Dudley, "I want to know if I didn't recommend to you Mr. John Fickett, chemist, of New York?"

"My dear fellow," said Reigner, compassionately, "you are certainly right, all except the Fickett. You must mean Pickett."

Mr. Dudley rubbed his head, looked out of the window, finally took up a newspaper and read an advertisement through aloud.

"Now, Reigner, allow me to ask if I read that correctly?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, certainly," returned Reigner.

"And if that does not satisfy you, give me a problem in algebra to work out."

"My dear Dudley, be calm—be calm," said Reigner, in considerable trepidation, and thinking how he could best secure the lunatic without permitting him to do harm to himself or any one else. Just at that moment, glancing from the window, to his infinite relief, he saw John Pickett coming in. John came directly into the room.

"My superintendent, Mr. Pickett, Mr. Dudley," said Reigner. Mr. Dudley shook hands, began to laugh, finally laughed without restraint. All the while John stood in amazement, and Reigner was trying with all his ingenuity to telegraph to John that he was in the presence of a lunatic who must be immediately secured. But not comprehending, and always having a ready sympathy with mirth, John also began to laugh too.

"For heaven's sake, John," said Reigner, infinitely distressed, "how can you laugh? It is the saddest thing I ever knew."

Mr. Dudley seemed as if he would go into convulsions.

"So you think me a madman?" he exclaimed, when he could speak.

"Dudley, if you are sane, will you give me an explanation?" said Reigner, in despair.

"Why, Reigner, didn't I recommend you to see Mr. John Fickett, chemist, of New York, an old and intimate friend of mine?"

"Fickett?"

"Yes. And you've hunted up a Mr. John Pickett, whom I never heard of before, though he is no doubt a fine fellow."

"Then, Mr. Dudley, I am indebted to you for my situation?" said John.

"To me indirectly and unwittingly, and to the mischance that confounded the names directly."

"I prefer to think that I owe it to a more beneficent agent than mischance. It helped me out of a great embarrassment."

The new establishment was in the full tide of success. Tallow Chandler, Esq., in the course of his perusal of the daily papers, came upon an advertisement inserted by Reigner and Pickett, which doubtless gave him a favorable impression of the business prospects of that firm, for he one day said to his daughter Mary:

"So that young rascal has got into a snug birth."

Ignoring the "rascal," Mary quickly replied:

"Yes, papa."

"How the deuce did you know it?" growled the old gentleman.

"He wrote to me," answered Mary, honestly.

"By Jupiter! He did? And what else did he say?"

"Only that he was making a fortune."

"Likely story," with a contemptuous sniff.

Likely or unlikely, Mr. Chandler took pains to verify the truth of the assertion, and learned that the young man had not exaggerated his success. Now, as Mr. Chandler had no idea of losing a good match for his daughter, he lost no time in letting it be understood that his decision was not irrevocable, that indeed circumstances might influence it. After a little diplomacy upon the part of the lady of the establishment, the discarded lover was recalled, the past was tacitly ignored, and John Pickett was not consigned to the Antipodes when he ventured to mention to Mr. Chandler that Mary had fixed upon New Year's for the bridal.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants; and of our future voyage, there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.
—Bishop Heber.

WEARING FLANNEL.

Flannel should be worn summer and winter, during the day, but should be taken off at night. In summer it allows the perspiration to pass off without condensing upon the skin, and prevents the evil effects of the rapid changes of temperature to which we are liable in our changeable climate, when out of doors. In winter, as a non-conductor of heat, it is a protection against cold. At night the flannel jacket or jersey should be exposed to a free current of air and allowed thoroughly to dry; it should never be put in a heap of clothes by the bedside. Flannel is usually only worn over the chest and abdomen.

He is a man who believes with the whole power of his soul.

{ORIGINAL.}

TO-MORROW.

BY HARRY HARRWOOD LAMBCH.

Beat faster, troubled heart,
 If but this truth ye prove:
 To every human life
 Is given one great love;
 One pure, embodied thought
 Not warmed by passion's breath,
 Outliving youth and fame,
 Surviving even death.

O, speak not to the bride,
 To-morrow I shall wed,
 Of secret vows and tears
 In memory of the dead!
 Why should she of to-day
 That wondrous story know,
 Which caused a heart to bleed
 So many years ago?

O heart, on every sea
 My life has drifted on!
 What matters if the bark
 On barren strands is thrown?
 O'er the far-reaching shore
 The fragments all may see,
 But who shall know the wealth
 Of the wrecked argosy?

To-morrow all the bells
 Will ring forth marriage chimes,
 And then the agony
 Of old-remembered times
 Will all come back to me,
 Until each bitter sense
 Fills every scene and act
 With sad significance.

O, many weary ones
 Keep from the world apart
 Some secret, solemn grief,
 That weareth out the heart;
 And though they fill some day
 The common lots of men,
 One face, one tender voice,
 Ever remains with them.

Though true to uttered vows,
 The saddest thing doth seem,
 For hearts to slay sweet thoughts
 Of that which "might have been."
 To-morrow the dead past
 Behind me I must throw;
 But heart of mine, hold fast
 To the dream of long ago!

When a gentleman loses his temper in talking,
 it is a tolerably correct sign that he is getting
 "the worst of the argument."

{ORIGINAL.}

A YEAR OF MY LIFE.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

ARCHIBALD and I sat in the orchard, where
 the grass rolled up in green waves at our feet,
 and surged against the stately old trees that rose
 up like gray, time-worn rocks. I was very hap-
 py—so happy that the world seemed filled with
 nothing but the sweetest pleasure, and half un-
 consciously my hand stole into Archibald's, and
 I looked into his face, loving to feast my glad-
 dened heart in the gentle tenderness that lighted
 his eyes. He looked happy, yet so very quiet,
 that I wondered at it.

"Archibald, what are you thinking of?"

"Of heaven."

His voice was so low and solemn, that I sat
 for a moment very still, and half awed by his
 unexpected answer, I looked at him inquiringly,
 and he went on:

"I was thinking how blissful it would be, to
 know that from this sweetest of all earthly hap-
 piness, we could together step upon the shining
 shores of paradise, where no sorrow nor evil
 could ever come between us to tear asunder the
 pure love of our hearts. My little one, so much
 I love you, that my fears of losing you make me
 weak and trembling for the future."

He passed his hand over my face with his fa-
 miliar, soothing touch.

"O, Archibald, what could ever make us cease
 to love each other? I would not want to live a
 moment longer, if I thought the time would ever
 come when another would take my place in your
 heart. Life would be a long dreary wretched-
 ness, not worth having. I do not believe heaven
 would be heaven to me without you."

How my soul gushed up in my words as the
 tears did to my eyes.

"My sweet little girl. She is all my own.
 She will love me forever—all the pure flowers of
 her heart she has twined around me. She will
 be my comfort when all others fail me, her frail
 form for my sake will stand up strongly before
 every blast. For my sake she will ever remain
 true and good; the current of her quiet life will
 flow into my own, soothing its turbulent waves
 into peace and calmness. When others turn
 from me coldly, she will come softly and place
 her brave little hand in mine, looking up into
 my face with the same trust and confidence, and
 ever in her soul the same sweet song will fill her
 whole being with music—the same lips will send
 up from their smiling curves the cheering words,
 'Archibald, I love you.'"

He sat looking afar off at the green breakers of grass, seemingly forgetful that I heard him, as if talking to himself. How more than sweet his words were to me. They filled up the long, dreary time that followed, as the loneliest woods are filled with the echoes of a rich strain of music, yet at that moment there fell over me a vague fear of the future, a dread lest the idol I bowed down to worship might be taken from me. I could not check the sob that burst from my lips, or the tears that rained down my cheeks. He drew his arm around my waist, and spoke tender and loving words to me.

"Don't cry, Florence, your tears wring my heart."

"O, Archibald, what if you should see some one fairer and better than I—some one who would cause you to forget me?"

"Look up into my face, Florence, and remember what I am going to say to you. I should have died that day, had not your father found me lying bleeding and insensible in the dusty road where my horse had thrown me. But he took me to your quiet home, and your care and tenderness saved me. I found you a contented and cheerful girl—your life had been a long sunny dream, unshaken by even the lightest clouds. From being grateful, I came to love you with all the fervor and depth of my soul. You wound yourself amongst the fibres of my heart, till to tear you away from it, would be to break its most delicate tendrils. To love you was not an impulse, but the purifying and elevating of my whole nature. The feeling grew slowly and steadily upon me, too deeply rooted to ever be torn apart from me again. Whatever else you do, never doubt me. Other faces may be fairer, other eyes brighter, other forms more full of grace, but, O, Florence, to me there is no other heart on earth so true and good as yours, no other little girl in all the wide world, who can so completely and perfectly render me happy. You suit me, Florence, and I will be true to you and love you as long as I live, so help me God!"

"Bless you, Archibald, bless you a thousand times over. I believe you, I will never doubt you. How thankful I am that you love me. The present is so happy that its hours slip through my life like golden threads, making all the minutes of the past seem dark and dull from contrast."

He lifted me from our grassy seat, and we walked on through the hard path that wound its way through the orchard, like a trail of white foam on the ocean, till we reached the garden, gay with touch-me-nots, and yellow with marigolds, while here and there a hollyhock held up

its scarlet cup, or a poppy flaunted its gaudy colors proudly above a modest bunch of pinks, or red sweet-williams.

Then he left me, and a moment later I heard the clatter of his horse's feet as he cantered off down the road. I sat on the door-step a long time afterwards, thinking of all he had said to me, and listening to the far-off hum of voices at the camp, or the shrill music of the fife and drum. Every now and then a squad of soldiers would pass up the road, whistling and singing little snatches of patriotic airs, or talking and thinking of those at home.

I wondered how I had ever lived before Archibald Tracy came to me. My life before that had been so tame and quiet: now it was one of tumultuous happiness. I remembered how I shrank up within myself the morning I heard that a regiment had been quartered in our immediate neighborhood. I dreaded to have our peaceful ways broken in upon by hundreds of stranger eyes and stranger forms. I did not know then that amongst the thousand brave hearts in that loyal band, one would learn to beat for me alone. I did not know that beneath a blue uniform flowed the rich life blood of one for whom I would gladly spill my own. But I knew it a month later, when Archibald Tracy whispered to me the first words of love that had ever greeted my ears. As I sat there that evening, I counted over with childish joy, the many golden days that lay between the now and then, and thanked God that in the future I would know many even brighter.

Mother broke in upon my sweet dreaming by calling me in to set the table for supper. Half an hour afterwards, as I stood at the kitchen table washing dishes, some one caught me round the waist, and kissed me fully on the lips before I could tear myself away. I turned around angrily and indignantly, expecting to see some impertinent intruder, but met instead, Archibald's laughing gaze. I tried to look dignified, and a little offended, but he commenced speaking before I could chide him.

"My little girl will not be angry with me, when I tell her this is the last evening I shall spend with her for a long time—perhaps the very last."

His tones fell into the gravest tenderness.

"O, Archibald!"

I could not say another word, but sat down on a chair perfectly helpless in my sudden fear and misery. My face must have been very white, for he came to me and said:

"My poor blighted lily. For your sake I grieve that the long expected order has come.

You must bear up bravely, though, and remember the great and good cause I am fighting for."

"I know all that, Archibald—how much our dear country needs the service of every brave and true man, and I do not ask you for my sake to turn aside from your duty, but, O, Archibald, how can I bear all the torturing suspense, all the wild yearning to see you, and the long, long absence from you?"

"God will give you strength, my dearest. Only remember that as long as I have life left, my heart will be with you—that for the sake of the treasure I leave behind me, my hand will be nerved to brave, better deeds."

He passed his arm around me, and drew me into the parlor. We sat down on the old-fashioned sofa in the dim twilight, both of us sad and silent, both of us feeling that only through God's mercy and goodness could we ever spend another evening together. After a while he spoke of the future—of the home he would carry me to at the close of the terrible war. He pictured to me what our lives would be when spent together, trying to hide with the brightness of what was to me the darkness of the present.

How soon the two hours passed away; they did not seem half so long to me. I thought of a thousand things I wished to say that were yet unsaid. At last he rose to go. I tried so hard to be brave—to choke down the tears that smothered my utterance—to look up into his face and smile, so that he might remember me looking cheerful. I knew that others sent off their loved ones, and bade them godspeed in their noble cause, and why should I refuse to give up my darling? I could not be brave, I could only wind my arms around him and moisten his dark hair with my tears. I thought then my heart would break. I did not know there was another grief in store for me far more unendurable. He unwound my arms from his neck, and held me so that he could look in my face with a long, yearning gaze.

"Let me set her dear face in my heart as its one bright jewel. Let me remember ever that she is mine, and that if I live she will love me, and if I did, she will weep that I am gone. O, Florence, Florence!"

He clasped me to him suddenly, as if he would never let me go. Then he spoke more calmly:

"What has my little girl to say to me? Has she no encouraging words to cheer me on?"

"Only be true to your country, to God, and to me, Archibald, and it is all I can ask."

"Well, then, good-by, little one, write to me very often, and take the best care of yourself, for you are mine, now."

I saw the tears rolling slowly down his face, and I wailed out in my anguish:

"If I could only go with you, to screen your precious life with mine! But I am weak and childish—I will, I must be stronger. Good-by, dear Archibald, and may God forever bless you."

I broke down in the wildest sobs, and he kissed me again and again, then put me gently from him, and hurried down to the gate. I felt like running after him, and begging him never to leave me in my utter loneliness; but I only sat and strained my eyes till his dear form was enveloped in the darkness, and I dropped on my knees and prayed for his safety as I had never prayed for my own.

I heard the shrill whistle of the midnight train that bore him and his regiment away from me, and I felt as if at every revolution of the heavy wheel, my heart felt torn and bleeding into the darkness of despair.

The next morning I missed the roll of the drum, the tramp of the soldiers, and the hum of voices. The white tents had vanished in the night, and the old stillness and quiet fell over the country, but to me it was the terrible silence that forebodes a storm.

A week afterwards there came to me a present from my dear one. I could have cried for joy, as I saw this new proof of his thoughtfulness. It was two costly rose bushes, hung with their white and crimson jewels, and a beautiful guitar, with some music arranged for it, and best and dearest of all, a letter from him, telling me that for his sake I must cultivate my natural taste for music, that nothing else would please him so much, because he knew it would be a source of delight to me. His whole letter brimmed over with the sweetest affection. It threw over my soul the first bright gleam that had lighted it since his departure.

It made me so happy to know there was something I could do to please him, and I gave all my energies to the pleasant task he had assigned me. The days passed on more fleetly after that, yet they were long, bleak days to me at the best. His letters fluttered into my life like white-winged doves, soothing me with their sweetness, as nothing else save his actual presence could have done.

All this time the regiment to which he belonged had been quartered at Camp Wood, in a state of comparative inactivity, yet I constantly feared to hear they had been ordered to some new and dangerous post. You can never know, reader, unless you have seen your best beloved go forth to war, all the torturing suspense I endured in those three short months.

Father came in one morning with a smile on his pleasant face, and threw me a letter. I knew the writing at a glance. How my heart always throbbed when I saw it. This time I ran off to my room and dropped down in the homely old arm chair, before I broke the seal. I could almost see the sweet words it contained. I read, feeling myself growing faint and cold all the while, these words :

"I scarcely know how to ask it, yet I hope you will forgive me, Florence, for what I have already said, and what I am now going to say to you. When fate threw me in your society last summer, I admired many of your noble characteristics, and that admiration, mingled with gratitude for your kindness to me whilst I was suffering, was by me mistaken for love. I am sorry that this ever happened, and if I could, would freely undo the past; but since that cannot be done, let us at least rectify my mistake in the future, and release me from an engagement that must necessarily become painful to both of us, under such circumstances. I should probably never have discovered my error, had I not met since I came here, a lovely and sweet girl, who has secured all the love I am capable of bestowing on any one. Pardon me for the wrong I have done you, and believe me ever your friend,
"ARCHIBALD TRAOT."

The letter dropped from my nerveless hand, and I sat as if frozen to the chair. My agony held me motionless with its bony fingers. I wickedly prayed that God would take my worthless life that moment, because it seemed a burden too heavy to carry. I got up and went to the little mirror that hung over my table, and looked at myself as a stranger would have looked at me. I saw a dark, plain face, a head covered with a mass of brown hair, and a form almost childish in its slightness. That was all—there was nothing lovely there; none of the beauty Archibald had praised in another. Idiot that I had been, to think that for me he could ever feel more than the commonest friendship. I hated myself then, my plain face, my slight figure, my homely clothes. It would have been joy to me to have been laid out stiff and white on my little bed, if I had known the sight would greet Archibald's eyes.

This desperate feeling wore away at last, and pride came to my rescue. Plain as I was, my heart was purer and truer than his. I had never found a trusting heart only to play with it for awhile, then throw it carelessly from me. I had never entered a happy home and been nursed by its kind inmates, only to turn viper like, and sting my preservers. This thought gave me strength to do, and to take pleasure in doing, what I could never have done otherwise.

"I appreciate and understand your character

for the first time in my life. Besides this, I have nothing to say to you, saving that you are free."

I took special pains with my writing. I did not wish him to think my letter had been written with an unsteady hand or aching heart. I was calm and resolute in the task before me. I went down stairs to assist mother with the dinner, and acquitted myself so well, that she did not dream anything more than usual had occurred. I was too wretched and too proud to shed tears. I went to the post-office myself that evening, to be sure my letter was mailed. I felt a keen, impatient longing for him to receive it, so that he might know it did not pain me to give him up. I wanted him to know the light in which I viewed him—I wanted to make him feel if possible, that I had never really cared for him.

Scarcely a week passed before another letter came from him. O, the wild yearning that filled my heart as I saw it, yet I took it resolutely without breaking the seal, enclosed it in another envelope, and returned it to him. I could not forbear writing on the back of his own letter :

"The mocking farce is over. We have both acted our parts admirably—so let the end be welcomed, now that it has come, and do not seek to prolong it."

Still another letter came, but I returned it also, and after that, a long, sickening silence fell between us. Yet I felt a feverish desire to improve myself, the same as if he yet loved me. I practised my music with more than ordinary diligence. I watched over the flowers he had given me, and loved them because they were from him. I took the most scrupulous pains with my simple wardrobe, anxious to look as I knew he had always loved to see me. I would not acknowledge to myself then, why I did this; I would have it that it was for my own pleasure, but I know now, that it was because I had never for a moment ceased to love him, unworthy though he had proved himself to be.

One raw, chilly day, I tied on my hood, threw a heavy shawl around me, and started out for a long walk. I was too restless to stay at home—a something within me urged me away from the house, and towards the railroad. It was almost train time, and a wild desire to see if any one got off at our station, took possession of me. I hurried rapidly along, almost running, lest I should be late. I was in no mood to mingle with the idle group that thronged the small platform, so I walked off by myself to where the railroad was cut through a hill, making an almost perpendicular precipice fully sixty feet in height.

I stood impatiently waiting to hear the hoarse

whistle, till I grew so weary I could keep quiet no longer. I did what I had always feared to do before—walked to the very edge of the precipice, and looked down at the track that lay far beneath me, looking like a long yellow ribbon, its edges woven in with slender black threads.

While I stood there, I caught the gleam of a blue uniform, and a soldier, unconscious that I viewed him from my high perch, walked leisurely over the ties that barred the road. The sight sent a thrill through my heart—I never saw a soldier but that I thought of Archibald. Something prompted him to pause and look upward. I felt a giddiness and weakness seize me, as I saw faintly but perfectly, the features that had wound themselves ineffaceably in my heart. In the sudden delirium of joy that beset me, I forgot the wrong he had done me, and stretched forth my hands to him with a wild cry. At that moment I felt myself falling from the lofty height on which I had stood. The first sensation was one of indescribable horror, the next was a fierce kind of delight, that in a second more, I should be lying crushed and lifeless at the feet of the man I worshipped. I wondered if it would not send a pang through his heart, to see my bleeding form, and to know that for his sake I had lost my life. But such was not to be my fate, for I was caught half way down in my perilous descent, and hung helpless between earth and heaven. I heard a shout far below me; a voice that thrilled every fibre of my heart even in that moment of terror greeted my ears.

"Keep perfectly still, for God's sake, and you may yet be saved."

I obeyed him as a little child might have done, yet every moment I feared to hear the heavy rumbling of the train, and I knew that if my frail support gave way, I should be dashed upon the track, perhaps beneath the very wheels of the cars. I thought of all the agony that would fill the souls of my parents should I be taken home to them torn limb from limb, a quivering, bleeding mass of flesh; and I prayed fervently, more for their sakes than my own, that I might be spared such a doom.

It seemed a long hour to me, though it could not have been more than five minutes, before I heard the tramping of many feet above me, and a confused murmuring of voices. I knew that all that could be done, my kind-hearted neighbors would do to save me, and the thought that Archibald was in their midst, gave me new hope and courage. I had instinctively caught hold of a small bush within my reach, when I first felt myself caught in my fall, and with a strength that nothing but desperation could have given, I

clung to it, not daring to look above or below me. At last I knew they were lowering some one to rescue me. O, the wild joy of that moment I shall never forget. Presently the bush to which I held was caught by a firm hand, and the person said to me:

"Do not stir. I am going to tie this rope around you, and they will draw you safely and slowly up. Do not be afraid; the rope is strong and new, and brave, willing hands and warm hearts are ready to receive you."

I knew the voice, and even then my fears were for him more than myself.

"What will you do, Archibald? I will not go and leave you in danger."

The words dropped from my lips before I knew it.

"Do not fear for me, I shall be perfectly safe."

He bound the rope tightly around me, and the next moment I felt myself going slowly upward. A wild shout of joy rung out on the air, as I was laid fainting and exhausted in the midst of the sympathetic and excited throng. No one had known who it was, but the news had spread like wildfire, that a woman had fallen half way down the deep cut, and from at least a score of throats the cry of joy went upward.

My first thought was of Archibald. What if he should lose his hold and be precipitated upon the railroad, as they had feared I would be! The suspense of that moment was more unendurable than any that had come before it, and when I at last saw the dear face appear above the brink, and knew that he was safe, I burst into a passion of thankful tears. He smiled gratefully to the crowd, but came straight to where I sat on the ground, and bending down, said in tones so low that no one else could hear them:

"I thank God, Florence, that I have been permitted to be the humble instrument of saving your life. You must try to forgive me for pain-ing you again with a sight of my face. I have been wandering around restlessly all day, hoping and praying I might catch one glimpse of you before the train came. I have been home on a furlough, and stopped over in the hope of hearing at least one word from your lips. My prayer has been granted, and I leave the dear old place, carrying with me the blessed assurance that I have held you in my arms again, even for one short moment. Good-by, I hear the train coming—we shall probably never meet again."

His voice trembled with the depth of his emotion, and he wrung my hand passionately as he spoke.

"O, Archibald, whatever the past has been, believe that I am at least grateful to you for per-

illing your life to save mine. May the God of battles preserve you."

I felt then that it would have been a mercy to have allowed my weary heart to find peace and rest in death, rather than to have found him thus, only to lose him again. He hurried off, and five minutes afterwards the train bore him rapidly away, and I was left to hear his praise falling from every lip; to hear one and all call him brave and good. It was sweet to hear their words, yet I thought with bitterness of the heart he had ruthlessly crushed—all his courage could not cause me to forget it. He had not saved me because he loved me, but because he would not have wished even a brute to meet with such a horrible death.

Well, the cold, frosty winter wore its white garments threadbare, and here and there in the sunny robe could be seen a rent filled up with a little patch of brown earth, and a few blades of green grass. After a long while the birds came, and the air grew more balmy, the sky more golden. My heart cast aside some of its darkest mourning with the leaden clouds of winter. I had learned at last to say half cheerfully, "Thy will, not mine be done."

I wondered much if Archibald was yet married. I read over with the keenest interest and deepest fears, the list of killed and wounded in the battle of Fort Donelson, and thanked God that Archibald's name did not greet my sight. But at last telegraphic news of the great battle of Shiloh reached us, and finally the daily papers came pouring in with all the heart-rending particulars. I know not what kept me from fainting, when I read, half way down a long column, "Lieutenant Archibald Tracy—mortally wounded." All the old fondness, all my wild love sprung up anew for him then. It was enough for me to know he was suffering among strangers, that perhaps even then his lips were parched and burning for a draught of cold water. I saw in imagination, the white face stained with blood, the high brow moistened with drops of anguish. Every feeling within me rose up and bade me go to him. Perhaps he would be glad to see even me at such a time; at least, I could contribute to his comfort, but how was I to go? Our slender means would not admit of such an extravagance, and I sat down and wept the bitterest tears I ever shed in my life, when I at last felt I must stay away from him—that I could not be allowed the sad, sweet privilege of being with him in his dying hours.

A sudden thought seized me, and I ran joyfully to my small trunk, and took from it a watch, quite ancient in style, yet of the purest gold. It

had been given to me by my mother's brother, and was the only thing of any real value I had ever possessed. Heretofore I had regarded it as sacred, but now I resolved to part with it for Archibald's sake. I threw on my bonnet and started off for the village, two miles distant, forgetting to be weary in my great eagerness. I went into the only jewelry store in the place. The owner was an old friend of mine, and in a few simple words I told him my errand. He looked at the watch criticisingly, then asked me what had caused me to wish to part with it. I hesitated a moment, then told him my reasons candidly. He listened kindly and encouragingly to my story. Then he told me the watch was indeed a very valuable one, and he would gladly give me the amount necessary to defray my travelling expenses. He said also that he would not part with it for a year, so that I might have ample opportunities for redeeming it. I thanked him gratefully, and hastened back home to tell my parents. They expostulated faintly, but their hearts were with my cause from the first, and their consent was soon gained.

I started the next morning, and two days later found me in Louisville, where he had been conveyed. On every side of me I heard people talking of the great victory, and rejoicing over it, but my heart overflowed with bitterness at the sound of their words. For me the land was draped in the deepest mourning, because his precious blood had been spilled.

I found my way to his hospital after much delay and suspense, and at last stood by the little cot on which he lay. I cared not that strangers stood around me—I knelt down beside him, and kissed his white face over and over again, bathing it with my hot tears. He did not know me—his beautiful eyes were dull and meaningless, his voice did not call my name, his hand did not clasp my own. I prayed that if he died I might die with him. Then in my despair I felt that I would not let death rob me of him, that I would take him up in my arms and hold him so closely that even the grave could not snatch him from me. I felt that so long as I stayed with him, he could not die.

For two long weeks I never left him, saving to snatch a few hours of restless slumber. But at last the physician began to give me a faint hope that he might yet live. O, the sweet prayer of thanks that flooded my soul at that moment. Even I had scarcely dared hope for so much. In a few more days the danger was past, and his wound, which had been a terrible one, almost tearing his arm from his shoulder, began to show symptoms of a permanent cure. In an-

other day, the surgeon said consciousness would return, and he said, too, that but for my careful nursing, Archibald Tracy would surely have been numbered amongst the dead. Sweet as it was for me to know this, it cost me a pang to think I had saved his life for another. With assurances of his safety, thoughts of self forced themselves upon me. I felt that I had done all I could do for him, and I did not wish to stay till he became conscious, lest he should besiege me with words of thanks, or imagine that I wished to force myself upon him and renew our old ties. I shrank from the very thought with scorn and loathing. He had been a traitor to me once, and I would not be duped again.

I stood by his cot in the dim twilight, silently asking God to bless and strengthen and give him a life of happiness. He moaned uneasily in his sleep, and muttered a few broken words. I bent my head to hear them, and they fell on my wounded heart like balm.

"Florence—my little one—she is all my own."

I kissed him lightly and tore myself away, fearing to trust myself longer, lest in my weakness I could not go at all. The next morning found me going rapidly homeward. My parents were almost frightened at my wan face and hollow eyes, for I was worn out with long watching and much loss of sleep. A few weeks of judicious nursing quite restored me, however, and I went on again in my quiet life, as if no wild wave had ruffled its calmness. Two more months passed. As I sat in my own room late one evening, mother came in and said, with forced quietness:

"Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Tracy are in the parlor, and wish to see you, to return their thanks."

My mother gulped down the great sob that half choked her, and drew my head on her bosom.

"O, mother, was it not enough to kill every sweet fresh hope of my life, that they must come thus to mock me with a glimpse of the happiness I once prayed should be mine? It is cruel, it is wicked to treat me so. Mother, tell them I cannot see them. It is adding insult to injury to ask it."

My mother spoke soothingly.

"You will go down, Florence. Be calm and womanly. My dear little daughter must not waver at the last moment."

"I will go, mother."

I said this quietly, but she knew the pain the few words cost me, and kissed me affectionately before she left the room.

Half unconscious what I did, I put on a dress that had once been praised by him, and twining

in my hair a bunch of sweet violets, my simple toilet was made. I smiled disdainfully at the figure reflected in the little mirror. What did it matter whether I appeared lovely to him or not? She, his wife was beautiful, and was not that enough?

There was a frigid smile on my lips, as I opened the parlor door and stood on the threshold. I wanted them both to see that I too was happy, that the past was to me but a summer's dream, half forgotten. In spite of my efforts at self-command, my heart gave a sudden throb, as I saw Archibald's pale face when he rose to meet me. He took both my hands, and looked down in my face with the same mournful, yearning gaze, that I remembered at our farewell a year before. Neither of us spoke. I would have given worlds to have been able to greet him with some ordinary phrase of welcome, but my lips seemed glued together. At last he turned to a veiled figure sitting in the old rocking-chair.

"Florence, this is Mrs. Tracy."

He led me up to her, and I bowed slightly, but did not raise my eyes to her face. I did not wish to look at her, lest in seeing the loveliness that had won him, I should learn to hate her. I felt a pair of arms around my neck, and tears upon my face—then a voice like Archibald's, save that it was softer and sweeter, fell on my ears.

"You saved my dear boy's life, and I could not help coming to bless you for it, and to tell you how I have prayed for you, and how I love you even now."

A light flashed over me, and I looked up into the kind, motherly face, with a feeling of thankfulness too pure to describe. I murmured a few confused words in reply, yet few as they were, they expressed my heartfelt happiness.

Archibald took me from his mother's arms, and led me to the window. Then he told me the cruel deception that had been practised upon us to destroy our love. How a comrade who had always hated him for some imagined wrong, had written the cold and unfeeling letter that I had received, copying his very language, to make his wicked plot more sure of success, and how my answer came to him, a cruel mystery, filling his life with the darkest despair. That he had written to me twice, only to have his letters returned, and that at last there was nothing left for him to believe, saving that I had wantonly trifled with the purest affections of his soul. Then he went on to tell me that his treacherous comrade had been wounded, and was in the same hospital to which he had been conveyed, and that after he—Archibald—had recovered, the guilty

wretch, with the fear of an untimely death before him, had confessed his crime. He stood in silence after he had finished his story, till I spoke to him.

"Archibald, can you ever forget and forgive my unjust suspicions? I ought to have known that you did not write that letter, yet the writing was so like yours I could not doubt it. My misery has punished me sufficiently—will you not pardon me?"

"My dearest one, I have nothing to forgive. We have both been innocent sufferers. I can feel nothing but the deepest happiness that you are given back to me again. When I fell wounded on the battle-field, my thoughts wafted themselves away from the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, and the dull roar of artillery, and wound themselves fondly around you. I imagined just how you looked at that moment—I thought of the old orchard where we sat the evening I left you, and I thought how sweet it would be to die there, if you were only with me. I took your picture from my bosom, and it smiled on me lovingly, as if brave and fearless for my sake, even in that scene of horrible confusion. O, Florence, how I loved you, even when I thought you false to me—how little did I dream that this sweet hour of peace would ever fold its white wings in my life. When I found myself in the hospital, I thought first of all of your miniature, but the little treasure was lost, and I felt that nothing could ever replace it. Yet when they told me of the angel who had ministered to my wants, a new life thrilled my veins. I knew you loved me, or you would not have come. After I could be removed, they sent me home to my mother. It would have done your heart good, to have heard how she blessed you, when I told her what you had done for me. She prayed that Heaven would give you to her for a daughter. Florence, darling, shall I tell her that her prayer is soon to be answered?"

I reached up my hand and drew his dear face down to mine.

"Tell her, dear Archibald, that for your sake I love her now, and that I am sure in the hereafter, I will love her for her own."

He called her to us.

"Mother, she is ours."

"My dear little daughter, I was never half so happy before in my life."

That evening, as Archibald and I sat on the doorstep, he drew from his pocket a little package, and placed it in my hand.

"What is it, Archibald?"

"A proof that you are the noblest, dearest, truest girl in existence. Open it."

I obeyed him, and took from the mass of pink cotton, the watch that had once been mine. I felt the glad tears rush to my eyes at sight of it.

"How did you ever come by it, Archibald?"

"The jeweller told me all about your noble sacrifice—he is an old friend of mine, too. My precious little girl, I can never thank or love you enough for this. The watch is yours, now, and you must never part with it again, even for my sake."

He got up and brought me the guitar, and asked me to sing for him. His face lighted up with pleasure as he listened.

"Your voice is so peculiarly sweet, so full of soul and feeling, that it beautifies your whole face. Florence, I am very proud of you."

Then together we sung his favorite—"Fairy Bell." I could not have asked for sweeter happiness than that which filled my life, as I listened to his expressive voice.

"The sound of that gentle voice,
The glance of that eye,
Surround me with raptures,
That no other heart can sigh."

The long, eventful year is over, reader, and I am Mrs. Archibald Tracy.

THE LUDICROUS SIDE.

The power of discovering a comic point, of appreciating a humorous hit, and enjoying the fun of a droll position, is a gift not to be despised. It is not a vain, silly, or unbecoming thing, as some moping owls and grave dullards suppose. It is indeed, like all human faculties, liable to abuse, and capable of being perverted to evil; but it is essentially a good gift, and ought to be turned to the good account of which it is susceptible, and to manifest itself in the increase of the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the affection of social and family life. We might go further; we might say, and adduce much evidence to support the proposition, that as humor is discerned only by those who can to some extent catch the feeling and spirit of the humorist, so the sense of discernment of humor is one phase or department of sympathy, and thus the springs of mirthfulness and kindness are not far distant; and many a home, amid the alternations of joy or sorrow that darken or brighten the course of life, has found an ever fresh gladness in the comic vein and jocund humor of some mirthful member of the family. Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term—with the best heads and the best hearts, have been men who thoroughly appreciated and highly enjoyed true humor.—*North British Review.*

COURAGE.

Mere physical insensibility to danger does not constitute courage. Nearly all brave men have been finely organized, and therefore of nervous temperament. Caesar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, and so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," said he, "is a brave man he knows his danger, but faces it."

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES TO ANNA F.—

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

We hail thy coming, gentle spring,
And hopeful bless the hour,
When we may roam the meadows gay,
And seek the vine-wreathed bower.

'Tis sweet to know a Power divine
Supplies each blessing rare;
The changing seasons as they roll,
Proclaim a Father's care.

Each feathered songster of the grove
Instinctive feels the change,
And wake anew their vocal powers
O'er hill and valley range.

Each simple floweret of the lea
Feels spring's reviving breath;
Awakes again 'neath vernal suns,
And graces many a wreath.

The birds and flowers, all nature, too,
Yield many varied joys;
While hill, and grove, and streamlet, too,
Abound in Nature's toys.

Anna, these joys are pure and fair,
They cheer our pathway here;
But blessings brighter, dearer far,
Greet us each passing year.

Love and affection's gentle sway
Hold empire o'er each breast;
These are the treasures most we prize,
These yield the promised rest.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PHANTOM OF THE CLIFF.

BY MRS. O. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER I.

"Shadow not forth, O, thou land of dreams,
The Past as it fled by my own blue stream;
Make not my spirit within me burn
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return!"

"THE night draws on—it is time for the Phantom of the Cliff to haunt these rocks once more!" And as she spoke, a hollow laugh, with something weird and unearthly in its sound, rang out on the cool, crisp October air.

She had just paused on the topmost height of a steep, jagged cliff, hanging over the sea—that tall, stern woman, who night after night was seen to haunt the Drummond Rocks. The thick hair streaming in the wind, and the shaggy brows also were of a dull, sodden gray; her

eyes looked like dim fires flickering in heaps of gray ashes; a gray cloak shrouded her from head to foot, and she seemed indeed what she was supposed to be—a gray ghost hovering between two worlds.

There was Indian blood in her veins, but you could not have traced its crimson on cheek and lip, its jetty blackness amid the dishevelled tresses, its half fierce, half tender light in the depths of the dusky eyes, nor the gorgeous taste which revels in nodding plumes, gay wampum, and all that is bright and fanciful. To have looked upon the stranger, then, you would not have dreamed that her beauty had in days gone by lit up the Massachusetts woods like the plumage of a tropic bird; and yet such was the fact. One great grief, one heavy blow had crushed out love, beauty, joy, pride, and transformed her into the gray, stern woman I have described.

Sunset glow and twilight purple had alike flashed from sea and sky ere she reached the cliff, but the harvest moon hung aloft like a great silver lamp, and in its radiance hill, valley, rock and wave took a new charm. No Southern forest ever tossed richer foliage in the breeze than the grand old woods that swept back from the shore; no mimosa, or tropic lily, with gold-mottled petals, and hearts of flame, could show more brilliant dyes than the wild flowers, in whose cresses a stray moonbeam here and there slept like some silver-robed fay. In her girlhood Giuleme had loved the autumn for the pomp it lent the wilderness and its gifts of bloom and fruitage; but now she had no heart to braid the berries of the sumach and mountain-ash around her hair, or heap her canoe with wood-grapes, and so she stood gazing around her like a grim statue. Suddenly, however, the dark face, which had hitherto been stony and mysterious as the Egyptian Sphynx, began to burn; the features worked, the eyes flashed, and the tall form trembled in every limb. The quick Indian ear had caught the sound of a voice—a deep-toned, manly voice—singing a Scotch ballad. Giuleme drew nearer to the verge of the cliff, and listened with intense eagerness.

"Methought my heart was dead," she muttered. "Why does it beat so at the sound of a voice, which has all the strange music of Philip Carlisle's? Years have come and gone since it has throbbed thus—can it be that his soul is calling to me from the great haunting-grounds beyond the grave?"

She paused, her breath came in sudden gasps, her lips were white and tremulous, as her keen eye swept the moonlit waters. At a little dis-

tance from the shore lay a tiny island, famed for its wild berries and grapes; four or five ladies, and as many gentlemen, had just emerged from the thicket of verdure, and were gaily pushing their boats from the cove in which they had anchored. Among them Giulene had observed one who would have been conspicuous in any gathering for his Herculean but well-moulded figure, and his graceful carriage. As the watching woman became aware of his identity, she started, flung up her hands in a vehement gesture, and exclaimed:

"Ha, he lives yet! I—I have struck his trail once more! What—what has brought him here in the moon of the falling leaf? I'll wait and see."

The next moment a canoe shot from the inlet and glanced across the waters; Carlisle was at the oars, but his head was bent toward the lady at his side, and ever and anon he sang some boat-song, picked up in the legends of Venice, the Tagus, the Danube, the Rhine, and the Orinoco during many years of travel. At length he moored his canoe, and Giulene saw that it was filled with grapes, and bunches of rare moss and brilliant maple and beach leaves. As the oarsman handed the lady to the shore, the woman on the cliff thought she had never seen a more magnificent creature. Such peachlike bloom of cheek and lip, such splendor of golden hair, such great, blue, violet eyes, such royal beauty and royal grace Giulene could not have believed embodied in a single person, had she not beheld her standing there. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, she stealthily descended the cliff, and secreted herself where she could have a better view of the lady. Her fair head was matted with vine-leaves, and clusters of grapes drooped low over her crimson cheek; the lustrous folds of her satin dress seemed to have stolen the "purple bloom" of the fruit she had been gathering, and thus robed, she looked like the Spirit of the Autumn—the Queen of the Harvest. This idea Carlisle wove into a graceful compliment, as the young beauty paused beside him to await the rest of the party.

A light laugh broke from Rosamond, and she playfully denied all claim to the appellation.

"You are queen of hearts, then," resumed Carlisle.

"Queen of one heart—that is enough for me!" said the lady.

"Ah!" and the speaker's cheek reddened. "My cousin Reginald is a happy man."

In another instant a tall and strikingly handsome man, attired in a travel-soiled garb, leaped from a crag above, and sprang forward to meet the pair.

"Rosamond—dear, dear Rosamond," exclaimed Reginald Carlisle; and twining his arm about the girl, he kissed cheek, lip and brow with a lover's tenderness.

Rosamond's blush and smile, and the sudden kindling of her eye were all eloquent, and it scarcely needed her low, musical "O, Reginald, this is a pleasant surprise!" to assure him that he was welcome.

For a time, in the hurried questions and answers which passed between them, both forgot the presence of a third person, but at length Reginald said:

"And whom have we here, Rosie?"

"Can it be you do not recognize me?" asked Philip Carlisle, extending his hand.

"Yes, yes, I see now," replied Reginald, clasping the proffered hand with extreme cordiality, "you are my cousin Philip. Welcome, welcome back! My mother apprised me of your arrival, and that was one reason why I hastened home."

"I suppose, however, that Miss Ashcroft was a far more powerful magnet than I could have been," observed the guest, with a significant smile. "Well, I congratulate you—I have just been telling your lady-love that you were a happy man."

"I believe you could not find a happier in the broad universe, Phil!" exclaimed Reginald. "Pray, have you brought a wife from over seas?"

Philip Carlisle's brow contracted for a moment, but his cousin did not perceive it, nor the vein of irony which breathed in his well modulated tones as he replied:

"No, no, I am still a bachelor—a rover; having no ties to bind me to any particular spot, my life is a kind of vagabondage. To-day I pitch my tent here—next week I may be on the move again."

Reginald declared he should hold him to a promise made years before—a promise to stand groomsman at his wedding—and some further gay chit-chat ensued. Then the rest of the pleasure-party came drifting to the shore, and a playful tumult followed. When they began to disperse, Reginald said:

"I hastened to your uncle's, Rosie, as soon as I reached town; they told me you had gone to Hulten's Island, and I started in pursuit—so my mother does not yet know I have returned a fortnight sooner than I expected. Pray, come over to the hall and dine with us, dearest."

Rosamond gave a blushing assent, and she and her lover had gone a few paces, when they perceived that Philip Carlisle was not with them.

"What! are you not going with us?" asked Reginald.

"O, yes! But I wish to visit a haunt of mine, hard by, where I used to watch the sea-fowl. Perhaps I shall overtake you ere you reach the hall; at any rate, I will be there by dinner-time."

The cousin and the lady bowed, and strolled away. Philip Carlisle watched him with his evil, blue eye, and in his secret heart thought he had never seen a more princely pair. Travel-soiled and weary as Reginald was, he looked every inch a gentleman, and the luscious bunches of grapes swung across his shoulder, the wavy chestnut hair sweeping back from his brow, and the jaunty cap he wore, lent him a picturesque aspect. In that hour, the jealousy which Philip had always felt toward his cousin deepened to positive hatred, for, in addition to his other advantages, he had won the heart of her who had inspired the wanderer with a love already bordering on madness in its wild depth and fervor.

"By Jove!" he muttered; "Reg. is my evil genius! He was my rival when we were at Eton, he revels in the wealth which would be mine if he were out of the way, and now that I have found a woman I could worship, he wrests her from me! And I—I have been forced to meet him with smiles and smooth speech, when I hate him!"

He stopped, reflected an instant, and then resumed, in a low, sepulchral tone:

"Great heavens! Can I see him married? Can I regard her with cool, cousinly affection? No, no—she shall not be his! I will have her yet, if I sell my soul to win her!"

And now the guilty man started, for he thought he heard a footstep, and a quick, panting breath. But ere long he regained his self-control, and laughed at his fears.

"I wonder," he said aloud, as he set out for the hall, "if the Phantom of the Cliff is on duty to-night!"

At this juncture the moon drifted behind a cloud, and through the darkness a weird voice came pulsing down.

"Philip Carlisle," it murmured, "you have broken one heart—why should you break Rosamond Ashcroft's? The ghost of Giuleme bids you beware! She haunts the Drummond Rocks, because here was the trysting-place where she used to meet the treacherous white brave!"

Hardened as Philip Carlisle was, his blood chilled in his veins, and he had no more power to move than if he had been stone. As he glanced up, he saw what appeared to be Giuleme's face, framed in a mass of gray hair, and

her eyes wearing a look which thrilled his heart to its core. But when the moon emerged from her bulwark of clouds, the "phantom face" had vanished, and with a strong effort Carlisle shook off the spell which had bound him.

"Pahaw! it was but the illusion of an excited brain!" he muttered. "The Drummond Rocks naturally recalled Giuleme—poor thing! how she loved me! I wish I could arouse as deep a passion in that beautiful Rosamond!"

With these words, he resumed his walk, and in a half hour sat down to a late dinner at the hall.

CHAPTER II.

"My heart is weary gazing o'er the sea,
O'er the long, dreary lines that close the sky.
Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully,
Gazing in vain, my best beloved, for thee;
Hearing the sullen waves severance
Dashing around me on the lonely shore."

It was at the dead of night that Reginald Carlisle might have been seen riding along a lonely road, which wound through the forest in the rear of the Drummond Rocks. An autumn storm was brewing, and the sky was turbulent with flying clouds. Now and then, through a long vista, he could catch glimpses of "a shivering column of the moonlight upon a crumbling sea," or a far-off sail gleamed spectral through the dark, or a curlew flew shrieking through the spray, or

"The lighthouse flared and darkened from the cliff,
And stared with lurid eye,
Fiercely along the shore, as if
Some foe to spy."

The ocean moaned, as if it held some secret which would fain wail up to the ear of man, but no shadow of his impending fate settled on Reginald Carlisle. He fancied he had come forth on a solemn duty, for a note purporting to have been written by a friend who lay at death's door, in an adjoining town, had summoned him from Rosamond's side. Suddenly, in a most dismal nook of the wood, a mass of foliage was swept back, and two ruffians darted forward and grasped his bridle rein.

"Die, wretch!" exclaimed a voice that sounded like a serpent's hiss; and the lantern he carried was wrenched from his grasp, and an iron gripe fastened on his throat.

"Life is sweet!" cried Reginald Carlisle; "I will sell it dearly." And he fought like a tiger.

But what was one against two such assassins as those who had attacked him? He was soon overpowered, and flung into a deep ravine close by the path he had been travelling.

Amid the darkness and the tempest the mur-

derers left their victim, and the horse which had been stabbed in the affray, and fled. The night wore on, and a fisherman hurrying to the seashore at dawn, was horror-struck by the traces of foul play which he found in the lonely spot I have mentioned. The shrubs that bordered the road were rudely trampled, and on some hung fragments of Reginald Carlisle's cloak; his broken whip and a gauntlet, together with a handkerchief embroidered with his initials, lay amid the crisp grass of the path, and at a little distance the fisherman found his dead horse. For a time John West gazed about him like one in a hideous dream, and then flew to Carlisle Hall. Over the scene that ensued I will not linger, for no language of mine can describe the great grief which settled on the household. Philip Carlisle tried to soothe his afflicted kinswomen, while an old servant was despatched to break the tidings to poor Rosamond. As Roger told his sorrowful story, one wild shriek broke from her white lips, and then she sank down in a deathlike swoon. A coroner was summoned, and Philip Carlisle and other friends of the dead followed the fisherman to the forest. The horse, the whip and the glove were found, and every eye at once turned to the ravine; every person present thought the body had been secreted there. But upon searching, no trace of it could be discovered; the little stream which flowed through it had been swollen by the night's rain, and all conjectured that the corpse had been swept along into the sea. A regular search, however, was instituted throughout the neighborhood; but to no purpose. Mrs. Carlisle was standing by the bedside of her whom she had loved as a daughter, when they told her that her son could not be found, and so great was the shock, that a brain fever ensued.

Months had passed since the events I have been narrating; but Reginald Carlisle's loss was no less keenly felt than when that terrified fisherman had brought the tidings of his fate. His mother and Rosamond had apparently been almost on the verge of the spirit-world, but both were convalescent now. To them, however, the life stretching away before them looked far more dismal than the grave, and there was many an hour when they longed for its quiet, its rest. There was a sepulchre in Rosamond Ashcroft's heart, and there she buried her love; indeed she was as truly widowed as if she had been Reginald Carlisle's bride. Her cheek had lost its crimson, her eye its sparkle, her red lip its smile; and the golden hair, which Reginald had loved to see powdered and jewelled, or wreathed with blossoms,

was folded across her brow in smooth bands; but Philip Carlisle's love had known no change. He had succeeded to his cousin's estates, and hoped his betrothed bride would one day be his wife. With this in view he paid the girl those attentions, which are usually so grateful to the sick and weary-hearted. He sent her the rarest flowers and the richest fruits; he strewed her tables with relics he had brought from foreign lands; he read or sang to her as her mood varied, and in short paid her homage which must have been pleasing to any woman who could return his passion. Rosamond Ashcroft stood at her window, as he dashed up the oak-shaded avenue on a glorious June day. At sight of her, he bowed, and kissed his hand to her, and the next instant he had reined his steed beneath her window.

"Well, Rosamond," he began, "I have come to offer my services as escort, for you really ought to take a gallop this beautiful morning."

"My uncle and aunt have been saying the same thing," replied the girl, "but where shall we go?"

"The sea-fowl have gathered on Drummond rocks after their old fashion, let us strike into the forest road and wind around the base of the cliff."

"No, no, not there!" shrieked Rosamond, shuddering; "I can never go through those woods again!" And she was turning from him, when he sprang from the saddle into the balcony, and leaning towards her, said:

"Do not leave me, I implore you! Forgive me if I have aroused memories which are painful to you."

"I do forgive you, Philip—you did it unwittingly, but the sight of those places is intolerable."

As she spoke, she sank into a high-backed chair, and abandoned herself to a perfect passion of grief, and Philip Carlisle waited, nervously drawing his riding-whip through his fingers the while. At length when it had somewhat subsided, he drew her out into the garden, and resumed:

"Rosamond, dear, dear Rosamond, I wish I could exorcise the ghostly memories that haunt you. I know my cousin Reginald was noble, generous and winning, but I do not believe he would have loved you as I do—as I have from the hour when we first met. It is true I endeavored to conceal and subdue it, when I thought it would be a sin to cherish it, but now it has absorbed my whole being. I am your slave—my destiny is in your hands—I shall be good or evil, happy or wretched, as you accept or refuse me!"

A sudden crimson shot over the girl's marble face; she swayed to and fro like a reed, and

there was a touching pathos in her voice, as she replied :

"Philip, I had not dreamed of this ; I had always regarded you as a cousin ; be content with that, for my heart is dead !"

"O, Rosamond, for me there is but one woman in the world ; the regard you feel for me is worth far more than the maddest love of another. Give me the right to guard and cherish you, and I will bless you to my latest day !"

Rosamond Ashcroft shook her head drearily, and exclaimed :

"I cannot, cannot, Philip ; if you value my peace, do not ask me !"

She fled from him, and rushing into the house, once more yielded to the storm of grief which came sweeping over her.

"Not now, not now," said Carlisle ; "she is not yet mine, but I can wait ! The time will come when she will be my bride !"

Weeks passed by, and Philip Carlisle adroitly pressed his suit. He had ingratiated himself into his aunt's favor, and though she still mourned for her son, Philip had been such a comfort that she felt a deep interest in his welfare. One night she sent for Rosamond, and as the girl knelt by the sofa on which she was reclining, laid her hand solemnly on her bowed head, and murmured :

"I—I have much to say to you, Rosamond."

"Go on, dear, dear Mrs. Carlisle."

"My system has never recovered from the shock it received when poor Reginald was murdered ; I shall not live to see the winter's snow ; but before I die, I want to be assured that Philip will be happy when I am gone. Rosie, I believe he loves you as well as Reginald did ; he is kind to me, almost as kind as my own child could have been, and I cannot bear to see his life beggared ! Is it too much for me to ask you to promise to be his ? You are young—you must not waste your days in vain regrets, and if you marry Philip, you will never, never have cause to repent it."

A sharp cry broke from Rosamond, and she hid her face in the folds of Mrs. Carlisle's robe, while outside the weary night-wind sobbed, and the plaint of the "sad sea-waves" came moaning up through the gloom.

"O, Mrs. Carlisle," wailed the girl, "I wish I could die with you !"

"No, no," exclaimed a voice, which thrilled every nerve of the listeners ; "live for me, dearest, best beloved !" And a tall, attenuated form glided to Rosamond, and she was once more clasped in Reginald Carlisle's arms.

"This—this must be some dream, some delu-

sion," gasped Rosamond ; "I believe I have gone mad !"

"Nay, it is all real—Reginald is alive—Reginald is come back to you. List, and I will tell you what happened on that night of storms. I was half way through the woods, when I was attacked by two ruffians wearing black masks, and after a desperate struggle, left, as they supposed, dead. They flung me into a ravine, and made a hasty retreat, having been startled by as they thought approaching footsteps. An Indian woman, Giuleme by name, who used to queen it in those woods, was the means of preserving my life. Years before, Philip Carlisle, while surveying the lands of the neighborhood, had won her love, and made her his wife after the Indian fashion ; and when from the top of Drummend Rocks, she saw the vessel which was bearing him from her without even a farewell, she declared her heart dead within her. She left the council-fires of her tribe, she put off the gorgeous robes in which she had once delighted, and took up her abode in a cave at the base of the cliff. Night after night she haunted the rocks, till she obtained the cognomen of the 'Phantom of the Cliff.' At last Philip Carlisle returned to America. She espied him with you that evening on Hatten's Island, descended to the shore, and dogged his steps, till she learned he madly loved you, and hated me, because I not only enjoyed the wealth which might have been his if it had not been for me, but stood between him and the peerless Rosamond. Giuleme resolved to watch him, and became convinced that he would shrink from no deed, however desperate, could he thus win you. She was threading the forest, a pine torch in hand, when she perceived my horse lying dead, and suspected foul play. Finding me in the ravine, the waters of which had not then been swelled by the rains, she dragged me to her cavern, and at length had the satisfaction of knowing that life was not yet extinct. With the lore acquired by her tribe, she proved a skillful physician and nurse, but not till to-day have I been able to come to you. I am still lame and feeble ; perhaps I shall be as long as I live, but thank God, I am with you once more ! This morning my Indian nurse came to me and said :

"'White chief, the falcon has taken your nest—be would fain take your mate ! Go !' she glided from the cave, and I followed her. My exile is over, and, please God, we will stand at the altar ere the snow falls !"

There were tears and sobs, and wild exclamations during Reginald's recital, and then his mother faltered :

"O, Rosie ! how I have been deceived !"

"Yes, we have all been deceived, but the villain is unmasked—he ought to be punished!"

"Do not challenge him, my son!"

"No—I shall not. I have no thirst for his blood—let God avenge me!"

Meanwhile, a dusky-eyed woman had stolen into the room where Philip Carlisle sat, waiting to learn the result of his scheme. Again he stood face to face with Giulème—again her tones sounded in his ear, as with Indian eloquence she told him that she had saved Reginald Carlisle's life, and restored him to his heritage and his bride. With a howl of rage, the villain bounded through the window, and disappeared. Three months later, into the cavern which Giulème inhabited there crept a tall, haggard man, wasted to a mere skeleton.

"Giulème," he gasped, "I have come to die with you—forgive me!"

The woman wound her brown arms about his neck, and drew his head down upon her breast, bathing the pale brow with the hot rain of her tears. Thus Philip Carlisle died, and an Indian sachem, who had loved Giulème with a love stronger than death, found her lifeless form lying beside the pale face—whom he so hated—within the cave. He bore them through the snow to the depths of the wilderness, and gave them a grave in the burying-place of his tribe.

Reginald Carlisle and Rosamond were married amid the Christmas chimes; his mother's life was prolonged for many years, and they often recalled the memory of the gray, stern woman, who had been known and dreaded as THE PHANTOM OF THE CLIFF.

WAR.

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also its hideousness and its demoniac woe. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek. Mercy abandons the arena of battle. The frantic war-horse with iron hoof tramples upon the mangled face, the throbbing and inflamed wounds, the splintered bones, and heeds not the shriek of torture. Crushed into the mire by the wheels of heavy artillery, the victim of war thinks of mother, father, sister, home, and moans and dies; his mangled corpse is covered with a few shovelfull of earth, and left as food for vultures and dogs, and he is forgotten. He who loaths war, and will do everything in his power to avert it, but who will, in the last extremity, encounter its perils, from love of country and of home—who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life, to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive a worthy homage.—*Abbott.*

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

UNOCCUPIED FEMALES.

There are certain unoccupied females so ever-friendly as to take the entree of the whole house. These are, generally, ultra-neighborly neighbors, who run in at all hours of the day and evening; ferret out the ladies of the family wherever they may be, up stairs or down; watch all their proceedings when engaged, like good housewives, in inspecting the attics, the store-rooms, the cellars or the kitchens. Never, for a moment, do they seem to suppose that their hourly visits may perhaps be inconvenient or unseasonable; or too selfish to abate their frequency, even when they suspect them to be so, these inveterate sociablists make their incursions at all avenues. If they find that the front door is kept locked, they glide down the area steps, and get in through the basement. Or else they discover some back entrance by which they can slip in at the "postern gate"—that is, alley-wise; sociablists are not proud. At first, the sociablist will say, on making her third or fourth appearance for the day, "Who comes to see you oftener than I?" But after a while, even this faint shadow of an apology is omitted—or changed to "Nobody minds me." She is quite domesticated in your house—an absolute *habituée*. She sees all, hears all, knows all your concerns. Of course she does. Her talk to you is chiefly gossip, and therefore her talk about you is chiefly the same. She is *au fait* of everything concerning your table, for after she has had her dinner at her own home, she comes bolting into your dining-room, and "sits by," and sees you eat yours. It is well if she does not begin with "a look in" upon you before breakfast. She finds out everybody that comes to your house; knows all your plans for going to this place or that; is well acquainted with every article that you wear; is present at all the visits of all your friends, and hears all their conversation. Her own is usually "an infinite deal of nothing."—*Miss Leslie.*

A CHINESE DISH.

When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre-table my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs were soon checked, by each guest seizing what he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give into the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature.—*Life in China, by Rev. W. C. Milne.*

[ORIGINAL.]

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

I sit and think of other days,
 And happiness gone by,
 When the summer night is calm and bright,
 And the moon climbs up the sky;
 Thought, like the lightning from above,
 Far flashing, onward flies,
 And brings, with wizard power, the past
 Before my tearful eyes.

The sunny days of boyhood's spring
 Come wreathed with many a flower,
 And joys in shadowy beauty drest,
 Live o'er their transient hour.
 Again the valleys that I loved
 Are blossoming and green,
 The brook is gushing joyous on,
 Where my young feet have been.

And by its side again I stray,
 Beneath the spell of love;
 With one now gone from earth, to dwell
 Amid the courts above.
 The powerful wand of memory calls
 Her form before my sight;
 I almost feel her hand in mine,
 And see her eyes of light.

Again around me live the friends
 My boyhood's summer knew,
 And for a moment, in my heart
 The smiles of joy renew;
 Some of those dear ones now are gone
 Where all of earth shall go,
 And leave the tree and flower to bloom,
 The silver stream to flow.

I hoped to live for purpose high,
 I dreamed of coming fame,
 And on the dusty field of life,
 Thought of a lasting name.
 Ay, and in woman's heart I thought
 My memory should be dear,
 And the sweet fancy oft has lent
 A star, when life was drear.

So now, ye airy dreams of bliss,
 Ye thoughts of comfort, rise!
 And though I know you're false, ye still
 Are pleasing to my eyes;
 For ye are all that now remain
 Of many a year long fled,
 Ye are unto my weary soul,
 The spirits of the dead.

My lonely hours are yours, ye dreams,
 Ye dawnings of the past;
 Then weave your web of spell-work fair,
 Though fated not to last.

I'm sadly lone—no joys beside,
 On time's dark waste I know,
 So let your visions rise for me
 While memory's fountains flow.

O, little have I wrought of good,
 No laurels bind my brow,
 No woman's gentle heart is mine,
 Nor minstrel honors now!
 Then come, ye shadows of the past,
 Ye ghosts of scenes long fled;
 Ye seem unto my weary heart
 The spirits of the dead!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE QUACK'S SECRET:

—OR,—

How to get on in the World.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

CHAPTER I.

HEIDELBURG AND ITS VISITORS.

"There bee more wayes of kyllynge a dogge than hangynge him."
 THOMAS OF TUXFORD, A. D. 1678.

IN the year 17—, and in the month of September, the usually quiet old city of Heidelberg was crowded with visitors. Every hotel, the aristocratic Croix D'Or, and the humblest Gasthaus, was filled with guests, from the ground floor to the highest of the attics, the countless little windows of which studded the immense sloping roofs. These were not the days for tourists. No steamboats paddled up the Rhine, with queerly dressed people around, with the inevitable "Murray," and eager to "do" all the "lions" of the mighty river in the shortest time, and on the most reasonable terms. The glorious ruins of Ehrenbreitstein—the "castled crag of Drachenfels," and the great tun of Heidelberg, were then all but unvisited, and therefore those who for a whole week thronged the halls of learning, and at morning and evening the streets of the University city, were not mere travellers in search of the picturesque, as indeed their grave faces, professional robes, and square, furred caps betokened. To render the matter more certain, the newcomers were all of the male sex—not a frau nor a fraulein, excepting the lady inhabitants of the place, was to be seen in the streets, a fact quite a sufficient evidence in itself, that mere pastime was not the object of the visitors, for in those old days, as in our own, when we meet with crinoline on the summit of Mont Blanc, and pink parasols on the Pyramids of Ghiza, the dear creatures are to be found wherever pleasure or peril

is the attraction. Women then, did not affect public meetings of philosophers; but to be sure, the ladies have grown vastly more scientific of late, having learned to combine knowledge of bonnet-building with the principles of botany—gown-making with geology, and the mysteries of crinoline with the marvels of chemistry. But at the time of which I write, a lady's only laboratory was her kitchen—her knowledge of botany was confined to her vegetable garden, and her only geological resources were the superimposing a stratum of sand on her limestone pavement, or making household memoranda on slate.

Who, then, were these visitors to Heidelberg, that from early morning until sunset sat in secret conclave in the gloomy chambers of the university, never leaving them but for their meals, or for the evening walk on the castle ramparts, or the dark and crooked streets of the ancient city; some of them lean and hungry-looking—a very few fat and flourishing—many of them young, but more quite old, and every one bearing the marks of severe thought on his brow? The good people of the town—the women especially, looked on them with reverence, and yet they were not priests. The absence of an ink-horn at the girdle, proclaimed them not to be lawyers, but the furred hood showed that they belonged to some learned profession. In fact, and not to keep the reader in suspense, they were doctors of medicine, who had come from Leipsic, and Göttingen, Nuremberg and Cologne, Mannheim and Gotha and Ghent, and many other cities, to attend the tri-annual convocation of the German Faculty at Heidelberg, doubtless greatly to the relief of their several cities of habitation, excepting, perhaps to those portions of the population who followed the cheerful vocations of undertakers and grave-diggers.

CHAPTER II.

HEIDELBERG SQUARE—THE DESPAIRING DOCTOR.

A charming evening is just closing the fourth day of the convocation of the faculty. The descending sun tinges with gold the gray walls and ruined bastions of the old castle, far below whose grassy ramparts lies the quaint city, already half obscured in the gathering gloom. Across the river, vineyards cover the mountains from base to summit, and the bridge is crowded with gaily-dressed pedestrians. But Heidelberg Great Square is the principal centre of attraction. Suppose we join the crowd, that, as darkness comes on, are from all quarters hurrying thither.

It is all ablaze with light. For from every

tree depends dozens of variegated lamps, and on the tops of the surrounding houses are earthen pans filled with oil and fat, in which float enormous wicks, the noisome smoke from which, so high are they above the crowd, offends no one, and which throw a brilliant red glare on the busy scene. Staid old burghers sit smoking beneath the trees, their fat frans beside them, and perhaps knee-dandled the last chubby pledge of affection. The younger portion of the assembly are variously engaged in racing, dancing, singing, or in quietly promenading. Bands in various parts of the square are discoursing eloquent music, and every one seems happy.

All, perhaps, but a melancholy looking man approaching middle age, whose doctor of medicine's robe does not quite conceal his seedy garments, and coarse, homespun linen. He is slowly walking beneath an avenue of linden trees, with eyes downcast, his arm linked in that of a young man whose cap and gown are those of a student of the university.

"Why, my dear Hans, what on earth possesses you?" exclaimed the latter. "You know it's only six years since you obtained your degree, and a doctor's fortune is not made in a hurry. Be patient, and your daily bread will tumble into your mouth by-and-by without any anxious effort."

"Yes, Fritz, when I have no teeth left to bite it with. But I confess I see little prospect even of that. Here did I spend seven of the best years of my life—and for what? to exhaust the trifle left me by my father, in the purchase of a useless diploma."

"Useless? Hans, do not say that."

"Yes, I repeat it; and worse than useless—for since I left the university have I not buried myself alive in Ratisbon, where I hoped at least to have earned a bare living? But luck, Fritz, is against me! not a patient have I had these three years save among the poor who could not pay a debt. By the eleven thousand virgins! I believe if I was to set up as a baker, the people would leave off eating bread."

"Nonsense, Hans—you have the blue devils this evening, but come, let's to Jan Steinhold's Bier-haus—lots of the burschen will be there, and we'll see what a flask of Hockheimer will do in the way of exorcism." And seizing his friend, who manifested a desire to continue his walk alone, by the arm, he dragged rather than led him to a neighboring tavern much frequented by the students. After entering the lee-door over which was a gilded Bacchus on a gilded cask, an attendant relieved them of their rapiers and cloaks, and they passed into the public hall.

CHAPTER III.

THE SMOKING SALOON. DOCTOR IRON-BEER,
THE QUACK. THE DUEL. THE DOCTOR'S SONG.

THE halle, or saloon, was a long, low, narrow apartment, the numerous open doors of which on both sides served to ventilate the place, and also afford egress to a garden without. The ventilation was certainly very desirable, inasmuch as the smoke from fifty or sixty vigorously-smoked, large bowled pipes created an atmosphere so dense and opaque that objects at one end of the room were but very indistinctly seen from the other; and the means of egress were doubtless no less prized, for through the open doors and windows occasional glimpses of coquettish and pretty little frauleins were obtained, as they sauntered through the pleasant mazes of the Volksgarten beyond.

Down the centre of the saloon ran a long, stout, oaken table, and stout, indeed, it needed to have been, to have withstood for so long a period as it had done, the convivial assaults of the boisterous students. On the board were drinking vessels of all sorts and sizes—huge tankards, or black jacks, some of leather, others of wood and metal, held the beloved Bavarian beer, which was the staple tipple, being the cheapest, and withal the nectareal beverage of the middle and lower classes. Black, square bottles, filled with schnapps and Holland gin—round, squat, long-necked vessels, containing rich Rhadesheimer, and here and there filmy looking flasks, half protected by wickerwork in which flashed at every movement, the aristocratic Joannisburg. But various as were the drinks, and the ranks in society of the drinkers of them, the latter seemed fused into a common body, or democracy, at least, round this table, the beer-drinker exchanging his plain tankard with the wine tippler's crystal flask, and thus mutually pledging each other. So crowded was the saloon that it was not without some difficulty that Hans and Fritz obtained seats, and these they would have longer waited for, but for an unforeseen but common enough incident—a quarrel between two of the burschen, who, according to custom, left the table accompanied by their friends, and proceeded to a remote room in the tavern, specially set apart for these "passages at arms." In the university cities of Germany, there is always one tavern, at least, provided with its "duelling halle," into which the authorities may not enter, and as the landlord receives a pretty high fee for providing the accommodation, and "keeping dark," and as, moreover, duels are almost of daily occurrence among the fiery youth, stimulated by pottle-deep

potations, it often happens that this place of death, as it often is in reality, affords him his best means of living. The seats thus vacated by the departed combatants were filled by Hans and Fritz.

They were a merry lot, that party of students, as indeed such parties generally are, roystering blades, as they would have been called in England, in the days of King Charles the First, and it was noticeable that those of them who were preparing for the profession of medicine were more boisterous in their mirth than the aspirants to the honors of the other learned professions.

I can from actual observation assert that it is much the same at this day, for the wildest of student scapegraces are the young sawhones. And yet it is due to them to declare that no other class of young men settle so naturally and easily down to steady work when their days of pupilage are over. But however this may be, the guests of Jan Steinholt were having a jolly time of it, when Hans and Fritz joined them.

Spite, however, of the jests and practical jokes of the students, and of the attempts of his companion Fritz, to rally his spirits—spite, too, of the huge draughts of beer, now and then varied with beakers of the juice of the grape, Hans continued to feel ill at ease. Fritz bore with his bilious humor as long as he could, and at last slapped him heavily on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Why, Hans, man, your face looks dull enough to throw a damp on a funeral. I did hope that you would have left your troubles outside the Gasthaus's door, but—"

"That could scarcely be, Fritz, seeing that one great cause of my trouble is inside them."

"No doubt of it—you are your own great bugbear—you make your own grievance—prythee, Hans, set thy linen in order—make a bold stand against misfortune, and above all, cultivate that article without which few in our profession succeed."

"Name it," remarked Hans.

"Brass—impudence—assurance—or by whatever name people choose to call self-confidence. No wonder you have few patients. Who, think you, would call in such a melancholy looking wretch as thou art? Dost not know that a cheerful countenance is the physician's best advertiser? Now just observe that oily, merry-looking, devil-may-care fellow at the bottom of the table. Why, the merriment visible on his countenance is absolutely contagious, for all around are infected by his joyousness. He'd cure a patient almost by merely looking at him."

"Well, he does cure his patients in a most extraordinary manner, that cannot be doubted;

and a pretty fortune is that fellow making, though I'd wager a trifle he never entered a college, nor heard a lecture. Don't you remember I just now said that the cause of my troubles was inside the doors of this house?"

"Perfectly—but I do not comprehend your meaning."

"You shall, though. Well, then, Fritz, that jolly looking individual yonder is my grievance."

"The devil!" exclaimed Fritz.

"The devil he may be, and regarding his success in the light of his qualifications, or rather the want of them, I am disposed to believe that he is of diabolic extraction, if not the arch fiend himself, in one of his many disguises," observed Hans, savagely.

"You know him, then?" asked Fritz.

"Yes, to my great cost and annoyance. That man, Fritz, is one of the most consummate quack doctors in all Germany, or I may say in Europe. With a mere smattering of scientific knowledge, and ignorant in most other respects, he is a profound observer of character, and has such a plausible tongue, that I verily believe he would wheedle the devil himself. When I set up in Ratisbon, a few years since, I had a fair prospect enough, but just as I was rising, who should come thither and erect his stage right opposite my door but that fellow?"

"His stage? What do you mean?"

"Ah, I see you do not yet know the customs of these quacks. It is this. They travel from town to town, and from village to village, and in the squares or market places, erect a portable platform, on which, attended by a mountebank, who serves to attract and amuse the crowd by his jokes and antics, the doctor sits and harangues the audience on his wonderful powers as a physician—after which he invites patients to come up and be examined and cured. And what is really strange in the case of yonder red-nosed fellow, he *does* perform some very extraordinary feats of healing. But what's the matter here now?"

At this moment a messenger from the duelling hall rushed into the saloon, calling at the top of his voice for a surgeon. One of the combatants had been wounded.

"Off with you, Hans," exclaimed Fritz, "there's a case for you. I'll sit here till you return. You may earn a fee of six dollars, who knows?"

Hans began fumbling in his pockets for his leather case of instruments, but found that he had left them in the pocket of the cloak he had given to the servant at the entrance. While he was going for it, the quack doctor jumped brisk-

ly up, drew a little mahogany case from his breast pocket, and hurried out of the saloon just as Hans was re-entering it. Fritz detained him as he was rushing towards the duelling room.

"Donner et blitzten, Hans! no wonder you complain of want of success, if this is your mode of business. Why, man alive! a surgeon should never be without his tools—the want of a timely ligature loses many a life. That fellow has taken the wind out of your sail again with a vengeance."

"That fellow—what fellow? I don't comprehend," exclaimed Hans, hurriedly.

"Why, the jolly looking quack doctor, your *bete noir*. He whipped out his instruments in a trice, and has, I doubt not, stitched up the wound by this time. Come, you're distanced, so let us have another flagon."

"Ah, it's only my usual luck," ejaculated the disgraced Hans, as he resumed his seat.

"Nonsense—there's no such thing as luck," cried Fritz. "In nine cases out of ten, it is a man's own fault if he does not succeed. Depend upon it; whenever there's a chance of winning a prize, the bold candidate is generally victorious. That brass is better than brains now-a-days, has just been proved to a demonstration."

A little while after the door of the saloon leading from the duel hall opened, and the quack doctor made his appearance. Let us take a glance at him as he pompously strides along the floor to his seat.

He was a man apparently of about fifty years of age, short and strongly built; a large head, covered by an enormous powdered wig, was set on a short neck enveloped with a white handkerchief, richly embroidered on the flowing ends. The face was florid, and beamed with benevolence and good humor, but there was a shrewdness in his dark gray eyes, and lines about the angles of the sensual mouth, that told of remarkable penetration and cunning. His dress was of black velvet, the coat and vest richly braided, and his wrists were covered with ruffles of the finest lace. Rich diamond buckles glittered at his knees, and on his highly polished shoes, and the chains and seals of two watches dangled from his fobs. In one vest pocket was a huge gold snuff box, partly visible, and from his wrist dangled a gold-headed cane. His fingers were loaded with costly rings, and round his neck, suspended by a chain, was a diamond cross. Such was the outer man of the famous Doctor Vesalius Iron-Beer, the renowned German travelling physician, who resumed his chair, a serene smile of self-satisfaction flashing over his unctuous and placid features.

"A bad case, doctor?" was the eager question put to him by many a student, as he sat down.

"O, a trifle—a mere scratch, gentlemen—the point of the rapier just passed through the peritoneum—pierced the diaphragm, and after lacerating the pleura, glanced between the ninth and tenth ribs—"

"Hello! call you that a mere trifle?" was the universal cry.

"Decidedly, *young gentlemen*," (the emphasis was very marked) "but that's nothing to cases I *have* cured. Why, I once saved a man who had a bullet imbedded in his cerebellum for fifteen years!"

And his impudence gained him credence, as impudence generally will, with the youthful and unsuspecting. The mirth of the students now began to grow fast and furious, and as the night drew towards morning, what with shouting, toast-giving, brawls and burlesque songs, the saloon became a very Babel. Suddenly, during a pause, one of the students in a drunken, satirical speech, proposed the health of their profoundly learned visitor, Doctor Iron-Beer, and suggested that he should favor the company with a song. Nothing loth, for the quack was proud of his vocal powers, the great man consented, and sang a song, extolling in most extravagant language, his own remarkable powers.

"Modest, at least," remarked Fritz; "and is it possible that people will flock to this jackanapes, and neglect to consult regular physicians?"

"Even so," replied Hans; "but to-morrow morning you will have an opportunity of seeing for yourself, as Doctor Iron-Beer will erect his stage in the great square, the syndie having granted him as I learn the requisite permission."

"But," asked Fritz, "is there no law to suppress these quacks, and protect regular physicians?"

"Unfortunately not," said Hans; "but good night, or morning, rather. Meet me here at noon."

"I will," agreed Fritz. And each repaired to his room.

CHAPTER IV.

DOCTOR IRON-BEER BEARDS THE LIONS OF THE CONVENTION. THEY SKEDADDLE.

THE long and short hand of the great clock in the court yard of the University of Heidelberg stood exactly at right angles, and the college bell tolled out the hour of nine, when the massive doors of the convention hall were thrown open and the various members of the faculty slowly and sedately took their places, for the

purpose of discussing among themselves various recondite matters relating to the "most ancient and nobile arts and mysterie of physicke."

A grim looking assembly in truth, was that gathered together in a grim looking chamber, all black oak pannelled, overloaded with cumbrous carvings and cornices, and with a cold, damp atmosphere within, like that of a sepulchre. Sepulchral, too, were the voices of most of the debaters, as perhaps befitting the grave subjects on which they touched. Among the regular members of the faculty sat our friend Hans, his face longer if possible, than it had been on the previous night. In a dark corner, with a sardonic sneer on his countenance, lounged Doctor Iron-Beer, the quack. It was curious and suggestive to contrast his portly and well shaped person, with those of most of the regular doctors, who looked as though they lived on doses of their own physic, which indeed, in one sense they did, seeing that they derived their substance from the people thereof. In that day as in this, modest merit too often goes unrewarded, while plausible pretension reaps a golden harvest. But as I am writing a story, not an essay, I must not indulge in moralizing.

Protean indeed is this world of ours. We look upon the philosophers of a hundred years ago as ignoramus, and very likely in the year of peace, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two, we shall be considered as mere donkeys by our successors. I wonder what the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society would say, could a report of that Heidelberg convention of doctors be placed before them. Were my readers exclusively medical students I would give a faithful report of the discussions of the old doctors, but as I presume the peruser of these lines cares more for incidents than incisions, I shall merely tell how that solemn discussion on the morning in question was interrupted.

A little weazen-faced physician from Mannheim had, at a wearisome length, been discussing the merits of viper broth and dried toad powder, in the "falling sickness," when suddenly a contemptuous "whew!" something between the hiss of a snake and a whistle, sounded through the hall.

Up jumped the indignant president, up rose the secretaries, and up started the fat beadle of the court, with his brazen headed mace of office in his hand. Never had there been known such an outrage in that solemn place. The idea of science being insulted with a derisive "whew!" Could they believe their own ears? Yes, they were compelled to, for now in the most self-assured and important manner possible, Doctor

Iron-Bear started forward to the president's table, and giving a thundering rap thereon with his closed fist, exclaimed :

'Pooh, pooh! my learned brethren—allow me to say that you know no more about the grand secret of universal cure than the beadle's mace yonder. That secret I possess, though I never studied in hall or college. Nature has been my teacher, and the diploma she gave me is worth all your sheepskins put together. Now I am going to appear on my stage for the last time, to-day at noon, in the great square, for I have made a fortune, which would buy every soul of you, with this university thrown in. But before I quit Germany for Persia, to attend the Shah, who has sent a special messenger for me, I am willing to dispose of my secret for a consideration. At noon, gentlemen, I shall be glad to see you at my college in the open air.'

And with this, Doctor Iron-Bear stalked pompously out of the chamber, leaving, like Sir Peter Teazle, in Sheridan's Comedy, his character behind him. And pretty roughly it was handled, I can assure you. Every one of the learned doctors showed himself to be as expert in pouring out his vials of wrath, as he had hitherto been in filling his vials with physic.

"'Learned brethren!' quotha! as though all of the house of physic were relations!" exclaimed the president.

"The dignity of the profession forbid!" cried another, and indeed the entire conclave joined in abusing the insolent quack, who had committed the unpardonable sin of being successful. Go to the great square, and by their presence sanction charlatanism? not they, indeed. The government must interfere and put down such rascals. Why, if something was not done, the fellow would by-and-by ruin them all. Ask his secret—to be sure he seemed to have thriven upon it.

"I wonder what he'd sell it for?" whispered Hans to Fritz, who had taken a seat beside him.

"No harm in asking him," remarked Fritz. "Let us be off to the square, and have a look at him."

"Agreed," said Hans, and the friends went off together. And what was odd enough, one after another the grave members of the faculty sneaked quietly out, divested themselves of their robes, and through by-ways and alleys, travelled to the quack's head-quarters. At length, a little before noon, the president, secretaries, and beadle found themselves alone.

"The sitting is postponed," said the president.

"To be resumed at the hour of two," said the chief secretary.

"God save the emperor!" bawled the beadle.

And then, as fast as they could hobble, they also "skedaddled" for the square.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOCTOR IN HIS GLORY—A REVELATION.

It was high noon in Heidelberg Great Square. The sun shone brightly on the old buildings, making the gurgoles, mullions, grotesque carvings and hideous-looking heads upon the waterspouts, appear more frightful than ever. The large area was crowded with promenaders, and in one corner, a large assemblage had gathered together, around a wooden stage raised about four feet from the ground. On it was a table and two chairs—one of them of crimson velvet stuffed, and richly gilt, the other plain, for the patient of course; the doctor in gorgeous array, accepted the seat of honor. On the table were a few pill-boxes, some phials of medicine and a case of instruments.

Besides the doctor, another person grotesquely attired, occupied a position on the platform. This was his mountebank, a regular attendant on the quack physicians of those days. His business was to sound the praises of his master, and keep the crowd in good humor. "People are more easily gulled when they are set grinning," was one of Doctor Iron-beer's maxims—and he was right. Try to borrow ten dollars of your best friend when he is out of humor, and you will agree with him.

A pleasant sight it was to see Doctor Iron-beer as he sat cross-legged in that easy-chair, his portly figure leaning back; his round, oily face beaming with benevolence, and his eye glancing shrewdly over the crowd, as he chuckled to himself *sotto voce*. "Ha, ha! I knew they'd come, spite of their dignities and degrees. Gold is the true magnet after all, and they wish to know how I make it so fast, while with all their science, they can scarcely keep body and soul together." And the doctor rattled therix dollars in his pocket, and looked the picture of happiness.

The mountebank drew a long, gilded horn from its case, and advancing to each corner of the stage, sounded a flourish thereon, then standing immediately before the doctor, he thus spoke:

"Messires, the earls, barons, lords, knights, nobles and burghers of this ancient, honorable and learned city of Heidelberg, know ye all, that my learned, profound, mysterious and miracle-working master, Doctor Iron-beer, physician to the sovereigns of Europe, Asia, Africa and the New World, has, in the plenitude of his

goodness come to favor you with a farewell visit before he departs for Persia, to the coast of which empire he has been summoned by the Shah to cure him of an imposthume, which has baffled the skill of all the university professors and doctors in the universe, and for which cure he is to receive the hand of his majesty's only daughter, and twenty millions of tomanas. Therefore, all ye that would be healed, walk up, walk up, walk up, and consult this learned physician, who is to all other doctors, what the sun is to a candle—the moon to one of the spangles on my coat—or the Rhine to a rivulet. He only has the secret of the stone of Solomon, and of the herb Onokeishkon which he himself discovered in his travels among the mountains of the Moon, and which he has distilled into his life-giving, life-preserving and health-restoring elixir. With this magical mixture in his possession, a man may walk through a plague-smitten city with safety. It strengthens the weak, revives the dying, cures every disease, and costs only one rix dollar a bottle. Walk up to the doctor, let him feel your pulse, and you will be healed!"

This harangue produced the desired effect, for no sooner had it ended than a stream of health-seekers flowed towards the doctor—a golden stream—a very Pactolus of patients, was it to that shrewd personage, who, as he handed his elixir, assured them that with it in their possession they were as "good as cured." So believing and rejoicing, each went his way, only to make room for another.

"Ah!" said Hans, who for hours had stood close to the platform and had witnessed the scene, and the quack doctor's success; "now if I only had the means of purchasing the secret by which he makes his money, how happy I should be. By Heaven! I verily believe Iron-beer has more philosophy in his head than have all the rusty doctors of the faculty put together. But nearly all the people are gone, Fritz, let's to dinner. That is, if between us both we have enough to pay for one.

At that moment he felt his hand grasped, and a voice said:

"Hans Muller, my old friend Pieter's son! why, what ails you. Come and dine with me, you and your friend, at the 'Angel.'"

Hans looked round and Dr. Iron-beer was before him. There was something in his face, now that he looked closely at it, which he seemed to remember. Suddenly, light flashed on his memory.

"Why, Max Dohler! the devil!"

"Max Dohler, but ~~not~~ the devil, at your service, Hans! To every one else, though, I am

Doctor Iron-beer—mum! But, meet me at the 'Angel' in one hour hence, and over a flask of sparkling Moselle, I'll explain the reason of this masquerade."

He walked away, and Hans and Fritz strolled round the square.

"And who is this Max Dohler? and where have you known him before?" asked Fritz.

"He was a student at Leyden when I lived there with my father, years ago. Max fell in love with a sister of mine who died, and though before that event his habits had been most exemplary, he took his loss so much to heart that he drank deeply to drown care, and became one of the most reckless and desperate men in the college. In one of his mad fits, he fought with, and killed a fellow-student, and it was my father's influence alone that saved him from the headman. After that I lost sight of him, and never saw him again to know him until to-day. But the clock is striking three, we had better go to join him at the 'Angel.'"

CHAPTER VI.

DOCTOR IRON-BEER'S GRAND SECRET.

ARRIVED at the "Angel," the friends were at once shown to the doctor's private apartments.

On his emerging from his dressing-room, they scarcely recognized him. The wig was abandoned to the solitude of its box—all the finery was gone, and a plainly-dressed gentleman stood before them. He looked ten years younger.

"Now," said he, "I am Max Dohler once again, and I assure you I feel much more myself, than when I was Doctor Iron-beer; but let me introduce my friend (who had entered with him), Von Arnheim, who, however, you saw on my stage two hours ago."

"On your stage," said Hans, "why you had only your mountebank!"

"He was my mountebank—we are partners."

Dinner was served, and afterwards, over sundry bottles of wine, Max Dohler said:

"You well remember, Hans, why I left Leyden. But for your father's kindness, my head would have left my shoulders there—a kindness which I will endeavor to repay by serving his son. I had secured my diploma before I left, and in a distant town I commenced practice. But 'twas too up-hill work for me, and observing that quackery succeeded where science starved, I became a quack myself. As plain, plodding Doctor Dohler, I earned nothing, or next to it—as Doctor Iron-beer—he rigged and be-rigged, and with any amount of impudence, I grew rich. In the course of my travels, I visited Rastibon,

and saw you at your shop door, looking half-starved. I intended to have called on you next day, and should have done so, had not the burgo-master, who was a physician, ordered me, from motives of jealousy, to leave the city. Since then I have gained a high reputation and a full purse. In the course of my travels, I have, of course, picked up a good deal of worldly knowledge, which I need not tell you I have put to good account. But, Hans, I am getting tired of this wandering life, I mean to give it up; indeed I made my last appearance as Dr. Iron-beer to-day. My wig and my other paraphernalia, I give to Von Arnheim, who is going to humbug the English people; and the GRAND SECRET, the UNIVERSAL PANACEA, the UNFAILING NERVES-MAKER, I shall present to you in return for your father's kindness, and in remembrance of our old friendship. In short, you shall have in few words what will make you rich, if you rightly heed them. Always remember that the public is a very gullible animal, and operate rather on mind than on matter. What think you my Elixir is composed of?—*colored water*!—and my *Regenerating Pills*?—*mica panis*—*crumbs of bread* wrapped in gold leaf! But they are the media through which the GRAND SECRET works, and without it they are useless."

Here there came a rap at the door—it was unlocked, and a servant entered, not, however, before Max had ran into his dressing-room, and hurried on his wig dressing-gown.

"There are nine or ten of the faculty below, asking for Doctor Iron-beer," said the man.

"Show one of them up. Here, you fellows, run into the next room, and listen." Max had scarcely resumed his seat, when who should walk in but the president of the council!

"Most worthy doctor," said the president, bowing low, "I am come, humbly to inquire the price you demand for your GRAND SECRET?"

"I am sorry to say, you are too late—I have just disposed of it to Doctor Hans —, for forty thousand rix dollars," said the doctor, coolly. "I shall announce the fact probably, to-morrow morning."

"But where did he get the money? he's as poor as any of us," asked the president.

"I have given him ten years to pay it in. He will clear three times the sum in that time. He was the only one of you who did not sneer at me this morning in your hall, so I choose to favor him; besides, his father once did me a kindness, and I never forget a favor or forgive an insult. Good morning, sir."

The president retired; discomfited exceedingly.

* * * * *

That night Max placed a sealed packet in the hands of Hans, with the injunction that he should not open it until the next morning.

"It contains," said he, "the physician's Grand Secret; make good use of it, and your fortune will be made by the time I return to Germany, nine or ten years hence. Farewell."

* * * * *

The next morning, Fritz came by appointment to Hans's room. Doctor Iron-beer he learned had departed from Heidelberg at an early hour.

"Now then, for the 'Grand Secret,'" said Hans, opening the packet. With anxious hand he broke the seal, unfolded a sheet of paper, and out rolled a slip of parchment with only these six words written thereon:

"CONCEIT CAN KILL—CONCEIT CAN CURE!"

"Humbug!" exclaimed Fritz, scornfully.

"But there is a deal of philosophy in it," remarked Hans, "when you choose to see it; I see now why Max succeeded. Fritz, I'll send my doctor's gown and wig to the old clothes shop, burn my books, empty my bottles and gallipots into the gutter, and become Doctor Iron-beer the second!"

He did so—put his professional modesty and dignity into his pocket—made folks believe themselves to be well against their will—afflicted them with any imaginary disease he chose, and indeed made puppets of his patients. In ten years he was a millionaire, and Fritz, who had acted as his mountebank, the owner of a baronial castle in the Black Forest.

FOLLY OF PRIDE.

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes to his blood the chill of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from the dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

There is one drawback about wealth, and that is, it renders you liable to the visitation of an axe-helve every time you turn into an obscure street after nightfall.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER ON FOOD.

The diversity prevailing in different nations in reference to articles of food seems to confirm in its literal sense the proverbial saying that "One man's meat is another man's poison." Many an article of food which is in high esteem in one country is regarded in others with abhorrence, which even famine can hardly surmount.

In the Shetland Islands it is said that crabs and lobsters abound, which the people catch for the London market, but refuse to eat even when half starved. The John Dory is reckoned by epicures one of the choicest of fish, but in Devonshire, where it abounds, and also in Ireland, it used to be thrown away as unfit for food. There seems to be some superstition connected with this, as it is said that a Devonshire cook flatly refuses to dress it. Eels, which are abundant and of good quality in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and also in Scotland, are regarded by the people there with as much disgust as snakes. Skate, which is in high estimation in England, in Ireland is hardly ever eaten except by the fishermen. Scallops, on the other hand, which are reckoned a dainty in Ireland, are hardly ever eaten in England; and, although they are abundant on many of the coasts, few of the English have any idea that they are eatable. The cuttle-fish (that kind which produces the inky fluid), although found on our coasts, is not eaten by us. But at Naples it is highly esteemed, and travellers report that it tastes like veal. Cockchafters are candied, and served up with other confectionary by the Italians.

The hedgehog no one thinks of eating in England except the gipsies, and some who have joined them report that it is better than rabbit. The sailors in the English and Dutch whalers do not eat the flesh of the whale; but those in the French whalers (with their well-known skill in cookery) are said to make a palatable dish of it. By almost all the lower classes in England venison and game of all kinds are held in abhorrence, and so are fresh figs. By the Australian savages, frogs, snakes, large moths and grubs, picked out from the wood—all of which the English settlers turn from with disgust—are esteemed as dainties; but they are shocked at our eating oysters.

Milk, as an article of food (except for sucking babies), is loathed by the South Sea Islanders. Goats have been introduced into several of the islands, but the people deride the settlers with using their milk, and ask them why they do not milk their sows. On the other hand, dogs and rats are favorite articles of food with them. Those last, as is well known, are often eaten by the Chinese, who also eat salt earth-worms, and a kind of sea-slug, which most Europeans will turn from in disgust.

In the narrative of Anson's voyages is a full account of the prejudice of the South Americans (both Creoles and Indians) against turtle as poisonous. The prisoners captured on the prize ships warned the sailors against eating it, and for a time lived on bad ship beef; but seeing our men thrive on the turtle they began to eat it—at first sparingly, and at length heartily. And when set ashore and liberated, they declared they blessed the day of their capture, which had introduced to them a plentiful supply of wholesome and deli-

cious food. Horseflesh, which most Europeans would refuse to eat, except in great extremity, is preferred by the Tartars to all other; and the flesh of a wild ass's colt was greatly esteemed by the Romans. As for pork, it is on religious grounds that Jews and Mohammedans abstain from it, as the Hindoos do from beef. But the Christians of the East seem to have nearly an equal aversion to it; and the like prevailed till lately in Scotland.

The large shell snail, called escargot, was a favorite dainty with the ancient Romans, and still is so in a great part of the south of Europe, though most Englishmen would be half starved before they would eat it. In Vienna the large wood ants are served up and eaten alive. Small land crabs are eaten alive in China. The iguana, a large species of lizard, is reckoned a great dainty in some of the West India Islands.

Maize (the Indian corn of America) has been introduced into New Zealand by the missionaries, and the people cultivate and highly esteem it. But their mode of preparing it for food is to Europeans most disgusting. They steep it in water till it is quite putrid, and then make it into a kind of porridge, which emits a most intolerable stench.

Human flesh has been and still is eaten in many parts of the world, and that by people considerably above the lowest rank of savages—such as the Fijii Islanders and an Indian people called the Batta, who are said to have a written language. And even in cannibalism there are great diversities; some nations eat their enemies, and some their friends. Herodotus relates that a Persian king asked the Indian soldiers that were in his service what reward would induce them to burn the dead bodies of their friends instead of eating them. They replied by entreating him not to mention anything so shocking. On the other hand, the New Zealanders—before their conversion, who seemed to have considered that the proper diet of mankind is man—seem to have eaten only their enemies.

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire attended our rehearsals, as well as our performances, at Ferney. I can fancy I see him now in his very dress, consisting of gray stockings and gray shoes, a large waistcoat of basin, descending nearly to his knees, a large wig squeezed into a little black velvet cap, turned up in the front; the whole completed by a *robe de chambre*, likewise of basin, the corners of which he would sometimes tuck into the waistband of small clothes. Arrayed in this costume, any other person would have looked like a caricature; but the appearance of Voltaire, so far from suggesting any idea of the ridiculous, was calculated to command respect and interest. On ordinary occasions, when he happened to enter into conversation with any of the members of our theatrical troupe, his manners were marked by good-humored familiarity. But when he superintended our rehearsals, there was a truce with pleasantry; then he was all in all the dramatic poet; and one, too, whose correct judgment and refined taste were not to be easily satisfied.—*Theodore Hook's French Stage.*

Language is a part of a man's character.

The Florist.

For would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould;
No, for I am a hero's child—
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unbedded and unbedding,
And cherish for my warrior's sake,
The flower of "Love-lies-bleeding."—*CANARY.*

China Aster.

The Double China Aster, now known as the German Aster, has within late years been very much improved and perfected by the German florists, and others, so that it is hardly to be recognized as the same flower as the old China aster of the flower-garden. The varieties are now very numerous, and possess exceeding beauty, some of them being almost as large as a small dahlia, and much more graceful. The full-quilled varieties are the most highly esteemed, having a hemispherical shape, either a pure white, clear blue, purple, rose, or deep red; or beautifully mottled, striped, or edged, with those colors, or having a red or blue centre. They are also of various habits; some dwarf, others taller, some spreading, and others growing erect and very much branched. Seeds, sown in the fall of the year, produce early flowers; but they come too early in bloom, and are not so perfect as those coming into flower about the first of September.

Amaranthus Tricolor.

This is a tender annual—an old favorite of the flower-garden—the chief beauty of which consists in its variegated leaves. Miller, in ancient times, says, "There is not a handsomer plant than this, in its full lustre."—*Prince's Feather*—This is a hardy annual, well known, four or five feet high, with numerous heads of purplish-crimson flowers, suitable for the shrubbery. *A. superbus* is an improved variety of the last: flowers dark red; three to four feet high; from June to September.—*Love-lies-bleeding*—This is also a well known hardy annual, from three to four feet high, with blood-red flowers, which hang in pendant spikes, and at a little distance look like streams of blood; in July and August. It is sometimes called, in France, "*Discipline des religieuses*"—the nun's whipping-rope.

Argemone.

Argemone grandiflora is the most showy of the genus; a native of Mexico. Its large flowers, with delicate white petals and numerous yellow stamens, make a splendid appearance, and we think much superior to *A. ochroleuca*, with pale yellow flowers. The leaves, capsules, and the whole plant, are armed with formidable spines, and having once had the hands or any part of the body come in contact with them, the plant will be forever after viewed with feelings far from those of pleasure.—*A. barclayana* is equal to it in its powers of annoyance, but its more showy, brilliant yellow flowers make amends,

in some measure, for its repulsive appearance. The roots of the argemone, if taken up and kept in pots, in a frame or cellar, will flower much stronger the next year than seedlings.

Larkspur.

The annual larkspurs are familiar to almost every one. Some of the species and varieties are among the most common ornaments of the garden. They are all very hardy, and flower stronger when self-sown in summer, or planted in beds, or in the border, in August or September. There are two distinct species in common cultivation, differing essentially in their habits.—*Branching Larkspur*—This variety grows from two to three feet high, producing its flowers in spikes, which are continually pushing out from the main stem and branches, giving an abundance of bloom through the season. Flowers blue, white, pink and variegated. The double varieties are the most desirable. Masses of the different sorts appear to great advantage. *Dwarf Rocket Larkspur*—The double varieties of this species are among the most showy ornaments of the flower-garden, when properly grown.

Canary-Bird Flower.

This is a beautiful climber; its charming little canary-colored blossoms, when half expanded, have a pretty and fanciful likeness to little birds. The plant, like the type of the genus, has a fine, luxuriant, rambling character. It succeeds best in a light soil. If the seeds are planted in April or May, by the side of a trellis or arbor, they will soon cover considerable space, and produce its curious, lively flowers from July till the severe frosts of autumn destroy it. In rich, heavy soil it runs very much to yine, and produces its flowers very sparingly. The foliage is similar to the common species, but much more delicate.

Senecio Elegans.

Ragwort, or Double Groundsel—There are four kinds of this plant, viz., double red, double crimson, double white and double flesh-colored. Each of these kinds will make a most handsome bed. The plant is very pretty in its foliage, grows freely and most profusely; scarcely anything surpassing it for a neat and handsome show. It will grow about eighteen inches high, and continue in bloom from June to the end of the season. The plant is readily increased by slips, scarcely one in a hundred failing to grow. It is also raised from seed; but few of the plants will produce double flowers.

The Verbena.

This plant is a native of Buenos Ayres, growing through a very extensive tract of country. The dazzling, brilliant, scarlet flowers cannot be exceeded by any other plant yet introduced into this country; and blooming from May to November in the open air with us, makes it one of the most desirable plants in cultivation.

The Housewife.

Orange Jelly.

Take five oranges and one lemon; remove the thin rind off two oranges and half the rind off the lemon. Lay these rinds on one side; squeeze the juice from all the fruit into a basin. Into a stew-pan or new tin saucepan put a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar and a half pint of water; let it boil till it becomes a thick syrup; then add the juice and rinds, cover the saucepan, and as soon as boiling commences, skim well; then add by degrees a wineglassful of cold water, which assists to clean it; then add the jelly stock as above, stir all together, give it one boil, and pass through a jelly-bag. Add a few drops of prepared cochineal to give it a tint; fill a mould, place it in ice, or in a mixture of saltpetre and salt, and when cold, turn it out.

Old-fashioned hulled Corn.

Shell a dozen ears of ripe, dry corn, put in an iron kettle and cover with cold water; put in the corn a bag of two teacupful of fresh wood ashes, and boil until the corn looks yellow and tastes strong of the alkali, then take out the bag and boil the corn in the lye over an hour, then pour off the lye, and simmer until the corn swells. If the hulls do not then come off by stirring, turn off the water and rub them off with a towel; add more water and simmer for three or four hours, often stirring to keep it from burning; when it swells out and becomes soft and white, add salt to liking, and let all the water simmer away. Eat warm or cold, with cream or milk.

Fruit Wafers for Dessert.

Take currants, cherries, apricots, or any other fruit; put them into an earthen jar in a kettle of water, and when scalded, strain them through a sieve; to every pint of juice add the same weight of finely sifted sugar and the white of a small egg; beat all together until it becomes quite thick; then put it upon buttered paper in a slow oven; let them remain until they will quit the paper, then turn them and leave them in the oven until quite dry; cut them into shape, and keep them between paper in a box near the fire.

Corn-Meal Pies.

Corn-meal pies are made as follows:—Stir a small teacupful of very fine ground Indian meal into two quarts of boiling milk; when nearly cool, add five beaten eggs, and sweeten to taste, like custard, adding spice and orange-peel, if desired. Bake with a crust like custard pies.

Corn-Meal Pudding.

Cool one quart of mash with nearly as much new sweet milk, add five eggs, half a teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of flour, a little salt and quick yeast; bake one hour in a moderately slow oven, and eat with sauce or butter, if no sugar is used.

Sugar Cakes.

Sift two pounds of flour into a pan, and cut up in it a pound of fresh butter. Rub with your hands the butter into the flour till it is thoroughly mixed. Then rub in a pound of sugar and a grated nutmeg. Wet the whole with half a pint of rich milk (or a gill of rose-water and a gill of milk), mixed with a well-beaten egg. Add at the last a very small teacupful of pearlash or soda, dissolved in a little vinegar or warm water. Roll out the dough thick, and beat it well on both sides with the rolling-pin. Then roll it thin, and cut it into square cakes, notching the edges with a knife. Put them into a shallow pan, slightly buttered (taking care not to place them too near, lest they run into each other), and bake them a light brown. You may mix into the dough two table-spoonful of caraway seeds.

Fresh Salmon boiled.

Scale and clean, cutting open no more than is necessary. Place it in a kettle of cold water, with a handful of salt. Let it boil slowly, but it should be well cooked—about a quarter of an hour to a pound of fish. Skim it well, and as soon as done, lift it carefully into a napkin, to absorb the moisture, and wrap it close. Send to table on a hot dish; garnish with horseradish or curled parsley, or boiled eggs, cut in rings, laid round the dish. Oyster sauce is best with fresh boiled fish.

Boiled Veal.

Veal should be boiled in plenty of water; if boiled in a cloth it will be whiter; it should be boiled by the same rule as other meats; that is, to be put in when the water is cold, and boiled gently till tender; serve with a sauce of drawn butter, parsley, or oyster sauce; allow fifteen or twenty minutes to each pound of meat.

Calves' Feet—fricaseed.

Soak them three hours; simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water, until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones in good sized pieces. Dip them in yolk of an egg, cover them with fine bread crumbs; pepper and salt them; fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

Celery.

Scrape and wash it well; let it lie in cold water until just before being used; dry it with a cloth; trim it, and split down the stalks almost to the bottom. Send it to table in a celery glass, and eat with salt only; or chop it fine, and make a salad dressing for it.

Corn Griddle-Cakes.

Scald at night half the quantity of meal to be used; mix the other with cold water until it is a thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise without yeast. This will make light crisp cakes in the morning. The skimmings of boiled meat is the best to fry them with. Fry slowly.

Curious Matters.

Natural Barometers.

Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great-coat. The different species of trefoils always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants have acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The tulip and several of the compound yellow flowers all close before rain. There is a species of wood-sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The baubinia, or mountain ebony, capial and sensitive plants, observe the same habits.

Musical Jealousy.

A singular incident in natural history occurred lately at Chester, England. A thrush in a happy state of freedom was trilling its notes in the orchard below the walls, near the "wishing steps," when its music excited similar efforts from a caged bird of the same species, which was suspended in front of one of the adjacent houses. These feathered songsters persevered in raising their melodies to higher and higher efforts, as if in earnest rivalry; when suddenly the bird among the trees darted from its perch upon the wicker cage of its competitor, broke the bars, entered it, and commenced an assault upon the musical captive; the owner of which, hearing the unusual noise, came out, took the aggressor prisoner, and sold it into bondage.

A musical Curiosity.

A novel instrument has been invented by a gentleman of Spartansburg, Pennsylvania. He calls it the "Father of Fiddles." It is described as consisting of fifty shells, or viols, with strings similar to a violin, the sounds being produced by drawing a hair-bow across them. It contains four full octaves, and is played with keys after the manner of a piano or organ.

Curious Grant.

Mr. Blackstone, who figured in the early history of Boston, had the following grant made to him, which at this day is worth a pretty penny:—"It is agreed that Mr. William Blackstone shall have fifty acres of ground sett out for him neare to his howse in Boston to enjoy forever."

Singular.

At a late grand war meeting in Hartford, Conn., Rev. Mr. Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., exhibited a bullet received by a drummer boy on the 17th of June, 1777, and which he carried in his body seventy-seven years. Mr. Trask said he took the bullet from the dust in his coffin only four weeks ago.

Curious Work of Lightning.

An English paper states:—"The hamlet of Aldreth, in Haddenham, was lately visited by a severe thunder storm. In this place there are two cottages standing in a lone place, occupied by Daniel Cockle and John Stokes, laborers. About five yards from Cockle's house, and in an adjoining field, there is a young elm tree. The tree was struck by lightning; the fluid travelled from thence in a very indirect line to the farthest house, entering the back door, which was open. Ann Stokes, aged fourteen years, was standing in this room, facing the doorway, but near the middle of it, and in a line with the door. The electric fluid struck the girl's lower extremities, paralyzing both feet, and producing an imprint upon the left leg and thigh, of the color of scarlet, and in every respect resembling the tree itself, viz., the trunk, the branches, and the leaves, and in the most beautiful model form it is possible to conceive. She has regained the use of her limbs, and the daguerreotype appearance is fading away. Strange to say, her dress was not in any way injured by the electric fluid."

Queer Incident.

An interesting divorce case was once tried at Providence, R. I. It seems that a lady was married when about sixteen years of age to a man who soon after left her. Some eight years after, as neither she nor his brothers had heard from him, they supposed him dead, and she married again. About a year afterward her first husband appeared, and the court now granted her a divorce from him, legalizing her marriage with the second.

Turkish Fire-Engines.

The Turks have laughable contrivances for putting out fires. They are nothing but little force-pumps, standing in a copper basin capable of holding perhaps four pails of water. The reservoir is supplied from a fountain by a row of Turks, who pass the water in buckets. The hose for these "machines" is carried around the neck of some Turk, and the firemen move at a dog trot.

A large Church.

St. Paul's Cathedral, of London, is the largest church in England. It is an immense stone edifice, but without much beauty, either in its exterior or interior. It covers about two acres of ground, and the dome is nearly four hundred feet high; still, large as it is, it would stand in St. Peter's, at Rome, with plenty of room to walk around it.

Ancient Babylon.

Dr. Oppert, of France, who spent two years on the site of old Babylon, examining the cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks and slates, states that this famous old city in the days of its grandeur and power covered rather more than an area of two hundred square miles, being about two and a half more than the site of London.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

HANG UP A PICTURE.

Among the delightful luxuries of beauty that contribute to the intellectual enjoyments and sensibilities of our natures, we know of nothing, save good books, that can exceed fine and artistic engravings and paintings. The latter, to be sure, when they are of sufficient merit to give them value, are not within the reach of all; but the former may always be had at a moderate cost, and can be hung appropriately on the humblest walls. The goodly influence upon a family circle of a few well chosen and excellent pictures, placed where their frequent sight will gladden and amuse the eye, may not be lightly estimated, for a pure moral and a cheerful legend may be thus most impressively conveyed. Tupper has beautifully said, that "trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character." How many a child has received an impression from the pictures upon the walls of his home that has influenced the whole tenor of his after life. The finest and purest ideas are shy of the close bondage of words, while a good picture or painting is the flowering of thought. We say to our readers, then, hang up at least one good picture in your room.

WOMAN'S TEARS.—Dr. Johnson says: "Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel." We have known a woman's tears valued to the extent of a new silk dress, a cashmere shawl and a pair of diamond earrings—and then she looked perfectly angelic. Tears are easily changed into ear-drops, as many a good husband knows from experience.

PROBABLY.—N. P. Willis supposes the West India islands to have taken the name of the Antilles from the legions of ants, and consequently *ant-hills*, which pervade them.

EXPRESSIVE.—Some one has said of Cervantes' great work, that Don Quixotte was a prototype of a modern "fast man," and Sancho Panza of an "old fogey."

OF-FISH-ALL.—Tautog are so large that the Westport fishermen have some difficulty in getting lines strong enough to hold them.

INTEMPERANCE.

It is beyond a doubt that much of the recklessness evinced by the leading politicians, members of Congress, and the like, is induced by their unfortunate habits of stimulating with spirituous liquors. We constantly hear of scenes enacted in the capitol at Washington, by men, who in their sober senses, could not be guilty of such folly. Constituents should look to this, and not send a man to represent them in the councils of the nation, merely because he is possessed of great talent; bad habits may more than counterbalance all his mental supremacy. President Jefferson once said, "The habit of using ardent spirits by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me, than all other causes. And were I to commence my administration again, with the experience I now have, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate would be, 'Does he use ardent spirits?'"

SMELLS AND SOUNDS, THE SAME THING!—A scientific Frenchman has discovered a gamut of odors! He has arranged forty-six simple essences according to what may be called their tones; and he finds that concord and discord are produced as in music. Rose and geranium, for instance, says the Literary Budget, which has "verified this curious fact," are both C; smelt together, you at once discern that these two perfumes have the same tone, rose being an octave higher than the other. The same is true of orris and calamus, of almond and violet. There is perhaps something, after all, in the blind man's idea, that the scarlet color must be like the sound of a trumpet!

THINK OF IT.—Distinctions are often arbitrary. Flowers and weeds are commonly spoken of as opposites. Yet every flower is a weed—when it isn't wanted. Ask the farmers. Every weed has its flower, and rightly situated or rightly employed, is an ornamental, useful plant. Ask the botanists.

CONSCIENCE.—Conscience is the mirror in which we see the evil of many of our designs.

THE LIBRARY.

Nothing so vividly impresses us with an idea of the immortality of the soul, nothing so sternly rebukes the sensual pleasures and the selfish littleness of life, as to stand in the centre of some great library, and gaze upon the treasured monuments of genius that lie around us. We stand in the presence of the mighty dead who "still live." All that was earthly of them has passed away; the mould and the worm have claimed their own; but the undying minds that have fixed their impress on these many pages cannot so have passed away. It is impossible to escape the sense of their eternal existence.

A library is no place for idle talk, or gossip, or noise of any kind. The coarsest man feels something of reverence in the mute yet eloquent atmosphere that surrounds him; he moves about with a lighter step, and more subdued bearing; but he in whom the divine spark of genius has been kindled, experiences a divine joy which no other scene can impart. The imagination conjures up a thousand impressive phantoms: Before him stand Shakspeare the inspired, with his fine head and speaking features; Milton, the melodious and thrilling chronicler of heaven lost and won; the blind old bard of "Scio's rocky isle;" Anacreon, vine-crowned, singing his songs and his libations, the heathen poet of passion; the lovelorn and self-destroying Sappho; the stern delineator of the "Inferno;" the chivalrous Froissart; the benevolent Sir Walter—ay, a thousand congenial figures crowd the camp of fancy!

We have no libraries like those of the Old World, though we have many valuable public and private collections, daily swelling the volume of literary treasure. The oldest public library of antiquity, of which there is any written mention, is that founded by Pisistratus, at Athens, and carried off by Xerxes, but afterwards recovered by the Greeks. The great library of Alexandria was the one of ancient times; it was burned by the Saracen caliph Omar, after many centuries of existence, and served to heat his baths for many weeks, so long did it take to consume the precious manuscripts, the accumulation of ages. This library was founded by Ptolemy Soter, and continued and increased by his successors. One of these successors, Ptolemy Evergetes, was a most industrious book collector; but the way in which he managed it can hardly be held up as an example. This royal book collector arbitrarily seized all the books imported from Greece into Egypt, and had them transcribed—kept the originals, and returned the copies to the owners. The first public library in Rome was founded A. D.

716; but the great libraries, of both the Eastern and Western empires, perished in the course of political convulsions and invasions.

The royal library of Paris, now, we believe, called the national, or perhaps the imperial library, is the greatest in the world. It was commenced in the fourteenth century, with ten volumes, and now contains more than 600,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 manuscripts. The library of Munich, which stands next to it in importance, contains 400,000 printed volumes and 9000 MSS. The third in extent is that at St. Petersburg, which contains 300,000 printed volumes and 11,000 MSS. The library of the British Museum has about the same number of printed volumes and 2900 MS. volumes. There are also splendid libraries in Vienna, Gottingen, Dresden, Copenhagen, Berlin and the Vatican at Rome. Florence, Boston, Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, etc., each contains large and splendid libraries.

In contemplating the vast amount of these literary treasures, we may well exclaim with the sacred writer, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh!" It is, however, consolatory to the young and aspiring student to remember, that the golden rule of reading is, "not many but good books." That man is better informed who is thoroughly acquainted with the contents of a few volumes, than he who has skimmed the surface of twenty times as much *character*, but has failed to note it.

ALL RIGHT.—The sale of English illustrated newspapers has diminished more than one half since the war broke out, and they adopted an illiberal tone towards the North. Instead of thousands they now only send hundreds to the United States.

LIFE.—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

A NEW WRINKLE.—The latest improvement in pharmacy is a pill, got up upon the principle of a shell. When swallowed it explodes. Instead of requiring four or five hours to operate, it produces instantaneous results.

FLATTERY.—If you wish to make a fool of a man, first see if you can flatter him; and if you succeed, your purpose is half gained.

WANTED TO PATENT.—The filter of misfortune, to separate true friends from the scum.

HERNANDO DE SOTO.

Behind the chair in which we sit, in our cosy sanctum, hangs a fine lithograph print of the burial of this renowned Spaniard. History presents but few more brave and chivalrous characters than that of this discoverer of the Mississippi River. The conquests of Mexico and Peru had fired all Europe with a spirit of adventure, and exaggerated stories of the enormous wealth, the mines of gold, and the splendid temples and cities built of the precious metal, to be conquered and possessed in the western world, were rife. Among those who had returned from following Pizarro in his conquests, was one Hernando de Soto, who had brought with him great wealth, and fame as a brave warrior. The young and fiery De Soto had performed deeds of almost miraculous valor and prowess.

A few stragglers had returned to Spain from an ill-starred expedition to the coast of Florida; but though they had met with no success, they brought a renewal of these stories, and declared that the natives on the coast told them of mighty kingdoms situated in the interior, greater and wealthier than any that Spanish arms had ever conquered. De Soto burned to imitate the deeds of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. He formed an expedition, and sailed for the shores of this continent, landing in Florida in May, 1539, and after experiencing a series of the most fearful adventures with the natives, one day fighting until blood ran like a river, and the next fasting, he cut his way first through the Indians, and then through the tangled forests, westward to the supposed El Dorado, which he confidently expected to find.

Morasses were to be crossed, wildernesses to be tracked, all manner of hardships endured, but with an indomitable spirit they marched forward, overcoming all obstacles. Believing that they would eventually find rich and glowing regions to conquer, and ever allured by visions of gold, they steadily held on their way westward. Now the war-whoop rang in their ears, and now they smoked the pipe of peace. On, on they pressed, the progress incredibly slow, but their hearts undimmed, until April, 1541, when they arrived on the banks of the mighty Father of Waters, a discovery that has enrolled the name of De Soto in American history, and which for his fame was greater than would have been the discovery of inexhaustible mines of gold and silver.

But himself and his band crossed this great river, and plunged into forest wilds beyond; fresh battles are fought, and new Indian tribes are conciliated. Still they traverse the unbroken wilderness, until the fever, induced by the climate,

thins their ranks, and warns them to retrace their steps, or prepare to lay their bones in the wilderness. They turn back to the Mississippi, whose their brave and indomitable leader, the stout-hearted, invincible De Soto, is laid low in sickness, and here he dies! Afraid to bury his body where the savages may discover and dishonor it for disgrace, his followers take it (as represented in this expressive picture), tearfully and in deep sorrow, to the river channel, and in its deepest part, at midnight, and by mingled torch and moonlight, headed priests and steel-clad warriors gather round. They commit the body thus to the stream.

His followers build vessels here, their labors frequently interrupted by battles with the natives, and finally they embark for their distant Castilian homes, by the way of the Spanish possessions in Mexico; and small was the remnant of that proud and valiant band, who, after the lapse of years, once more reached their European homes.

LADIES' EYES.—In the academy of apathists in Italy, the following question was discussed, "Which are the handsomest eyes in women, black or blue?" Those who were in favor of blue eyes, said their color was like the heavens, and their fire more mild and temperate. The black, said these who defended them, are more brilliant, and produce a greater effect, and their color, contrasted with the whiteness of the skin, has a wonderful power. An academician said, "That he gave the preference to the eyes that looked on him favorably, whether they were blue or black." Dr. Holmes says:

"These eyes are faintest all the while
That for us wear the kindest smile."

SEWING-MACHINES.—According to a statistical article in the Scientific American, the number of sewing machines annually manufactured in this country is seventy thousand. Twelve or fourteen establishments are engaged in the business.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.—The following inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

SHOES.—Massachusetts makes every year very nearly two pairs of shoes for every man, woman and child in the United States—that is forty-eight millions of pairs.

THINK OF IT.—In England there are 2,000,000 adult males; if not 2,000,000, who never read a newspaper.

LOST ILLUSIONS.

What a singular propensity men have of turning everything inside out, of looking at the back as well as the front of a picture, of canting the statue from its pedestal to be satisfied that it is hollow and not solid. The savage who first beholds his image in the mirror immediately darts behind the glass; the child is disappointed with its accordion till it has ripped open the valve to see where the wind and music come from. Man, savage, child, mourn over their lost illusions, yet persist in the processes by which they are destroyed. We are not content to sit before the foot-lights and witness the pageant splendours that pass before our eyes; we must go behind the curtain, we must stand at the wings, we must gaze upon the black framework on which the canvases is stretched, we must discover that the soft waves that rise and fall in the port of Cyprus are naught but shaken carpets, that Cherry and Fair Star carry their own galling about the stage, and that Rosati, instead of floating like a summer cloud to the upper air, is pulled up to the "flies" by a couple of stout mechanics working at a block and pulley. From that moment adieu to our pleasures. We are no longer in fairy-land when we are witnessing a scenic spectacle: Aladdin's palace smells of the lamp—not the magic lamp—but that which is fed with whale oil or kerosene. We no longer see before us airy sylphides—beings of another world—but Miss 'This or Mrs. That—people we no longer know by their theatrical names, but Smiths and Joneses and Browns. It is not the fairy Ardenho who glides over the water in a car drawn by swans, but Miss Jemima Muggins, and her car is made of dirty pasteboard, and her swans are geese. *Envoies des illusions perdues!*

The world behind the scenes to the stranger who has the entrée is sadly disenchanting. Let us suppose him on the stage of a French theatre. To say nothing of the mysteries overhead—the pulleys and cordage, like the rigging of a great ship, the ponderous bits of scenic furniture descending slowly, the figures seen high in the air, walking across frail bridges—he will be more puzzled with the stranger scene going on below. Here is a flood of people newly entered by the same swinging door, who are now busy seeking out their own friends and familiars. Great toppling structures are being moved forward by strong arms to the front. Here are singers walking to and fro, chanting their parts softly to themselves; ballerinas disposing fancifully, for practice sake, in the centre of the stage; captains of firemen, with their lieutenants and subordinates, prying curiously into out-of-the-way cor-

ners and by-places; M. le Directeur himself, walking up and down thoughtfully—in charming spirits if the house be crowded to inconvenience. There must be added to this perfect Babel of many tongues, of words of command, angry chiding, and inextinguishable laughter, from the lively groups scattered over the stage. He has sought fairy-land and found a chaotic Babel. But it is useless to remonstrate; children in the nursery and children of a larger growth will persist in pulling their toys to pieces and mourning over their lost illusions.

LEGAL JUSTICE.

The operation of law as administered in our courts of justice, is oftentimes of the most ridiculous character, and it has been humorously and truthfully said, that a person who resorts to the law for damages, is generally pretty sure to get them! The fact is, that the letter of the law admits of such nice and intricate construction, that none but a professor can see the operation or application of it, to a case that may arise. We have known men with the soundest right that could be specified, driven to law in order to retain their own, and by the quibbles of law, and the cunning of opposing counsel, be wheedled out of all they possessed on earth. And, on the other hand, we have seen a man go to court with a case against a brother merchant or mechanic, acknowledging at the outset that he did so out of spite, and from no belief in his honest claim to the matter in dispute, but rather to revenge himself upon some other subject, and yet come off the winner. So in criminal trials; through the eloquence of counsel nearly every noted villain—provided he has the means to secure eminent advisers—will get clear; while your petty, humble thief, without friends or money, is visited with the full rigor of the law for a comparatively trifling offence. Whole fortunes are annually lost, both by plaintiffs and defendants, in the litigations that wait upon "the law's delay," for professional men dispose of their counsel at a costly rate. We don't profess to be wiser than the world in general, but having suffered some, we may perhaps venture to speak more positively, when we say, no matter how good your case, no matter how certain you may feel of getting real justice, don't go to law, unless you make up your mind to be fleeced by one of the three, counsel, judge or jury.

A FACT.—The way to be accounted learned is not to know everything, but to be able to marshal up what you do know, be it much or little, and tell it.

BEAUTY.

Mendelssohn says:—"The essence of beauty is unity in variety,"—that is to say, anything to be beautiful as a whole, must be so in parts; the component parts of which it is formed must assimilate and be good in combination. For example—a beautiful face and an evil temper destroy each other, but a fair face and a sweet disposition form beauty. We call this or that beautiful on the same general rule; a lady's costume, for instance, is beautiful, provided the colors are harmoniously blended and extremes are avoided, and in this instance, unity and simplicity are the true sources of beauty. In woman, "where the mouth is sweet and the eye intelligent, there is always the look of beauty," says Leigh Hunt; he might have gone further, and have said that a sweet disposition will beautify any face.

We have seen plenty of people who affect to despise beauty, and talk of its brief existence; as a theory this is all very well, exceeding good philosophy—but it is downright folly to affect to despise beauty. No one is free from its dominion—not even those very philosophers, who tell us that it is "as fleeting as the dew in the clouds," or as Halleck has it, "the fading rainbow's pride." In the choice of a wife, there is no use in disguising it, nine-tenths of mankind look first for beauty in a companion—a very natural taste, to be sure, though if this magnet which first draws out the heart be tipped with *gold*, it is sure to draw with tenfold power, and this again is very natural! The proverb, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," applies equally to men's tastes in the matter of what really constitutes beauty; and this is most wisely ordained, since if it were otherwise, all could not be suited. You shall see charms in a face that to us will be but as a blank; while on our part, beauty shall lie in a countenance on which we may chance to gaze, that to you shall present no light of loveliness or intelligence. Such is the wise provision of Providence. But let him who seeks a companion for life look for something else besides that which pleases the eye. "Love that hath nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits," says an old writer.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Cameades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more graceful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by the gods. But as regards the

element of beauty in women, it is not too much to say—and who will not agree with us?—that no woman can be beautiful by force of features alone; there must be as well sweetness and beauty of soul.

CANOVA'S FIRST LOVE.

While studying in the gallery of the palace, he formed a strong and faithful attachment, which gave a color to his life, and ended in the formation of some of his finest conceptions. One day he observed a mild, beautiful, delicate, graceful-looking female under the gallery, attended by a friend, who, daily departing, returned before the hour of closing, leaving the former to employ herself in studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. His eye was arrested as the eye of genius only can be, and his heart touched with such sympathetic sentiments as the pure alone can feel. For some time he worshipped her at a distance, as an Indian does a star. Accident first placed the youthful pair near each other, and henceforth Canova was irresistibly attracted to select such models as brought him nearest the fair unknown. And, while leaning on the shoulder of her attendant, she praised his work in accents which were like angelic music to his ear, and were long treasured up in the most consecrated spot of his memory. At length the object of his sweet adoration was absent, and the young and aspiring sculptor was miserable. Ere long, however, the attendant appeared, but alone and habited in deep mourning. Canova's heart failed at the sight, but mustering up courage as she was departing, he ventured to inquire for her friend. "La Signora Julia is dead!" replied she, as bursting into tears she hurried away, leaving the artist to subdue and digest his agonised grief.

CRITICAL.—The word "cogger" comes from the Latin word "cogito." There was a club of sage thinkers that met many years ago at Blackfriars, who discussed everything, and received the name of "Old Coggers" for their cogitations.

MOMENTARY AFFLICTIONS.—As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, although in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul warm, and make it fruitful.

WONDERFUL.—A profound student of anatomy promulgates the fact that every man has several emals in his body, but no railroads.

BLUSHING.—A suffusion least seen in those who have most occasion for it.

PLEASURES OF LITERATURE.

If literature were not its own "exceeding great reward," it would not be cultivated under the tremendous difficulties which have beset some of its votaries. If it did not bestow an ample harvest of joy to its lovers, we should not behold a Barriss wielding a blacksmith's hammer in one hand, and holding a Latin grammar in the other; a Richardson, bound apprentice to a printer, and stealing time from his hours of rest to study by the light of a candle scrupulously purchased with his own money; a Morrison, making laces and boot-trees, while his eyes and mind were devouring a learned page. Wordsworth tells us that "books are a substantial world;" and there is a world of philosophy in the brief remark.

A man thoroughly imbued with the love of letters may live in this world of books heedless of the jar and strife and roar of what is going on in the busy world about him. Authors may quarrel with each other—the reader will recall Hogarth's "Battle of the Books"—but they never quarrel with us. Of our early friends, some grow cold as time steals on, some forsake us, some prove false, others are swept from us by the hand of death; but books never forsake us, nor can ever grow cold to our early literary loves. Who can forget his Robinson Crusoe, his Arabian Nights, his first Waverley novel—the three most delightful things in the Aladdin cave of literary delight? Who can forget the copy of the play or poem read by stealth in school-hours between an Ainsworth dictionary on one hand, and a Gould's Virgil on the other? The gay tales of romance, the songs of poets coined in early youth, have a perpetual abiding place in the memory, filling the mind with visions of brightness, as the light itself grows dim to our time-worn vision.

On his return voyage from Asia to Greece, the poet Simonides suffered shipwreck; yet while his fellow-passengers were bewailing over the disaster of the loss of their property, he alone was calm, unmoved and serene. When he was asked the reason of his stoical indifference, he answered, "All that is mine is with me." So it is, that, in the shipwreck of our fortunes, literature takes us to its bosom with a closer and fonder embrace. In the morning of life it comes to us arrayed in the beauty of hope; in the evening, in the beauty of recollection. The common evils of the world are dispossessed of all their injurious influence by the gladness of its smiles and the power of its charms. If it heightened the joys, or rocked asleep the sorrows of our childhood, how much greater is its power of solace in the winter of life, in the sere and yellow leaf of existence.

Literature has this twofold charm—it is a solitary or a social pleasure. The lonely student novels in the pages of his favorite author in the solitude of his chamber; a crowd of a thousand persons is enchanted with the recitation of a favorite poet in the hall of a lyceum. It is not alone in the study that books delight; in journeying, in danger, in exile, they give us solace. It will be remembered that Wolfe, when gliding along the waves of the St. Lawrence to that exploit which gave him death and immortality, repeated the whole of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

It is not enough to read books; to derive any true advantage from them we must read them symmetrically and understandingly. Voltaire always read with a pencil in his hand to mark and to comment on passages of interest. The profound Bakuken always read pen in hand, and underlined every difficult passage, that he might recur to it again. A famous scholar advises students to proportion an hour's meditation to each hour's reading. The mind requires, like the body, time to digest its food. Too many people learn only words, and not ideas; for them the field of literature is barren—its pleasures unknown.

LUCKY.—In the days of the blue laws of New England, a shoemaker was condemned to be hanged for something he had done; but on the day appointed for his execution they discovered that he was the only shoemaker in the place, so they hung a weaver in his stead—for they had more weavers than they knew what to do with.

THE WRECKER'S PRAYER.—A London literary paper gives the following as the prayer taught to the children of the Scarborough wreckers in England, in old times:—"God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send ship ashore before morning! Amen!"

THE NAME OF LOVE.—It is a scandal that the sacred name of love should be given to that form of it which is seldomest found pure, and which very often has not a particle of real love in it.

TO BASH MELANCHOLY.—Set about doing good. One act of kindness will have more influence on the spirit than all the salt water baths that ever were invented.

THAT'S SO.—An army should always be ready for marching orders by keeping itself in marching order.

THE DIFFERENCE.—In a fight take your friend's part; at a feast, let him have it himself!

Foreign Miscellany.

They convey portable gas in vehicles to consumers about various portions of Paris.

England's enormous public debt is increasing every month and can never be paid.

A monument to the memory of Prince Albert is to be raised in Coburg, his native town.

Fechter, the French actor, and Charles Dickens, have determined to come to America.

The son of Prince Napoleon has received the names of Napoleon-Jerome-Victor-Frederick.

Madame Shepherd Ley is a new concert singer, attracting some attention in London.

Within the last fifteen years England has spent more than £300,000,000 sterling in imports of foreign corn.

It is said that the imperial nursery of France will have another inmate before long, to the great delight of "the nephew of his uncle."

A member of the English Parliament was lately garroted in the streets of London, while on the way to the House of Commons, and robbed of all his valuables.

The inoculation of cattle for the cure and prevention of pleuro-pneumonia has proved successful in New South Wales, and is beginning to be generally practiced in that colony.

The Paris Pays says the harvest in France will be reckoned among the best for the last ten years, and that France will not be compelled to have recourse to any corn from abroad.

Scotland, according to her last census contains a population of 3,062,294. This includes all the natives who are in the military, navy and merchant service, and the increase in ten years has been only six per cent.

The largest gun in the world is said to be an old piece at Constantinople, which has a bore of twenty-two inches in diameter. The greatest distance to which a projectile has been thrown, so far as we know, is about five and a half miles, with one of Whitworth's guns.

The small-pox has committed great ravages in Shanghai this summer, and at last accounts the cholera had set in. The English and French troops were dying at the rate of five to eight a day. Many Americans had died also, among them Captains Wade and Brown and a Mrs. Lewis and child.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times says Dr. Doremus, of New York, has just sold to the French government, for a large sum of money, his patent for the manufacture of gunpowder. Thorough experiments of this powder have been going on for the last three months, under the eye of the French Minister of War and the inventor.

Professor Wyss, of Zurich, had discovered an interesting old manuscript, a Zurich chronicle of the fifteenth century, which contains an exact description of the battle of Sempach. This document confirms the patriotic deed of Winkelried, the truth of which has lately several times been questioned. As this is the oldest record known on the subject, its statements are of historical value.

There are twenty theatres in successful operation at present in the city of Paris.

The Scotch boast a line of one hundred and fifteen kings, who reigned two thousand years.

The tax paid to the British government by the British and Irish fire insurance companies, last year, was £1,611,000.

They have "champions" of all sorts in England, and a London woman who is exceedingly gifted in getting into prison, claims the belt on being sentenced for her two hundredth term.

Bourcignault has broken ground for a new theatre in Leicester Square, London. His Drury Lane season yielded him a clear profit of about one thousand pounds a week.

The man who was for some time supposed to be Nena Sahib, of execrable memory, has died in a British prison in India. An order had just been issued for his release.

One hundred and fifty millions of gallons of water are pumped up daily for the supply of London. One engine throws 9000 gallons per minute to the height of 140 feet.

Fifteen French priests have gone to Madagascar in a government frigate, at the request of the king of that country. The London Missionary Society has sent out its contingents, too.

Paris does not consume so much beer as the little city of Brussels. The latter has sixteen hundred and eighty beer shops, and the weekly consumption of malt beverage is about twenty-five butts to each.

A woman named Parisot, in Paris, has been sentenced to twenty years' hard labor for killing the rival of her "lover"—the latter a pensioner with a wooden leg, and the weight of seventy-six years to carry with it!

Five noblemen, the Earl of Derby, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Egerton and the Marquis of Westminster recently subscribed \$5000 each—\$25,000 in all for the distressed cotton spinners of Lancashire.

An American dentist in Paris, who was called to examine the Viceroy of Egypt's teeth, brings back the remarkable information that the pasha's tooth-brush, set richly with precious stones, is worth at least \$40,000, and the stand upon which it rests half that sum.

The wages of the printers of Paris have just been raised, a circumstance which is regarded as indicative of a speedy advance in the wages of other workmen. Strikes in France are forbidden by law, and the printers got their advance by strong representations to the government.

A recent letter from St. Petersburg announces that Russia is henceforth to be divided into fifteen military divisions. The country of the Cossacks of the Don will preserve its present military organization, and the governments of Archangel, Wologda and Astracan, from the few troops they contain, will have distinct military governors.

A tablet has lately been placed over the grave of Lord Macaulay in Westminster Abbey. It is devoid of all ornament, and it bears a simple inscription recording the dates of the birth and death of the great historian, with the appropriate sentence: "His body is buried in peace, but his name lives for evermore."

Record of the Times.

Self-winding watches are now made in Geneva. Isn't this perpetual motion?

There is a famous painter in Belgium, without arms, who paints pictures with his toes.

There are over one hundred good hotels in the city of New York, and many more second class.

The assessed value of the property of Boston reaches this year \$275,000,000.

Sir Walter Raleigh very pithily defines incredulity to be the wit of fools.

During the past season 25,000,000 pounds of tea have been exported from China to this country.

There are nearly 100,000 sewing machines manufactured in the United States annually.

The Chinese have a theatre, well supported, of their own, in San Francisco, California.

The wool crop of Indiana the present year is estimated at \$2,000,000 in value.

Machias, Maine, has done well. On one night lately nine children were born in this town, which is exactly the quota required of it.

Macaulay says, "The English are always inclined to side with a weak party which is in the wrong, rather than a strong party which is in the right."

The Balloon Committee of the British Association sent up a balloon that attained an altitude of nearly five miles. The temperature at that height was 10°, the air very dry, and the electricity positive.

The Empress of Austria, who has been at the point of death ever since she got married, is now reported to be in excellent health, and making pleasure excursions from Possenhofen with the Queen of Naples.

Edward Helder, physician, born in Bedfordshire, England, 1542, who was one of the pallbearers to the body of William Shakespeare, and died in 1618, lies buried in the old burying-ground at Fredericksburg, Va.

The picture of Mrs. Siddons, painted at the age of twenty-five, has just been purchased for the National Gallery at the cost of one thousand guineas. It belonged to Major Mair, the husband of Mrs. Siddons's grand-daughter.

The war in Cochin China has been brought to a close by a treaty of peace, by which the King of Annam binds himself to pay France, in the course of ten years, twenty-one millions of francs, and to Spain three millions. Three ports of Tonquin are to be open to French commerce.

Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is to marry the King of Portugal on the sixteenth of October—the anniversary of her birth. She will enter Lisbon on the thirty-first of the same month, which is the birth-day of her intended husband.

At a recent sale of choice violins in London, a Cremona of 1715 sold for £100, one of 1701, £185, and one of 1667 for £210. The total amount of the day's sale was £1717, and the number of violins disposed of was only seventeen. The average price realized was therefore over \$500 a fiddle.

Sir Percy Wyndham, an English baronet, is colonel of the First New Jersey Cavalry.

A poor seamstress has been found in Oneida county, N. Y., who was trying to commit suicide by starvation—a Miss Caroline Lewis, of Utica!

Poor Margaret Carroll, only seventeen years of age, was killed in a paper mill in Lee, last week, by her dress getting caught in the machinery. She was terribly mangled.

Steam propellers are doing a large business on the Erie Canal this season. In a few years more steam will be the only power used on that and other canals.

The export of English books to America (says the Critic) has fallen off greatly during the current war, but the extra import duty of twenty-five per cent., which Congress has just imposed, is likely to extinguish the book trade with this country altogether.

The representative of a grand name in French science has just passed away. This was the Marquise de Laplace, widow of the illustrious philosopher who has sometimes been denominated the French Newton. The marquise was ninety-four when she died.

A French manager has hit upon a beautiful expedient for filling his theatre, which was formerly not patronized at all. He has advertised that ladies shall be admitted at half price, the children at quarter price, and babies for nothing!

Twelve hundred applications have been made to the French government for the place of guardian of Napoleon's tomb, just vacated. It is added that most of the applicants are Corsicans. But one man can get the place, so that eleven hundred and ninety-nine will be disappointed.

According to a correspondent of the Temps at Rome, the pope is about to issue a doctrinal bull, which will condemn in detail all the errors of the human mind, and will trace a line of demarcation between the Catholic dogmas and human presumption. The pope has been earnestly engaged upon this document for some time.

The Paris *Monsieur Universel* says, "The new motive power invented by M. Lenoir, the principle of which is the expansion of air by gas lighted by means of electricity, has realized all the hopes we formed of it. A machine of six horse power, with double cylinder, now works the presses of the *Monsieur*."

Several towns in New Hampshire are visited by a disease called "scouring," which attacks horses suddenly, reduces them quickly, causes suppression of urine, a swelling of the body, and in some cases terminates in death. Within three weeks some noble animals in Tamworth, Pittsfield and other places have died from this disease.

A new branch of government business, which promises to be of much value to the public service, has been established and perfected by Captain E. L. Hartz, U. S. A. He keeps a record of all deaths in the hospitals about Washington—the age, rank, residence, description, company and regiment, and the locality where buried. The books of the office are always accessible to the public.

Merry-Making.

The kiss with which a girl seeks to catch her bean is a fishing-smack.

A lady deserted by one man, has no other remedy than an appeal to twelve.

Falling in love is like falling into a river; 'tis much easier getting in than out.

Women often go to the destruction of their husband's fortunes by buy-ways.

The time when the wind is most destructive to forests is when it is chopping round.

A poor seamstress finds it hard work to thread her way through life's wilderness.

What officer displays the most military tactics? Marshal Array (martial array).

Why is a four quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gal'een.

Who was the first post-boy? Cadmus; he carried letters from Phœnicia to Greece.

Matrimony is a game that every young person should take a hand at.

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

Why is the hour between ten and twelve at long odds? Because it is ten to one.

Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumspectiously these slippery times.

Why is a trick of legerdemain like declining an offer of marriage? Because it is a sleight-of-hand.

Dickens, in speaking of pawnbrokers' duplicates, says they are the turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.

Soup for the poor: Three parings of potatoes to a hoghead of dish water; if too rich, add a pump handle while boiling.

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Because it attempts to circulate in vein.

A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, said, "This is the first time that I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

Tailors are always remarkable for keeping the peace. They may quarrel over their cloth, but give them an order for a coat, and they will make it up directly.

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but it is my opinion that the moon is worth two of it, for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it."

"You have been to Canton, haven't you, Dick?" "O, yes." "Well, can you speak China?" "Yes, a little—that is, I speak broken China."

Wealth and widowhood, when united, are dangerous things to encounter. Money may be called the "widow's might," when in large quantities, as in poverty it is her "mite."

If men were compelled to give a reason for everything they profess to believe, one of two things is certain; either reasons would become more abundant than they are at the present day, or doctrines would be fewer.

What living creature has a beard without a chin? An oyster.

The youngest and prettiest girl is no chicken —if she is a goose.

If a man doubles Cape Horn, doesn't he make a double cape of it?

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

Why are the Germans like quinine and gentian? Because they are two-tonics.

Storms generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow-storm.

The men who deserve, if they do not find, the greatest favor among women, are husband-men.

"A man can't help what has been done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

The law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of paradise, if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

The man who with a hammer smashes the end of his own finger, probably thinks he hasn't hit the right nail on the head.

A Frenchman said of Shakspeare, "Ven you find anything you no understan', it is always something fine."

A poor fellow sometimes drives ostentatiously a pair of grays when he is driven by a score of duns.

Why is a man who beats his wife like a thorough-bred animal? Because he's a perfect brute.

Scrutinize a lawyer when he tells you how to avoid litigation, and a doctor when he drinks your health.

An ambitious barber advertises himself as a "Professor of Decoracapillaturation and Depilacrostation."

Make the best of everything. If you have the jaundice, exult that you have a golden prospect before you.

Why are the ends of the French emperor's moustache like good measure? Because they are imperial pints.

Why, in moving from a house, ought you to leave the washhand basins behind? Because they are not ewers.

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite, the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his moustache. "For heaven's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is now."

Some of the public meetings are rather turbulent. "The eyes have it," exclaimed a voter in a late assemblage. "The nose has it," replied another, seizing the first by the feature indicated.

The following description is in a deed recorded in Oxford county, Maine: "Thence northerly four rods, thence as crooked as you can go to the north line of the Philips Academy Grant."

A exchange says, "A kiss is worth a thousand kicks in reclaiming those who are inclined to go astray. Try it!" Perhaps the old woman kissed her cow, because she was inclined to go astray.

The Life and Adventures of Simon Spoonbill.

21



Young Simon delights his father and mother by displaying his equestrian propensities;



But displeases his father by covering the walls of the drawing-room with equestrian cartoons.



Terrifies his grandmother and nurse into fits by feats of horsemanship.



When he grows older he must have a pony—gentle and safe, of course.



The respectable horse-dealer was mistaken when he pronounced the pony gentle.



The pony pitches Simon into a stone-quarry, but declines to follow himself.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



He is carried home by two respectable farmers, who know what the horse was, but wouldn't "spile a trade."



Consultation of eminent surgeons, who decide on amputation, of course.



Overlaid of his fair proportions, Simon takes to studying diligently;



And rises, by dint of industry and genius, to the head of his class at school.



Arrived at man's estate, he is married by the good bishop to a wealthy heiress;



And they are universally pronounced the handsomest and happiest couple who promenade Washington Street.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI.—No. 6.

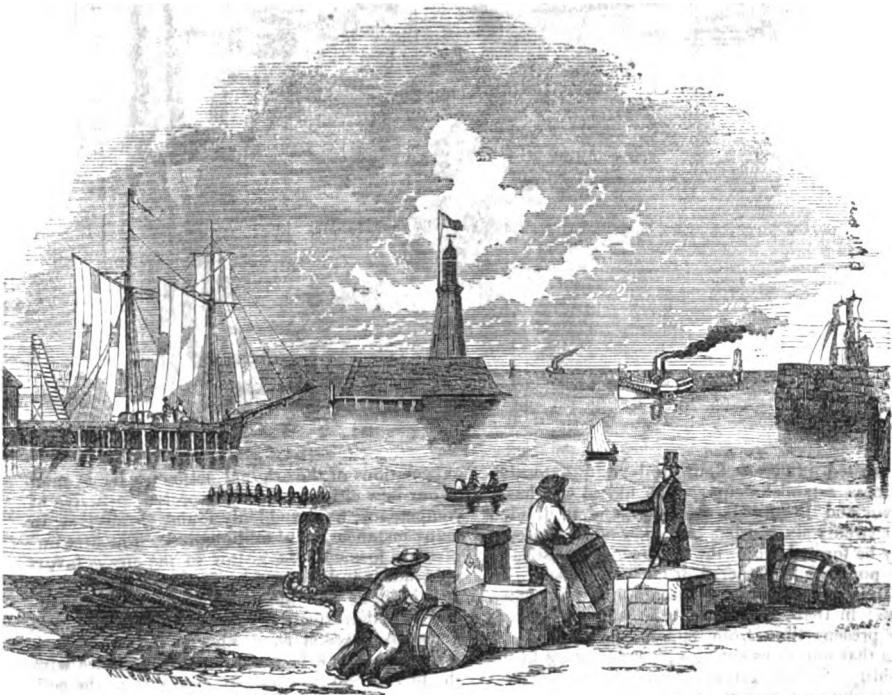
BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1862.

WHOLE No. 96.

VIEWS IN BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

We present our readers on the succeeding pages with a series of pictures drawn expressly for us, representing some of the most striking scenes and buildings in the flourishing city of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a city and port of entry, and the seat of justice for Erie county. Its situation is fine, being at the extremity of Lake Erie, two or three miles south of the commencement of Niagara River. It is 470 miles west of New York, and is situated in nearly the same latitude as Boston. It is planned with great regularity, and for the most part, handsomely built, as our illustrations show. Its surface is

somewhat diversified, part of it being quite elevated, and part low and marshy. The lower portion of the city, intersected in its southern part by Buffalo Creek, is chiefly devoted to business, and wears an appearance of great activity and prosperity. At a distance of about two miles from the shore, we find ourselves upon an elevated plain, which commands a very extensive view. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Company, but it grew slowly till 1812, when it became a military post. In December of the following year, it contained 200 houses, all but two of which were burnt by



LIGHT HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

the British and Indians. In view of the condition to which the inhabitants were reduced by this destruction of their property, and as a partial compensation therefor, Congress granted them the sum of \$80,000. The legislature of the State in 1832 passed an act incorporating it a city. In 1852 it was incorporated with Black Rock by an act of the legislature, which received the popular sanction in 1853, and took effect January 1, 1854. The portion known as Black Rock is about two miles from Buffalo, and here

cities of the old world. Here all is feverish activity—there a quiet which is too often that of decay. This progress is not the result of a forced and artificial stimulus, however—it is based on resources inexhaustible as nature itself; and such are the shrewdness and foresight of our people, that we have very rare instances of “deserted villages,” or of towns and cities which have failed to realize the anticipations of their founders. On the contrary, the rise in the value of real estate everywhere has far exceeded the



COURT HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

are located numerous flour mills and extensive business establishments. The united city has a mayor and twenty-six aldermen, and is divided into twenty-six wards. An idea of its increase may be formed from the following statistics of the population, gathered from the census. In 1810, it contained 1508 inhabitants; in 1820, 5095; in 1840, 18,213; in 1850, 42,261; and at the present time from 80,000 to 85,000. It is thus that our cities spring up; contrasting in the rapidity of their growth with the slow progress or absolute stagnation of most of the towns and

expectations of the original settlers. By it, men in our new cities who only expected to arrive at competency, have suddenly found themselves, in many instances, semi-millionaires. The first impression formed by a visitor to the city is favorable, nor is it dissipated by further acquaintance. It is built, as we remarked above, with great regularity; the streets are broad and straight, and generally intersect each other at right angles—a style, which, if it be not in strict accordance with the picturesque, is certainly necessary to the convenience of a city. Tortuous and narrow streets,

with lofty, irregular houses, afford fine points of view to an artist, but are not adapted to the requirements of business and comfort. One of our series of engravings is a view of the Niagara railroad depot, which is one of the largest in the State, and was built three years since at an expense of \$40,000. It extends four hundred feet along the canal, and has a frontage of one hundred and eight feet on Erie Street. The architecture of this depot is graceful and appropriate. A feature in it is the peculiar curve of

crowd of carts and wagons, buyers and sellers, in the streets surrounding it, reminds us of South Market Street in this city during the busiest part of the day. This market is admirably supplied with poultry, meat, fish and country produce of all kinds. It is one of the best supplied in the United States. The material of the building is brick. Our first engraving shows the light-house which stands on the end of the pier at Buffalo, a faithful and changeless sentinel. In the foreground of our picture are seen a merchant busy



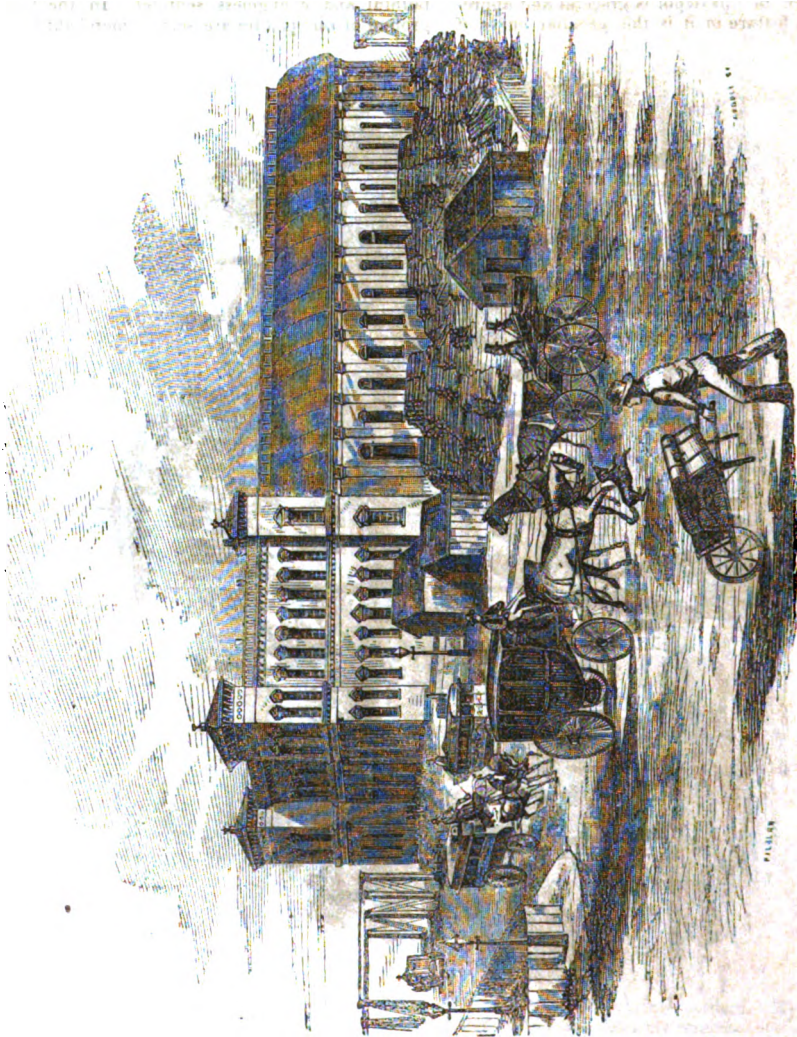
RESIDENCE OF B. M. SHERWOOD, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

the roof, noticeable in the engraving. Just before the departure and arrival of trains, this locality presents a lively scene. Omnibuses, coaches, carts, pedestrians—are mixed up in seemingly inextricable confusion, but none such really exists, for the arrangements are admirable, and ample room and verge are afforded for the accommodation of all. The market-house is another fine building, accurately depicted in our last engraving. The architecture is partly Grecian, but it is surmounted by a tower and cupola of a different style of architecture. The

with his work people among his wares; a schooner lies at the wharf on the left, and more than one steamer is seen on the broad bosom of the lake, cutting their swift way through its waters. Our third engraving will give some idea of the style of the private dwelling-houses in the city. It stands not far from the courthouse, and is built of light yellow brick. It is owned and occupied by Mr. Sherwood. The style is that of the Italian villa. The trees and shrubbery which surround it are chosen with reference to the architecture, and add effect to its

light and graceful character. The second view of the series is the court-house, as seen from the park, in the immediate rear of which it stands. The lofty colonnade in front and other architectural ornaments, impart to this building a pleasing effect. Among the other public buildings of the city, are a jail, a new city hall, and about forty churches, many of them of recent erection. The Catholic cathedral is a noble structure. St.

6090 volumes, which are rapidly increasing by purchase and donation. During the winter season, lectures are delivered before this society, and the liberality of the remuneration offered secures the services of the most distinguished lecturers in the country. A large number of Germans are settled in Buffalo, and among this part of the population a society has been organized with the title of the German Young Men's Association.

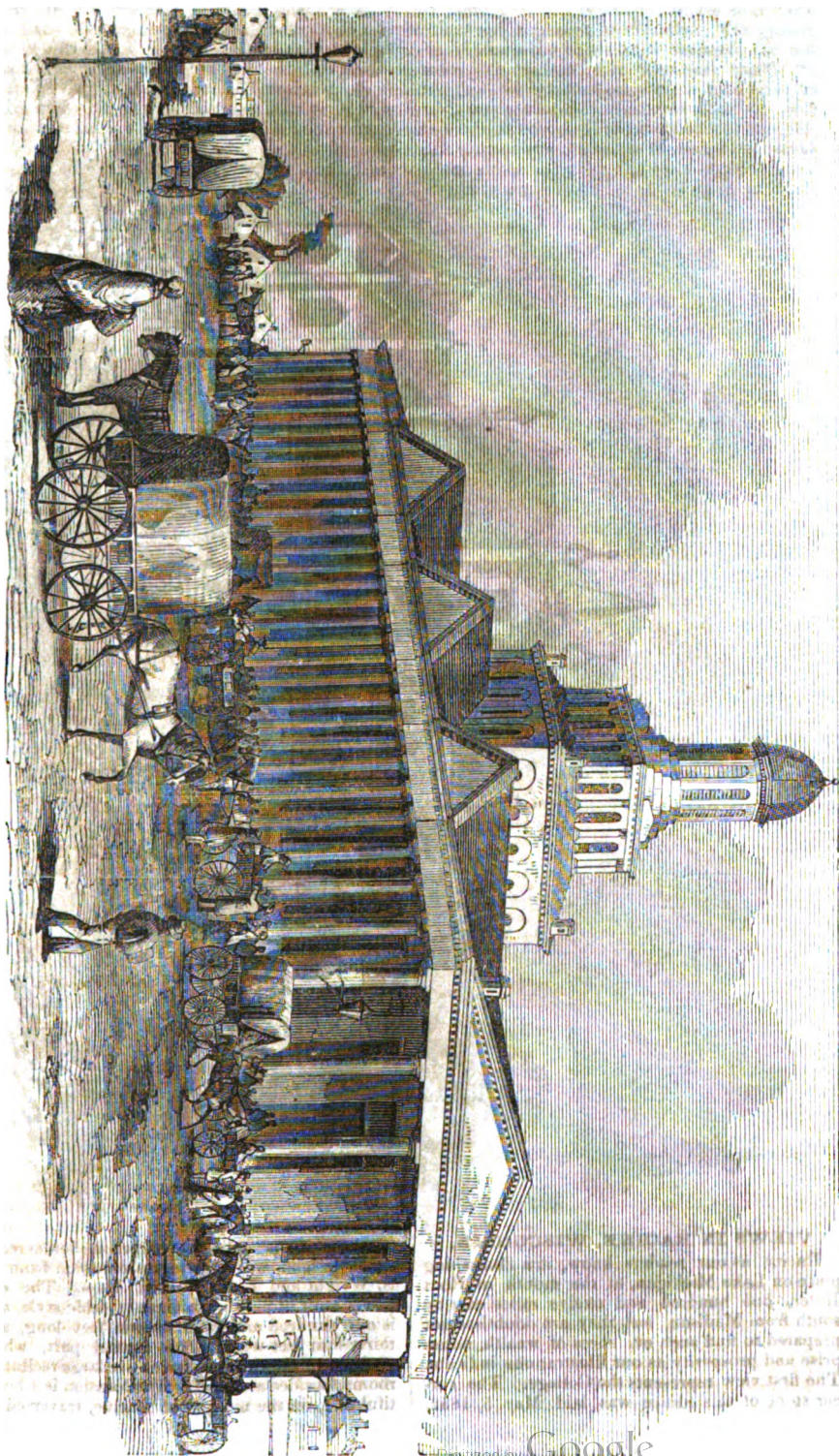


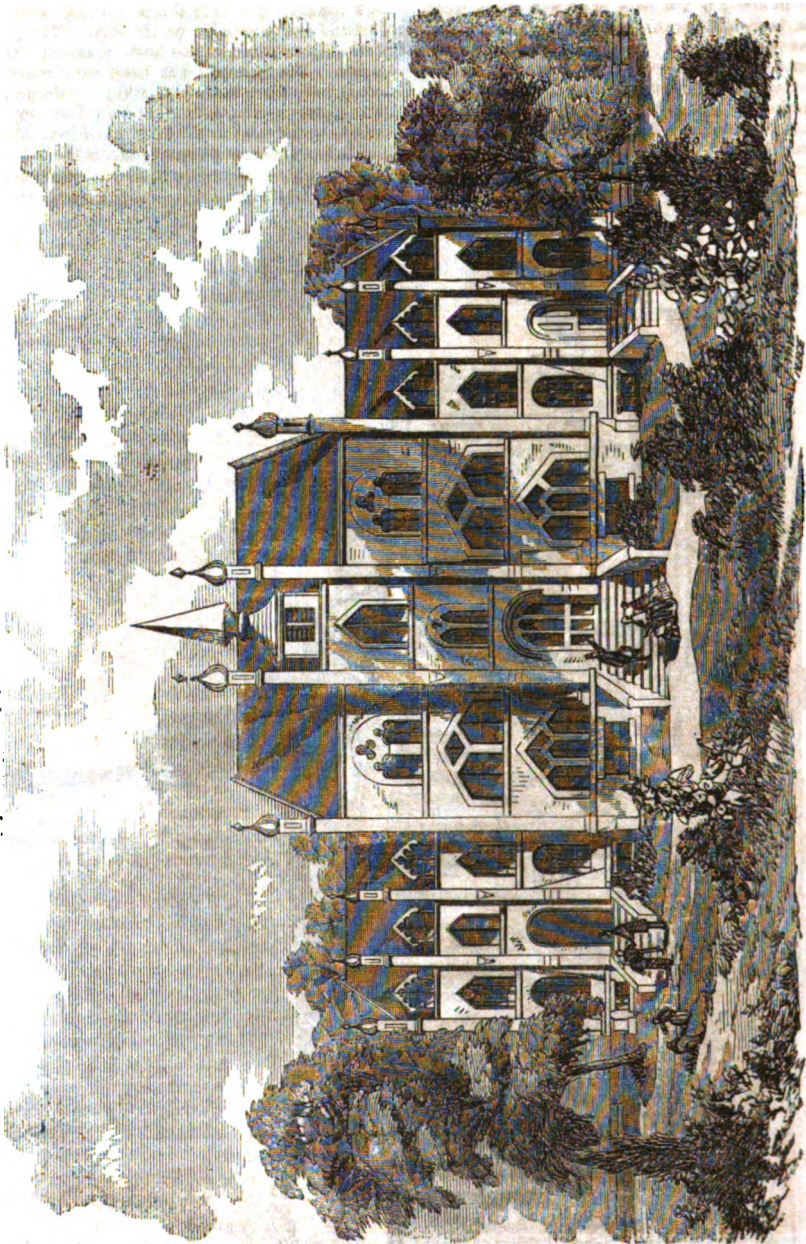
NIAGARA RAILROAD DEPOT, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

John's and St. Paul's Episcopal churches are fine buildings, and the North and Central churches are likewise noted for their architectural merit. Indeed, it would seem that Buffalo is taking a leading position among her sister cities of the North in the attention paid to architecture. Buffalo is the seat of a university, chartered in 1846, connected with which is a medical college, both institutions enjoying a high reputation. The Young Men's Association has a fine library of

They have already collected quite a respectable library, consisting chiefly of works in the German language, and bid fair to make great advances in mental culture. These two societies have reading-rooms well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and the attendance is large. There is a fine female seminary, enjoying an unrivalled location, and having a fund of \$50,000. The city is noted for its liberality in the cause of education.

MARKET HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.





COLLEGE AT RACINE, WISCONSIN.

VIEWS IN RACINE, WISCONSIN.

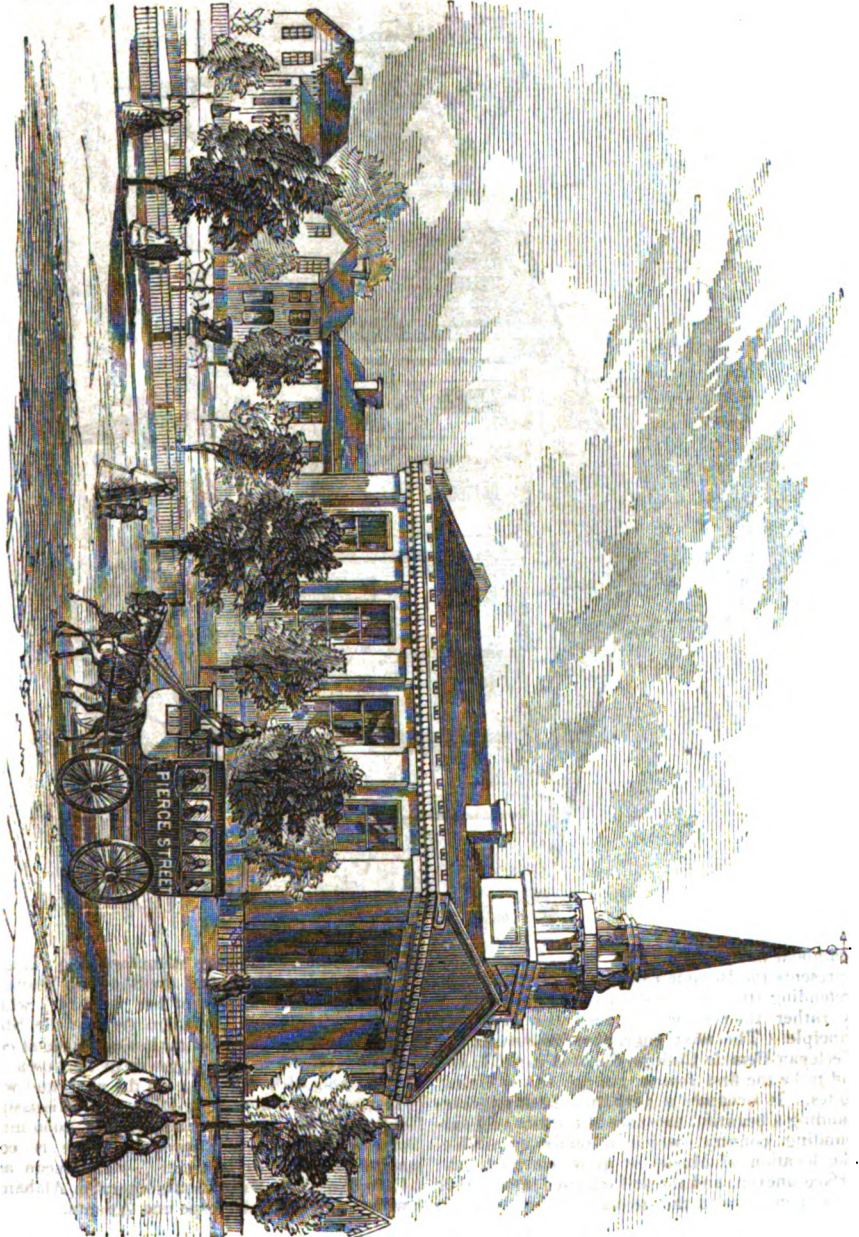
Racine, as our readers know, is a flourishing place on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of Root River, one hundred and twelve miles east by south from Madison, but they are doubtless not prepared to find such evidences of wealth, enterprise and prosperity as our illustrations indicate. The first view represents the College. The corner stone of this edifice was laid May 5, 1852.

The site of the college, comprising ten acres of valuable land, was a generous donation from C. S. Wright and T. G. Wright, Esqs. The edifice is built of pale brick, in the Gothic style, and is one hundred and twenty-seven feet long, and thirty-four feet wide. The central part, which projects to the front, contains five large recitation rooms, besides a chapel. The location is a beautiful one, on the margin of Racine, traversed by

the main street of the city, in an oak grove fronting on Lake Michigan, and commanding an extensive view of the lake in its ever-variegated phases.—The First Presbyterian Church, corner of Seventh and Barnstable Streets, which forms the subject of our second engraving, is one of the numerous fine buildings of Racine. It was erected in 1850, and was under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Humphrey, an accomplished and eloquent preacher, who has since been succeeded by Rev. Mr. Blowett, also a clergyman of

high reputation. It is situated in the most beautiful and active portion of the city. The growth of the State to which we have resorted for our present illustrations, has been very rapid. In 1830, there were but about 4000 inhabitants; in 1847, the population had swelled to over 200,000; the census of 1850, stated it at 305,901, and it has since prodigiously increased. It came into the Union in 1849. Portions of its original territory were settled by the French as early as 1670.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, RACINE, WISCONSIN.



VIEWS IN MACON, GEORGIA.

This flourishing city, the capital of Bibb county, Georgia, is situated on both sides of the Ocmulgee River, at the point where the Central Railroad crosses it, about 191 miles west-north-west from the city of Savannah. The Macon and Western Railroad connects with the Central Railroad at this place, which is also the terminus of the South-western Railroad, leading to Oglethorpe. Macon is the third city of the State in population and importance, and is the centre of an active trade. The city stands at the head of

good order. The streets are wide, and the inequality of the ground affords some excellent building sites, which are occupied by fine private residences, commanding beautiful prospects. The growth of Macon has been quite rapid, and it is now a place of much wealth, and the centre of a great business. In 1822 only a single cabin stood on the site of this flourishing city. The towns of Georgia have received a new impetus since the completion of her railways, and places that were cross-road hamlets a few years since, with only a tavern, store and blacksmith's shop,

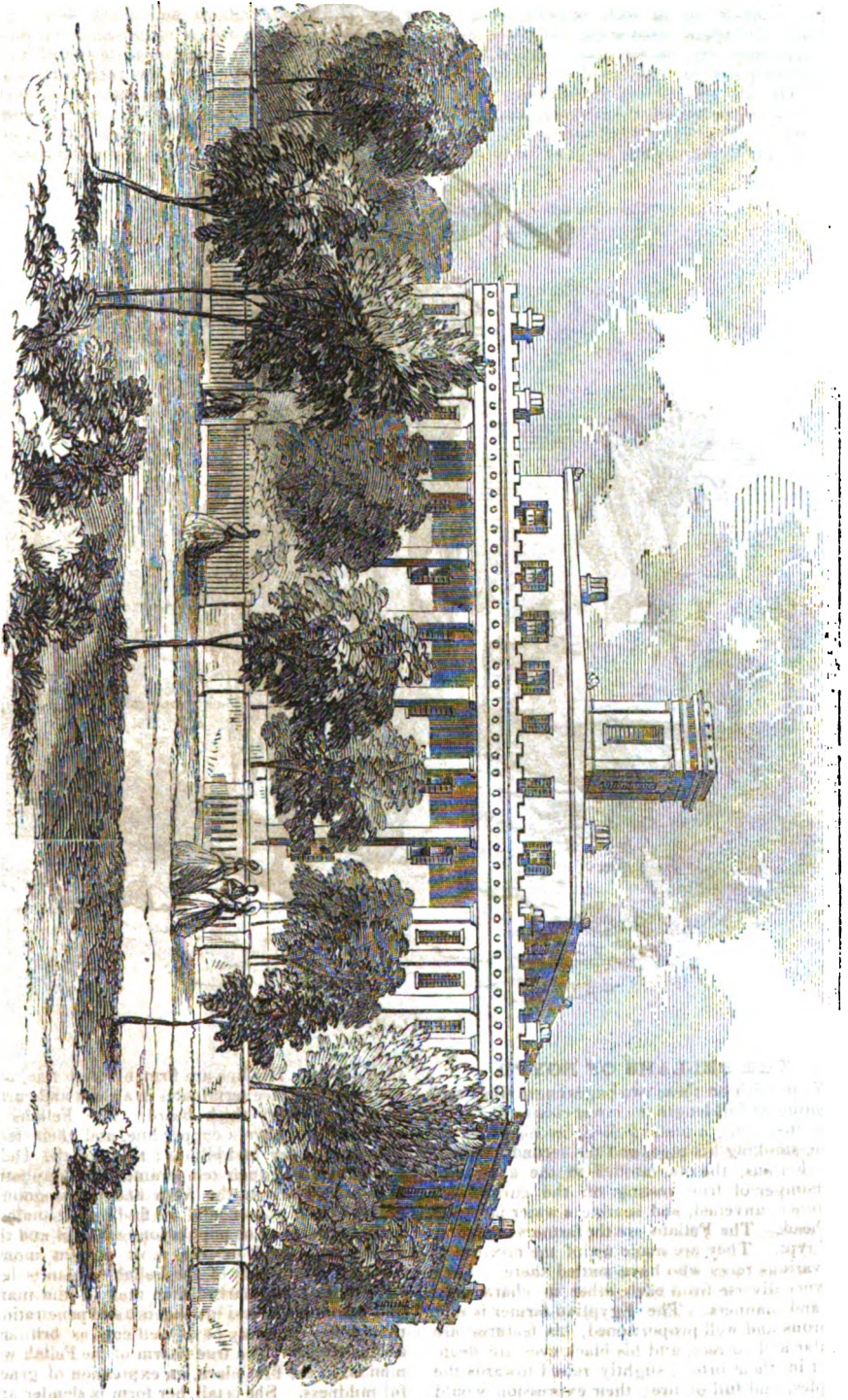


BOTANIC COLLEGE, MACON, GEORGIA.

steamboat navigation. The first of our views represents the Botanic College, a simple and unpretending structure, in the design of which utility rather than show has been the governing principle. The next engraving represents the Wesleyan Female College, founded in 1837, and said to be the first female college in the United States. It occupies a very fine position, commanding a beautiful prospect of the city and surrounding country, which is really admirable. The location of Macon is quite elevated, the surface uneven, and the soil requires great labor and expenditure on the streets to keep them in

have become flourishing manufacturing villages. Georgia takes the lead of the Southern States in the number and extent of her railways, which cross the middle and northern parts of the State in all directions, connecting her commercial centre with all the important towns of her own interior, and with Alabama on the west, and with Tennessee and the great Ohio and Mississippi valleys on the north and northwest. 1055 miles of railroad centre in Savannah, which is connected, directly or indirectly, with Macon and Columbus, and with Montgomery in Alabama, with Augusta, Oglethorpe and Atlanta.

FEMALE COLLEGE, AT MACON, GEORGIA.





A FELLAH.

THE FELLAHS OF EGYPT.

We publish on these two pages engravings representing at full length the lower classes of Egypt—the first being a male Fellaah, in his rude costume, smoking his pipe, and the second, two female Fellaahs, the one muffled to the eyes, with her hamper of fruit resting on the curb-stone; the other, unveiled, and bearing a water jar upon her head. The Fellaahs are the farmers in reality, of Egypt. They are made up of the mixture of the various races who have settled there. They are very diverse from each other in characteristics and manners. The Egyptian farmer is tall, vigorous and well proportioned, his features are regular and correct, and his black eyes are deeply set in their orbits, slightly raised towards the temples, and full of fire; their expression would even be fierce, but for the long lashes which veil

their lustre. His lips are firm, his teeth fine, and his long oval face terminates in a black and curly, though not very thick beard. The Fellaahs of Upper Egypt have a copper hue, and their temperament is dry and bilious; those of the Delta are whiter, and their temperament is lymphatic. It is particularly in the form and physiognomy of the Fellaah women, and we find a great analogy between the present population of Egypt and the figures sculptured on the most ancient monuments. The beauty of the Fellaah woman is less delicate and less marked than that of the man; and her look has less intelligence and penetration, though her face may be as well cut, as brilliant, and as lively. The true charm of the Fellaah woman is, in the first place, an expression of graceful mildness. She is tall, her form is slender and supple, her step is light and active; but as she is

commonly married in her thirteenth year, at twenty-five she is withered by the cares of maternity and the suffering of a wretched condition. The children of these elegantly formed parents are puny, rickety, with ugly faces, attenuated arms and legs, and huge stomachs—poor little creatures, of whom a large portion die in the first year of their existence. We must look for the cause of this strange anomaly in the poverty, un-

cleanness and prejudices of the Fellahs. Nothing is more hideous than to see these naked children, who have never been washed in their lives, and whose heavy eyelids are continually assailed with flies. If we add to the principal causes the superstitious practice by the aid of which the peasant cures his children, or preserves them from all evil, we have a key to the frightful mortality which ravages this portion of the agri-



FELLAH WOMEN.



COSTUMES AND PEOPLE OF THE BLACK FOREST AND BAVARIAN SWABIA.

cultural population. The survivors drag along a sickly existence until adolescence, and suddenly, almost without transition, we see these disgusting little monsters become handsome men and charming young girls. One of the most active agents that affects the health of the children is undoubtedly their alimentary regimen. Ignorant and poor, the Fellahs could not have a strengthening diet; their food is almost entirely vegetable. It consists of doura bread unclean

and badly cooked, boiled beans, roots, dates and young clover shoots; the only animal substance added being very poor cheese, a little fish, and very rarely a piece of meat—always tainted, and more injurious than useful to health. The only drink of the peasant, even when in easy circumstances, is the water of the Nile; and in villages remote from the river, it is the water left by the overflow stagnating in ditches, and no less unhealthy than disagreeable to the taste. The on-

ly luxury of the farmer's family is the use of the pipe and coffee. The Fellah constantly smokes a native tobacco, subjected to a simple drying process, whose perfume is very agreeable; it is to him, as to most people in Europe and America, at once a stimulant and tonic. His coffee, which he drinks very strong and without sweetening, produces effects of the same nature, and gives these poor people a strength their food does not supply. Their dress is no more splendid than their aliment is nourishing, being for the most

part very coarse and poor. Many of the Fellahs are too poor to have a turban, and only wear the *libdeh*, or skull-cap—unless like the man in our engraving, they pick up a scrap of netting, or some other rag, to roll around the cotton cap. These fast have neither drawers, nor shoes, nor blue cotton or brown woollen robes, but only a few rags, which shield them imperfectly from the sun's rays and from contact with the damp. The Fellah woman is also clad in a large blue or brown robe, over a *libas* of white cloth.

COSTUMES AND PROPOS OF EGYPT AND SAHARA.



GERMAN NATIONAL COSTUMES.

It is pleasant to find some quarters of the globe where the inhabitants cling to their national costumes, and refuse to bow their necks to the almost universally imposed yoke of Parisian fashions. The first engraving preceding represents the peculiar dresses of Black Forest and of Bavarian Swabia. Bavaria is one of the German States where the most numerous vestiges of the costumes of old times are to be met with. Those who have only seen the principal cities of Germany during a rapid transit, can hardly credit this fact. The primitive physiognomy of Ratisbon, Augsburg, of Nuremberg even, that marvellous mediæval museum, has been already greatly modified—by the industrial movement of modern times, by the action of steamships and railroads. Munich, in the space of twenty years, has been nearly transformed by the exertions of King Louis, by the palaces and artistic monuments he built in the capitals, by the crowd of strangers and learned men who throng the streets of the city every year and visit its pictures, statues, and engravings. But on the frontiers of this kingdom, beside the picturesque shores of the Tegernsee, on the limits of Tyrol, on the slopes of Algau, the travellers who step aside from the highways, and who penetrate by cross roads into obscure villages, will find the Bavarian people such as they are depicted in the popular legends and ancient chronicles; a manly and vigorous race, faithful to the national creeds and modest habits of their fathers, and humbly pursuing their patient labors. There, on holidays, the people proudly don an antique costume which a young dandy of Munich could not behold without the most profound astonishment. The men wear a surcoat which reaches to their heels, a scarlet vest adorned with shining metal buttons, breeches and stockings on which the needle of a daughter or betrothed maiden has wrought fanciful arabesques. The women wear a light head-dress, spread out like a fan, and round as a wheel, covered with delicate embroidery. There, on winter evenings, they repeat legends of the saints, or stories of fairies and kobolds, which delight the simple auditors. The Black Forest extends over a space thirty-six leagues long by ten or fifteen wide, on a line parallel to the course of the Rhine, partly in the grand duchy of Baden, and partly in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. Those who have seen it only from a distance can hardly imagine the charm of its sweet attractive valleys and houses inhabited by an honest population. Many tourists, fatigued with the tumult of Baden, with its balls and conversation-house, with the fearful passions of its roulette-tables, finish their summer season under the majestic pines of the Black Forest, and leave it with a strong desire to return. What calm and smiling villages! What excellent people; so kind to the stranger, so simple in their good old customs, and their ingenious labors as mechanics, watch-makers and embroiderers! What nice little inns, where, for a florin, the epicure can enjoy mountain game and fresh brook trout! No one can possibly visit this region without being delighted with the scenery and the people.—Our second picture represents the costumes of two different countries of Germany, Baden, and one of the southern districts of

Bavaria. Are not these young Baden girls charming with their tight jackets and their rustic straw hats? Yet they are only two simple peasant girls, who, after the day's labor, are indulging in a little rest and looking out on the green meadows celebrated in such sweet strains by the gentle poet Hebel. Opposite to them the artist has placed a Bavarian woman, who is returning from a fair, and walking slowly. Beside her is her husband, his head shaded by the broad brim of a hat, which protects him against either sun or rain, his breeches suspended by large blue or red braces fancifully embroidered, a wonder of female needlework. On his shoulder he bears the purchases he has just been making. In his right hand he carries the heavy boots he wears when turning the deep furrows in his moist fields. But, like a good father, he has not been occupied exclusively by his own wants; he has remembered his children. From one of his boots rises, as from a magic box, a whole treasure of delights—a doll, Punchinello, and a windmill! His children, who in the morning hung to his long surcoat, unwilling to let him go, and who called out to him from a distance to come back soon—his children know very well that they are not forgotten. They have already more than once gone out of the house, impatient for his return. They walk back, sit down pensively on the door-step, then go forth again, gaze down the great road which seems endless, grow anxious, and look again and again. At last they espy him. What joy! what shrill exclamations! what gambols! How happy the good fellow feels.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.

We present on pages 519, 520, a couple of characteristic sketches, the fidelity of which those of our readers who have travelled in Canada will readily acknowledge. The first of these represents a Canadian voyageur, and we find him engaged in making one of those beautiful canoes by the management of which he obtains his living, and in which the servants of the Hudson Bay Company are wont to explore the lakes and rivers of the far north. His only tools are an axe, a knife, an awl, and a needle; and, while the framework of the frail vessel is made of well-seasoned cedar, the covering consists of birch bark, the sheets of which are sewed together with willow threads or sinews, and the seams covered with some sticky substance resembling pitch. These canoes vary in length from fifteen to forty feet; and, though the largest may be easily lifted and carried by two men, and they are so modelled as to draw only a few inches of water, yet they are capable of conveying several tons. To manage them requires great dexterity, and it is seldom that the uninitiated can navigate them for the first time without receiving a ducking. They are propelled by paddles, and, when going before the wind, a common blanket is often employed as a sail.—In the second sketch we have an officer of the British army pursuing an elk on one of the lakes of Canada. He is accompanied by a voyageur, upon whose strong arm, steady nerve, and dexterity in managing the boat, chiefly depend the success of the chase. The season is autumn, and the shores of the lake are partially submerged by water.

MAKING A CANOE.—FRONTIER AMERICAN SCENE.





HUNTING IN A CANOE.—FRONTIER AMERICAN SCENE.

[ORIGINAL.]

A SUMMER DAY.

BY MELINDA LEWIS.

Many calm and happy moments
Fill the soul with light and love,
And pass onward unrecorded,
Save the transcript raised above.

Yet so calm, so sweet, so lovely,
Glow this mild, still summer day,
And so gentle is its influence,
I could wish its longer stay.

But will give a passing tribute,
And its loveliness preserve,
To enrich a lonelier moment,
Or a nobler purpose serve.

Glimpses, though but momentary,
Of a higher, happier state,
Prophecy a brighter glory,
And we learn to strive and wait.

Thus this day, so sweet, so lovely,
Pictured on some wintry scene,
May revive the faith and glory
We have felt when leaves were green.

And the faith and love thus awakened
Shed their glorious light around,
And to lovelier views invite us
In the infinite profound.

Naught is small, and naught is lonely,
When to right ends wisely given,
And each moment calm and holy
Aids us on to hope and heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

OF course it is to be expected that in a life like mine I should often be exposed to danger of a personal character; it is the lot of all detective officers, and I have been no exception to the rule. In the course of my life I have been subjected several times to extreme peril. In the following pages I am about to give an instance of such peril, to the reader.

One day I was sent for by the president of the Bank of Commerce. When I arrived there I found the whole bank in a state of consternation. The safe had been broken into during the night, and all the specie abstracted. I immediately proceeded to examine the safe, and found that the locks had been forced; but a single glance was

sufficient to show me that it had been forced after it had been opened, or in other words, that whoever had taken the money had wished to convey the impression that it had been forced open from the outside. Of course I came at once to the conclusion that some one connected with the establishment had taken the money. While examining the spot, I found on the ground a single leaf of a white Provence rose. It is the observation of small things that makes a good detective, for it is often the most trivial circumstance which supplies the first link in the chain. I did not pick up this rose-leaf, nor indeed appear to notice it. After the scrutiny was over, I went to the apartment of the president, Mr. Cameron.

"Well, Brampton," said he, "what do you make out of it?"

"Do you suspect anybody connected with the bank?" I asked.

"Certainly not! It is impossible that anybody connected with the bank could have committed the robbery; it must have been the work of burglars. Did you visit the cellar where the robbers entered?"

"Yes, and found that the bars had been filed from the inside."

"Indeed!—but what do you make out about the safe?"

"That the lock was forced after the safe was opened."

"What do you infer from that?"

"That some one connected with the bank is guilty of the robbery, and he has endeavored to make it appear that it is the work of professional burglars. But he has done his work very bunglingly."

"You must be mistaken," replied the president. "I would answer for all in the employ of the bank with my life."

"I am afraid you would lose it," I replied, with a smile, "for there can be no doubt about the truth of my assertion."

"But how will you prove it?"

"That remains to be seen. How many have you in the employ of the bank?"

"Twelve, including the porter."

"Who has care of the safe?"

"Mr. Charles Munsel."

"Have any of your clerks a special fondness for flowers?"

"That is a strange question. But since you ask it, I remember that Munsel generally has a flower in his button-hole."

"Who is this Munsel?"

"A very worthy young man. You surely do not suspect him?"

"I shall be very much surprised if he does not turn out to be the robber."

"You astonish me! He has the reputation of being very pious."

"Well, we shall see. Where does he live?"

"No. — East Broadway."

"What time does he go to dinner?"

"At two o'clock."

"Just point him out to me as I go through the bank, and I will see you again to-morrow morning."

Mr. Cameron did as I requested. The young man I suspected was about twenty-five years of age. He was quite handsome; it might have been my fancy, but I thought there was a hypocritical look about his face. I glanced earnestly at him, so that I might engrave his countenance in my memory, and then passed into the street.

I directed my steps at once to East Broadway, and calling at the clerk's residence, I found that it was furnished in gorgeous style, far beyond his means. The door was opened by a shrewd old woman. I asked to see Mr. Munsel, but was of course told that he was not at home. But my purpose was answered by my visit, for in the hall I saw a quantity of choice flowers in pots, and amongst them a fine *Provence rose*. I employed the rest of the day in making inquiries as to the private life of Mr. Munsel, and found that he was very extravagant in his habits, and also discovered that on that very day he had deposited a large sum of money under a false name in the Manhattan Savings Bank. The next morning I went to the bank for the purpose of reporting progress to the president, and to advise the immediate arrest of young Munsel.

"Well, you were right about that young man," said Mr. Cameron to me the moment I entered his private room.

"You have come to that conclusion, have you?" I replied.

"Yes; after you had gone yesterday, I caused his accounts to be examined, and found a terrible deficit, amounting to fully \$30,000. I called him into the room, and asked for an explanation—"

"The worst thing you could have done," I interrupted.

"You are right—he has escaped."

"I expected as much. Where has he gone?"

"He left last night by the Southern train—at least so we suspect. He has an uncle living about fifteen miles from Augusta, Georgia, and it is very likely he has gone there. Now, Brampton, you must follow him."

"If you had left the matter in my hands, he should have been arrested without any trouble."

"I acknowledge I am in fault, and I am all

the more anxious to have him captured. Come, I will pay you well. Say you will go."

It was the middle of summer, decidedly not the best time to travel in. But the affair was imperative, and I was obliged to undertake the journey. That same afternoon at five o'clock I had started on my expedition.

Railway travelling in July! Who is there that has experienced it, that does not vividly remember its discomforts. The hot glaring sun, the dust, the intolerable thirst, and the warm water in the coolers, are all evils of such magnitude, that they make an indelible impression on the mind. Why, at the very thought of it at this moment, my throat feels choked up, and I feel the pricking of the flinty dust in my skin. And then the view from the car window; how hot and glaring everything looks. The poor cows are panting in the meadows, the dogs at the stations appear to be on the verge of hydrophobia, everybody and everything is lazy, excepting the flies; and it appears to be their particular province to keep passengers from dozing, so that they (the passengers) may not lose any of the beauties of the scenery.

The longest journey must eventually come to an end, and after three days really hard work, I reached the pleasing town of Augusta, in Georgia. I was, however, in a very bad humor. I was annoyed at the banker's want of thought in allowing his dishonest clerk to escape. Now, when a man is in a bad humor with a journey he is obliged to take, he is very apt to consider the town at which he is compelled to stay as the most odious place in the world. I was no exception to this general rule. I hated Augusta, I detested it, I abominated it, I—but I cannot just now think of any other word to express my abhorrence of that unoffending Southern city. I went to the best hotel in the place, and entered my name in the most savage manner, actually blotting the book in the act, much to the disgust of a precise-looking clerk, who stood looking at me while I made the entry.

At last I partook of supper, and I must confess after that genial meal "a change came over the spirit of my dream." After all, Augusta was not such a very bad place. I actually began to think that it possessed some fine streets and elegant houses. A cup of tea will sometimes work a marvel. I determined I would go and explore the city till bedtime, and make inquiry after the abeondant bank-robber.

This young man's fondness for flowers seemed to be the greatest misfortune that could befall him. I have mentioned that a single bud remained on the rosebush in his hall. During my

investigations this bud had blossomed. When he absconded from New York he took this flower with him. By means of it I had no difficulty in tracing him to Augusta. There was something peculiar about the rose; it was a large white one, and fortunately attracted the attention of all the conductors on the route. My business now was to visit all the hotels in the city, to see if he had been there. The very first one I entered immediately settled the question in my mind that Munsel had left Augusta, and this, too, before I made a single inquiry.

I entered the bar-room, and the first thing I noticed was a faded Provence rose on a chair. On the back of this chair was a newspaper. I took it up, and my eyes at once fell on a paragraph containing an account of the bank robbery in New York; but I was immediately struck with the fact that where the person of the defaulter was described the paper was mutilated, seemingly accidentally, but sufficiently so as to mar the description. This paper was the New York Herald, and from its date I knew it had only been delivered in Augusta that morning. I walked up to the bar and called for something to drink. While the barkeeper was preparing it, I said to him, carelessly:

"There was a young man here this morning with very black hair and dark eyes; he was of medium height, but stooped a little."

"I suppose you saw him here," replied the barkeeper. "He did not stay long, however, but left with Mr. Theodore Munsel, of Parkville."

"You know Mr. Theodore Munsel, then?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A very rough customer."

"How do you mean rough?"

"He's been tried for his life twice, but managed to escape."

"You say he lives at Parkville?"

"No, that's his post-town; but he lives in the woods five miles from the village."

"How can I get there?"

"You had better drive to Parkville, which is twelve miles off, and then inquire your way—his house is rather hard to find."

The next day I got a horse and buggy and drove to Parkville; the horse, however, fell dead lame just as I entered the village, and could proceed no further. I drove up to the tavern, and determined to proceed the rest of the way on foot. After making particular inquiries as to my road, I set off on my five miles walk. I did not suppose that I was known to Munsel, and my intention was to verify his actual presence,

and then return the next day with the proper officers to arrest him.

It was a beautiful July evening, just cool enough to render walking a pleasant exercise. It was dark when I started, and I had not walked a mile before it became quite dark. But I had informed myself so well as to the right road, that I thought I could not mistake it. It soon, however, became apparent to me that a great change had taken place in the scenery around me. Instead of the road being clear and open, as it was when I first set out, large trees loomed up on each side of me, and the road became very bad—entirely different from the smooth gravelled surface I had first passed over. But I still pressed on, not suspecting that I had mistaken my way. I began to get tired. I must have walked at least two hours before any doubt entered my head.

By this time the broad road had degenerated into a narrow path. I knew, then, that there must be something wrong, for the people of the town, of whom I had inquired, had informed me that the road to Mr. Theodore Munsel's house was pretty good all the way. I paused for a moment irresolute, and did not know whether to retrace my steps or press forward. It had now become pitch dark, and I determined to go on, well assured that I could never find my way back. I had not proceeded many steps before I became convinced that I was wandering about in a forest. The underbrush began now to seriously impede my progress, and I found great difficulty in keeping on my feet.

My position was anything but agreeable—in the midst of a forest on a dark night. I cannot tell how I passed the three ensuing hours—they appeared three centuries to me. I suppose I must have walked the same path over and over again. I was at last completely overcome by physical fatigue, and sunk exhausted on the stump of a tree.

I rested my head upon my hands, and determined to pass the night there, being now certain that it was perfectly futile endeavoring to find my way till morning. While in this stooping position I thought I saw a light glimmer through the trees. I looked earnestly, and became convinced such was really the fact. I immediately determined to make for it, hoping to find shelter for the night. I advanced in that direction, and soon reached a dilapidated house built entirely of wood. It was a miserable looking abode, and had it not been for my tired condition, I should certainly have hesitated seeking its shelter. But anything was better than spending the night in the forest, so I resolutely knocked at the door

My summons was for some time unheeded, and it was not till I had knocked again and again, that the door opened, and a gruff voice asked what I wanted.

"Can you give me lodging for the night?" I replied.

I was told to come in, and found myself in a room of moderate size, miserably furnished. A log-fire was burning on the hearth, and two persons occupied the apartment. The one that opened the door to me was a man about fifty years of age, very stoutly built, and possessed of a very sinister expression of countenance. The second occupant was none other than the absconding clerk. I then knew that I was in Mr. Munsel's house, and I congratulated myself on my good fortune. I noticed that as I entered he cast a scrutinizing glance at me; but as I felt assured he did not know me personally, I experienced no alarm.

"I have lost my way in the forest," said I, in answer to their looks of interrogation, "and if you will afford me shelter for the night, I shall be happy to repay you for your hospitality."

"Be good enough to sit down," said Mr. Theodore Munsel, his eyes sparkling when the word "repay" was used.

"Where are you going?" asked his nephew, fixing another searching look on my face.

"I am going to Centreville. I left Parkville at six o'clock, but I suppose I mistook the road, for I have been wandering about the woods ever since."

"You are fifteen miles from Centreville," said the uncle, with a kind of leer.

"You do not belong to this part of the country?" said the banker's clerk.

"No," I replied, "I am from Virginia."

"What is your business?"

"I am collector for a house in Richmond."

"I should have taken you for a Yankee," said the young man.

"No, indeed," I replied, with an attempt to smile.

The uncle and nephew now left the room, and I could hear them whispering together in the next apartment. Still I did not feel any uneasiness, for I relied on the fact that I was unknown to the absconding clerk. They soon returned to the apartment where I sat.

"We have only one room in the house," said the uncle as he entered; "if you will not mind sleeping with a son of mine, you can have part of his bed."

I, of course, immediately consented, glad enough to find any place where I could rest my weary limbs.

After a pause of a few minutes, I pulled out my watch, and said I should like to go to bed. I noticed at the time significant looks pass between the uncle and nephew when they saw my watch. It was a fine gold one—a real Cooper—and had been presented to me by an importer of watches for services rendered.

"You will find my son next the wall," said the uncle. "You will have the goodness not to awaken him, for he has been sick lately, and has to get up very early."

I replied that I would certainly avoid waking him. The uncle took up a candle, and showed me to a room up stairs; it was the only habitable sleeping-room in the house, and was situated over that in which we had been seated. Cautioning me to put out the light as soon as I was in bed, he left me.

I found myself in a room the exact counterpart of the one below, excepting that this one contained a bedstead. Snoring on the bed next the wall was a man some years younger than myself. I cautiously brought the light to bear on his face. The first thing that struck me was, that the man below had deceived me when he had told me his son was sick. He was undressed and wore on his head a night-cap.

A vague sensation of uneasiness crept over me. I regretted having entered the house, and looked round the room for means of exit. There was only one door in the room, that by which I had entered. Opposite the door was a window. I walked up to it, and endeavored to peer through the outside darkness, but could distinguish nothing. I tried to reason away my forebodings, and succeeded in doing so to some extent.

I began to prepare for bed, and had already taken off my coat and waistcoat, when I fancied I heard a step on the stairs. I immediately extinguished the light, and waited with breathless anxiety; the door gently opened, and the uncle cautiously thrust forward his head. In the gloom of the chamber he could not perceive me; and finding the light extinguished, I suppose he thought I was in bed, for he closed the door very softly and descended the stairs again.

I was now worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. I felt certain that something was going to happen. I remembered my lonely situation—the inquisitive questions of the men below. There was no possible means for me to escape, except by going through the room in which they were seated—and such a course I knew would be perfect madness. I summoned up all my philosophy, and determined to wait the *dénouement*, and tried to persuade myself my fears were groundless. But when I thought of the signifi-

cant looks that had passed between the men when they saw my gold watch, I must confess that the effort was a failure. And then the thought suddenly struck me, if, after all, the clerk had recognized me, it was certain that he would never let me leave that place alive. Five long minutes passed away, and I heard nothing. At that moment a light flashed before my window. I went directly to it, and saw the uncle with a lantern digging in the garden. I watched him with eager eyes; he was digging a hole about six feet long and three broad.

"Good God!" I exclaimed to myself, "he is digging my grave!"

I now felt certain that the young man had been left in the room below to prevent my escape. But I determined to satisfy myself if such were the fact or not. I opened the door noiselessly, and stole cautiously down stairs in my stocking feet. I glanced through the keyhole of the door which opened into the room, and saw that my suspicions were well founded, for the absconding clerk sat beside a table with a revolver all ready cocked within his reach. I returned to the bedroom again.

I again took my position at the window. Five minutes more of agonizing suspense ensued. I had nothing with which to defend myself, and was completely at their mercy. A sudden calmness now took possession of me. I suppose it was the calmness of despair, but withal my faculties were perfectly clear, and I turned over a hundred plans to escape the doom that awaited me. All this time I was eagerly watching the actions of the uncle.

The soil was very light, and he soon succeeded in deepening the hole at least four feet. He then threw down his spade and entered the house again. I expected every moment to hear them ascending the stairs, and had made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible, when a purring sound attracted my attention.

I now perceived for the first time that the light from the room below penetrated through several chinks in the floor. I lay down on the ground, and looking through one of the cracks, found that I could perceive everything in the apartment. One of the men was sharpening a large knife on a grindstone, and it was this that made the purring sound that I had heard. He felt the edge, and finding it sharp enough, discontinued his employment. They then began to converse. I could hear every word they said.

"Are you certain, Charles, that it is the detective?" said the uncle.

"Perfectly certain!" returned the clerk. "I know Brampton as well as I do you."

"It is certain he must die then. I suppose he has plenty of money with him besides his gold watch."

"Yes, he must be well provided with funds, and his business here is evidently to arrest me."

"Come, then, let us finish the business at once," said the uncle.

"Do you think he is asleep yet?" returned the clerk.

"No matter if he is not, he'll sleep well enough afterwards, anyhow."

The clerk laughed—hideously, I thought.

"Will you do it, or shall I?" said the nephew.

"O, you may go; but be sure you make no mistake. Bill, you know, lies next the wall; he has a nightcap on, the detective has none. Leave the light outside the door, for fear of waking Brampton; and above all, be quick about it."

In a moment my plan was formed. Bill was fast asleep. I gently turned him over to the outside of the bed, and pulling off his nightcap, put it on my own head. I accomplished this without waking Bill. I then cautiously laid myself in his place next the wall. The agony of the next few minutes was intense—my heart seemed ready to cease beating. I heard a step on the stairs; it advanced, the door opened softly, the floor creaked with the weight of a heavy tread. The murderer approached the bed. I could feel his hot breath on my cheek. I had presence of mind enough to imitate a snore. I felt his hand passing over my head—it rested on my shoulder. O, agony of agonies, he had found out my ruse, and was about to kill me! My whole body was bathed in a cold perspiration.

Suddenly I heard a heavy thud on the bed, which was followed by a groan, and then all was still. The blow had been struck, and I was not the victim. A pause of some moments ensued, and then I heard the uncle ascending the stairs. They wrapped the body of the unfortunate Bill in a sheet, and conveyed it at once into the garden. They had no sooner left the house than I leaped out of bed and ran to the window. They had evidently not discovered their mistake, for the body was already in the grave prepared for it, and they were filling it in.

I lost not a moment to put on the rest of my clothes, and creeping quietly down stairs, escaped through the front door. I ran as fast as I possibly could, and by chance took the right road. In less than an hour I was at Parkville. I roused the whole village, and in a few hurried words told my story. A large party of men immediately set off for the scene of the tragedy accompanied by myself.

When we entered the house we found the front

room still occupied by the uncle and nephew. When they saw me they turned deadly pale, and I really believed they thought that I had risen from the grave, for they had not yet discovered that they had sacrificed Theodore Munsel's son. When they saw that I was really alive, they assumed an air of bravado, supposing that I had only come to arrest the clerk for the bank robbery. Their dream, however, was soon dissipated, for in a few moments the body of the murdered man was exhumed, and they were confronted with their bloody work.

It was shocking to see the uncle's agony when he discovered that his son had been murdered. Neither of the criminals attempted any defence. Three months afterwards they were tried, convicted and executed.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ORATORY.

Brougham's mind was fully, tenaciously, ardently, yet with absolute freedom and ease, around whatever subject he discussed. His eloquence, comprehensive and massive, was never unwieldy; he moved in his mighty armor with the utmost agility. His extempore speeches had the solid structure, the careful relevancy, and the elaborate finish of orations which smell of the midnight oil. His tongue, without the help and guidance of his pen, could drop statements, arguments, descriptions, appeals and sarcasms, arranged with as consummate skill as if they had been long premeditated. As a debater, full of all assailant resources, he feared no opponent. He set about an encounter with the full resolution to give no quarter. His enemies always fell, covered with many terrible wounds. There was a gash in every vulnerable part, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. There was often a savage delight manifested by him in the lengthy process of torture to which he subjected them; for of course they could feel as men, long after he had slain them as controversialists. Even when playful in his mood, he reminded you of the devotedly attentive husband, who put to death several wives in succession by tickling them on the soles of the feet into fatal convulsions. Thus Brougham dealt with Lord Chancellor Eldon. A cheap edition of Lord Brougham's speeches would be an eminently attractive and valuable work.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A GOOD CUSTOM.

When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the road-side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the road-sides and elsewhere, fruit in abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl, who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

PLEASURES OF AN INDIAN VOYAGE.

I began by paying £150 sterling for a cabin to myself, and had not inhabited it two days before I found it so infested with cockroaches, that I was bound to evacuate it. If we had been all Whittingtons, and each possessed half a dozen cats, it would not have sufficed to deliver us from the rude assaults of the innumerable host of rats that invaded us. I had occasion to move a trunk which stood in one corner of the cabin, when, to my astonishment, I discovered a small snake coiled up; and, as if not sufficiently hideous as a snake *de facto*, I further discovered that the creature had two heads. I called out loudly for a stick and assistance, intending to commit a bloody deed upon the intruder; the cuddy servants, who had heard my vociferations, came rushing on to the fray; but no sooner did they see the nature of the foe, than they both jumped upon the boxes, exclaiming, "Kill him, kill him! Don't let him come here!" Just at this point the third mate came up, crying out, "Don't hurt him, sir! Pray don't hurt him!" and immediately laid hold of what turned out to be a pet of his. Although I had never seen one before, I had frequently heard of "the double headed sand-snake." This one was of the very singular species, and, assuredly, as far as the human eye-sight can be credited, it has a clear and perfect head at both ends; the species, however, are entirely harmless, and the one in question, had made its escape from a little box in which the mate kept it since leaving Madras. As for pets, they literally abound with us; there is a pet leopard big enough to swallow a sheep.—*India and Indians*.

SWEDISH WOMEN.

The bedding everywhere along the road, is of home-made linen, and I do not recollect an instance where it has not been brought out fresh and sweet from the press for us. In this, as in all other household arrangements, the people are very tidy and cleanly, though a little deficient as regards their own persons. Their clothing, however, is of a healthy, substantial character, and the women consult comfort rather than ornament. I have not seen a low-necked dress or thin shoes north of Stockholm. I protest, I lose all patience when I think of the habits of our American women, especially our country girls. If ever the Saxon race does deteriorate on the American side of the Atlantic, as some ethnologists anticipate, it will be wholly their fault.—*Bayard Taylor*.

THE WORST ENEMY.

Every animal has his enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies—man, and the boa-constrictor. The natural defence of the tortoise is to draw himself up in his shell and remain quiet. In this state, the tiger, however famished, can do nothing with him, for the shell is too strong, for the stroke of his paw. Man, however, takes him home and roasts him; and the boa-constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the court of chancery does a large estate.—*Waterton's Travels*.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHEN I AM GONE.

BY R. T.

When I am gone will memory fond
 My hours of life trace o'er anew,
 Each act of virtue bring to light,
 And bury all my faults from view?
 Will those who loved me seek the place
 Where lieth one they loved while here?
 Will ever they think o'er my name,
 Or shed upon my grave a tear?

The friends who loved me first are gone:
 Father and mother passed away,
 Two brothers and two sisters dear,
 All in a world, I hope, of day.
 The friends I knew and loved in youth
 Have come from earth and sin been borne:
 Will those who linger on earth's shore
 Forget me not when I am gone?

I've sought the homestead of my youth,
 I've strayed along the river shore,
 Where first my youthful lips were taught
 To hush the name of God in prayer.
 But those who taught me now are gone
 Where skies are brighter and more fair:
 Have passed from earth and care away,
 And soon I trust to meet them there.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE POLISH SLAVE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

GAILY opened the bright summer morning on the gray feudal turrets of Castle Tekeli, the residence of the old Count Alexis Tekeli, that crowned a rocky eminence, and was embosomed in the deep secular forests of Lithuania. The courtyard was a scene of joyous noise and gay confusion; for the whole household was mustered for the chase. Half a dozen horses, gaily caparisoned, were neighing, snorting, and pawing the ground with hot impatience; a pack of staunch hounds, with difficulty restrained by the hunters, mingled their voices with the neighing of the steeds; while the slaves and relatives of the family were all busy in preparation for the day's sport. Count Alexis was the first in the saddle; aged, but hale and vigorous, he was as alert and active as a young man of five-and-twenty.

"Where are my daughters?" he exclaimed, impatiently, as he drew on his buff gauntlets. "The sun is mounting apace, and we should not lose the best portion of the day."

As if in reply to his question, a tall, dark-hair-

ed girl, of elegant figure and stately bearing, appeared by his side, and with the assistance of a groom, mounted her prancing gray palfrey.

"This is well, Anna," said the count. "But where is Eudocia? She must not keep us waiting."

"Eudocia declines to be of our party, father," replied the girl.

"Pshaw!" said the old man; "she will never have your color in her cheeks, if she persists in moping in her chamber, reading old legends and missals, and the rhymes of worthless minnesingers. But let her go; I have one daughter who can live with the hunt, and see the boar at bay without flinching. Sound, bugle, and forward!"

Amid the ringing of silver curb-chains, the baying of hounds, and the enlivening notes of the bugle, the cavalcade and the train of footmen swept out of the court-yard, and descending the winding path, plunged into the heart of the primeval forest. The dogs and the beaters darted into the thick copsewood, and soon the shouts of the huntsmen, and the fierce bay of the dogs announced that a wild boar had been found and started. On dashed the merry company, Count Alexis leading on the spur. The lady Anna soon found herself alone, but she pressed her palfrey in the direction of the sounds of the chase as they receded in the distance. Suddenly she found herself in a small clearing, and drew her rein to rest her panting steed. She had not remained long in her position, when she heard, opposite to her, a crashing among the branches, and the next moment a huge wild boar, maddened with pursuit, and foaming with rage, broke into the opening, and sprang directly towards her. Her horse, terrified at the apparition, reared so suddenly that he fell backwards, throwing his rider heavily, and narrowly missing crushing her. Springing to his feet, he dashed wildly away with flying mane and rein, while the lady lay at the mercy of the infuriated animal, faint and incapable of exertion.

At that critical moment, a young man, in the livery of the count, dashed before the prostrate form of the lady, and dropping on one knee, levelled his short spear, and sternly received the charge of the boar. Though the weapon was well directed, it shivered in the grasp of the young huntsman, and though he drew his short sword with the rapidity of thought, the boar was upon him. The struggle was short and fierce, and the young huntsman succeeded in slaying the monster, but not until he had received a severe wound in the arm from the tusks of the boar. Headless of his sufferings, however, he ran to a neighboring rivulet, and filling his cap

with water, returned and sprinkled the face of the fainting girl. In a few moments she revived.

Her first words, uttered with a trembling voice, were, "Where—where is the wild boar?"

"There, lady," said the huntsman, pointing to the grisly carcass of the monster. "His career is ended."

"And it is you who have saved my life," exclaimed Anna, with a grateful smile.

"I did my duty, lady," replied the huntsman.

"But who are you, sir? Let me, at least, know your name, that I may remember you in my prayers."

"My name is Michael Erlitz; though your eyes, lady, may never have dwelt on one so lowly as myself, I am ever in your father's train when he goes to the chase. I am Count Tekeli's slave," he added, casting his eyes on the ground.

"A slave? and so brave—so handsome?" thought the lady Anna; but she gave no utterance to the thought.

At that moment the count rode up, followed by two or three of his retainers, and throwing himself from his horse, clasped his daughter in his arms.

"My child, my child!" he exclaimed; "thank God you are alive! I saw your horse dash past me riderless, and flew to your assistance. But there is blood upon your dress."

"It is my blood!" said the slave, calmly.

"Yours, Michael?" cried the count, looking round him. "Now I see it all—the dead boar, the broken spear, your bleeding arm. You saved my daughter's life at the risk of your own!"

"The life of a slave belongs to his master and his master's family," answered Michael, calmly.

"Of what value is the existence of a serf? He belongs not to himself. He is of no more account than a horse or a hound."

"Say not so," said Count Alexis, warmly.

"Michael, you are a slave no longer. I will directly make out your manumission papers. In the meantime you shall do no menial service; you shall sit at my board, if you will, and be my friend, if you will accept my friendship."

The eagle eye of the young huntsman kindled with rapture. He essayed to speak, but the words died upon his tongue. Falling on his knees, he seized the count's hand, and pressed it to his lips and heart. Tekeli raised him from his humble posture.

"Michael," said he, "henceforth kneel only to your Maker. And now to the castle; your hurt needs care."

"Willingly," said the young man, "would I had shed the best blood in my body to obtain my freedom."

"Ho, there!" said the count to his squire. "Dismount, and let Michael have your horse. And bring after us Michael's dearly-earned hunting trophy. He has eclipsed us all to-day."

Michael was soon in the saddle, riding next to the lady Anna, who from time to time turned her countenance beaming with gratitude upon him, and addressed him words of encouragement and kindness, for her proud and imperious nature was entirely subdued and changed, for the time, by the service he had rendered her.

When the cavalcade reached the castle, they found the lady Eudocia, the count's eldest daughter, waiting to receive them. She heard the recital of the morning's adventure with deep interest, but a keen observer would have noticed that she seemed less moved by the recollection of her sister's danger, than by the present condition of the wounded huntsman. It was to her care that he was committed, as she was skilled in the healing art, having inherited the knowledge from her mother. She compelled Michael to give up all active employment, and in the course of a few weeks, succeeded in effecting a complete restoration of the wounded arm.

Count Tekeli treated the young man with the kindness of a father, losing all his aristocratic prejudices in a generous sense of gratitude. Splendidly attired, promised an honorable career in arms, if he chose to adopt the military profession, his whole future changed by a fortunate accident, Michael was happy in the intimacy of the two sisters. He now dared to aspire to the hand of her whom he had saved, and whom he loved with all the intensity of a passionate nature. Thus weeks and months rolled on like minutes, and he only waited the delivery of his manumission papers to join the banner of his sovereign.

One day—an eventful day indeed for him—he received from Eudocia, the elder sister, a message, inviting him to meet her in a summer house that stood in a small garden connected with the castle. Punctual to the hour named, he presented himself before her.

"Michael," said she, extending her hand to him, "I sent for you to tell you a secret."

Her voice was so tremulous and broken, that the young man gazed earnestly into her face, and saw that she had been weeping, and now with difficulty suppressed her tears.

"Nay," said she, smiling feebly; "it will not be a secret long, for I must tell it to my father as soon as he returns from court with the royal endorsement to your manumission. I am going to leave you all."

"To leave us, lady?"

"Yes. I am going to take the veil."

"You, so beautiful, so young? It cannot be."

"Alas! youth, beauty, are insufficient to secure happiness. The world may be a lonely place, even to the young and beautiful. The cloister is a still and sacred haven on the road to a better world."

"And what has induced you to take this step? I have not noticed hitherto any trace of sorrow or weariness in your countenance."

"You were studying a brighter page—the fair face of my sister. Start not, Michael; I have divined your secret. She loves you, Michael; she loves you with her whole soul. You will wed her and be happy; while I—" she turned away her face to conceal her tears.

The young man heard only the blissful prediction that concerned himself; he noted not the pangs of her who uttered it.

"Dearest lady!" he exclaimed, "you have rendered me the happiest of men;" and dropping on his knees, he seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"Hark!" said Eudocia, in alarm. "Footsteps! We are surprised. I must not be seen here!" and with these words she fled.

Michael sprang to his feet. Before him stood the younger daughter of Count Alexis, her eyes flashing fire, her whole frame quivering with passion. He advanced and took her hand, but she flung it from her fiercely.

"Slave!" she exclaimed, "dare you pollute with your vile touch the hand of a high-born dame—the daughter of your master?"

"Anna, what means this passion?" cried Michael, in astonishment.

"Silence, slave!" cried the imperious woman. "What ho, there!" she added, stamping her foot. "Who waits?"

Half a dozen menials sprang to her call.

"Take me this slave to the court-yard!" she cried, vehemently. "He has been guilty of misbehaviour. Let him taste the knout; and woe be to you if you spare him! Away with him! Rid me of his hateful presence!"

While Michael was subjected to this hateful punishment, the vindictive girl, still burning with passion, sought her sister. What passed between them may be conjectured from what follows.

Michael, released from the hands of the menials, stood, with swelling heart and burning brow, in one of the lofty apartments of the castle. He had felt no pain from the lash, but the ignominy of the punishment burned into his very soul, consuming the image that had been in his inner heart for years. The scales had fallen from his eyes, and he now beheld the younger daughter of the count in all the deformity of her

moral nature—proud, imperious, passionate and cruel.

A door opened. A female with dishevelled hair, and a countenance of agony, rushed forward, and threw herself at his feet, embracing his knees convulsively. It was Anna!

"O, Michael!" she cried, "forgive me, forgive me! I shall never forgive myself for the pain I inflicted upon you."

"I have suffered no pain," replied Michael, coldly. "Or if I did, it is the duty of a slave to suffer pain. You reminded me this morning that I was still a slave."

"No, no! It is *I* that am *your* slave!" cried the lady. "Your slave—body and soul. Behold I kiss your feet in token of submission, my lord and master! Michael, I love you—I adore you! I would follow you barefoot to the end of the world. Let me kiss your burning wounds; and O, forgive—forgive me!"

Michael raised her to her feet, and gazed steadily in her countenance.

"Lady," said he, "I loved you years ago, when, as a boy, I was only permitted to gaze on you, as we gaze upon the stars, that we may worship, but never possess. It was this high adoration that refined and ennobled my nature; that, in the mire of thralldom, taught me to aspire—taught me that, though a slave, I was yet a man. Through your silent influence, I was enabled to refine my manners, to cultivate my mind, to fit myself for the freedom which bounteous Heaven had in store for me."

"Yes, yes!" replied Anna. "You have made yourself all that can render a woman happy. There is not a noble in the land who can boast of accomplishments like yours; and you are beautiful as a virgin's dream of angels."

"These are flattering words, lady."

"They come from the heart, Michael."

"You have told me what I am, lady. Now hear what I require in the woman I would wed. She must be beautiful, for beauty should ever mate with beauty; high-born, for the lowly of birth are aspiring, and never wed their equals; yet above all, gentle, womanly, kind, forgiving, affectionate. No unsexed Semiramis or Zenobia for me."

"I will make myself all that you desire, Michael."

"We cannot change our natures," replied Michael, coldly.

"But you will forgive me?"

"I am not now in a condition to answer you. Smarting with indignation I can ill suppress—I cannot command the calmness requisite to reply in fit terms to the generous confidence of a high-

born lady. Retire to your own apartment, lady, for your father is expected momentarily, and I must see him first alone."

Anna kissed the hand of the slave, and retired slowly. A few minutes afterwards, the gallop of a horse was heard entering the court-yard, and this sound was followed by the appearance of Count Alexis, who threw himself into the arms of Michael, and pressed him to his heart.

"Joy, joy, Michael!" he exclaimed. "You are now free—as free as air! Here are the documents; my slave no longer—my friend always. And as soon as you choose to join the service, you can lead a troop of the royal cavaliers."

Michael poured out his thanks to his generous master.

"And now," said the count, "to touch upon a matter nearer still to my heart. Since the adventure in the forest, I have loved you as a son. To make you such in reality would be to crown my old age with happiness. My daughters are acknowledged to be beautiful, fitting mates for the proudest in the land. I offer you the hand of her you can love the best; make your election, and I doubt not her heart will second my wishes and yours."

"My noble friend," said Michael, "I accept your offer gratefully. You have made me the happiest of men. You will pardon me, I know, when I confess that I have dared to raise my eyes to one of your daughters. Without your consent the secret should have been hidden forever in my own heart, even had it consumed it."

Count Tekeli shook the hand of the young man warmly, and then summoned his two daughters. They obeyed promptly. Both were agitated, and bent their eyes upon the floor.

"Count Tekeli," said Michael, speaking in a calm, clear voice, "I have a word to say to this your younger daughter, the lady Anna."

As her name was uttered, the young girl raised her eyes inquiringly, to the face of the speaker.

"Lady, but now," said Michael, "you solicited my forgiveness on your knees."

"What!" cried the count, the blood mounting to his temples; "a daughter of mine solicit on her knees forgiveness of one so late my more than vassal—my slave! What is the meaning of this?"

"It means," cried Michael, kindling as he spoke, "that this morning, during your absence, count—nay, a half hour before your return, this, your younger daughter, in a moment of ill-founded jealousy and rage, and usurping your virtual rights—rights you had yourself annulled—doomed me to the kneut!—yes, had me scourged by menials in the court-yard of your castle!"

"How," cried the count, addressing his daughter, "dared you commit this infamy on the person of my friend—the saviour of your life?"

"I did, I did!" cried Anna, wringing her hands.

"And you asked me to forgive you," said Michael. "You offered me your hand, and begged me to accept it. My answer is, never, never, never! The moment you laid the bloody scourge upon my back, you lost your hold upon my heart forever! I were less than a man could I forgive this outrage on my manhood. I saved your life—you repaid it with the lash. It is not the lash that wounds, it is the shame. The one eats into the living flesh, the other into the living heart. Were you ten times more lovely than you are, you would ever be a monster in my eyes."

The tears that coursed freely down the cheeks of the lady Anna ceased to fall as Michael ceased to speak. A deep red flush mounted to her temples, and her eyes, so lately humid, shot forth glances like those of an angry tigress. She turned to the count.

"Father," said she, "will you permit a base-born slave to use such language to your daughter?"

"Silence!" said the old man. "His heart is nobler than yours. More measured terms could not have passed his lips. I should have despised him had he felt and said less. Get thee to thy chamber, and in penitence and prayer relieve thy conscience of the sin thou hast committed."

The lady Anna retired from the apartment with a haughty air and measured step.

"Lady," said Michael, approaching Eudocia, "between your sister and myself there is a gulf impassable. If ever I can forgive her, it must be when those sweet and tender eyes, that speak a heart all steeped in gentleness and love, have smiled upon my hopes, and made me at peace with all the world. Dearest Eudocia, will you accept the devotion of my heart and life?"

He took her hand, it trembled in his grasp, but was not withdrawn. She struggled for composure for a moment, and then resting her head upon his shoulder, wept for joy.

The nuptials of Michael and Eudocia were soon celebrated. A brilliant assemblage graced the old castle on the occasion; but long before the solemnization, the count's younger daughter had fled to a convent to conceal her anger and disappointment. She did not pass through her novitiate, however, but returned to the world, and ultimately married, though her imperious spirit prevented her enjoying that felicity which was the lot of her happier and gentler sister.

[ORIGINAL.]

A FAT MAN'S TRIALS.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

I REMEMBER that I once, a long, long time ago, heard a distinguished divine preach, and he gave a new turn to my ideas on the punishment of sinners. He said that each and every individual would be punished, by being obliged to endure those things which were his greatest aversion. I laughed at the doctrine at the time, but now I am constrained to admit that it was founded in truth, so far as my experience goes. That old minister must have had a parallel experience I am inclined to think.

From my earliest youth I have felt a strong, and unconquerable repugnance to the adipose secretion known as fat. I never could love the only aunt I have in the world—Aunt Martha, one of the best of women—because she happened to be fat.

My pet dog, Juno, by whom I at one time fancied I set my life, took it into his noddle to get fat, and I immediately abandoned him to the tender mercies of the sausage maker. I had no longer any affection for him.

My little sister Etta was the fattest baby in the world, and in consequence, no amount of money could have hired me to kiss her. The thing would have been physically impossible.

Fat meat turned my stomach inside out. I never eat doughnuts because they are cooked in fat; and I would grope to the end of the world in palpable darkness before I would have my way lighted by an oil lamp, or a tallow candle!

Of course, having felt thus all my life, I have not been slow in airing my peculiar opinions; and thereby I have succeeded in making a regiment of enemies. Outspoken people, who have a single idea independent from the patented ideas of other folks, always have plenty of enemies. It is to be expected. In fact, no person is without enemies, unless to be a fool or a blockhead, and when a man has a great many of these bad wishers, it is a pretty sure sign that he is a man of distinction.

My mother was dreadfully tried with my primal sin—as she evidently considered it—and a score of times a day she would cry out:

“Have a care, Theodore! it runs in the blood of the Westburys to be fat, and you'll weigh a good two hundred yet, or I miss my guess.”

The woman actually talked as if this were a consummation devoutly to be desired. At such times, words were all too weak to express my indignant scorn, and I was obliged to content

myself by bestowing upon her a look which must have withered her in her shoes, if she had not been a woman of uncommon fortitude. The bare possibility of my mother's prophecy coming to pass, never entered my brain. I think the contemplation of such a contingency would have driven me distracted.

At eighteen I fell in love. I am aware that this was rather an early age for the development of the grand passion, but the extraordinary beauty of Effie Avenal was a sufficient excuse for the absurdity, and with the consent of our parents we were engaged.

Effie resided in Stillwater; my home was in Randolph, some sixteen miles distant. I first met my lady love at a picnic; gorgeous in spotless muslin and blue ribbons; and after twenty minutes' conversation the conquest was complete. My heart was hers.

The distance between our respective homes—which was not annihilated by a railway—prevented me from seeing Effie as often as I could wish, but we corresponded—and such delicate, delicious, tender epistles as passed between us, more than compensated for the pain of separation. Written on the very pinkest of note-paper, scented with violet, and sealed by two hearts transfixed by one arrow, like two decapitated chickens roasting on one gridiron.

Well, the vagaries of love are legion—always have been and always will be. Early in the spring of my nineteenth year, typhoid fever ravaged Randolph, and I was among those first attacked. For four weeks my life was despaired of, but at the end of that time I began to mend, and soon afterwards the physician pronounced me out of danger.

And out of danger I brought with me one of the most prodigious appetites! I declare, I shudder now, at the thought of it! for I am convinced that it was that appetite which wrought my ruin. The good old ladies in the neighborhood plied me with all sorts of dainties; I must eat to get my strength up, they said; and eat I did, and strength and fat came together.

My flesh, which had fallen off astonishingly during my illness, now began to come back still more astonishingly than it had gone away, and I found to my unspeakable dismay that my latitude was all too much for my genteel wardrobe, in fact, I was literally getting too large for my clothes!

When I had been out of doors a fortnight, I hazarded the experiment of being weighed. To my infinite horror I balanced a one hundred and sixty pound weight! thirty pounds more than rightfully belonged to me. I put myself on a

rigid diet of bread and vinegar, but the result was anything but gratifying. In three weeks I weighed one hundred and eighty, the next week I gained five pounds, the next week six, and so on, until at the end of ten weeks, I weighed two hundred pounds! My mother was no false prophet.

Words cannot express to you my horror at this discovery! I think I should have fainted and fallen on the sofa, had it not been for the fear that I might break the springs, and burst all the buttons off my garments by so doing. I hardly dared glance at myself in the mirror, in fact, there was no mirror in the house sufficiently wide to give me a whole view of my corporeal substance. I was five feet six inches in height, and my enormity of fat made me look full six inches shorter.

About this time I received a letter from Effie, urgently entreating me to come out to Stillwater and spend a week. She would be eighteen in a few days, and proposed to celebrate her birthday by a little fete, which would be most fearfully incomplete without her dear Theodore.

What to do I did not know. I longed to behold again my idolized Effie, but to go before her with such a mountain of fat on my bones—how could I? And she disliked fat people quite as much as I did, though perhaps she was not quite so whimsical on the subject. I had heard her laugh about such unfortunate creatures, and doubtless she would laugh at me—and—well, it must be known to her sooner or later, and I might as well put a bold face on the matter. I went.

On the piazza of Avenal House were two ladies—I saw the flutter of their white dresses almost as soon as I discovered the mansion itself, and as I came nearer I recognized Effie, and one of her most intimate friends. Dismounting from my horse, I hurried with all the speed which my bulk would admit of, to unfasten the gate. I had some little trouble with the latch, one of those new fangled, troublesome concerns, and I distinctly overheard the conversation of the two girls.

"Good graces!" cried the silvery tones of Effie's voice; "if the mountain isn't coming to Mahomet! Julie, did you ever see such a grotesque figure? Poor thing! how it waddles!"

"Hush!" said Julie—"he will hear you!"

"That mass of adipose membrane hear me! As if my small voice had the power to pierce that deafened ear! He's like the man so justly celebrated, that no regulation bayonet would go through! O, it must be perfectly awful to be so fat!"

I felt the cold sweat start out of every pore of my body. I gave the gate a pull that took it from the hinges, and rushed up the walk to the piazza.

"My dearest Effie!" I cried, passionately, holding out my arms to embrace her. She shrunk away from me as if fearing contamination.

"Sir, what do you mean?"

"Effie, my darling, is it possible you have forgotten your own Theodore?"

"My Theodore?"

"Yes, your Theodore Westbury, who now stands before you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Effie, immoderately—"that is too good! Julie, only hear this creature, trying to pass himself off for Theodore. My dear sir, I did not betroth myself to an elephant, and I should decidedly object to being hugged by one. Let me pass."

I did let her pass. I re-mounted my horse and rode home, filled with the bitterest hatred for Effie Avenal. True, she did not, evidently, recognize me, but she had expressed her opinion of me without reserve, and that was enough. I wrote her a cold letter, releasing her from her allegiance, and assuring her that I should forget her very existence, as I trusted she would mine.

My friends secured me the situation of clerk in a dry goods store, in a neighboring village, and thither I repaired, determined to devote myself entirely to business, hoping hard labor might reduce my surplus flesh. Nothing of the kind! I grew fatter and fatter, until I refused to be weighed, and bribed my tailor to keep my size around the waistbands a secret.

In Dorset—where I was employed—my troubles were legion. I was an object of public curiosity. People—good honest country people—coming in with their loads of vegetables—stopped their steady-going horses, to take a look at me; and small dogs had a habit of walking round and round me, as though a little uncertain as to the species I might represent. The boys, little saucy imps, had a stereotyped joke of screaming out whenever I appeared:

"There comes the soap man! carries his ile barrel with him all the time. Soap at ninepence a gallon! No grease wanted! Plenty of that right to home!"

I caned more than a dozen of these juveniles, and should have done the same thing to as many more, had not the little rascals outstripped me in the daily races we ran.

In public conveyances I was a nuisance. The women sat in each other's laps to give me an entire seat, whenever I ventured into an omnibus;

the fireman on the locomotive put an extra armful of wood into the furnace of his machine when I made my appearance, and the conductor asked me as a special favor, to occupy the seat by the door, as it had strong iron supports.

At length I concluded to take a trip down the sound in the steamboat. It was a fashionable tour, and if I was fat, I had a right to be fashionable. The captain turned pale with dismay, when I came on board, and took an early opportunity of asking me not to go on one side of the boat, as my weight might cause it to capsize. He was a nervous little man, and I obliged him by sitting exactly in the middle of the deck, with my feet on a shoe box.

At night I retired to the cabin, and climbed into the berth appropriated to me, which was, unfortunately, situated above two other berths, that were already occupied. I settled myself on the hard bed, but it was a luckless "settle!" Something went off crack, like the report of a pistol! my berth fell to pieces, and I fell through into the face and eyes of the sleeper below, who proceeded to evince her femininity, by digging some very sharp nails into the small of my back, and shouting in a very high soprano voice:

"Murder! murder! and thieves!"

I made an attempt to rise, but the moment was fatal! There was another terrible crash, and down we both went into the next berth, whose occupant was a fighting character, and immediately bunged both my eyes up by two vigorous kicks, and tossed the lady who was my travelling companion into the middle of the cabin. Then he sprang to the floor, and demanded to know what was the row? I let him know without delay. I "turned to" and gave him one of the most splendid threshings that ever was administered.

The entire boat was aroused—men, women, children and dogs flocked to the scene of action. My belligerent friend and myself were fined twenty dollars each, for disturbing the public peace of the steamboat; and the lady, not content with having skinned my back, called me a brute and a scoundrel! She was enraged because through my means, she had shown herself to the crowd, in a red flannel nightcap, minus her wig.

It seemed as if I could have no comfort anywhere. I was the most unhappy individual on the footstool. I said so to myself a dozen times a day. But at length a light burst over the darkness of my despair. I could enlist! when the drums beat to arms all over the country, I flew to the nearest recruiting office, and tendered my services. The recruiting officer was dubious, but he was to have a premium for every man he

enlisted, and a five dollar note out of my pocket, by way of extras, decided him. I was enrolled. The examining surgeon looked dubious, but he could not condemn my health, and I was duly mustered in. We were sent immediately to Washington, and our tents, arms and uniforms distributed.

I spread my tent, and would have sheltered myself under it from the driving rain, but the thing was impossible. The tent was not wide enough to cover me, and I managed to screen myself by sitting up in the centre of it, with my back against the pole. Next morning we were ordered to invest ourselves in our uniform.

With me, this was easier said than done. I had a fearful struggle of it, but after a two hours' conflict, by divesting myself of every other article of clothing, I succeeded in getting into the regulation coat and pantaloons, but not a single button of the coat could I force into the button-holes.

"What do you mean, by appearing on parade in such a disorderly dress?" roared the captain of the drill, pausing before me, and eyeing my open uniform with a stern brow.

"I did my best, captain," replied I, respectfully—"but I could not button my clothes."

"I'll button them for you!" exclaimed he, angrily, giving me a slap with his sword.

"Indeed, sir, I'm not to blame," said I; "I worked on 'em two hours, and pulled all my finger nails out by the roots."

"We'll see about that!" said he, and throwing down his sword, he advanced and gave a tug at my coat. He tugged in vain. The perspiration started to his forehead—he puffed like a broken-winded threshing machine—he called two stout Hibernians to tug, and the result was the same. Angry at the determined resistance of the uniform, the captain exerted all his strength and gave one tremendous pull! Shoddy couldn't stand the pressure. My luckless coat parted in the back, and came off in the captain's hands. The sudden cessation of resistance on the part of the garment, had the effect of prostrating the captain in the mud—where he was seen by the general in command, and the consequence was, he was accused of drunkenness, and broken from his command.

I am here—fat as ever—but I cannot parade, because I have not yet received the uniform which government has ordered to be manufactured for me. When I get that, the nation shall hear of Theodore Westbury in another way than as the wonderful fat man. Effie Avenal—little minx—shall yet see the day that she called me an elephant!

[ORIGINAL.]

MY CASTLE.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

I've a castle, grand and lofty,
Beside the rolling sea,
Where murmuring waves are musical
With Neptune's minstrelsy;
Where sparkling moonbeams gaily ride
Upon the limpid crest,
And perfume-laden zephyrs woo
The soul to sweetest rest.

Within the castle music floats
Along the brilliant halls,
And scenes of happiness and love
Adorn the massive walls;
Bright eyes are sparkling with delight
From many a happy face,
And in the merry, joyful throng
No sorrow can we trace.

At morn the golden sun illumines
Each spacious, airy room,
And drives away each shade of night,
Dispers the darkening gloom.
And fairies sport amid the scene,
With gleeful dance and song,
And minstrels, on the odoriferous air,
The chorus wild prolong.

At eve, when Sol is weaving web
And woof of molten gold
Upon the restless, heaving sea,
And twilight's tale is told,
The mermaids launch their elfin bark
Upon the waiting tide,
And o'er the billows toward the west
The merry creatures ride.

No pain or grief has ever cast
A shadow o'er the heart
Of those who dwell within this home,
Nor do the sad tears start
At sight of human wretchedness,
Or poverty's sharp sting;
But cheering beams of sunshine bright
Are cast o'er everything.

Wouldst view the castle I have seen?
Earth's many weary mortals
Old Somnus oft has led at night
Along its magic portals;
On the sunny shore of dreamland
Its marble columns rise,
Its glittering turret-tops are veiled
In vision's fleecy skies!

Metaphysical science has suffered more from physical comparisons than from any other cause. The link of resemblance has often been a fetter of slavery; the illustration of an idea has been mistaken for the proof of a system. The world has been, sometimes for ages, in thralldom to a simile.

[ORIGINAL.]

DOOMED:

—OR,—

THE HEIR OF GLENNMOOR.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

CHAPTER I.

"The old house lies in ruin and wreck,
And the villagers stand in fear aloof.
The rafters bend, and the walls are black,
But bright green mosses spot its roof.

"I hear a noise in the echoing halls,
A solemn sound like a stifled sigh;
And shadows move on the dusky walls,
Like the sweep of garments passing by.
And faces glimmer amid the gloom,
Floating about from room to room,
And the dead come back in a fearful train,
And people the lonely house again."

It was said that a curse rested over the old mansion of Glennmoor, with its broad, uncultivated meadows, its dense forests, and silvery streams, a curse so dark and so fearful, that the land only brought forth thistles, and those who sought to tend its broad acres lost their cattle—their dwellings were laid waste, and if, after these warnings, they still persisted in their attempts to restore the estate to its pristine loveliness and beauty, their families sickened and died of a strange disease that baffled the skill of the best physicians.

The idea was current in the neighborhood, that this curse would only be removed when the last of the doomed race of Etherleys was blotted from the face of the earth. Only one of the fatal name lived at the time of which we write, and he had been removed in his early infancy to a foreign country, to escape the deadly curse that had blighted so many of the lives of his predecessors.

The estate of Glennmoor was a source of terror and misgiving to the inhabitants of the little village adjoining, and although not really wishing the young man any harm, they longed for the time when they could feel free to walk through its old halls, cultivate its lands, hunt in its forests, without dread of the deadly influence hanging like a pall above it.

It was towards the close of a lovely day in the latter part of June, that a gentleman and lady, well mounted on spirited steeds, cantered briskly along the river road, lying between Glennmoor and the village. The former was dark and bearded, with fiery, jet black eyes, heavy brows meeting above a large aquiline nose, a large, wiry form, and sat his steed in truly masterly style. The lady—or girl rather, for she had scarcely budded into womanhood—was a fairy little creature of surpassing loveliness, with a

wealth of curling nut-brown hair escaping from beneath a jaunty little hat, eyes of merry hazel flashing and sparkling, a rounded *petite* form, and a ringing, silvery voice of surpassing sweetness.

"You're an ogre, Orrie Benardo—you're a black, ugly owl, and want to make me as dismal as yourself. I tell you once for all, I shall dance when and with whom I please—I shall laugh when I like—I shall smile on whom I'm a mind to, and if you're my husband, or if you're not, I shall use that liberty."

"When you're my wife, you'll not," hissed the man from between his shut teeth—"now is your time, use your tongue freely, my lady bird, the time will come, when—"

"I say the time will *never* come," cried the girl, now with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. "You are a despot—a tyrant. You would crush all the spirits and buoyancy and life out of me if you had the power. No, Orlando Benardo, you are old enough for my father, solemn enough for a monk, hypocritical enough for a suitor (when you keep on your mask)—you are a tyrant, and I sometimes think a villain, with your black, cunning, cruel face." And the girl looked doubly beautiful in her passion.

"By heavens, you shall repent those words!" exclaimed the young man, choking with rage.

"We shall see what we shall see," laughed the girl, touching her nettled steed lightly with the whip. "Thank fortune, I've found you out, with your tyrannical notions and dismal whims. The Lord deliver me from a man who is going to make a tombstone of himself, and then expects to make me his counterpart."

"You're glib with your tongue, young miss," muttered the dark-browed man, gloomily; "what do you suppose your father will say?"

"Now see here, Orlando Benardo—did I ever ask your favor? didn't I always tell you I didn't love you, and didn't care to marry you? didn't I say I'd see how you behaved yourself, before I gave you any decided answer? Of course I did. If you've flattered yourself you had no need to—you have made preparations for *our* wedding; it was useless. I never flattered you—I have merely tolerated your society, but that was all."

"So you will not marry me?"

"Of course not, Sir Owl."

Quick as thought the man's hand was laid upon the girl's bridle, and whirling the horse quickly around, he threw his arm about the young lady's waist, and sprang with her to the ground.

"Help! help!" then a smothered shriek, and a moment more the dark man would have disappeared in the thick underbrush with his victim,

when the report of a pistol was heard, and that instant the man's left arm dropped useless to his side, from a wound in the shoulder.

He released the girl from his grasp, and like a blood hound at bay, turned with a fierce oath towards the new comer. A fair, handsome young man, with smiling blue eyes, and flushed cheek, sat composedly on his horse by the roadside. He had discharged one barrel of the still smoking revolver that he held in his right hand, and as Orlando Benardo turned, the stranger lifted his hat with courtly grace.

"Sorry to discommode you, stranger," he said, in a clear, manly voice; "but not thinking your gallantry a sufficient protection for the lady, I have taken the liberty to interpose mine."

"Whoever you are, I thank you," cried the impulsive girl, taking refuge close to the stranger. "You have saved me from this horrid man, and my father will reward you for your kindness."

The young man smiled at the word reward, but regardless of the threatening looks of the cowardly bravado, assisted the young lady to her saddle, and doffing his hat again to the wounded man, said, patronizingly:

"Only a flesh-wound, my friend, it might have been worse. If you wish it dressed, I am a surgeon by profession, and will be happy to accommodate you at the Elk Horn tavern, in the village yonder."

"My father keeps that house," exclaimed the girl, in delight. "How fortunate—are you acquainted with him? how glad he will be to see you."

The stranger smiled a peculiarly bright and genial smile, that lit up his handsome face, as sunshine does a pleasant landscape.

"And I, too, am in luck," he said. "It is always a source of gratification to me to be able to assist any one in distress, especially a young and lovely lady."

"Look ye, sir," broke in Orlando Benardo, with a terrific scowl, "and hear—you have crossed my path—beware!"

"Thanks for the caution. I am fond of crossing just such paths; but it is getting late, and the village is yet in the distance, so allow me to bid you again good even."

"Till we meet again—and hark ye, Mistress Lucy, my reckoning with you is only delayed."

"The horrid man!" ejaculated the girl. "Do let us hasten, sir stranger. He would surely murder us both. Did you ever see such a malignant look in any one's eyes before? I never did but once, in those of a big cobra at a menagerie, when I was a little girl. Aren't you afraid he'll waylay and murder you?"

"I've seen and met worse looking brigands near Naples," smiled the stranger. "The fear of them wore off a long time ago. By the way, is that the village yonder?"

"Yes, you can just see the spire of the old Episcopal Church, and father's tavern will soon be in sight. O, it is a sweet village, is — Ville, if it wasn't for that terrible estate lying so near."

"Terrible estate? property is generally considered anything but terrible," quoth the young man.

"I said terrible, I forgot you were a stranger, and knew nothing of Glennmoor. Do you know it is haunted, the old place is, and one of our villagers would as lief thrust his head into the fire, as Glennmoor Hall after night."

"Indeed, a romantic old place. I like haunted houses and forests above all things—but here sure enough we are at the village—that is your home, Miss—"

"Brandon—Lucy Brandon," said the girl, as she allowed the stranger to assist her to dismount. "Father—father—here—you owe a debt to this gentleman—please settle with him." And waiting briefly to explain the circumstances we have related, Lucy darted into the long, low, rambling tavern, and made her way to her own room.

"I am sure I can never repay you, sir," said mine host of the Elk Horn, a portly, ruddy man, extending his hand; "however, pray consider this house your home while you remain in the village, and if I can ever give you any assistance it will be readily and freely granted—freely, sir, do you hear me? I mean it, sir, freely granted."

"I believe you, sir; however, allow me to say I should have done the same for any defenceless woman. I trust you will keep a good lookout after the cowardly miscreant, as although he is too timid, with all his bombast and bravado, to give you any honorable difficulty, beware of snakes in the grass."

"Thank you, sir, thank you, he's a sneaking skunk, sir, and I only wonder I ever gave him permission to attend my daughter. Your room, sir? John, show the gentleman to 29, and see that he is provided with water and towels—let John take your portmanteau, sir. Supper in a half hour, sir—first gong just rung."

"Your daughter was telling me something about a haunted estate," said the stranger, that evening, as he sat down upon the long bench in the long porch, to enjoy a cigar with mine host of the Elk Horn.

"Just like her—young folks run wild over such things, but old folks know what's what. You did well to ask me, young man, if you are

fond of a story, for that of the Glennmoor estate is on the end of my tongue to-night. Do you want the story as I believe it, or as tradition has it? The latter, no doubt, so to begin—and leave you to judge for yourself, as I have done for mine."

"Glennmoor was once the property of a beautiful young heiress, Inez Castero by name. Her father died when she was some sixteen years of age, pledging her in marriage to her cousin, bearing the same family name. This young man, it seems, idolized the young and beautiful heiress, although that affection was never returned, and although she did not object to fulfilling her father's dying request, she made no secret of the fact that it would be a loveless contract so far as herself was concerned.

"Castero was gone to Spain to settle several family matters before this marriage, when one day, as Inez sat in her chamber overlooking the forest road, her eyes caught sight of a dusty and worn traveller, who was just halting at her gate. Impulsive and hospitable, Inez bade him welcome, and when, ere an hour had passed he was taken violently ill, Inez would not consent that he should be removed, but tended him with one of her own chamber women, night and day until he recovered.

"Hugh Etherley was a strikingly handsome man, of the pure Anglo Saxon type, and in those days of sickness and convalescence, Inez grew to love him with all the intensity of her passionate nature—was that love returned? Ah, sir stranger, I wot not but tradition says no, although he married her."

The young traveller lighted a fresh cigar, smiled incredulously at the idea of marriage without love, and mine host then continued:

"But scarcely two months had they been married when young Castero returned, to find his bride another's, and the property he had expected to claim as his own, in the hands of a stranger. He challenged Etherley, and they fought just in the little meadow west of the hall. Castero was badly wounded, while Etherley escaped without a scratch.

"A short time after this occurrence, Inez was taken suddenly ill and died. She was buried in a family vault at the north part of the estate, and but a short two months afterwards, he brought another bride to Glennmoor, a fair, gentle girl, as different from Inez as day from night.

"It was upon the night of this grand reception at the hall, that the curse fell upon Glennmoor, that dire and dreadful curse that for forty years has made that estate valueless—worse than valueless.

"When all was mirth and gaiety, and light steps kept time to witching music, a great horror fell upon all. Strange sounds burst upon every ear, the lamps were extinguished in an instant, and by a strange, preternatural light, a figure robed in grave clothes, with pallid countenance, closed and sunken eyes, and dishevelled hair, stood before the astonished company, the quaking bridegroom and the trembling bride. It was the spectre of the dead Inez.

"My curse on your house and your land, your kith and your kin forever!" spoke the spectral voice—hollow—sepulchral. The people frightened, fainted, or rushed from the spot, but poor Lulu, the second wife, declared she saw the ghost melt away into a blue flame and disappear through the ceiling.

"But Lulu did not die then; she lived to see five lovely darlings drop into the grave almost without a moment's warning, and then broken-hearted she followed them, leaving her husband stricken and broken spirited at his loss.

"As strange as it may appear, Hugh Etherley married again—other children were born to him, but they too sickened and died, and as before, his wife followed. It was in Europe, I think, that he married the beautiful and lovely Clearice. I admit that he was a strange man to doom those he loved, but my story is not for the purpose of apologizing for his weakness. Enough that he married the lovely, light-hearted Clearice and brought her home to Glennmoor, but to see her yield up her sweet life in giving birth to the little Edgar, whom, in his terror and despair, the hapless and miserable father despatched immediately to Europe, to escape the upas-like influence of that doomed spot.

"Then Hugh Etherley bided his time an old man, haunted and terror stricken—shuddering at his own shadow, half-crazed, and finding no rest day nor night, for the ghost of the dead Inez that haunted his waking and sleeping moments. Whatever his crime, none can guess it unless he dealt foully by his first wife, whatever his crime, he was to be pitied sometimes. His screams could be heard for miles, and when he died it was by his own hand. His misery was too great for human endurance."

"And is this all?" asked the stranger, quietly.

"All, save that Glennmoor is shunned as the plague, and none who ever dared its power lived to boast of it. Why, sir, I am no coward, but sooner than pass that house at midnight, I would lose every cent I have in the world."

The young man laughed incredulously.

"I am the heir of Glennmoor," said he. "News reached me of my father's death, and I

have come on to put the old place in repair. Let the mystery be what it may, I am determined to rake it up from the bottom. I don't have much credulity in the way of ghosts' curses, and the like, and as for live people, why—" and he tapped significantly over a brace of small revolvers beneath the travel-stained coat that he wore.

"The Lord have mercy on you, young man!" said the host of the Elk Horn, rising in dismay. "I'm sorry it's you—the saints bless you."

"I presume the old place is sickly—too many trees, and then I dare say there's something about the house itself that predisposes its inmates to some fatal disease, but in regard to the ghost curse, and so forth, depend upon it, 'tis all moonshine."

"Depend upon it, 'tis not all moonshine," exclaimed mine host, vehemently, "take my advice and go back to Europe."

But the young man only shook his head and smiled, and a traveller coming up at that moment, the conversation ended. Egbert Etherley went up to his room, humming softly to himself an old air that he learned of a little gipsy girl in Naples, thinking it was very strange if he had come to America to find adventure instead of the very common-place state of affairs he had imagined. After he had gained his own room, he sat down by the open window, and gazed down into the village street. Now and then a laborer passing homeward from his daily toil, a bevy of laughing girls with gay, merry voices, or noisy boys bent on some excursion of mischief, met his eye.

"To-morrow—to-morrow," he said to himself, "we will see this old haunted hall, and then—"

But like many others he knew not what a day would bring forth.

* * * * *

"It's a pity for the young gentleman," said one servant to another, after the news became circulated that it was the heir of Glennmoor who had taken room No. 29. "It's a pity for the young gentleman, his life isn't worth a straw, if he goes to Glennmoor."

"Och, Hone, it's the likes of him that's foriver steppin' into throuble—he's handsome and brave, and good as he is handsome, or my name's not Patrick O'Conner, at all, at all."

"Who are you talking of, Pat?" questioned a silvery voice, and Lucy, the landlord's daughter, paused on her way up stairs, swinging her little straw hat carelessly by the strings. "I couldn't get those strawberries, Pat, wasn't it too mean? Mat Morrison declares they need them all for their own use, the selfish thing. Well, you'll have to think up something else for dessert

to-morrow, though I'd engaged the cream. O, who were you speaking of—who's that so good and handsome, and struck your fancy so mightily, Pat?"

"Faix, sure, an' is it yersilf, Miss Lucy? why, ye were quick and silent as the ghost of the poor lady of Glennmoor hersilf, heaven rest her soul! hush—hist, darlint, it was of the young heir Jerry and mesilf were spakin', the young heir of Glennmoor."

"And who's he?"

"Faith—an' are ye ignorant that the ould man lift a son to bear his name? the crazed-brain fool, if mesilf should say the like, that lived all alone these twenty years, and died some months ago. An' the young gentleman's come on to repair the ould place."

Pat began hurriedly to cross himself.

"And where is he?"

"In his room, Miss Lucy, an' to-morrow he's goin' to the haunted hall to find out the mystery, he says. Why, arrah, my darlint, 'tis the same gentleman ye rode up to the door with this evenin', ye should be afther knowing him!" And with a sly laugh and pinch of the chin, the favorite servant went his way, while Lucy hurried to her own room to compose her mind.

"That the heir of Glennmoor?" she said to herself. "O, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry."

Unknown to herself, Lucy's impulsive heart had been touched by the handsome face and gallant bearing of the young stranger, and when she discovered his name, she felt that a wide, impassable gulf lay between them. What could she be to him or he to her? Nothing. As soon think of giving her affections to a corpse—he was doomed!

CHAPTER II.

Come what will, I am with thee—joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, life or death. It were annihilation without thee—it can but be that with thee. I have made my choice—who shall forbid?

LAURELLE BERELEY.

"He sleeps late this morning," said Squire Brandon, the proprietor of the Elk Horn tavern, as the young heir of Glennmoor failed to make his appearance at a seasonable hour. "Pat, go up to the gentleman's door, and knock loud enough to wake him; one doesn't feel so well to sleep into the middle of so blamed hot a day as this is going to be."

"Sure, an' it's mesilf cannot rouse up the young gentleman," returned the Hibernian, a few minutes later; "p'raps the poor boy's sick. Arrah! but it's ill luck that he came over the say, I'm afear'd, and a pity, for a fine spoken gentleman is the same."

A shade of anxiety came over the round, smiling face of the landlord.

"Is the door locked?"

"Ay, indade it is—locked and bolted."

"On the inside?"

"Faix, yes, and the key in the lock on the inside."

"Well, we'll give him another trial," said mine host, leading the way up stairs. "Halloo—here, stranger. Halloo—I say—halloo!" And he pounded loudly against the door.

"What is it, papa?" inquired Lucy, as she came tripping lightly up the steps. Lucy was looking very pretty this morning, in her delicate morning dress of white, with its buff facings—the simple lace around the white throat, her only ornaments a few bright flowers in the dark hair, and at the trim waist. Lucy carried on her arm a number of towels for distribution in the different rooms, for she was a busy little thing, and unlike many young ladies, did not think it beneath her to assist in the performance of domestic duties. Indeed she took pride in saying she played chambermaid, and could sweep and dust a room, and make a bed as scientifically as any housekeeper in the land.

"Well, well, break in the door, if there's no other way—stay—get the ladder from the barn, and go up and look in at the window—you can raise the sash and get in if anything is the matter—quick, did you hear anything?"

"Something sounded like a groan," whispered Lucy, white with terror. "O, papa, what is it?"

"Never mind, you go on with your work—nothing serious, I guess." But Lucy stirred not a step, but looked anxiously from a neighboring window watching Pat, who had arrived with the ladder, and standing it against the house, was about mounting to their guest's window.

Pat could not see into the interior of the chamber, on account of a thick curtain that veiled the window. He, however, raised the sash, and looking in, saw a sight that seemed to freeze the blood in his veins. Upon that white draped bed lay the heir of Glennmoor, weltering in blood!

Scarcely knowing what he did, Pat clambered in at the window, and opened the door to the innkeeper, his daughter, and several servants, strangers and boarders, who had congregated in the hall. Was he dead? No, not dead—the pulse fluttered feebly—the heart pulsed faintly—but the white deathly face, rigid it seemed as that of a corpse, gave no sign.

But Edgar Etherley did not die—neither could there any clue to the perpetrator of the

horrid deed be discovered. It was supposed that he entered through the window, and suspicion pointed to Orlando Benardo, as the would-be murderer, but when visited by the constable, he was found in a delirious fever, caused by the undressed wound in the shoulder. The fearful deed could not have been perpetrated for money, as the young man's watch and purse were undisturbed, and so the matter rested.

A long, tedious, severe illness ensued, and the chilly days of autumn came before the young man could stir from his room, but during his suffering and weakness, he was not idle. He was studying—becoming acquainted with the lovely character of his host's fair daughter, to whose gentle care he perhaps owed his life.

Edgar Etherley thought, of all maidens he had ever seen in the old world or new, Lucy was the loveliest and fairest. Merry-eyed, ruby-lipped, dimple-cheeked, a *petite* woman, possessing, to be sure, the willfulness and playfulness of a child, yet with a true woman's heart, for all that, and in those days of loneliness and pain, he began to watch for her step and listen for her voice, as the weary watcher waits for the day.

And Lucy—the simple Lucy Brandon, who never in her life before saw such manly beauty, gallantry and intelligence combined—Lucy, poor little Lucy, struggled hard against the passion, but it overmastered her, and she gave her whole pure, devoted love, unasked, into the young man's keeping.

Such a state of affairs, however, could not last long. Edgar Etherley confessed his love, and Lucy returned it—and all unknown to mine host, who would rather have seen his daughter in her grave than united to one of the doomed name, they plighted their faith to each other.

But the heir of Glennmoor was of too frank and honorable a nature to think of any save a plain and open course. When convalescent, he solicited an interview with Squire Brandon, and asked his daughter's hand. Almost bewildered, the old man at first found no words in which to reply, then he burst forth in a perfect torrent of abuse.

Never should his daughter assist in entailing the fearful curse to future generations—never should that baneful influence descend upon her young head.

"Do you pretend to love the girl, and yet wish to doom her to the fearful fate that awaits all who bear your name?" he exclaimed, fiercely. "A great lover, by my soul. Only when the halls of Glennmoor are free from spectres and the rustle of spectres' garments—when the fearful secret that old mansion holds is unlocked—then,

and then only, can you claim the hand you ask."

"And until then adieu," said the young man. "The secret that hangs like a pall above that place shall be lifted, and until then I will breathe no word of love to your daughter. Breathe easy, old man, I may be a trifle wild, but I'm not bad, never fear I will deceive you."

Still pale, but doubly handsome, the young man stood beneath the old porch that autumn morning, the wind lifting the fair hair from his white brow, giving a faint tinge of pink to the still boyish cheek.

"Bring my horse, Pat," addressing the servant, "and now," taking a purse heavy with gold from his pocket, "allow me to settle the little bill for board and attendance you have against me."

"I' faith, boy, you'll leave me in no such way," exclaimed the really kind-hearted host; "you're not able to ride over to the old hall to-day, and not alone, especially. What, you will go? put up your money—you're game, it's a fact. I'll go with you as it's day, though I wouldn't be caught there in the night for any money. Refuse my company? no—no, boy, but that you've never been there, you'll need some one to show you about the old ruin."

And a ruin it was in fact. A great rambling house of red sandstone, situated among the hills, surrounded by dense underbrush and gnarled, knotted trees, weeds and thistles choked the ground—ivy clambered up the old walls, and over the iron railing. The rusty gate stood half open—the weeds and grass rank and high on each side of it, showed that this had long been its position. As they passed through, they were startled by the hiss and rattle of a snake, and a lizard crept away from beneath a damp stone, as they went up the steps. The door of the old building stood ajar, and the two passed in, the young man in advance. Through one room after another they passed, and finally paused in front of a closed door.

"Don't go in there!" said Squire Brandon, with a shudder; "your father killed himself in there—don't go, it's a horrid place."

"So much the more reason why I should see it," replied the young man, resolutely, though his cheek paled. "My poor, crazed father, surely, I can enter his death chamber."

It was a bare, disgusting room, filthy beyond description, and an offensive odor pervaded the apartment. The miserable bed of straw with its dark stains, and the floor also bearing the horrid marks of a terrible deed—the blood-stained garments, even the razor with which the sad deed had been committed, open and rusty, sickened

the youth beyond description. "Let us go," he said, faintly, but just as he had reached the door, a folded paper upon the table attracted his attention. He opened it—the writing was in his father's well-known hand, and glancing at the date, he discovered it to be the same as that upon which the unhappy man had ended his miserable existence. They went down into the great wide gloomy hall, and throwing himself into a dilapidated chair, Edgar Etherley read as follows:

"Glennmoor Hall, January 5th, 184—.

"MY DEAR SON:—You will find this, I am confident, long after I am cold in the grave. I have lived a life of torture—death will be rest—bliss. Do not blame your old father, for I am going to make some confessions that I cannot die with on my conscience. I have sinned greatly, but I go to my account to receive the reward of my deeds at a higher tribunal than man's. Listen to me. Years ago, I was a young man with high hopes and aspirations, beloved by one of the fairest of girls, only waiting for Fortune to favor me with her golden gifts ere I called the lovely maiden my bride. I left home to seek wealth or fame. I became acquainted with a beautiful heiress who I knew loved me with her whole soul—the demon tempted me—I forgot my betrothed in the insane desire for wealth, and I married the heiress of Glennmoor Hall.

"Was I happy? Far from it. Dazzled as I had been by the beautiful Castilian maiden, Inez, my whole soul went out towards my first love. O, my son, think kindly of your poor old father, do not curse him for revealing this to you, as a fearful and terrible warning. It seems that Inez in her childhood had been betrothed to a young man of her own nation, Castero by name. He returned from his native land; to find his expected bride and fortune in my hands. He challenged me—we fought—I wounded him and he left the country. I never saw him again—what became of him I do not know.

"It may be I never should have committed the horrid crime that has brought this terrible curse upon me and mine, but for a letter I received from my early love, Cecilia, who, not knowing of my marriage, begged me to write or come to her. The scales dropped from my eyes, I saw that Inez had no place in my heart, and—and—shall I say it?—I obtained some fatal drugs of an old witch woman of the moor—I poisoned her!

"Start in horror—I do not blame you, but O, my boy, it was the arch demon's work—he acted through me—I cannot believe the guilt was mine. I went back to my early love, I confessed the in-

discretion of my marriage, and she forgave me, and married me. Then it was, the curse, the spectre's curse fell upon me and mine forever!

"O, my son, I cannot tell you how that curse has worked. Three lovely wives laid low in the grave, by that strange disease so terrible and fearful. To you, my only son, I confess it—my punishment has been greater than I can bear. O, how many times have I seen her spectre face, how often felt the clutch of those death cold fingers, or heard my name spoken weird and wild, when the storms raged and I crouched in the darkened loneliness of my room. Haunted by the curser and the curse, I care not to live longer. Farewell, Heaven bless you, my doomed boy, of a doomed race—leave the old ruin to its fate, and seek a refuge in other lands. Your miserable father,
HUGH ETHERLEY."

Edgar Etherley crushed the paper in his hands, then tore it into shreds, and groaned in anguish of spirit. His father a murderer, how could he ever feel free and guiltless again? His father a murderer, a felon, as really and truly as if he had died in prison, or perished at the hands of a public executioner. *Murderer!* It seemed stamped into his soul, and feeling almost, as it seemed, the pollution in his own young veins, he shrank within himself, bowed his face in his hands and wept.

"Never mind it, my boy," broke in Squire Brandon, in his cordial, cheerful way. "Your father was crazy as a loon. No doubt he has written strange things. You're fatigued and faint, let's back to the village, come."

Edgar Etherly mechanically obeyed. They stepped out from the old ruin, the great weight resting like an incubus upon the young man's soul.

"I've been thinking," said mine host of the Elk Horn, "about what you were saying to me this morning. I was rather harsh with you—you're not to blame for this curse, whatever it is, and upon one condition I will consent to your marriage with Lucy."

"I can never marry Lucy," said the young man—"never. I shall leave the country, I shall never return."

"Are you mad?"

Edgar smiled in a dreary, troubled way.

"Not quite, I guess. I should be, if I listened to your proposition. The blood of a murderer runs in my veins—it should never be mingled with your pure and innocent daughter's—no—no—there's an impassable barrier between us."

"Impassable, fudge! we'll see what Lucy says. Hark—why, we'd better not have started. See,

there's a storm upon us, 'tis growing dark, and the drops begin already to fall. Here's a little hut, suppose we turn in here till the clouds pass over."

It was nearly night when the two reached the village. As they entered the town, they saw people running to and fro in the wildest excitement and commotion, and to their surprise, they learned that a couple of detective officers had been in town, and arrested several persons on the charge of counterfeiting, and among them Orlando Benardo.

In addition to this, Orlando Benardo's mother was dying, and had sent for Squire Brandon and young Etherley, to come to her immediately.

Wondering what this could mean, they obeyed the summons, and found the aged woman propped up by pillows, and surrounded by a few humane neighbors, who, notwithstanding her son's disgrace and crime, would not leave her to suffer and die alone.

When she saw Squire Brandon and his companion, the old woman beckoned that those who attended her should leave the room.

"I am going to die," she said; "I have some things I want to say to these gentlemen, and I want to be alone with them."

She was a strange, weird looking woman, of perhaps seventy years—hair white as the driven snow, eyes black and wild, rolling fearfully in their sockets—a face that might have been possessed of beauty, but now was haggard, withered and disgusting in the extreme. She motioned aside Squire Brandon, but beckoned the younger man to her side.

"I am dying," she said, in a fearful, husky tone. "I cannot die so. I have terribly wronged you. I am your father's first wife, Ines! I did not die—the drug was too weak. Castero rescued me from the family vault. I lived but to be revenged—to wreck the happiness—to break the heart of the man who had so nearly proved my destruction. Death is quick—his misery lasted years and years, more terrible than death. I struck his heart through those he loved. I pursued—I haunted him. Castero saved my life, and I became his wife, if I might claim that title. Benardo is his son and mine. The old ruined hall has been but a den of horse-thieves and counterfeits, the popular superstitions rendering the place a safe one for their nightly meetings. It was a hired tool in my hands who nearly murdered you, Edgar Etherley. Ah, I did not know who you were then, or I had bided my time and given you your death blow with my own hand."

The woman paused, exhausted. She never

spoke again. She lived but a few hours afterwards. As for Benardo, he expiated his crimes in the State Prison—or rather is expiating, for his sentence has not yet expired.

Squire Brandon still keeps the Elk Horn tavern. He is a hale, hearty old man, and the sympathetic Pat remains with him.

As for our hero and heroine, of course they are married, and live at the old hall, now repaired and re-furnished. The curse has gone from the broad lands, the doom from the name, and the mystery has vanished from Glenmoor Hall at last, and forever.

MORNING.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself "the wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The "wings of the morning" are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings"—a rising sun, which shall scatter light, and health, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled. I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and "fresh every evening." We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day—and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come so his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be! I know the morning. I am acquainted with it, and love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.—*Letter of Daniel Webster.*

THE RAINING TREE.

The island of Fierro is one of the largest in Canarie Group, and it has received its name on account of its iron bound soil, through which no river or stream flows. It has also but very few wells, and these not very good. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all remedies this inconvenience in a way so extraordinary, that man will be forced to acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his wonderful goodness. In the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure, winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a clear water, and cisterns to receive it are never empty.

[ORIGINAL.]

LITTLE FRANKY'S FAREWELL.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

I'm going home, dear mother,
Going home to God;
O, do not weep, dear mother,
But meekly bear the rod.

For in the heavenly mansions
E'en *little ones* are blest;
And with the dear Redeemer,
They gain the promised rest.

Then do not mourn, dear mother,
For there are mansions fair,
Where we shall meet again, mother,
And love each spirit share.

O, will my father miss me
When he returns at even?
And will you, dearest mother,
Oft think of me in heaven?

Will my brothers sport and play, mother,
As when I was by your side?
And will you check their mirth, mother,
To talk of him that died?

I'll watch and wait, dear mother,
Upon that heavenly shore;
For in the spirit-land, mother,
We'll meet, and part no more.

For soon a guardian angel
Will thy lost gem restore;
I shall see thee cross the river,
To gain the peaceful shore.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHECKMATED !

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

SISTER Fan was going to be married ! Not that there was anything very surprising in that, for she had been engaged two years, and I suppose it is in the nature of such affairs to come to a crisis sooner or later ; but the provoking element was that I must go home to the wedding. Dear me ! Here was I, nicely established for the winter at Aunt Catherine's ; my new wardrobe complete, from my beautiful sables and my elegant casaque down to opera cloaks and evening dresses ; and now they must be thrown away upon the Goths of Evandale. And I should miss the opera and the concerts, the parties and the beaux—there was not an unwedded gentleman in Evandale, except my Uncle Rolf and the Rev. Mr. West, who was old enough to be my

father. It was too bad ! And here was Uncle Rolf, as cool as December under all my imprecations, warming his feet at the register and listening to me with that queer smile upon his handsome face.

"I do think it's ashame, positively, Uncle Rolf. If Fan wants to get married, why in the world can't she do so without me?"

Uncle Rolf would have whistled, only he was too well-bred, so he just looked at the Turner on the wall before him.

"The idea of being married in the dead of winter and letting one's husband start for the army the next day ! Such a pagan notion !"

Uncle Rolf said he thought one time was as good as another if one was going to do a foolish thing—Uncle Rolf was a bachelor—and for his part, he admired the plan of the bridegroom's immediately going away. No facilities then for curtain lectures, connubial bickerings, or honeymoon showers. It was a capital thought to keep up the illusion by a judicious absence. I told Uncle Rolf that he was an infidel, and deserved to be banished to a world where there was nothing but old bachelors.

"What a paradise that would be," he answered, thoughtfully. "But it's an impossible dream, Nannie—the dear creatures would find us out."

But I was too vexed about my own disappointment to indulge in my usual idle badinage. There was Uncle Rolf waiting to take me home ; there was Nannie—a fiery little steed, and named after me in compliment, as Uncle Rolf informed me, to her spirit, obstinacy, propensity for mischief and general wickedness, in all of which he remarked she strikingly resembled her namesake—harnessed to the cutter and impatiently pawing the snow in her anxiety to be off. There was nothing to do but submit, so I packed my trunks, kissed Aunt Catherine, shook hands with Cousin Ted, who promised to come up the next week and stay until after the wedding, and took my seat in the sleigh.

Uncle Rolf with infinite difficulty succeeded in holding Nannie's head until he was seated beside me, and then releasing her—away we glided like the wind ? Not a bit of it. Nannie had changed her mind, and would n't budge an inch.

"Nannie is of my mind," I said, gleefully.

"Confound the beast !"

"Don't swear, Uncle Rolf." He didn't, but he took up the whip.

"Uncle Rolf, I disapprove of corporal punishment," I protested.

"I don't!"—curly. Down came the whip, I hid my face in my muff, and the next instant we

were rushing through the streets at a rate that would have won the prize against the world if one had been at stake. By-and-by Nannie sobered down, the afternoon grew into dusk, and I began to feel tired of keeping still. Besides what was the use of being sulky.

"Uncle Rolf!" He turned his head and looked at me.

"All right now, Nannie!"

"What?" In a few kind, quiet words he set before me the folly and selfishness in which I had been indulging, and added a few sentences of earnest advice as to my deportment when I should reach home—to all of which I made no answer, but I suppose Uncle Rolf was satisfied, for he did not supplement his lecture.

"Whom have they there, Uncle Rolf?"

"No one except Lieut. Dunlap—the bridegroom—and a friend of Fanny's—Mrs. Leigh."

"What! Hortense Leigh—the charming young widow who turned everybody's head at the Clarendon last summer?"

"Humph! I dare say!"

"Is she beautiful?"

"Wait till you see her." Ah! but I remember her. Now what if Uncle Rolf should fall in love with her, and there should be a brace of weddings! Would n't that be splendid?

"Fanny is going to be married in church—"

"Do you admire Mrs. Leigh, Uncle Rolf?" I interrupted.

"Mrs. Leigh and yourself are to be bridesmaids—"

"Because it would be so romantic for you to fall in love with her, and be married at the same time with Fanny—"

"And after the ceremony Fanny receives her friends at the house—"

"And if you are ever going to be married it's quite time, Uncle Rolf—"

"I did my best to dissuade Fanny—"

"For the crow's feet are creeping around your eyes, and your whiskers are getting gray."

"Nannie, will you be quiet, and let me speak? To dissuade Fanny from sending for such a rude girl as—"

"Uncle Rolf, you've grown shockingly old since I left home. If Mrs. Leigh refuses you, you will never find anyone who will take such—"

"Nannie Lynde, will you keep still and let me tell you a secret?"

"O, yes, yes! pray what is it?" I exclaimed.

"Ah! that's the spell to tame you," said Uncle Rolf, sarcastically. "You're too curious, Nannie. Now I think of it, it isn't proper for an old graybeard like me to confide in such a wild gipsy as you, so I'll e'en keep my secret."

Was n't he provoking? But I said I would find it out, and so I did, but not until it became not worth knowing. The interminable road and the winter's afternoon came to an end together. There were lights in the parlor as we drove up, and somebody was playing upon the piano. Home looked pleasant after all.

"Does Mrs. Leigh play?" I asked, as I noticed that the style was more brilliant than Fanny's.

Uncle Rolf was standing quite still. He roused himself at my question, and commenced tying Nannie, while I ran into the house. How ashamed I was of my ingratitude and my disgraceful reluctance to come home when I found myself first in Fanny's arms, then in Lieut. Dunlap's, and so on around the family circle. Two persons who were present sat silent, and looked on with quiet pleasure while the warm welcome was going on.

These were the lady who sat upon the piano stool and had ceased playing as I entered. She rose now at Fanny's introduction—a tall, graceful woman, with fair, transparent complexion, and large, soft gray eyes—just the antipodes of Uncle Rolf was my hasty comment. They must fall in love. And this was Hortense Leigh. The other stranger, a gentleman, I knew at once to be Lieut. Dunlap's brother, Dr. Horace Dunlap.

Somehow I did not like the cool, critical expression of the dark eyes which quietly surveyed me, so I released myself from the company as soon as possible upon the plea of fatigue.

What dreams haunted me in my first night's sleep at home; how brides, radiant in white silk and misty veils garlanded about with orange blossoms, all wearing the aspect of sister Fanny or of Hortense Leigh, flitted before my fancy, I need not linger to relate. Morning broke dark and snowy.

After I had heard all Fanny's plans, had my own part in the programme marked out for me, seen and admired the *trousseau*, there was nothing more to do. This day was the type of many others. How dull it was. Just fresh from the varied life of the city the inaction and seclusion were intolerable to me. Nobody to talk to, for Fanny and Hortense seemed to be always fathoms deep in confidences far too mysterious and important to be shared with such a madcap as I. Nobody to play pranks upon. Lieut. Dunlap and his brother, the Doctor, were absorbed in studies about fortifications, assaults, bayonet charges, etc., and they talked about these until I heartily wished them back with the army; besides, who could have teased Lieut. Dunlap and he looking

so serious all the while, doubtless pondering the chances of battle, which he was soon to try? And for the Doctor; those penetrating dark eyes of his looked too far into my heart for me to think of perpetrating a joke that should touch him. Very provoking ways he had—coolly sending me out of the room when he fancied, asking me to desist from playing because it disturbed him while writing, silencing me if I talked too fast or too loudly to suit him, and taking a thousand other liberties which made me very indignant; of course I did not let him see it. I drew myself up in as queenly a fashion as possible, which, I dare say, was not very queenly after all, for I am very petite, with diminutive features and a *retroussé* nose—and ignored his presence, thinking I was doing something quite grand.

The next week came a diversion in the shape of cousin Fred. That was capital. Fred was eager and ready to abet me in all kinds of fun and frolic.

The morning after his arrival we were in secret conference together in the back parlor. I had a scheme in my head, for the execution of which I needed Fred's assistance. So we had met there in the morning by special appointment early.

"You know day after to-morrow is St. Valentine's day," I said, in a low, mysterious tone.

"Well?"

"You know what fun it is to tease Uncle Rolf!"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got a splendid idea in my head. You shall write a Valentine, all love and poetry and nonsense—dark eyes and sighs, raven curls and teeth of pearls, doves and loves you know—and send it to Mrs. Leigh; you can imitate Uncle Rolf's hand, only you mustn't sign any name; and I will write another in a lady's hand. I can copy Hortense's p's and d's to a charm, and will send that to Uncle Rolf! Wont it be splendid?"

"But wont they suspect us?"

"Dear, no! Why, don't you see nothing could be more natural, for they really do like each other I don't doubt, only Uncle Rolf is shy and Hortense is proud? Indeed, it will be doing them a kindness to bring them together, and if they ever find us out they'll forgive us. And wont it be fun to see them?"

Fred agreed to my plan. Just as we settled the last arrangement I heard a slight noise. Both of us were startled at seeing the library door ajar.

"How could I have been so careless!" I ex-

claimed; but I looked into the room and finding no one there felt reassured.

Of course we carried the scheme into execution. Both Valentines were put in with the other mail matter when it came from the post-office, and Fred and I waited in high glee for what the evening would develop.

Certainly Uncle Rolf's manner towards Mrs. Leigh did show a shade more of partiality than it had ever done before, and the lady received his attentions more graciously than was her wont. The charm would work, and Fred and I might consider ourselves a pair of successful match-makers.

Day by day Uncle Rolf grew more attentive, and Hortense more gracious. It was all I could do to help betraying my agency in the affair to Uncle Rolf.

The weeks wore away and the wedding night came.

The drawing room was crowded with people. I looked over the banisters and saw ladies and gentlemen flocking in, and began to wonder how I should act my part as bridesmaid before such a throng. But there was nobody to confide my misgivings to, for everybody's attention was fixed upon the bride, who, by this time, was in quite a little flutter. How Fanny would have kept up, if it had not been for Hortense, I don't know. The quiet, proud composure seemed to give Fanny heart. At last we were all ready.

Uncle Rolf, who came to the door to ask if we were so, was looking radiant. I thought he glanced rather tenderly upon Hortense, who was indeed beautiful. She was in white silk and looked quite as bride-like as Fanny. I had been vexed when I found she was to wear white upon a plea of its becomingness, while I was condemned to rose-color. We went down.

I forgot to say that Uncle Rolf and Cousin Fred were the groomsmen—Uncle Rolf attending Mrs. Leigh.

The crowd of faces, the floating dresses, the lights and the flowers, all melted into an indistinct mist as I entered the room. I felt as if I were walking on air. I took my place mechanically, and the words of the ceremony began. Gradually my senses came back to me. I stole a look at Fanny's sweet face, pale with deep emotion. Then followed the few holy words of prayer.

The ceremony was over. I looked to see the usual forms gone through, but there is a slight movement—a change in the position of the parties—everybody takes a step forward in surprised expectation; still, not comprehending, I see Uncle Rolf and Mrs. Leigh change places with the

bride and bridegroom, and before my startled wits are collected the words have been said which make them one.

A chorus of half-audible exclamations succeed—in a moment laughter and outspoken congratulations from the friends who crowded around.

As for poor, little, insignificant I, nobody noticed me. But one thought comforted me. It was I who had done it, through that dear, delightful joke of mine. I watched my opportunity and stole round to Uncle Rolf, intending to tell him so.

"Now, Nannie, how are the crows' feet? visible to the naked eye?—and the gray whiskers—ah?" was his characteristic mode of attack.

"O, you've been using Christadoro's wash upon the gray whiskers; now don't protest—I know it is not a dye—but, Uncle Rolf, I have a confession to make—"

Here I was interrupted by a touch upon my arm. I looked around and cousin Fred's face was there looking just over my shoulder, and wearing the drollest combination of expressions which can be imagined.

"Come, come," he said, in an earnest whisper. In quite a bewilderment I followed him out into the hall.

"Thank goodness, I stopped you just in time," he exclaimed, the moment we were alone.

"What do you mean, Fred? Is the wine poisoned, or has Mr. Leigh come to life, or—"

"No, no, nothing of the kind," he said, laughing.

"The truth is, Nan, you and I are a pair of fools."

"Don't speak for me, if you please. I dare say you are right as regards yourself."

"Ah, but who led me into it?"

"Who led you into what?" I asked, growing impatient.

"Why, the Valentine business, you know."

"Fred, will you explain?"

"Nannie, I will. Instead of you and I having anything to do with bringing Uncle Rolf and Therese together, they have outwitted us both, and we've had our heads in a bag and have not seen what was going on under our very eyes."

"I know that, but the Valentines."

"They never saw them. We are completely checkmated."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all."

"But how do you know?"

"Don't you remember that the morning when we arranged it you thought you heard some one in the library. It was Mr. Dunlap. He overheard it all, intercepted the Valentines and foiled

our scheme. He told me so just now; and I assure you, Nannie, he read me a lecture. Shall I repeat it to you, or do you prefer to take it from the original source?"

"Let him lecture me if he likes," I said, drawing myself up, "the hateful Marplot!" I could have cried with vexation.

That night I went to sleep, my mind full of sharp, satirical things which I meant to say to Dr. Dunlap if he presumed to reprove me.

"Miss Nannie," said Dr. Dunlap.

It was the morning after the wedding, and I was sitting in the parlor bending over a drawing.

I just lifted my eyes from the paper and replied:

"I am at your service, Dr. Dunlap."

My coolness did not disconcert him. He came opposite me and looked down in my face with an air which annoyed me exceedingly. I glanced around impatiently. He smiled.

"Do you meditate a fight, Miss Nannie?"

"Not at all, sir. I am quite prepared for the lecture which I have been forewarned it is your intention to give me."

I was vexed the moment I had spoken, for I saw that I had given him just the opening he wanted.

"Then I hope I may be spared the trouble of repeating it. I trust you will never be guilty of such unlady-like conduct again."

"Unlady-like!" He bowed.

"I don't know what you call your interference, Dr. Dunlap," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"You may give it what name you please," he replied very quietly, "I consider it quite justifiable. A practical joke is almost always cruel, and I confess I can see no sport in making other people ridiculous or uncomfortable. Of all species of wit this is the most contemptible, and the most unworthy of the name."

I remarked, trying very hard to keep my voice steady and affecting to go on with my drawing, that "opinions differed."

"No, Miss Nannie. Every person of refinement and good sense will agree with me. Nothing but extreme thoughtlessness or indelicacy of feeling can lead any one to take pleasure in perpetrating such jokes as you attempted."

"You are not complimentary, Dr. Dunlap, but I beg you to choose your own terms. Your praise or blame is alike indifferent to me," I answered, with what calmness I could command. He looked at me keenly.

"That is not true. You are very indignant because I presume to blame you, and the more so because you know the blame is just. I have not tried to be complimentary, Miss Nannie. If

I could arouse you from the life of selfish indolence and thoughtlessness which you are leading, I should not scruple to censure you severely. It seems to me that you need some such tonic. You are wasting your life. As far as any good you do is concerned, you might as well never have lived. Life was given for nobler uses than idle frivolity and heartless jesting. Arouse yourself, Miss Nannie. Cultivate your powers, strengthen your affections by use, seek out occasions for doing good. Don't let your youth rust out and mature life find you a faded belle with not one single charm to compensate for those which time has stolen away. Don't become that contemptible thing—a superannuated worldling." He ceased speaking.

The earnest tone and manner had touched a chord in my heart too rarely thrilled, but I would not yield to the softer emotion, and rising and getting my drawing materials together, I said haughtily:

"Am I excused now?"

"You can go if you like."

I swept out of the room with what I meant for the air of a tragedy queen. But once alone I did not try to repress my feelings. I was very, very angry, and I let the hot tears of indignation flow unchecked. Never in my life before had I been so spoken to. The youngest, petted child, I had grown up caressed and indulged, all my faults extenuated and my virtues exaggerated, the only rebuke I had ever known being an occasional:

"Now Nannie, darling," in the softest of deprecatory tones from my apathetic mother or too fond sister, Fanny.

My father had died in my childhood, so that I had not had the sterner discipline which he might have given me. Uncle Rolf, it is true, was sometimes playfully severe and affected to satirize my follies, but it was the easiest thing in the world to disarm him.

So this was my first meeting with a real, whole-souled rebuke. It was a bitter pill to swallow, and Dr. Dunlap had not taken any pains to gild it with a coating of praise, as is the fashion of most people, particularly when dealing with such wayward spirits as I. He had not told me that I was "wasting noble powers in inactivity," or tempted me by visions of the good I might do with the "fine talents" which I was allowing to lie dormant.

Then again he had not shown the least concern as to how his reproof might affect my regard for him. He was quite indifferent whether I liked or disliked him. "Very well," I said, in my anger. I could be as indifferent as he. I

would let him know that his censure should not influence me one iota. I was too old to be lectured like an ill-behaved child. I would let him see that I knew my own position and meant to maintain it. So, during the remaining days which the party spent with us, I affected gay spirits than usual, frolicking with an abandon which would only have been tolerated in me.

And as for employing myself about anything useful! Not I. I even laid aside my drawing, of which I was really fond, on purpose to let Dr. Dunlap see how well it suited me to be idle. And yet all the time my heart secretly acknowledged the truth of his criticisms upon my life and character. I know he had not painted me a whit more frivolous or thoughtless than I really was. Sometime I meant to think it all over and reform perhaps.

In a few days our merry party was broken up. Fanny accompanied her husband to the headquarters of his regiment, and Uncle Rolf and his wife went to Indiana, where he had for sometime been engaged in the practice of his profession. Dr. Dunlap established himself in a town some twenty miles distant. It was something to be relieved from his espionage, but I missed most painfully the rest of the party. It was the dreariest of March weather, wind and sleety snow and clouded skies. At length a violent storm came on, succeeded by high winds, which drove the snow into huge drifts, effectually blocking up the roads and preventing all access from the house. Mama, always half an invalid, rather enjoyed the seclusion than otherwise, since it did not call for exertion, and lay dozing most of the day upon the sofa.

But I was miserable. I had never learned to love books. Taste for farther acquirements I had not. I had been gorged to repletion with the languages during my three years at boarding school, and the sciences were withered collections of dead facts. Drawing I soon tired of. Fancy work I had always hated. I had no food for thought. "My mind to me a kingdom is," some one had said. Sheer untruth to me. My mind was a barren waste; it bore neither flowers nor fruit; nothing for use and little for beauty. Up and down its bleak deserts roamed skeleton Discontents, vague Unrests, gloomy Regrets and crippled Aspirations. Who would care to hold such a kingdom in fief? I had only partly penetrated my own worthlessness and half begun to understand my needs, when one night the wind crept into the southwest, the clouds rolled away into the unknown spaces at the north, and the next morning the sunshine was golden, the air crisp and still, and the untrodden

wastes of snow pure as the fields of heaven. By noon the roads had been in a great measure broken out and a sleigh ride became practicable. My heart leaped at the thought, but John, the man-servant, shook his head at the suggestion.

"Nannie is lame, miss."

"How provoking. Well, I can have the colt, I suppose."

"Goodness, miss," said John, his eyes wide open, "the colt has never been put into a sleigh."

"That does n't matter. He is very gentle, and I am sure I can manage him. Bring him round, John." He commenced a remonstrance. "Bring him round I say," and I retired to prepare for the ride.

"Aint you afraid something will happen, Nannie?" objected my mother, languidly; "the colt is so spirited."

"Yes, but he's very gentle, and I know how to control him," I replied, and then I tripped away in high spirits.

John was in his overcoat and gloves.

"What now, John? I shall drive alone," and I coolly stepped into the sleigh.

"Beg your pardon, miss, but Dr. Dunlap's last words were that you was n't to be allowed to drive the colt. He suspected as how you'd want to be having a little sport with him some day."

"Dr. Dunlap forever!" I muttered angrily.

"Give me the reins, John. Neither you nor I am accountable to him."

I caught the reins quickly from his hands, the spirited animal sprang forward, turned a sharp corner of the fence, there was a crash, a blow, a loud commotion of voices, and I knew no more for hours.

"It was well that the accident occurred when it did. It must have come, and might have been much worse," said a voice close by me. I knew it well, and looking up I saw Dr. Dunlap. He had been speaking to my mother.

So my ride had ended on the threshold. And what was in store for me now? Long weeks of suffering and confinement, the doctor assured me. I nerved myself up to bear them as best I might. And now in my isolation and helplessness the old dissatisfaction came back to vex me.

While I lay there silent and still a great revolution went on in my soul. It was a re-creation, a regeneration in feeling and purpose. I do not mean that my old self utterly died, that I did not know how vast a work remained for me to do in overcoming old habits and evil impulses, but the change of aim, the replacing of a single motive for a multitude of careless impulses was complete.

I need not relate how gradually the change

grew up in me. It was wrought out in the quiet weeks while the grass was growing green and the trees were coming into blossom. I had no outward help. Dr. Dunlap did not come after the first few days, and I accepted it as a part of my punishment, that I had put all true friends far from me, and now, in my sorest need, had no one to rely upon. So I tried to gain what I needed from the only Consoler whose love and sympathy are perennial.

By slow steps I gained strength, and with my recovery there came a trial calculated to test my new-found faith to the utmost. Mother, I have said, was always an invalid. Often such lives, after years of wavering upon the borders of extinction, are put out at a single breath. So it was with her. Dr. Dunlap was again summoned in haste, but medical skill was vain. The feeble flame fluttered for an instant, then vanished into blank darkness.

It is a month since my mother's death. Tomorrow the house is to be sold at auction. I am sitting, for almost the last time, in the parlor, holding a consultation with Dr. Dunlap, my virtual guardian and acting executor, in place of his brother, whose duties forbade him to assume the trust himself. The Doctor has just told me that instead of much wealth, as the world had supposed, there is left barely enough to cancel the debts.

"Would you prefer to have the sale postponed longer?" he asked.

"No. I would rather it should proceed at once." That was true. The stillness, the solitude, the sight of myself in my mourning robes reflected from the familiar mirrors, were so painful to me that I was glad to be removed from their influence and begin the new life I had marked out for myself.

"Have you decided to go to Fanny?" was the Doctor's next question.

"I have decided *not* to go, Dr. Dunlap."

"Why!" in a surprised tone.

"Because there I shall be useless and dependent, and I wish to be of use and independent," I said reluctantly. He looked at me.

"What do you propose to do?"

"If you thought I could teach—I didn't know—" I stopped.

"If it is really your wish to support yourself I can give you a school in L——," said he. His tone was a little skeptical.

"I do sincerely wish it."

"Very well, then, I will do the best I can for you."

He rose to go, but I had something to say. It was very hard, but my sense of right conquered

my reluctance to speak. "Dr. Dunlap." There was a pause of a moment—then I added—"you were once kind enough to show me the folly and sin of my life. I was rude and ungrateful. Will you forgive me and receive my assurance that I now acknowledge the justice of your censure and appreciate the motive which prompted it?" A look of great surprise passed over his face—then a rare smile, whose sweetness had rarely been bestowed upon me, dimpled over it. He held out his hand, saying kindly:

"I see I did not overrate the nature that I thought so sadly wasted. You have more than redeemed your fault, Nannie." The tears started to my eyes. Honest praise was very sweet.

The summer passed swiftly in the cares of my new occupation. Do not imagine the way was all smooth. Great heights are not won by a single effort. Step by step we climb to the goal. But I found my reward in my labor, in the consciousness of use and in the added strength that always grows out of earnest endeavor, so that when my work was done in the autumn, the commendation of Dr. Dunlap, who had been all summer the most faithful of superintendents, was not the most gratifying part of my success.

"And now what do you propose to do?" he asked.

"I thought perhaps you would offer me the winter school, but if you are not satisfied I shall go somewhere else," I answered playfully.

"I shall not offer you the winter school," he replied.

I looked up.

"Because I wish you to fill another place—one which I thought of for you a year ago."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed, Nannie!" The asters I held in my hand were fast losing their purple petals.

"Is it remunerative?"

"If you like it, it will be."

"Do you care much about it?"

"My whole life's happiness depends upon it, Nannie."

"What is it, Doctor?"

"Nay, you shall tell me."

The asters were a mere wreck now, so I brushed the scattered leaves and stems from my hands, and looking up in his face, said:

"Is it to be your wife?"

Thus my life of independence came soon to a close, but doubtless the years to come will be happier for the work wrought in my heart by the summer in the village school-room.

Dr. South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

DEPARTING INFLUENCE OF CALICO.

When we look into the thoroughfares, alas, we see no calico! Silk, and all its half sister fabrics, glide along—some dazzling, some queer, some splendid, and some fantastic; but none have the sweet, clean, fascinating, elegant appearance of the calico which used to skip by, with pretty skippers in it. There are those who mourn over little things—the drooping violet, the stricken bird, the broken rattle-box, the fading rose, the dying kitten, the rain-spoiled bonnet; but we mourn for exalted, animated, small-figured calico! Silks, trailing through the dust, have lost favor in our eyes; fancy dry goods are as unattractive as tattered awnings, and every costly thing of feminine apparel no longer surpasses the Lindsey home-spun gowns of old. Nations spring from the wilderness, then moulder in decay; cities are built in barren places, expand a while and waste away; men from obscurity rise to fame and power, then gather disgrace and neglect; the rich grow poor, and the poor grow rich; the high sink to ignoble graves, and in the multitudinous variety of things there are mighty movements and mighty changes. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the article of calico has had its days of glory also, and is not as much in use as it once was. Where is the man who will not promptly say that the handsomest object he ever beheld was a being clad in a handsome piece of calico? He can't be found. Masculine eyes are the eyes for feminine grace to please. Jewels, and toys, and the richness of silks, captivate no man of sense or taste, and add not a charm to nature; but calico heightens, and brightens, and softens, and makes a fellow feel good when he sees it; and besides, it costs a wonderful sight less!—*Sacramento Age.*

CLOTH FROM PINE APPLE LEAVES.

At Singapore, in the East Indies, there is quite a thrifty branch of business in preparing the fibres of pine apple leaves for exportation to China, where they are manufactured into cloth. The process of extracting and bleaching the fibres is exceedingly simple. The first step is to remove the fleshy or succulent side of the leaf. A Chinese, astride on a narrow stool, extends on it in front of him a pine apple leaf, one end of which is kept firm, being placed beneath a small bundle of cloth on which he sits. He then with a kind of two-handled plane of bamboo removes the succulent matter. Another man receives the leaves as they are planed, and with his thumb nail loosens and gathers the fibres about the middle of the leaf, which enables him by one effort to detach the whole of them from the outer skin. The fibres are next steeped in water for some time, after which they are washed in order to free them from the matter that still adheres and binds them together. They are now laid out to dry and bleach on rude frames of split bamboo. The process of steeping, washing, and exposing to the sun is repeated for some days until the fibres are considered to be properly bleached. Without further preparation they are sent into town for exportation to China. Nearly all the islands near Singapore are more or less planted with pine apples, which, at a rough estimate, cover an extent of two thousand acres.—*Eastern Travels.*

[ORIGINAL.]

SWEET DISPOSITION.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

There is a little fragrant flower,
That blooms unnoticed in our way;
While scentless flowers, of gaudier hue,
Frighten its worshippers away.
It thrives in uncongenial soil,
Lifting itself in sweetness up;
It blossoms in the daily life,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

Unblenched it meets the wintry storm,
Or summer noontide's fervid sun,
Distilling in its wondrous cells
Rich drops of sweetness one by one.
When angry winds sweep down the lea,
It nestles closer to the sod;
Yet sends its sweetest fragrance up,
Where'er careless feet have trod.

Not all the odorous gales that breathe
Through gorgeous seas of tropic bloom,
With soft and languorous dalliance,
Steeping the senses in perfume;
Nor all the diamond stars that gleam
On beauty's brow, can ever lay
A claim to loveliness like this
Unnoticed blossom in our way.

O voyager o'er life's changeful way,
Bind this fair blossom to thy heart;
'Twill heighten joy, and lighten woe,
And purest happiness impart!
Sweet temper! blest evangel thou;
An angel gift to mortals given;
A radiant spirit strayed to earth,
Yet bearing still the seal of heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

RECOMPENSE.

BY EDWIN H. BENSON.

ROSALIE CAVENDISH sat in a superbly furnished room, with a book upon the crimson-cushioned reading-stand before her. For the last half hour she had not read a word. Her eyes had been fixed upon a large mirror opposite her seat, and the picture it gave back was evidently a very pleasant one. It gave back a figure enveloped in the most beautiful tint of rose-colored muslin. A few laces were judiciously arranged in neck and sleeves, but beyond this, there was no ornament, and the dress itself was made up with the severest simplicity. The dim light did not reveal the worn surface of a face that once must have been beautiful—but that was long ago.

The rose-colored muslin, aided by window curtains of the same hue, reflected their color upon the cheeks, and the absence of light concealed that the once snowy forehead, throat and hands had acquired a somewhat yellowish hue.

Beside her was a small writing-desk bound with silver; and from this she took some papers, written ever with ink that was now nearly faded. One of these she perused again and again. It read thus:

"I love you! Never will these words be uttered by human being with more sincerity. Do not delay in writing me, if you can assure me love is returned. If it is not, why, spare me and yourself the pain of saying it."

Evidently there was an answer sent, for there was a large package in the same hand of later dates—and then there was a single letter, tied up mournfully with a ribbon of that sad hue which denotes the death of friends. This was more mournful still; for it told of the death of love in the writer's heart.

"I come now to bid you farewell—not the light parting of daily occurrence, when we thought a few hours were a long space, and that a week was almost an eternity. Strange that we are such victims of change! But so it is; and I come for one brief word before I go to that shore of the old world, whence I shall never return—and that word, Rosalie, is farewell."

Very bitter were the tears that fell from her eyes as she read these two—the first and the last! There was a bright curl of brown hair in the first of these, and she folded it carefully up, and consigned all to the writing-desk, with a deep sigh, that seemed to come from the very depths of her soul.

A moment after she was applying rosewater to her weeping eyes, and bringing lustre to her faded looks. Florine had announced a visitor. A young man entered, who paid her the compliments of the day with a careless grace, more winning than the most courtly politeness could have been. He sat down beside her, and she hastily closed the writing-desk, out of which she had been gathering such bitter memories, and turned to converse with him, in a light, laughing tone, as if sorrow had no part in her soul, and had never thrown its bonds around her.

"I must tell you," said her guest, "that I come to make my parting call. To-morrow I leave for London in the steamer."

The lady's brow grew sad at the announcement. In a seclusion which, notwithstanding she had sought it, was still painful to her, the society of young St. Leger had been the first rose that had bloomed for her in many seasons. She

looked at him almost fondly through the tears which were again called forth.

Affected by this evident sorrow at his words, St. Leger bestowed upon her his tenderest sympathy. Something, he knew not what, had strangely bound him to this lonely and isolated woman. Young men with whom he was intimate had sometimes attempted to jeer at him for his devotion to one so much older than himself; but he had resented it deeply, and still paid open and undisguised court to her who seemed, from some unknown cause, to be abandoned by others.

He had been charged with a message to her from a lady in England, and one of his first visits was to her. Charmed with her conversation, her style of living, her reception of himself, so unaffectedly kind and cordial, he had continued to call daily, until their friendship had assumed a character almost tender in its devotion.

"I shall return at no future day, believe me, my dear Miss Cavendish," said St. Leger; "and then, I trust, you will return to England with me, as your friend is so desirous of your doing. Had not my affairs required me to go back so speedily, it would have given me the greatest pleasure to have you accompany me now. But as I did not think of returning until autumn, I did not speak of it before."

The bright flush on the cheek of Rosalie Cavendish evinced her pleasure at this. It was a glow almost like youth, and St. Leger thought he had never seen a face more perfectly beautiful. Something he might have allowed for the subdued light in which she sat; but the expression of tenderness which was diffused all over her face, veiled the ravages which time, and perhaps sorrow, had made.

Twenty-three years before this scene, Rosalie Cavendish had just entered upon her sixteenth year. Beautiful and accomplished, she made no little sensation in the circle in which she moved. Her wit, sense and beauty were indeed themes of admiration everywhere; and society did its best to spoil the favored child of fortune. Mr. Cavendish was rich, and Rosalie was his only child.

The butterflies of fashion flitted around her, until some new object divided the fickle crowd; but one true heart never left its allegiance to her shrine. Paul Clinton, a man fifteen years older than herself, admired and loved her; and strove to attach her light and careless heart, when her first gay season was over, and he found that no one else had made an impression there.

Sick of the heartless flattery which had surrounded her, and sensible of its slight value, she had turned, with a sense of real relief, to the noble heart thus offered to her acceptance. Then,

after months of daily meeting, a cloud sprung up in the blue heaven of their love, and Clinton, with the natural jealousy that she did not prefer him to one younger and gayer, penned the farewell that had been preserved in the little writing-desk so long.

From that moment she had never even heard of him. Months and years rolled away, and brought sorrow and suffering enough to subdue a more careless spirit than hers. Mr. Cavendish died, and his wife did not survive him but a brief time. Rosalie was *alone*. How grateful would then have been Paul Clinton's protection! How dearly had she purchased her independence! To have lain her head for one moment on that kind and affectionate heart, she would have resigned all her wealth.

There was a lingering hope in her heart that Clinton would return; and she entered on her lonely life with the resolve that her heart should not be given to another. Through the long years that followed she formed no acquaintances, frequented no society, invited no strangers; but she *did* try to preserve the beauty which had once held captive the heart of Paul Clinton.

By-and-by this desire grew into a morbid sentiment, that pervaded her whole life. Nerves that were never strong, vibrated painfully at any suspicion that her beauty was on the wane; and she had recourse to all the arts by which it is said to be preserved. For the uncertain hope of his return, she sacrificed all the delights of that society she had once been so fited to adorn. The few whose long friendship for the family induced them still to call occasionally upon its last representative, reported her as laboring under monomania; for to no other cause could they attribute her obstinate withdrawal from the world. No one dreamed that she waited for her lover; no one imagined that, like the Lady of the Red Cross Knight, she believed that he would come back to her once more, in the pride of that glorious manhood which he wore when they parted. No one thought that the simple elegance of her toilet, the superb adornments of her favorite room, the careful preservation of her beauty from sun and wind, were all that she might be ready to meet the coming lover.

It must not be supposed that in all this, Rosalie Cavendish forgot the claims of the poor and destitute. This habit of benevolence remained, but she did not bestow the gift of her own presence. They who had loved to see her when a child, would have gladdened their old eyes with the sight of her face; but she never went. A lonely drive in a close carriage was the extent of her wandering from home.

Every time that she read the narrative which had so darkened her lot, she said to herself, "He will come." The years that had gone by, the changes and changes of life, the unlikeliness of old affection reviving in his heart, and the fearful thought that he might be dead, never seemed to recur to her.

In her morbid state of mind, it was a great thing when the young St. Leger arrived from England, and brought her news of an old school-fellow who had married young, and whom she had not seen since their girlish days. Somehow her heart had warmed towards this youth, and to him she gave the *entree* of her house at pleasure—a privilege never granted to another. He was not slow in availing himself of this; for nowhere had he found such true cordiality, nor such refined ideas of real English comfort, as in her lonely home. And now that he came to announce his departure, and saw how deeply it affected her, he felt a sorrow for which he could not account.

"You will go away," she said, "and new scenes will drive all memory of our pleasant intercourse from your mind. Perhaps you will forget to return to claim my promise of accompanying you. It would be an era in my uneventful life to visit England; and I have almost decided that I will do so."

St. Leger did not go. A letter from his father, informing him that he was thinking of joining him, precluded the necessity; and the next steamer brought Mr. St. Leger himself. After the business which had occupied his mind was disposed of, the son begged his father to accompany him on a morning call.

"I would rather not renew the acquaintances of old times here, my son. Many of them are painful from their association with sorrowful events. I do not intend to stay long enough to renew them."

"But this one, my dear father, is a lonely and desolate woman, who has been very kind to me for the sake of our friend, Mrs. Ellsworth. Come with me, and I will engage that you meet with no one else."

Yielding to his wishes, Mr. St. Leger entered a carriage with his son, without even asking the name of the lady. A few moments' rapid driving brought them to a locality so utterly changed from its former surroundings, that he did not remember ever being there before.

"I thought you were taking me to see a poor lonely woman, my son," said the father. "Surely, none of that stamp dwells in the neighborhood of all this magnificence!"

"You shall see, my dear father. I should not

have ventured to bring you here, had I not received permission to do so when you arrived."

He whispered to the servant, who let them in, and who returned in a moment, to conduct them to his mistress. Miss Cavendish rose at their entrance, but at the first glance at her eldest visitor, she fainted.

When she recovered from that long swoon, Mr. St. Leger was kneeling beside her, and his son had vanished. A voice that had once been sweet to her ear, was pouring out the story of long ago, and as she listened, a soft calm pervaded her soul.

"But your name, Paul?" she said. "How can I reconcile that?"

"Simply by hearing that an estate bequeathed me was clogged by the request that I would sink my own identity in that of the bestower—an awkward thing for a man to do, but I was weak enough to accept the conditions for the sake of what it brought. I took care, however, always to write Paul Clinton St. Leger."

"How strange! Strange, too, that I should have become so interested in your son!"

"He is not my son, Rosalie. I have never married. One of the conditions on which I held my English bequest was that I should adopt this youth, the son of a clergyman, and related by marriage to my deceased friend; hence his name was the same as my adopted one. I love him as my own, and he is all that a father could desire."

One thought only seemed to possess Rosalie Cavendish.

"Never married?" she repeated.

"Never, Rosalie! Like you, I hoped and waited until, when years brought me no proof that you had forgotten the cloud that separated us, I ceased to hope—but I always waited. Let me not think I have waited in vain!"

And Hargrave Street was in a fever of astonishment and curiosity, when a carriage with bridal favors stopped at the rarely opened door of Miss Cavendish, and that lady came out, radiant with happiness, attended by a noble-looking man, and they were driven to a neighboring church, and thence to the steamer, which was ready to sail for England. Next year they return to pass the entire summer at one of our fashionable resorts. They are crowding the happiness of a whole life into the years that remain.

A MAN OF DESTINY.

I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fixed persuasion of success.

SIR E. B. LYTON.

ROTHSCHILD'S PILLAR.

Mr. Rothschild was a constant attendant on 'change every Tuesday and Friday, and for years was in the habit of planting himself at a particular spot, with his back to the pillar known to every frequenter of the Exchange as "Rothschild's Pillar." But, alas! for human greatness, he was on one occasion doomed to experience the sad annoyance that he had no especial right to that particular spot. A person of the name of Rose, possessed of great courage but little judgment, on Tuesday afternoon purposely placed himself on the spot hitherto occupied by the millionaire. On Mr. Rothschild's approach he requested the party to move. This was just what the other expected, and what he was prepared to dispute. He argued that this was the Royal Exchange, free to all; and he, as a British subject, had a right to stand there, if he thought fit. This doctrine could not of course be disputed, but he was told it was the spot that Mr. Rothschild invariably occupied, and as such, ought to be yielded; but no, this dogged Rose, being a powerful man, defied Mr. Rothschild and all his tribe to remove him. For nearly three-quarters of an hour—the most valuable portion of the Exchange time—did he keep possession of the pillar; and not until the whole business of the exchange of the day was jeopardized did this silly personage, after having, as he said, established his right, retire amidst the yells and howls of all the merchants there assembled, who could hardly restrain themselves from personal violence, so exasperated were they by the dogged defiance of the interloper.—*Lawson's History of Banking.*

A BOLD MARINER.

Every one has heard of the little fishing smacks employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland; which carry herring and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, worked by three or four hardy sailors, and generally commanded by an individual having no other knowledge of navigation than that which enables him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noonday. A man who owned and commanded one of these coasting vessels had been in the habit of seeing the West India ships load and unload in several ports of Scotland; and, having learned that sugar was a very profitable cargo, he determined by way of speculation on making a trip to St. Vincent, and returning to the Scotch market with a few hogsheads of that commodity. The natives were perfectly astonished—they had never heard of such a feat before; and they deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked by only four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety; yet so it was. The hardy Scotchman freighted his vessel and made sail, crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale, got into the trades, and scudded along before the wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent's right ahead; and setting his gaff-topsail, he ran down under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, and came to anchor about eleven o'clock.—*Four Years Residence in the West Indies.*

NAPOLEON'S POWER OF MEMORY.

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, character and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence; he received all letters himself, and what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eyes were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat any one of them, even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts seemed marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besancon. "Mais le bataillon n'était pas là," said he, "il y a erreur." The minister, recollecting that the emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besancon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud, and not a mistake. The peculative accountants were dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection.—*Lord Holland's Foreign Reminiscences.*

A BET FAIRLY WON.

Said Bill to Richard the other day, "Did you ever hear how tough-skinned I am?"

"I never did," replied Dick. "Tougher than common folks?"

"I reckon 'tis a few. I'll bet you a drink, Dick, that you may take a cowhide, and lay it upon my bare skin as hard and as long as you like, and I won't even flinch."

"Done—I'll take that bet. If I don't make you squirm like a half-skinned eel the first cut, I'm sadly mistaken!"

"You take the bet, then?"

"I do."

"Well, wait till I go up stairs, and get my bear-skin, and—"

"O, ho! your bear-skin ha! No, no, I mean—"

"I don't care what you meant—it's a fair bet fairly won. My bare skin is my bear-skin, and nothing else."

"I'll give in," said Richard, looking foolish and flabbergasted. "Let's adjourn to the 'Fetter Mug,' and say no more about it."—*Western Herald.*

[ORIGINAL.]

CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. WARE.

O, think not, my friend,
That I am always so sad,
Bright moments of pleasure
And joy I have had:
Moments of brightness,
Of peace, and of love,
As bright and as cheering
As aught from above.

But sadness will come
And darken my brow,
And stern sorrow rests
On my brow even now;
But ere the dawn of the day
All my grief will depart,
And joy reign supreme
In my wild, throbbing heart.

This life is made up
Of sunshine and shade,
Flowers must blossom
To wither and fade.
Pleasure comes with a smile,
For a time hovers near,
Then sorrow and grief
Follow on with a tear.

But the clouds break away,
And the sunbeams so bright
Gild shadows of sorrow
With soft, holy light;
We must never give way
To grief or to tears,
Or this life will be but
A lapse of dark years.

We can make it so bright,
So happy and true,
If we pass over clouds,
And look for sky soft and blue.
Then never despond,
Nor give sorrow sway,
And joy will be ours
Each swift-passing day.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BOWIE-KNIFE SHEATH.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

My wife possessed a very dear friend named Ellen Braddock. They were school-fellows together, although my wife was considerably the elder of the two. There is quite a romantic episode connected with the life of this young girl, in which I played quite a conspicuous part, and which I am about to relate to the reader.

Ellen Braddock's father resided at Athens, just opposite the city of Hudson. He was a very wealthy gentleman, but very proud and aristocratic. It is but right I should inform the reader that I married considerably above my station, and it was owing to this fact that I could claim acquaintance with Ellen; as for her father I had never seen him, nor do I suppose he would have noticed me even if I had ever been introduced to him; with his daughter, however, it was different, whenever she came to New York, she called to visit us, and spent many hours in our company. She was a charming girl and beloved by all who knew her. One day she called on us, and informed us that the next day she was to embark for South America, where she was going for the benefit of her health.

She sailed in the *Irene*. A twelvemonth passed away, and nothing was heard of the vessel. It was supposed that it was lost and that all hands had perished. I need not tell you how deeply affected my wife was to hear the news.

It was about two weeks after all hope of the *Irene* had been given up, that I was down town riding in a buggy near the Battery, when the wheel of my vehicle came in contact with a hackney coach. There was a considerable shock, and both vehicles stopped. I got out of my buggy, and advanced to the door of the hack for the purpose of apologizing for the accident. I found it occupied by a young lady and gentleman.

"Madam," said I, "I beg to apologize,"—I suddenly stopped and gazed at the young lady very earnestly—"why surely I know that face," I continued; "yes, it is—it must be Ellen Braddock!"

"Why, as I live, it is Mr. Brampton," returned Ellen, holding out her hand. "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Leonard Bartlett."

I shook the young man cordially by the hand. "Why, what does this mean?" I asked; "this is indeed a joyful surprise."

"It is a long story to tell, Mr. Brampton," replied Ellen; "the first opportunity that occurs you shall know all."

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

"We propose going for the present to the St. Nicholas. To-morrow, I shall start for Athens," returned Ellen; "I shall telegraph at once to my father to let him know of my safe arrival here."

"How overjoyed he will be. Do you know we all gave you up for lost—but I won't detain you any longer now. I shall take the liberty of calling on you at the hotel in an hour or so, and will bring my wife to see you."

"O, do! I shall be delighted to see my dear, 'dear old school-fellow.'"

There was another shaking of hands all round and we separated. I hurried home, and in a few words related to my wife the joyful surprise I had met with. Mrs. Brampton was rejoiced at the idea of meeting her old companion, and acting upon my suggestion, at once put on her bonnet and shawl and we started for the hotel.

We found the young couple seated in one of the drawing-rooms. The meeting between the old school-fellows was affectionate in the extreme. Ellen told us a fearful story of shipwreck, privation and danger. It appeared that Leonard Bartlett was first mate of the Irene—that the vessel had been lost, and all had perished on board of her excepting the young sailor and the fair passenger. They had at last been driven on a desert island in the Pacific, and had been picked up by an American ship.

"And this gentleman," said Ellen, in conclusion, "is my preserver—to him I owe my life over and over again." While she spoke, I thought she cast on Bartlett a look revealing devoted love.

"I assure you, Mr. Brampton," returned the young man, "Miss Braddock overrates my poor exertions. I consider myself fully as much indebted to her for my preservation; for, had it not been for her courage, her noble heart and hopeful disposition, I should have thrown myself into the sea in despair."

"I can believe all you say of her; she is the same noble-hearted girl she was at school," returned my wife. "Every one was in love with her, from the servants in the kitchen to the professors themselves."

"Hush, you sisters," replied Ellen, putting her hand before her friend's mouth, "you will make me vain."

And the conversation continued some hours. I was very favorably impressed with Leonard Bartlett. I found him extremely intelligent, and the discourse became animated in the extreme. Several subjects were started, in which young Bartlett felt himself quite at home, and shone to great advantage. The clock struck eleven without our having any idea how rapidly the time had passed. My wife and myself at last rose from our seats, we bade our friends a cordial adieu, and we returned to our own home.

"Have you much to do to-day?" said my wife, as we sat at breakfast a week after the above interview took place.

"Not a great deal, I shall get through by about mid-day. Give me another cup of coffee,

my dear. By-the-by, where's the Herald? I have not seen it this morning."

"How stupid it is of Mary," returned my wife; "I cannot get her to leave it on the breakfast-table."

She rang the bell and the paper was soon forthcoming. I opened it carefully, and glanced first at the leading articles. I then read the congressional intelligence, which, however, did not interest me much. I was still less interested with the proceedings of the State legislature. At last I came to the telegraphic intelligence. I ran my eye half down the column, when the following paragraph met my eyes:

"HORRIBLE MURDER.—A terrible murder was committed in Athens last night. Mr. Braddock, a wealthy gentleman was the victim. The murderer is a young man, named Leonard Bartlett. He is in custody, and the evidence against him is most conclusive."

"How shocking!" exclaimed my wife, after I had read it aloud to her.

"Bartlett, Bartlett?" said I, trying to recollect where I had heard the name; "why that must be the young man we saw with Ellen. Certainly, it was, I remember his name distinctly now. Is it possible that he can have murdered the old man? Well, I will give up my belief in physiognomy, for if ever there was a countenance more opposed to any act of violence, it was his."

"Poor Ellen!" exclaimed my wife, "what a fearful trial for her! Do you know, James, it struck me that she was very fond of that young Bartlett."

"I fancied the same thing myself. It is very strange about this murder. I wish they had given some particulars. I have—"

The door here opened, and who should appear but Ellen herself. She had just arrived by the cars. In the midst of sobs and tears she entered into full particulars of the fearful catastrophe. Her information amounted to as follows.

She had returned home the day following her arrival in New York. She had related to her father all the obligation she was under to Leonard Bartlett. He immediately intimated that the young man should be sent for, that he might thank him personally for saving his daughter's life. Leonard went, and was received with the warmest cordiality by the old gentleman. Leonard Bartlett and Ellen Braddock had not been thrown so long together without the usual result following—they were both deeply in love with each other.

Two days before Ellen's visit to me, the young man had ventured to ask Mr. Braddock

to give his consent to his marriage with his daughter. To his great surprise he was received with contempt, opprobrium and insult, and although it was night, turned at once out of the house. He left, utterly overwhelmed with despair, he could not leave the premises without having a last interview with Ellen. He took refuge in a barn for the night, hoping to be able to see the young girl the next morning. Mr. Braddock retired to rest, and never rose from his bed alive. That night he was assassinated. The next morning, a servant went up to call her employer as usual, and found there was blood on the handle of the door. She entered the room, and a fearful spectacle met her eyes. Hanging from the bed, his long white hair dragging in a pool of blood, was the dead body of Mr. Braddock. By the position in which he was placed, a hideous gaping wound in his throat plainly showed how he had met his end. He had evidently not struggled much. The bed clothes were very little discomposed, and the furniture in the room was scarcely displaced at all. The murderer, whoever he might be, had undoubtedly taken the old man unawares, and had done his work quickly. It was immediately suggested by some one, that the young man who had had a quarrel with Mr. Braddock the evening before, must have committed the murder. An immediate search of the premises was made, and young Bartlett was discovered in the barn covered with blood, and the knife with which the deed had been committed, was found concealed in a truss of hay. The young sailor was immediately arrested, although strongly protesting his innocence.

"Mr. Brampton," said Ellen, in conclusion, "I have come to you as the only friend I have in the world. I am as firmly satisfied that Leonard is innocent, as I am that I am now living. I have heard it said that you have extraordinary talent in tracing a master out. You see exactly how Leonard is situated. Appearances are frightfully against him, but I have a conviction that if you will take the trouble to investigate the matter, you will prove his innocence."

"You say he was discovered covered with blood; how does he account for that?"

"He says his nose bled during the night. I am certain you can prove that he is innocent of this foul crime."

"My dear Ellen," I returned, "I am afraid you rather overrate my power; but rest assured I will do my best to find out the truth, and however strong the circumstantial evidence may be against him, if he is really innocent—"

"O, Mr. Brampton, I know it. I feel that he is innocent," interrupted Ellen.

"I have no doubt in the world you do, my dear; but unfortunately the jury will require some stronger evidence of his innocence than feeling. I repeat, if he is really innocent, I have but little doubt we shall be able to prove it."

"How you re-assure me! What course do you intend to pursue?"

"That will require a little consideration; the first thing to be done is to visit the scene of the sad catastrophe. I think you told me the room where the murder was committed had not been disturbed?"

"With the exception of the removal of my poor father into another apartment, the room has not been touched."

"Well, my child, leave all to me, and with God's blessing, I will yet bring your preserver off scathless, that is, if he be really innocent. Now, my dear, you had better return home at once. I will visit Athens this evening. Above all things, don't let the servants touch a single article in that fatal chamber."

"I will see that everything shall be observed as you wish," returned Ellen. "O, Mr. Brampton, how can I ever repay you for your great kindness?"

"Nonsense, my dear. Good-by! I must be off, and get my business finished so that I can be free by night."

I shook hands with the young girl, and we separated. I transacted my business, partook of an early tea, and by five o'clock in the evening, I was at the Hudson River depot. In due time I reached my journey's end, and proceeded to the residence of the late Mr. Braddock. I was received by Ellen, and no remark was made on account of my visit, as it was supposed that I had come to attend the funeral.

I proceeded at once to the chamber where the deed had been committed. The first thing that struck me was, that it was evident the old man had been taken entirely unawares, for the room showed no evidences of any struggle having taken place. I searched the room very minutely, and found on the floor a small piece of thin paper, apparently very old, on which was inscribed in a mercantile hand, ["S. V. Barnard, Pres."] This I carefully deposited in my pocket.

I next proceeded to view the body, and noticed the moment I saw it, that the skin round the mouth of the deceased was abraded. A few hours afterwards the funeral took place, which I attended. I found myself alone with Ellen when the ceremony was over for the first time since my arrival. The noble-hearted girl looked

inquiringly into my face, as if she would read there the result of my investigations.

"You would ask me," said I, "what my opinion is?"

"You have guessed right."

"Well, ~~of~~ of good cheer, the young sailor is not guilty of this murder."

"O, thank you, thank you—but what made you adopt this opinion?"

"I will explain it to you. On the night this murder was committed, no sound was heard to emanate from your father's apartment?"

"None."

"It follows, then, whoever committed the deed must have done it instantaneously to prevent the victim from crying out. He must at the same time, have placed one hand over the old gentleman's mouth, while with the other he gave the fatal blow. Had he not done this, however deep the wound might have been, it must have elicited a cry. But then in this case we meet with a great difficulty; from the position of the wound, no one man could possibly have done this. And yet it is evident that a hand was placed over the mouth, for the marks of the fingers were still to be traced on the face of the deceased when I saw it. My theory is, that two persons were concerned in this murder."

"Two! can it be possible?"

"Had but one person committed the deed, the wound must have taken a different direction, and the bed would have been saturated with blood. Such, however, was not the case; the blood was on the floor, and the sheets were unstained. I can tell exactly how the deed was committed, but I am afraid to shock you by repeating it."

"O, Mr. Brampton," replied Ellen; "I have undergone enough to bear anything now. Do tell me if it will exonerate Leonard in any way."

"Well, my dear Ellen, the manner was simply this: Two persons entered your father's chamber while he was fast asleep. One of them immediately placed his hand over the victim's mouth, and dragged him half out of bed. The other inflicted the fatal wound."

"But, Mr. Brampton, what motive could they have? The house was not robbed."

"Has your father no enemies?"

"No one that I know of, except Captain Larkin."

"Captain Larkin, who is he?"

"He lives about two miles from here. He was captain of a privateer in the war of 1812. My father and he have a very important law-suit pending about some property. They never spoke to each other for months, but lately they have been more friendly, and on the very evening be-

fore the murder, the captain paid my father a visit."

This may be important, I will just make a note of it," I returned, entering the information I had just received in my note-book. "With respect to Leonard Bartlett, he was certainly watched. He must have been seen to retire to the barn. After the murder was committed, one of the murderers must have stealthily entered the barn, and hid the knife amongst the hay in so careless a manner that it might easily be found. What made me first suspect that young Bartlett could not be the murderer, was, that the proofs of his guilt were too glaring. A man must be mad who would commit a crime and then quietly retire to an outhouse on the premises of his victim, and conceal the evidence of his guilt, bloody as it was, in a truss of hay, and in such a manner that it might be detected by the first person who entered."

"True, true, this never struck me before."

"I know more—one of the murderers wore a ring on the middle finger of his right hand, and one of them paid a sum of money to the other after the deed was committed."

"How can you possibly know this?"

"The mark of the ring was distinctly visible near the mouth of the deceased, and while searching the room, I found this little piece of paper," I replied, taking from my vest pocket the piece before referred to. "You see it has the name '*S. V. Barnard, Pres.*' written on it. Now it so happens, that I know this Mr. Barnard. He is president of the Bank of America. This scrap of paper is a portion of a bank bill, which must have been accidentally torn off while being passed from one to the other."

"But how do you know it was given after the deed was committed?"

"From the simple fact, that there is a slight stain of blood on it, as you see."

Ellen shuddered, but recovered herself immediately.

"Have you discovered who are the guilty parties?" she asked.

"I have my suspicions as to one of them, but no proof at present. In spite of all I have told you, unless I can bring home the crime to some one else, it will go hard with the young sailor. You must excuse me, Ellen, for the present. I must devote every minute of my spare time before the trial searching for proof. I must see the prisoner, visit some one in the neighborhood, and then return to New York. You may expect to see me again in a few days at farthest."

So saying, I hurried from the house. I was very quick in my movements, and in a very short

space of time, I had procured an order for admission to the prisoner, and was alone with him. We conversed together for half an hour, and although in the interview I did not gain any more proofs, it confirmed my previous opinion. I parted with young Bartlett after having infused hope and comfort in his heart, but without letting him know my suspicions.

When I left the prison in Hadson, I re-crossed the river, and directed my steps to the residence of Captain Larkin. I soon arrived there, and giving my name to a servant, I was shown into the parlor. In a few minutes I was ushered into his bed-room, for he had had an attack of gout the day before and could not leave his chamber. I found Captain Larkin to be a man about sixty years of age, very hale and hearty-looking, but evidently very fond of the good things of this life.

"Captain," said I, as I entered; "I am a detective officer from New York, and have come down here to make inquiries concerning this recent murder. I thought perhaps you could give me some information about it?"

"What information can I give you?" growled the captain.

"Did you not visit the deceased on the evening of the day he was murdered?"

"I did."

"What passed at that interview?"

"Nothing particular. Mr. Braddock informed me that he had had a row with a young man named Bartlett, and had turned him out of doors."

"That is very important testimony," I replied; "for it proves a motive for the deed on the part of the prisoner."

"They tell me the proof is perfectly overwhelming against him," said the captain, with something like exultation in his voice.

"Beyond all cavil," I replied, glancing furtively round the apartment. My eyes rested on the sheath of a bowie-knife which lay on the bureau. There was no weapon in it.

"When is the murderer to be tried?" he asked, carelessly.

"The court opens in about four or five days," I returned; "I suppose he will be tried then."

"Shall I be summoned as a witness?"

"I should suppose so," I returned; "as I before said, your evidence is most important."

I had now got all the information I required, and rose to go. My hat was placed on the bureau near the empty sheath. I picked up my hat, and while addressing some remarks to Captain Larkin, put it down again, taking care, however, to bring the sheath next to me, my hat

being between it and the man I suspected. By this means I managed to pick up the sheath and convey it to my pocket without being seen.

I then took my leave, shaking hands with Larkin. I noticed particularly at this moment, that the latter wore a plain gold ring on the middle finger of his right hand.

I again crossed over to Hadson, and easily obtained permission to examine the knife with which the deed had been committed. As I suspected, I found it fitted exactly into the empty sheath which I had abstracted from Captain Larkin's residence. I immediately bent my steps to the railway depot. I congratulated myself on my good fortune, for I felt certain I had discovered one of the murderers; at the same time I was fully aware that unless I could discover the other, the case would not be complete.

The next day, as soon as I had breakfasted, I proceeded immediately to the Bank of America, situated in Wall Street. The bank had just opened.

"Is the president in?" I asked of the cashier, whom I knew quite well.

"You will find him in his private room," replied the officer; "you know the way."

"Yes, thank you," I returned, and walked straight up to the door and knocked, and was told to "come in."

"How are you, Mr. Barnard?" said I, shaking hands with a fine gray-headed old man.

"How are you, Brampton?" returned the president. "I suppose you want to make another investment?"

"Not exactly," I returned, laughing; "I don't make money quite so fast; my business is of a very different description. I wish to know, in the first place, if within the last day or two, you have had a note presented at your bank for payment, with the name torn off?"

"I will inquire; but why do you ask?" asked the banker, looking very much surprised.

"Give me the information first, and then I will explain everything."

The bank president left the room, and returned again in a minute or two.

"There has been no such bill paid," said he, as he entered the room.

"I am rejoiced to hear it," I returned, taking from my vest pocket the scrap of paper I had picked up in the bed-chamber of the murdered man.

"Do you recognize that writing?" I asked, giving it to Mr. Barnard.

"Certainly, it is my signature, and by two dots at the end, I knew it was originally attached to a hundred dollar bill."

"Well, then, the man who possesses the other portion of this bill is the murderer of Mr. Braddock, the account of which you must have read in the papers; he will present the bill for payment soon. I want you to detain him when he does so, and send for me."

"I will do so willingly—but explain?"

I entered into full explanation of all matters connected with the murder, and my own suspicions, cautioning him, however, to be secret. When I had finished, I left the bank and returned home.

Three days elapsed, and I received no communication from the banker. But I was not idle during this time. In the first place, I obtained the very best counsel I could procure in New York. The fourth day dawned and I began to grow nervous. I could find no trace of the party I was seeking, and young Bartlett's trial was to begin next day. About eleven o'clock, however, I received the following note:

"Bank of America, Wall Street, December, 18—

"DEAR SIR,—The note has just been presented. We have the man in custody. Come as once. Yours truly, S. V. BARNARD."

I jumped into a carriage, and was whirled at a rapid pace down Broadway to Wall Street. I entered the bank, and was at once shown into the private room, where I found the man seated who had presented the note, and two policemen in plain clothes on each side of him. He was a rough-looking man, who had evidently been a sailor. He said his name was Martin. The man looked dogged and determined. His features were contracted into a scowl, and he seemed angry at being detained.

"What am I here for, I should like to know?" he exclaimed, in a gruff voice. "I'll make you smart for this, I can tell you—you'll just see if I won't bring an action against you for false imprisonment, that's all."

The policeman made no reply, but handed me the note which the man had presented for payment. I examined it closely and found a small portion at the bottom of it had been torn off. The portion I had found in the murdered man's chamber exactly supplied the deficiency. Martin watched me scrutinizing the note.

"Is the bill a bad one?" said the ruffian.

"Perhaps that's what you are keeping me for, if so, I can tell you who gave it to me."

"We know that already," said I, carelessly.

"Come now, that's a whopper! I dare bet you what you like, you can't tell me who gave me that note."

"To show you that we know more than you suspect," I returned, "I will tell you that Cap-

tain Larkin of Attiens gave you that \$100 bill."

Martin turned pale, and seemed uneasy for a minute or two—but he recovered himself.

"Come, that's a good guess," he replied, with bravado. "Perhaps you would like to know what he gave it me for?"

"We do know," I replied, quietly.

"How—what?" stammered Martin.

"I repeat, we know that he gave it you for assisting him to murder Mr. Braddock. Ah, you start! To show you how much we know, I will detail to you how you did the deed. In the first place he provided the knife—you both managed to get into the house without being heard. You entered Mr. Braddock's bedroom; Larkin seized the unfortunate old man, and placed his hand over the mouth of your victim, while you committed the deed. Captain Larkin, then and there, with the bloody corpse of your victim looking you full in the face, paid you a portion of the wages of your crime, in shape of this hundred dollar bill which I hold in my hand. You then proceeded with cautious steps into the barn where you had previously seen Leonard Bartlett enter. You entered without awakening him, and thrust the bloody instrument with which you had committed the crime into a truss of hay in such a manner that it might easily be discovered; and now, John Martin, I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Braddock."

As I proceeded to describe the manner in which the deed was committed, a fearful change came over the ruffian's face. He turned as pale as death, and when I had concluded he fell back in his seat apparently deprived of consciousness. In a few minutes he recovered a little.

"I will deny nothing—I will confess all," replied Martin; completely cowed. "I acknowledge I did the deed, but it was at the instigation of Captain Larkin. Answer me one question, has he confessed?"

I paused a moment before replying, at the same time scrutinizing Martin very closely, as if I would read his very soul. I saw that the villain's eyes were gleaming with unconquerable hate, and I immediately made up my mind what course to pursue.

"He has not," I replied; "nor does he even know that his crime is discovered."

A gleam of satisfaction shot through Martin's eyes.

"Then how did you find out all the particulars?" he asked.

"Never mind how we found them out, suffice it to say that we know all."

"I see you do. Then Captain Larkin has no suspicion that all is discovered?"

"None in the world."

"Then lead me to a magistrate that I may make a full confession—and if I can only hang that wretch, I will die willingly myself."

This was exactly what I wanted, and I lost no time in acting on the suggestion. We all adjourned to the nearest magistrate's office, where Martin made a full confession which was duly signed and witnessed.

From it, it appeared that Larkin had Martin in his power, from the fact that years before the latter had forged his name to a note. The law-suit, the loss of which would involve the surrendering up of nearly all Captain Larkin's estate, would undoubtedly have been decided against him, if Mr. Braddock were not disposed of before the day of trial. Larkin, who scrupled at no crime, made the desperate resolve to kill him; and sent for Martin to do the deed for him. He determined, however, before proceeding to the last extremity, to pay a visit to his intended victim, and see if he could by any means effect a compromise with his opponent. He found, however, that Mr. Braddock was too much excited to enter on any business matter, he having just turned young Bartlett out of his house. When Larkin returned home he found Martin waiting for him; he proposed at once that the latter should murder the old gentleman, and throw the guilt on the young sailor. He promised to give Martin \$500 in five monthly payments of \$100 each. The sailor would not consent unless Larkin would himself assist in the murder. This, after some hesitation, the captain consented to do, and they both of them went to Mr. Braddock's house. It was yet too early for the accomplishment of their purpose, and they waited and watched. While lying in ambush, they saw the young sailor enter the barn, and immediately surmised that he had taken refuge there for the night. They then waited until all the house had retired, and then committed the deed exactly in the method I had traced out.

After Martin had made this confession he was conveyed to the Tomb. Armed with this confession, I immediately left for Hudson. I had it in my power to stay the trial, but I determined to allow it to proceed to a certain point. That same night I was closeted until a late hour with the young sailor's counsel.

The town of Hudson was in a state of great excitement, on the morning of the trial of Leonard Bartlett, for the wilful murder of Mr. Braddock. Not that any one had any doubt about the matter, for the whole community looked on Leonard's guilt as certain. But the wealth of the victim, the youth of the offender, and the supposed mo-

tives which had caused him to commit the act, had all made a deep public impression, and at an early hour the court-room was crowded to excess.

As for Leonard himself, he saw the time for his trial approach with something like apathy. He was entirely ignorant as to the defence to be adopted, but he felt strong in his own innocence, and calmly waited until that innocence should be made manifest. For public opinion he did not care one groat. He knew that Ellen believed him guiltless, and that was sufficient for him.

Ellen Braddock was more nervous and anxious than any one else. I had not told her my discovery, but in order to assuage her fears, I had hinted very strongly that the young man would be acquitted. Still there appeared to be some doubt about the matter, and until that was satisfied, she felt considerable anxiety. At last, the court was opened, and the prisoner's counsel declared he was quite ready for trial. The prosecution was conducted by two lawyers of eminence, and one of them immediately opened the case.

He spoke in a calm, dispassionate manner; disclaiming all oratory, he gave a plain statement of what he expected to be able to prove. He traced the prisoner from his first entrance into the house. He dwelt particularly on the quarrel, and the words which the young man had been heard to utter. He then gave a vivid description of the finding of the body, and the tracing to the place where the prisoner had secreted himself. He managed the speech in such a manner, that he left the motive to be implied rather than distinctly stated.

When he had concluded, a murmur ran through the court. The jury looked convinced already, and everybody wondered what possible defence could be made against so plain a case. Leonard himself was astonished at the fearful array of circumstantial evidence against him, and glanced at his counsel as if he would read from the expression of their faces whether there was any hope for him. But he could learn nothing from them; they looked grave, but perfectly impassible. As for Ellen, when she heard the counsel's opening address, her heart sunk within her, and she gazed in mute despair on her lover.

The first witness called was Bridget Murphy. She deposed that she was a domestic, in the employment of the late Mr. Braddock; that on the evening of the day of the murder she carried candles into Mr. Braddock's study, and at the moment she opened the door, she heard the prisoner at the bar exclaim in a loud and excited voice, "Mark my words, sir, as sure as you now

live, you will repent your conduct." She also deposed that as he left the room, he repeated, "You will bitterly repent this infamous proceeding."

When the counsel for the prosecution had obtained the foregoing evidence, he sat down, expecting that his witness would have to undergo a severe cross-examination; but, to his great surprise, the counsel for the defence declined to cross examine.

Several witnesses were now called one after another, who deposed to the finding of the body, and the knife with which the deed had been committed, and the tracing of the blood to the barn where the prisoner was discovered asleep. To the supreme astonishment of all present, the prisoner's counsel did not put a single question to any of these witnesses. The curiosity of the counsel for the prosecution became very great, to know what line of defence they would adopt; they almost imagined they had given up all idea of defence at all.

When the constable who had made the arrest deposed to a speech made by the prisoner, in which he asked, before anything about a murder having been committed was mentioned, "if they meant to accuse him of having committed murder?" the judge threw down his pen as if it were useless to go on further.

"[Have you any more witnesses for the prosecution?" asked the judge, of the prosecuting attorney.

"One more, your honor," replied the lawyer.

"Is it necessary to call him?" returned the judge. "I do not see how you can make your case stronger."

"We purpose to show by him, the motive the prisoner had in committing the murder."

"Well, as you like."

"Call Captain Larkin," said the attorney, to the clerk of the court.

The name was called, and there was a profound silence in the court. The name, position and wealth of the witness had raised everybody's curiosity. The name was called a second time; a slight movement became perceptible in the body of the court, and Captain Larkin slipped into the witness box. He looked rather pale, but appeared perfectly self-possessed.

"Your name, I believe, is Robert Larkin?" said the prosecuting attorney.

"It is."

"Where do you live?"

"Near Athens, about two miles from the residence of the deceased."

"Did you pay a visit to the deceased, on the day that he was murdered?"

"I did."

"Relate what passed at that interview."

"He told me that the prisoner had the audacity to ask him for his daughter's hand, and that they had a violent quarrel, and that he had dismissed him from the house."

"That will do, sir, you may stand down," said the counsel for the prosecution.

"Stop, sir!" said the counsel for the defence, rising for the first time. "I have a few questions to ask you."

An expression of surprise ran through the whole court, in which even the judge participated. It seemed so strange that the counsel for the defence should fix upon such an unimportant witness to cross-examine, when they had not put a single question to any of the others.

"Captain Larkin," said young Bartlett's lawyer, "will you please to tell the court and jury the motive of your visit to Mr. Braddeck on that day?"

"I went to see him about a lawsuit in which we were concerned."

"You were opposed to each other in this lawsuit, were you not?"

"Yes."

"The case was to come up for trial immediately, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Braddeck's death will put an end to the suit, will it not?"

"I refuse to answer impertinent questions, and appeal to the court to support me," replied the witness.

"This examination appears to me to be quite foreign to the issue," said the judge; "and the witness is at liberty to answer the questions or not, as he thinks fit."

"Well, it is not material. I have another question to ask, however, which I insist on being answered. "Do you know a man of the name of Martin?"

Captain Larkin grew pale and livid.

"I decline to answer the question," he stammered, at last.

"I insist on an answer, it is material to the defence."

"What do you expect to prove by it?" asked the judge.

"I expect to be able to prove," said the lawyer, in a loud voice, "that the prisoner is the victim of a base conspiracy, and finally, I expect to be able to fix this crime on the guilty parties."

The most intense excitement ran through the court. No one had the least idea what was to come.

"You had better answer the question," said the judge.

"I do know a man named Martin," replied Larkin.

"Did not this man, Martin, visit you at your house on the day of the murder? And did you not there and then make him a pecuniary offer, to do a certain piece of business for you?"

"I decline answering any of these questions," said Captain Larkin, who was now pale and gasping.

"The court must support the witness in this case," said the judge; "the witness is not bound to criminate himself, and the court further observes that he cannot see what all this has to do with the matter in question. Even supposing all this to be true, it does not exonerate the prisoner at the bar from having committed the murder."

"Of course, I submit with deference to the opinion of the court, and will leave this part of the subject. I will now ask the witness one or two more questions, and then I have done. "Does this sheath belong to you?" continued the lawyer, holding up the sheath I had abstracted.

The wily villain gazed on the evidence of his guilt with a fixed gaze. His face assumed a greenish hue; he saw himself hemmed in and vainly tried to extricate himself. He gasped, but no words issued from his lips.

"I will not detain the court longer by an examination of this witness," said the attorney for the defence. "I beg to hand in a confession made by one John Martin, and duly attested, in which the said John Martin confesses that he is the murderer of Mr. Braddock, added and abetted by Captain Larkin!"

The witness no sooner heard this, than he uttered a loud groan, and fell into the witness box insensible. A scene of indescribable confusion followed, in the midst of which the judge directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty," which was at once done.

The same moment that Leonard Bartlett left the felon's dock, Captain Larkin was conveyed into a felon's cell.

I shall not attempt to describe Ellen's joy at the release of her lover. Leonard at that moment was the happiest man in the world—all his troubles had melted into the air, for he was the accepted lover of the noblest, the best and the most courageous girl in the United States—at least, that was his opinion.

Captain Larkin was in due time brought to trial, condemned and executed. Martin was imprisoned in the State Prison for life. A year

afterwards, my wife and myself received an invitation to attend the marriage ceremony of Leonard Bartlett and Ellen Braddock.

AVARICE OUTWITTED.

The case of John Eyre, Esq., who, though worth upwards of £30,000 was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation, was rendered more memorable by the opportunity which it gave Junius to impeach the integrity of Lord Mansfield, who was supposed to have erred in admitting him to bail. An anecdote is related of Mr. Eyre, which shows in a striking manner the depravity of his heart, and may help to account for the meanness of the crime of which he was convicted. An uncle of his, a man of very considerable property, made his will in favor of a clergyman, who was his intimate friend, and committed it, unknown to the rest of the family, to his custody. However, not long before his death, having altered his mind with regard to the disposal of his wealth, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only £500, leaving the bulk of his large property to his nephew and heir-at-law, Mr. Eyre. Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre, rummaging over his drawers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of £500 in it for the clergyman, without any hesitation or scruple of conscience, put it in the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle's being supposed to have died intestate. The clergyman coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked him if he had made any will before he died; on being answered by Mr. Eyre in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, in which Mr. Eyre had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of £500 to his nephew.

THE POISONED VALLEY.

Mr. London, who visited the poisoned Upas Valley at Betur, in Java, gives the following description of it: According to the statement of Mr. London, this valley is twenty miles in extent, and of a considerable width; it presents a most desolate appearance, the surface being sterile and without any vegetation. The valley contains numerous skeletons of mammalia and bird. In one case the skeleton of a human being was seen, with the head resting upon the right hand. According to tradition, it is said that the neighboring tribes were in the habit of driving their criminals into the valley to expiate their crimes. Mr. London tried the experiment of lowering some dogs and fowls into the valley, and in every case animation became quickly suspended, although life was prolonged in some instances for ten minutes. The valley proved to be the crater of an extinct volcano, in which carbonic gas is generated, like the Grotto del Cane at Naples. The fabulous influence imputed to the Upas tree is, therefore, without foundation, the mortality being caused solely by the deleterious agency of the gas.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

Sweet friend, I've turned these pages o'er
With many a gentle sigh,
And asked, shall this love's blooming wreath
Wither, and fade, and die?

Will the kind wishes here inscribed
Above each well-loved name
Live, as the fleeting years speed on,
In word and deed the same?

Will no fond eye, now beaming bright
Upon thy dawning day,
In after years grow hard and stern,
And frowning turn away?

Will no warm hand that takes thine own
With close and cordial grasp,
In future days be coldly given,
Or shun thy proffered clasp?

Will these who sing thy praises now
E'er play the traitor's part,
And with the slanderer's venom'd sting
Pierce thy pure, trusting heart?

May Heaven forbid! though stormy paths
Thy feet will oft-times tread,
May'st thou ne'er mourn with bitter tears
Sweet friendship cold and dead.

[ORIGINAL.]

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY FRED. W. MURRAY.

It was just growing dusk in the English lane through which Sir Rodolph Warwick guided his weary horse. The lane was bordered by hedges of hawthorn, white with bloom, sweet with fragrance. Beyond, the fields luxuriant with the heavy grass, now ripe for the mower, lay still and beautiful in the soft-falling shadows. Farther on, a half mile or more away, rose the tower of the church in the village toward which he was travelling. Though his imagination was not of the most vivid, Sir Rodolph readily saw, in his mind's eye, the smoking cheer, the tankard of foaming ale, and the hospitable rest which the King's Arms offered to all comers. It was pleasant to anticipate, and enlivened by expectation, the baronet urged his horse to a canter and sang as he went.

Several things had put Sir Rodolph in good

humor. Within the week he had been at court and been graciously noticed by his sovereign. Later, he had crossed the country to some outlying estates belonging to his property, and was returning to his own house with a plethoric wallet.

Sir Rodolph was, besides, naturally gay and hopeful, trusting men too often, not according to their deserts, but according to his own consciousness of integrity. A few paces in the rear, rode his valet, a Frenchman, whom he had found abroad, and who had been in his service a half year—a keen-eyed, agile fellow, he had won Sir Rodolph's good will by his merry temper and alacrity to serve.

"Francois," called Sir Rodolph. The valet rode to his side.

"Do you know, Francois, that I have a large sum of money in my pocket—not less, indeed, than a thousand pounds?"

"A large sum, indeed, Sir Rodolph, to have in charge upon such a lonely road as this. Are there no highwaymen in this section?"

"I trust not, yet if there were I have my pistols and your valor, Francois, would stand us in good stead."

"Ay, my master, you may trust me," said the valet, at the same time throwing upon Sir Rodolph a sly, sidelong glance, full of significances.

"That I do, my brave fellow, but tell you, yonder is the King's Arms. A brace of potted pigeons and a tankard of ale will not come amiss now, Francois."

They put their horses into a trot and presently entered the town. It was an old and picturesque English village, quaint and beautiful.

The gray stone church, moss-grown and ivy-covered, stood half way up the principal street. The humble cottages of the villagers had a pleasant, home-like air, and children's voices and the interchange of happy talk went on within them and around the open doors. The inn crowned the brow of a hill, and was overshadowed by two majestic English oaks, from whose bough the sign-board was pendent, swaying and creaking as the branch rose and fell in the evening breeze.

A most hospitable place was the King's Arms. It was long, and low, and wide. Broad, comfortable seats ran the whole length of the piazzas, arm-chairs stood by the windows, and there was a suggestive odor floating upward from the kitchen, compounded of broiling meats, dainty puddings, and the fragrance of tea. The great doors were thrown lovingly open, and the tall clock looked benignly down with its face of smoky white and ticked a cheery welcome.

"A most comfortable place, Francois," said Sir Rodolph, as he made preparations to dismount at the piazza.

The valet sprang to assist him, and flinging the saddle-bags upon his shoulders, followed his master up the steps. The landlord, a tall, wiry, shrewd, eager looking man, quite unlike the typical landlord of romances and plays, approached the door.

"Good evening, friend," said Sir Rodolph cheerily. "Are you mine host of the King's Arms?"

"At your service, sir."

"And your name?"

"John Bradleigh."

"A good name, and borne by an honest fellow, I make no doubt. Now get me a room ready; let Francois, my valet, sleep next me, and meantime some supper. Now do thyself and thy house credit, my friend. I was never in these parts before."

"All shall be right, sir. Your honor shall have no occasion to find fault."

"Very good. Francois, do you keep a sharp eye upon those bags."

The landlord glanced keenly at the luggage, and then said blandly:

"The King's Arms is perfectly safe—will your honor walk this way?" He led the way to an apartment at the rear of the house, whence proceeded the sound of merry laughing and the clatter of knives and plates.

"You will find good company here, sir," said Bradleigh, throwing open the door.

Two gentlemen, young, handsome, and high-bred, bowed courteously to the new comer and bade him welcome to the board. They were two friends, fellow-students, upon a pedestrian excursion through the country. The elder of the two was called Kennedy, the other, Aylmer. Sir Rodolph sat down, the fresh viands were brought, and after his first, sharp appetite, the trio grew social and confidential.

"This is an honest place, I hope," said Sir Rodolph. "Do you know anything of its reputation?"

"The reputation of the house is of the best," said Kennedy, "but the landlord is new to the country. He is well spoken of, however."

"I pray he may be honest," rejoined Sir Rodolph, "for I have with me a thousand pounds which I have just received, being part of my rental."

At this moment the landlord entered, bringing some portion of the dessert. The two friends exchanged glances. When the landlord presently withdrew, Aylmer remarked:

"You have your servants with you?"

"Yes, and a good fellow, too."

"Then, if you will allow me to suggest, I would recommend that he sleep in a room outside your own. The house may be honest, but there is no harm in taking precautions."

"Thank you; I will see to it. A thousand pounds would be no light loss even if a man escaped with his life."

The evening passed. Sir Rodolph retired at an early hour, and overcome with fatigue and hearty eating, was soon sleeping soundly. The two friends also retired to their room, which was opposite Sir Rodolph's.

"A very confidential person is our new acquaintance," remarked Kennedy.

"Yes, foolish fellow, prating of his money. For my part I do not like the looks of that valet of his—a sly, hang-dog cast of countenance that never bodes good. Did you not think so?"

"I am no physiognomist; and Aylmer, I doubt your power of divining. Who took Lady Fanny Beresford for the soul of honor, till he proved her an artful coquette?"

"Nay, Kennedy, that does not discredit my art. Who can read women with their chameleon faces?"

A little gay banter succeeded this, and then the two friends composed themselves to sleep.

It was close upon midnight before either again awoke.

Let us now follow our lively French valet to his chamber. He knows that the precious saddle bags are safe by the side of his master's pillow. He knows that the key which unlocks them is in his master's wallet. He hears Sir Rodolph's heavy, stertorous breathing. He, too, is fatigued, yet he does not sleep. He tosses restlessly from side to side, frequently ejaculating in French. It grew towards midnight. The moon, which had shone softly upon the leaves of the great elms overhanging the roof, dropped below the horizon. The house was perfectly still. Outside, the animals, lying in the great barnyard, were also silent. The house-dog was asleep in his kennel. It was just upon the stroke of twelve. Then Francois arose, muttering in a whisper—"yes, yes, my master, you may trust Francois."

Kennedy awoke; presently, through some indefinable, mysterious sympathy, Aylmer awoke, also.

"It must be near midnight," said Kennedy.

"Yes. The moon is set. How very still it is, and yet I seem to hear singular noises."

"One always does in the night. If there are any spirits that have their homes in old galleries

and behind creaking doors, they hold carnival at this hour. Everything is bewitched as it grows near twelve—the wind rises, the sign-board creaks, the sash clatters, the floor boards give as if a foot pressed them. What a mysterious hour it is! People die ofteneest at midnight, and often the last great change comes upon the sick at that time. Once, when I was a boy—are you listening to me?"

"Partly, and partly I am listening to something else. Do you hear anything?" There was a pause.

"It is the song of the wind."

"I pray Heaven it may be—but—listen!"

Suddenly Kennedy sprang erect.

"Aylmer, it is a groan! Up, for the love of heaven!"

Neither hesitated longer. They seized their pistols, which were loaded.

"Softly, now. Hist!"

They opened the door silently and stepped noiselessly into the hall. A light shone out under the door of Sir Rodolph's room.

"Open quickly and rush in without warning," whispered Kennedy, as another low moan smote their ears.

Aylmer's hand is upon the lock. The next instant the door is flung wide open, the two friends are within the room—but great heaven! what do they see? Sir Rodolph lies weltering in his blood, and over him, with a light in one hand and a knife in the other, stands the landlord of the King's Arms, John Bradleigh.

For one moment both stood petrified with horror; then Kennedy, with quickness and dexterity, had disarmed the murderer—for that he was such, none could doubt—shouting, "help here! bring help!"

A door was burst open, and the valet, Francois, appeared, apparently just risen.

"What is it? My master—O, my master!" he shrieked, rushing forward and embracing the inanimate body. "Wretch," he cried, turning to Bradleigh, "wretch, you have murdered him!"

"You lie, scoundrel. Unhand me, gentlemen, you are making a great mistake."

"You have made a mistake, man, which will cost you your life," said Kennedy, sternly. "Bring hither some ropes. He must be bound."

"Let me go, I say! I am innocent! I did not harm the man. I call God to witness that I am as innocent as you."

"O, yes, you are innocent—*but diable*,—you shall prove that," sneered Francois, capering about like one frantic with grief.

"Be quiet, Francois; assist us in securing the murderer," commanded Aylmer.

Bradleigh was bound with ropes, and taken down stairs. Upon examination, Sir Rodolph was found to be quite dead. The saddle-bags had been rifled of the money, his watch and a valuable snuff-box were both missing, but, strange to say, the most careful search, instituted at that time, and afterward renewed, failed to discover anything of the missing treasures. Down in the bar-room a crowd soon collected around the inn-keeper. He stoutly denied the commission of the crime. He had heard a noise, he said, suspected mischief was afloat, and, arming himself for defence, proceeded towards the chamber whence the sound came. On arriving there, he was struck dumb with horror upon seeing Sir Rodolph lying wounded and just breathing his last.

Of course, this story was derided, and Bradleigh's protestations were unheeded. At daylight a justice of the peace was sent for, and an examination took place. So patent were the evidences of his guilt, that he was committed without the slightest hesitation.

Far and widespread the news of this extraordinary murder. In every company it became the topic of conversation, and there were few who doubted Bradleigh's guilt. He was held in the utmost detestation, and the circumstances were considered as aggravating the crime. To add to the sympathy felt for the unfortunate Sir Rodolph, stories of his geniality, generosity, and good-humor quickly found their way to the popular ear. No one was more diligent in circulating these tales than the valet, Francois. Since the commitment of the supposed murderer, his grief, at first overwhelming, had all been merged in an eager desire to procure the conviction of the criminal.

Now came on the assizes at Oxford.

Upon being brought before the court, Bradleigh, contrary to the advice of his counsel, pleaded not guilty, but against such a strong chain of circumstances, leading directly towards an unfavorable conclusion, his unsupported declaration could have but little weight, and found no favor. Public opinion was strongly adverse to the prisoner.

The court room was thronged, and the excitement reached a high pitch. The personal popularity of Sir Rodolph drew crowds of high-bred ladies, who listened with intense interest to all the painful details. The attorney for the prosecution recapitulated with great art all the circumstances attending the murder—Sir Rodolph's arrival at the inn at nightfall, the still twilight, the quiet, country landscape, the peaceful village, the ingenuous confidence of the traveller, his un-

suspecting trust in his host, the dark midnight, the setting moon, hiding her face from the cruel deed, the stealthy step of the murderer, the sleeping, unconscious face of his victim, the deadly thrust, the terror, the momentary agony, were all painted in the most vivid colors. The great audience shook under his words. Sobs broke forth, delicate women fainted, strong men wiped away the perspiration from pallid brows.

After the first excitement had passed, people looked at the prisoner. He was evidently struggling with some deep emotion. His lips quivered, the muscles of his face contracted, he was ghastly white.

Upon being asked what he had to say in his defence, and urged to lighten his guilt by confession, the wretched man rose, and after two or three ineffectual attempts to speak, his bloodless lips parted, and he murmured:

"Not guilty, so help me God!"

A sensation stirred the assembly, and the indignation broke out into audible exclamations. The judge, bending his dark brows sternly upon the prisoner, remarked, with that disregard of impartiality too common in the proceedings of the earlier English courts:

"Mr. Bradleigh, either you or myself committed this murder."

Bradleigh half rose, attempted to speak, but with a gesture of despair sank down and buried his face in his hands.

Sentence was pronounced, amid the most profound silence, and, in a stillness as deep as death, the criminal was removed to prison, there to await the day fixed for his execution.

The public excitement died away in a measure, after the trial and its concomitants had been thoroughly discussed. Every one remarked upon the clearness and straightforwardness with which the valet of Sir Rodolph, Francois, told his story, as also the extraordinary affection he exhibited for his master. A few thought he had a treacherous, unreliable face, and doubted if he could be trusted implicitly.

A few weeks passed, and one dark, cold evening, the day preceding that appointed for the execution, a clergyman was hastily summoned to the prison. He found Bradleigh cowering in one corner of his cell, the picture of hopeless misery.

"Can I do anything for you, my friend?" asked the clergyman, kindly. The dim light showed the pallid, haggard face, as it was lifted for a moment.

"I am not guilty. I did not take Sir Rodolph's life."

"Nay, my friend, you are about to appear in

the presence of One whom no falsehood can deceive. Let me urge you to unburden your mind by free and full confession," said the minister, who was fully convinced of the criminal's guilt.

"I say I am not guilty," reiterated the prisoner, in a tone of apathetic but determined obstinacy. "I don't suppose it will make any difference in your opinion of me, but you may as well know just how it is. At any rate, I don't care now. You see Sir Rodolph talked very freely about his money, and set me to thinking how easily I might put myself above work for life, just by doing a bold deed. It would n't have tempted me so far as it did that time, but I'd thought about it a good many times before, and I'd lain awake nights thinking how I'd manage it. Well, this time the temptation proved too strong for me, and after I had planned it all out, I got a knife from the kitchen and went softly into Sir Rodolph's room. I crept up to the bed very still, and was just upon the point of striking, when I found somebody had been there before me—only just a minute before—for Sir Rodolph was not quite gone, though the blood was flowing fast. In my fright, I dropped my knife, and picked it up again, all covered with blood. I did not see if the money and watch were gone, for the two gentlemen rushed in before I had time to think of anything. I did n't kill the man, though I suppose it's just the same as if I did. Anyhow, it won't make no difference to me now," he concluded, as he buried his face in his hands again and slunk back into the corner.

Of course, this remarkable story was not credited. The criminal, however, persisted in it up to the last moment. The next day witnessed the *finale* of the most dreadful tragedy which had disturbed that peaceful country side for a score of years. The execution renewed the public interest, and it furnished a theme for many conversations in the long evenings of the succeeding winter.

Winter has given place to spring, and the warm days of summer are again upon us, as we follow one of the actors in this sketch across the channel, far into the heart of sunny France.

Upon one of those genial, fertile plains, stands a picturesque village, in the midst of a grove, called Sieursains. An old tree, evershadowing a pleasant by-way, shelters also a rustic bench placed there for the convenience of travellers. A cool spring flows near by, and the freshness, the shadow, and the velvet grass might well tempt a company of wayfarers to repose. Upon and around this bench are grouped a party of four. Their talk is by turns serious and sportive—the seriousness has a dash of anxiety, and the merriment is

too reckless to be quite genuine. Near them loiters a queerly dressed, droll-looking fellow—the imbecile of the village. They have been plying him with the strong wine of the district, and he is, or affects to be, half intoxicated.

"Now, then, comrade, what time did you say the courier came along? We, poor fellows, are tired, you see."

"About ten o'clock, gentlemen, or—say eleven," droned the fellow.

"Carries the mail, of course—armed, did you say?"

The imbecile shook his head, and went a few paces off, where he commenced the antics with which he was accustomed to amuse the villagers.

"Hist, Francois!" whispered one of the party, "you'll bring us all to the block. The fellow is a fool."

"So much the better," replied Francois, with nonchalance.

"You've been drinking too much, yourself," retorted the other. "When wine's in wit's out."

"*Bete-diable*," said Francois, angrily, "you make much ado over a little thing. I did a much better thing in England—I am not concerned—*moi*—I—"

"Stop your noise, Francois. It's time we were moving. And first, get rid of yonder dot."

They gathered up their traps, for all were dressed as soldiers lately returned from the wars, dismissed the imbecile with a small coin, and disappeared where the road led deeper into the forest.

He watched until they were out of sight, then turned, saying—"Jean not so great fool as he seems," and ran with all speed toward the village.

It was past eleven that night when the Lyons mail lumbered slowly over the road and descended into a deep ravine thickly shut in by woods and spanned by a bridge. It was dark, save for the dim starlight, and the four figures that crouched by the roadside were perfectly concealed by the impenetrable night. On came the coach, the courier, fatigued into forgetfulness, slaying sleepily in his seat. Scarcely had the hoofs of the leader touched the bridge, when a light from a dark lantern shone out, a pistol-shot crashed through the entrance, and simultaneously two men sprang from the roadside and grasped the horses' heads. The assassin, supposing the shot had taken effect, approached nearer, the light still exposed. But the courier, unharmed, drew his pistol, aimed, fired, and with a shout of pain and terror the assassin fell. At the same instant a loud cry of encouragement rang through the woods, and presently the highwaymen found themselves surrounded by a dozen stalwart men

from the village of Bleumaint. Resistance was out of the question, and they sullenly submitted to their captors, cursing their fallen comrade, Francois, whose drunken babbling had betrayed them. The wounded man was conveyed to the village, and a surgeon was sent for, who speedily decided that the case was hopeless. All the rest of the night he tossed about in delirium, but, when morning came, the fever was past, and he was found to be rapidly sinking. A priest was sent for at his request, and presently a magistrate was called in to take a deposition from the lips of the dying man. This stated that he, Francois Champeaux, had, in the course of a desperate career, been guilty of many bloody crimes, one of the most fearful of which was the murder of an English gentleman, Sir Rodolph Warwick, whom he served as valet. He also stated that another person had been convicted of the crime, and paid the penalty.

The gray light of morning shone in upon a group of pale, awe-struck faces; the priest, the magistrate, and the two witnesses, and upon one paler and stiller than their own.

The brief account, from which we have compiled this story, concludes by drawing attention to the grave lesson to be learned from this extraordinary case, where we behold the simple intention of crime so signally and wonderfully punished.

WATCHMAKING IN GENEVA.

One of the principal kinds of employment at Geneva, for a large part of the population, is watchmaking. We were informed that ten thousand persons were engaged in this particular branch of industry. Even little girls are employed in polishing the delicate parts of the machinery. The best workmen rarely earn more than two dollars each a day—the poorer, of course, earn less. One simply makes the chains, another the springs, another certain wheels, while others work at the setting-up, as it is called—that is, putting the plates together. Very beautiful watches, of superior quality too, compared with the ordinary run of such articles in the United States, appear very cheap indeed. A lady desired to exchange, at a manufacturing establishment, a superior gold watch, of large size, for a smaller one, by paying the difference. Only ten dollars would be allowed for hers—the weight of the case—the inside being condemned as execrable, although a good time-keeper, and cost a round sum. Watches that might cost one hundred dollars in Boston or New York, according to the representations of the manufacturers, would not exceed forty or fifty in Geneva.

—Smith.

The fragrant white clover thrives, though trampled under foot; it furnishes the bees with stores of pure honey, without asking or receiving the credit for it. Meekness and disinterestedness.

[ORIGINAL.]

ONE DAY.

*Cordially inscribed to Harry Harewood Leech, of
Harewood, Maryland.*

BY LIEUT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

'Twas not, that through the Sabbath hours
Of one unclouded, balmy day,
Were gathering fancies, sweet as flowers
In perfume of wild tropic bowers,
Fanned by the breath of May;
Nor was it that the southern spring
In beauty's light and life was round us blossoming.

'Twas not that all of peaceful rest
Those pure, calm hours of God could show,
Was like elixir in the breast
Where happiness, a transient guest,
Listed their tranquil flow;
Nor that the time, the faces, and the scene,
Were living types of joy, unchanging and serene.

Nor yet that where at eve we stood
Besides the river's sandy shore,
When wheeled the sun behind the wood,
The sky, the forest, and the flood
A purpling mantle wore;
Nor that the voices of the wind and wave
Melodious, murmuring tones of peace and pleasure
gave.

Nor later, when the twilight-haunted room
Seemed echoing with the tread of shadowy feet,
And words dropped faintly through the gathering
gloom,
As heart-born fires, the darkness to illumine,
Or heralds, sent to greet
An unseen friend—that music, soft and low,
Pulsing in solemn chords, beat weirdly to and fro!
Not one, but all; a golden time,
A treasured memory,
Rounded and graced with friendship's rhyme,
And hallowed by the mellow chime
Of heartsome melody!

[ORIGINAL.]

PLUCKED!

—OR—

THE LOST STUDENT.

BY JOHN BOSS, DIX.

The story, which I am about to tell, is no fiction. I have not drawn on my imagination for a single fact; all is plain, downright truth. Only the names of the actors in the scenes about to be described are disguised, for obvious reasons. For the rest, it is literally a chapter from the great and wonderfully-varied book of real life.

Thirty years and more have passed away since I first met Richard Varney. After having served a regular apprenticeship to a surgeon in an English provincial town, I went to London, for the purpose, as it is termed, of "walking the hospitals," and attending the prescribed courses of lectures, before going up for examination at Apothecaries' Hall, and the Royal College of Surgeons. Such a transition from the quiet of a country place, to the hurry, excitement and seductions of the great metropolis, is often the turning-point, for good or evil, in a young man's life. There are some phlegmatic temperaments which cannot be excited, present them with what attractions you may; and there are others, so strong in principle, and so well balanced in judgment, that they have the power steadily to resist all that would lure them from the path of stern duty. But alas! there are many too easily persuaded by the tempter, who cannot summon up sufficient moral courage to say "no," when pleasure with rosy finger beckons to her flowery but oftentimes fatal paths. To such a class belonged Richard Varney. But I may not anticipate.

I first saw him in the Operating Theatre of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a large, circular apartment, lighted from above by a spacious glass dome, and with a deep gallery for students, the seats in which rose like those of a theatre, one above another, until the uppermost one nearly reached the cornice which ran round the base from whence the dome sprang. The floor was exclusively appropriated to the use of the hospital officials, a large, circular, operating-table, standing in its centre.

On the occasion to which I am specially alluding, a rare and very critical operation was to be performed by one of the most distinguished of living surgeons, and tremendous was the rush of students to witness it. Literally carried up the stairs by the rushing crowd of students, for my feet did not touch ground once until I reached the summit, I immediately leaped down the gallery, at the risk of pitching over, and gained the foremost row, where an iron rail, breast-high, ran round the gallery front. Next to me was a young man of exceedingly prepossessing appearance, delicate, almost famine in appearance, and exhibiting a marked contrast to the boisterous "medicos" by whom we were surrounded. Hospital students do not care much for etiquette, at any time, and crowded as we were, a mutual acquaintance was literally forced on my neighbor and myself.

I learned that it was his first operation, and, judging from his frail-looking person, and the evident excitement under which he was laboring,

I mentally prepared for a "scene." Such affairs were too common among raw students to attract much notice, or, if any at all, it generally took the shape of ridicule, from those who had become case-hardened; nevertheless, the overcrowded state of the gallery, causing such a tremendous pressure, that those in the front row were almost bent double on the iron rail, I could not but feel an unusual degree of anxiety.

Had an unprofessional stranger been present, he would hardly have supposed, from the jokes and laughter of the students, that they had assembled there to witness a fellow-creature placed in mortal peril, and to lie on that table quivering, and, perhaps, dying, under the terrible knife. But the continual spectacle of suffering is deadening to coarse natures, and some young "doctors," often from mere braggadocia, affect to enjoy operations rather than otherwise; others, again, become quite æsthetical in surgical matters, and admire the beauties of an operation as others might those of a work of art. In order to pass away the time, before the patient should be brought in, these reckless young gentlemen, among other matters, shouted conundrums one to another across the theatre. "I say, Tom," cried one to a man opposite, "why are apoplexy and palsy like spring flowers?—D'y'e give it up? Why, because they're the first of the new-roses (new roses); or it was, "Dick, why is the extract of belladonna like a good lecture?" "Don't know, Jack; tell us." "Why, because it enlarges the capacity of the *pupil*." And then there would be shouts of "good," "capital," and the like, until, first, the appearance of the "dressers," with bandages, etc., and then of the surgeons, intimated that business was about to commence.

No need to describe the scene that followed; enough to say, that at the first plunge of the knife beneath the milk-white skin, followed by a piercing shriek (chloroform was not known in those days), my next neighbor turned deadlly pale, and he fainted. The iron rail pressed across his chest like a ligature, and the crowd of students beheld bore heavily on his back in their eagerness to look over each others' shoulders. Five minutes in that position would, I knew, kill him, and I begged and implored those behind us to relieve us from the pressure, but in vain; I might as well have spoken to stones. Fortunately, one of the hospital people below looked up and saw the poor fellow, now black in the face, and with eyes and tongue protruding, actually being suffocated, and hurrying up, he cleared a way by which we escaped, I carrying the poor fellow, now quite senseless, and

heedless of the sheers at "Miss Sally," "the chicken-hearted noodle," and the advice to "take the milk-sop home to his mother." He speedily recovered, and I conveyed him home in a carriage. From that time our friendship might be dated.

Richard Varney was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Left with one child, and but a limited income, she had subjected herself to innumerable privations, in order that she might fulfil the wish of her late husband, that he should be educated for the medical profession. Although the young man himself would have preferred to be an artist, his filial affection would not allow him to follow his own inclinations, so, with a rather heavy heart, he became apprentice to the family surgeon. At the conclusion of his term of apprenticeship he came to London, where I met with him, as I have stated; but prior to his leaving Braintree, he had fallen deeply in love with the daughter of the old doctor, who, spite of his evident dislike to the profession, was really attached to his pupil.

Mary Neville was one of those charming Madonna-looking girls, who steal into susceptible hearts quite unawares. Thrown together, as the doctor's apprentice and herself necessarily were, a mutual attachment soon sprung up, and in their case at least, the course of true love *did* seem to run smoothly enough, both her father and his mother willingly consenting to the match, which it was agreed should take place as soon as Richard had passed his examination and obtained his diploma. Doctor Neville was now getting to be pretty well advanced in years, and he anxiously looked forward to the time when his son-in-law should succeed to his practice, and leave him to enjoy the evening of his life. That practice was a very extensive one, and few young men would have a better start in life than Richard Varney.

So far, all looked promising; and when Richard spent the last evening with his betrothed, before going to London, many a fond anticipation of the future was indulged in. It was settled that he should not return until he had passed the ordeal, and was fully qualified to practise, then the wedding was immediately to take place, and as a preliminary to his future independence, he was to enter into partnership with Mary's father.

"Study, Dick, with all your heart and soul, and remember that on your present endeavors depends your future welfare," said the old doctor, as he thrust a well thumbed pocket-book into Varney's hand; "remember, that no man ever yet made a good surgeon who did not work hard as a student in the hospitals. Go, and God bring you back proudly and safely to me and Mary."

Our happiness now will be in your charge; never forget that."

I pass over the parting of the lovers; the reader may imagine it. All such are much alike; clinging affection on the one side, and vows and protestations on the other. And, so away went the young man, to wage his first great battle of life, "sublime of hope and confident of fame."

When I had become acquainted with Varney for some time, he related to me the particulars from which I have woven the above narrative. After a few months, we roomed together, and he worked hard and incessantly, almost too much, I fancied, but whenever I hinted as much, he bade me remember the stake he was playing for, and I could not find it in my heart to blame him. But when I perceived his health breaking down, I earnestly entreated him to relax a little.

"But you see, D.," he used to say, with a sad smile, "I was such an idle dog, during my apprenticeship, that, until I came to London, I knew scarcely anything; I must make up for lost time, or I shall never pass, and you know my marriage with Mary is contingent on obtaining my diploma. O, my God! if I should fail!" he exclaimed, as he rose from his chair, and wildly paced the room.

"No fear of that," I said, soothingly; "but let me beg of you to give yourself a week's holiday. You are fond of art; the galleries of painting and sculpture are now all open; go and see your artist friends; throw physic to the dogs for six days, and then come back to work, a giant refreshed."

After much persuasion, he consented, and I saw him no more for a week. At the expiration of that time, I was sitting one evening alone, reading, when my room door was suddenly thrown open, and Richard Varney, flushed and furious from drink, staggered in, and almost fell upon the sofa. I was shocked beyond measure, for hitherto he had been most temperate. As well as I could, I got him to bed, and early next morning was at his bed-side.

Poor fellow! I could but pity him, he was suffering the penalty of his transgression. With much remorse he told me that he had met with some old artist friends of his, who had induced him to attend their convivial meeting. Unused to wine, and of an excitable temperament, he had not been able to resist temptation; but he now declared his intention to break with such companions, and again apply to work. I hoped, but feared.

The good resolutions were soon forgotten, and seldom a week now passed without a "spree," as he termed it. Meanwhile, time ran on, and

one little month only intervened before the day of examination.

"By heaven! D.," he said, one morning, "I'm not half posted up yet. I tell you what I'll do. I'll go to a 'grinder;' Staggall's the fellow to put a fellow through."

I saw it was of no use telling him that these "grinders," as the men are called who prepare backward students for their examinations, were mere refuges for desperate, idle fellows, and so said nothing. Varney went off, and at once paid a ten guinea fee to the man who was to patch him up, and get him somehow through the medical mill, if he could.

During that month, he entirely abstained from drink, worked day and night, and I began to be hopeful. He, too, was in high spirits, and said he longed for the day of trial; once passed, all would be plain sailing; and he made me promise that I would come down to his wedding, which was settled to take place a week after his obtaining his diploma. I could not help feeling terribly anxious on his account, but still I tried to make myself believe that all would be well.

The eventful Thursday, the day of examination, came. The examiners were to meet at four in the afternoon, and the entire morning was occupied in running over with Varney, Celsus and Gregory, the two Latin authors in whose works he would be examined. In all the other branches, he said he felt confident that he was "well-up." Indeed, he was quite sanguine of success. After dinner, I did his packing for him, as he had arranged to start for home next morning by the early stage.

After a light dinner, which we were both of us too anxious and nervous to do justice to, we walked down to Blackfriars, and soon stood beneath the gloomy portico of Apothecaries' Hall. The clock struck four, and Varney, with the other candidates, followed the beadle, who led them to the examination room. I remained, in intense suspense, in the waiting room.

How slowly the hours went by; five, six, seven o'clock struck, and no Varney. Presently, a young man, with a joyous face, made his appearance. He had passed, and received the congratulations of his friends, who dragged him off to a tavern near, to "wet" his sheepskin. Presently came another. He, too, had been successful.

"Pray, how is Mr. Varney getting on, can you tell me?" I inquired, anxiously.

"They're twisting him most awfully; he was at the next table to me," and away went he and his friends to moisten the diploma, also.

My suspense now became agony; eight o'clock

and no appearance of my friend. Presently the beadle came to me looking very blank.

"I'm sadly afraid Mr. Varney 'll break down," he said; "but he can come up again in six months, you know."

Six months! It would be ruin! But what did the beadle know about it? I shut my eyes and groaned.

The waiting room was at the foot of a broad flight of stairs leading from the examination hall. Suddenly I heard the heavy slamming of a door, and of footsteps descending the stairs, three or four at a time, and, pale and gasping, Varney stood before me!

For a moment he was speechless, as was I. With a look I shall never forget, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and hissed into my ear, "Plucked, by heaven!"

I could not utter a word, but took him by the hand.

"Come," said he, and he dragged me, spite my entreaties that he would be calm, into the parly of the gin palace opposite.

"Brandy!" he shouted. It was brought, and filling a large tumbler, he drank it off at a draught, as though it had been water.

"And I was to be married to-morrow," he almost shrieked. "Fool, fool, fool! and all my own fault, too! Stay, D.; I left my hat in the ante-room; I'll run for it, and then go home with you." I had not noticed till then that he was bare-headed.

Quick as lightning he ran from the room and across the road. I sat down to await his return. But I had seen him alive for the last time.

On quitting me, he procured his hat, and passing out of a back door of the hall, went through a by-street to one of the Thames wharves. It was evening, and, unseen, he plunged in the "dark flowing river." His body was recovered next day, and I bore it to his village home.

Mrs. Varney is dead—so is Doctor Neville—and Mary is in a mad-house.

REST AND RUST.

It is an old and good maxim, that one had better wear out than rust out. It is said of Dr. Macknight, the distinguished commentator, that he completed his great work on the Epistles, when about sixty years of age. He was desired to do the same for the Gospels that he had done for the Epistles. He declined. He needed rest, he said. With cessation from his daily toil, his mind at once was impaired, his memory failed, and his faculties wasted away—active toil would have kept them bright to the last.

He who is thrown upon the world's hard charity is thrown upon a rock.

PRESERVATION OF SIGHT.

Though it may be impossible to prevent the absolute decay of sight, whether arising from age, partial disease, or illness, yet, by prudence and good management, its natural failure may certainly be retarded, and the general habits of the eyes strengthened, which good purposes will be promoted by a proper attention to the following maxims: 1. Never sit for any length of time in absolute gloom, or exposed to a blaze of light. The reasons on which this rule is founded, prove the impropriety of going hastily from one extreme to the other, whether of darkness or of light, and show us that a southern aspect is improper for those whose sight is weak and tender.—2. Avoid reading small print.—3. Never read in the dark; nor, if the eyes be disordered, by candle-light. Happy those who learn this lesson betimes, and begin to preserve their sight before they are reminded by pain of the necessity of sparing them. The frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour in the evening, has cost numbers the perfect and comfortable use of their eyes for many years; the mischief is effected imperceptibly—the consequences are inevitable.—4. The eye should not be permitted to dwell on glaring objects, more particularly on first waking in the morning; the sun should not, of course, be suffered to shine in the room at that time, and a moderate quantity of light only be admitted. It is easy to see that, for the same reasons, the furniture of a bed should be neither altogether of a white or red color; indeed, those whose eyes are weak, would find considerable advantage in having green for the furniture of their bed-chamber. Nature confirms the propriety of the advice given to this rule; for the light of the day comes on by slow degrees, and green is the universal color she presents to our eyes.—5. The long-sighted should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and somewhat nearer to the eye than what they naturally like; while those that are short-sighted, should rather use themselves to read with the book as far off as possible; by this means, both would improve and strengthen their sight; while a contrary course will increase its natural imperfections. There is nothing which preserves the sight longer than always using, both in reading and writing, that moderate degree of light which is best suited to the eye: too little, strains them—too great a quantity, dazzles and confounds them. The eyes are less hurt by the want of light, than by the excess of it; too little light never does any harm, unless they are strained by efforts to see objects to which the degree of light is inadequate; but too great a quantity has, by its own power, destroyed the sight. Thus, many have brought on themselves a cataract, by frequently looking at the sun or a fire; others have lost their sight by being brought too suddenly from an extreme of darkness into the blaze of day. How dangerous the looking on bright, luminous objects, is to the sight, is evident from its effects in those countries which are covered, the greater part of the year, with snow, where blindness is exceedingly frequent, and where the traveller is obliged to cover his eyes with crape, to prevent the dangerous and often sudden effects of too much light: even the untutored savage tries to avoid the danger, by framing a little wooden case for his eyes.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO AN INFANT.

Dear little babe, thy smiles seem born of heaven,
And waken joy and gladness in my heart;
Like a clear fountain in a desert, given
To banish grief, and brighter hopes impart.

Could wishes guard thy life, its path should be
Lighted by radiance from that blissful sphere,
As now, when veiled in cherub infancy,
Undimmed by sorrow or the bitter tear.

How can we gaze on thy bright, earnest eyes,
And dream that grief or sorrow e'er can dwell
In the same world, the glory of the skies
So lends its radiance to their witching spell?

Alas! we know full well the path of life,
Which all must tread, is hedged by many a thorn;
Yet, though with clouds and storms our day be rife,
In a meek spirit they may well be borne:

And more, may be subdued, and made the source
Of heartfelt joy by the o'ercoming night,
From whence we gain accumulated force
To struggle on to victory for the right.

Then, welcome to this scene of hopes and fears,
Of joy and woe, of love and bitter strife;
And in the passage of thy opening years,
Gird on the armor of a glorious life:

And live in love—that when the solemn hour
Of death shall call thee to thy endless home,
Thou'lt land in peace upon that blissful shore,
Where angels wait and beckon thee to come.

[ORIGINAL.]

ELEANOR LA BELLE.

THE DOSE OF PROVENCE.

BY EDWIN H. MONTAGUE.

A BRIGHT August day had succeeded a soft, dewy morning. All over the fair land of Provence the summer roses were still in perfection. A dreamy atmosphere, redolent of sweets, stole upon the senses, and brought with it the hum of bees, the fragrances of purple grapes, and, still sweeter to some ears, the voices of young girls in their freshness of youth's untrodden mirth.

Two of these girls were sitting together in a shaded room, around the windows of which grew a fantastic drapery of vines and roses intermingled. The eldest of them was in reality but fourteen years of age; but in that sunny southern land women and wine ripen rapidly, and in another clime she would have been deemed a mere child. But here she would have been thought a "perfect woman, nobly planned;" and as such

had received, long before this day, the appellation of "La Belle." Two young children, both girls, were playing among the roses in a sweet, romantic spot which the windows overlooked, and ever and anon their childish glee would break forth in irrepressible laughter or song. A noble-looking man was enjoying their merriment to the full—although to do so, he was obliged to lift his eyes from a book which evidently possessed a fascination that divided his attention equally with the merry-hearted little girls. The ladies within the pretty green-tapestried room were dressed in the mode prevailing in Provence. Rich robes of blue silk, trailing upon the floor, and called *quintilles*, scalloped at the border, adorned their persons, and a number of jewels lent an added magnificence. The hair, which was singular and beautiful, hung in loose curls down the face, and reached to the shoulders, excepting at the back of the head, where it was gathered into a golden net. The children were far more plainly dressed in simple white muslin robes, and short enough not to impede their play. At intervals loving mention was made by the whole party, both within and without doors, of a certain sister Marguerite, who, it seemed, had been called to great honors, as occasionally she was named as "the queen."

"I wonder which will be the next," said little Blanche, lifting her curly head from her father's shoulder, where she had lain it after becoming completely tired with her exertions in running.

"The next what?" asked her father, smiling.

"Why, the next queen, to be sure! Do you not know, father, that none of us will now never marry lower than a throne? And I am sure we are all beautiful enough and good enough for kings' wives. Look at Eleanor and Cincia within there. Are they not queenly? And Beatrice and myself cannot afford to grow up less lovely than our sisters. Of course we do not expect to have Eleanor's talents. I heard you say, papa, the other day, that one genius was all that could be expected in one family—and you know you have always called her a genius."

Overcome with her violent exercise, the last words came faintly and lingeringly from the little maiden's lips; and before they were fairly out, the beautiful curls had dropped upon their former resting-place, and Blanche was asleep. On a green bank opposite the father's seat, little Beatrice was already in a heavy slumber. Perhaps in their dreams the little imaginative creatures, true to their heritage as poet's children, born in the land of songs and romances, still saw the kings who were to come for them and their sweet sisters.

The father laid down the sleeping child beside her sister, and resumed the perusal of the book. As he sat there reading, the beautiful children at his feet, it was the loveliest picture that could have been painted. The man himself was one of the noblest-looking of his time. He was no less a personage than Berenger, the last of the royal Provençal counts—the grandson of King Alfonso, of Arragon. His talents were equal to his rank and the beauty of his person; and the literature of the age attested to his powers as a poet, distinguished even in that land where the inhabitants think but in song.

The count was married to Beatrice, of Savoy, whose taste for literature accorded with his own. It was no wonder that the five daughters of these handsome and accomplished persons should possess the heritage of beauty and genius; for, spite of the assertion of little Blanche, that Eleanor was the only genius of the household, they all might have claimed a more than ordinary share of mental riches.

To Eleanor, however, was given the palm; as two or three years before this time she had actually, though so young, composed a heroic poem in her own language, a copy of which she had sent to the brother of the English monarch, Henry III. This prince, Richard, of Cornwall, flattered by the gift, and unable, from the fact of being already married, to offer his hand to the beautiful daughter of the poet, endeavored to compensate her by showing her poem to the king, his brother, and earnestly advising him to seek the gifted lady to share his throne. Already Eleanor's sister, a year or two older than herself, had become the queen of Louis IX., of France; but on this morning of rare beauty, whatever luxurious visions waited on the slumber of little Blanche, it is certain that the romantic Eleanor was all unconscious of the impression made by her literary merit upon the royal bachelor of England.

Sitting with Cincia in that embowered room, and admiring the pretty tableau formed by her father and the two sleeping fairies at his feet, she was startled by the sound of horses' feet in the courtyard. From another window she could see the arrival. A handsome courier was delivering a sealed packet to Romeo, her Italian tutor—who filled also the office of her father's major-domo and confidential friend—and Romeo duly transferred it to the Count Berenger in the garden. After attentively reading it, the count, having given orders that the courier should be detained only for rest and refreshment, called a council, consisting of his consort, his two daughters, and Romeo himself, and unfolded to their wondering

ears the proposal of the king of England for the hand of Eleanor.

A vivid blush crossed the cheeks of the romantic girl at this unexpected news. The royal precincts of courts are often invaded by an intense love of gossip as the lowest village; and the Provençal beauty had heard from her sister, Marguerite of France, how often Henry had sued for the hand of other princesses. In Scotland, Bohemia, Bretagne and Austria, he had tried vainly. The fifth time had promised better success. He had asked for the hand of the daughter of the Earl of Ponthieu, and had been accepted; but at the representation of his brother of the charms of the young Provençal, he had withdrawn his suit. The household council decided that Eleanor should accept the proposal; and when Blanche awoke, it was to hear, what sounded to the child-like a fairy tale, that her sister was to be the future queen of England.

Fair and stately was the train that attended the child-bride to England. At Navarre, Thibaut joined the throng, and accompanied it as far as the French frontier, where Louis IX. and her sister Marguerite, his queen, welcomed her. The whole journey, in short, was performed with triumphal state, and on the fourth of January, five months from the time of Henry's first proposal, the royal marriage took place at Canterbury. The coronation of Eleanor as queen took place on the twentieth of the same month. London underwent the ceremony of purification from mud and dirt upon that occasion; and as to the other braveries, Matthew Paris quaintly says, "Whatever the world could produce for glory or delight was there conspicuous."

Little Blanche's dream of future eminence became strengthened ere long by the marriage of her sister Cincia to the king's brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was now a widower. For this marriage the Jews of London were compelled to pay; and for this and numberless instances of Eleanor's extravagant demands for the wealth and aggrandizement of her Provençal friends and relatives at the expense of the English nation, she became excessively unpopular. The gentle and beautiful Rose of Provence had changed into the rapacious and avaricious Thora of England. So said her enemies—and they were legion. Henry, weak-minded and feeble upon all important points as a sovereign, suffered himself to be led by Eleanor. When the king went to Guienne, to quell the revolt there caused by the ill-management of his son Edward, whom Henry had placed there when he recalled Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had previous rule there, he left the regency of England with

Eleanor. No sovereign ever assumed such sway as she now exercised—levying enormous sums of money upon the magistrates, which she claimed as *aureum regine*, or queen gold, and committing them to prison for non-payment.

The Jews of London were again mulcted for the money required to celebrate the marriage of her son, Prince Edward to Eleanor of Castile, at which Henry and Eleanor were both present. At Chartres, where the good king Louis entertained them royally, the queen was re-united to the four beautiful sisters and to her mother. Her father, the gifted troubadour-king of Provence, had sung his last song, and had gone where "lords and kings are known no more." The little Blanche and Beatrice had married the sovereigns of their hearts at least, and were now, with their children, enjoying the society of their queenly sisters.

Eleanor returned to England to bear the heaviest burden of anxiety she had ever encountered. Her daughter Margaret, the consort of Alexander of Scotland, was with her husband confined in the castle of Edinburgh, by the machinations of Balid and the Comyns. This anxiety brought on severe illness, which lasted until they were rescued. This year also the death of her little Katherine was among her afflictions; and she witnessed also the marriage of her daughter Beatrice with John, Duke of Bretagne.

The year 1263 saw her yielding perforce to the requisitions of the barons. But she had rendered herself obnoxious to others, on whom she had no claim of *queen's gold*; and they, in turn, revived a hatred of the Jews, exciting such a tumult in London as was never known before. This unfortunate people experienced the most dreadful treatment from a mob headed by Stephen Bucknell and John Fitz John. The latter, in cold-blooded barbarity, killed Kokber Abraham, the richest Jew in London; while the mob killed five hundred of his race, plundering and destroying them without mercy. The queen, who was at the Tower, from whence she endeavored to escape by water to Windsor Castle, and got into her barge with her ladies for that purpose; but was defeated by the mob, who pelted her with mud, and attempted to sink the barge, crying out to their companions, to "drown the witch!" Alas, to what strange straits had the Rose of Provence come!

To avert further terror to his beloved queen, Henry took her and her children to France, and placed them under the protection of the good king St. Louis. Civil war again reigned in England, but was quelled at the close of the year 1266, when Henry and Eleanor again seated

themselves upon the throne. On the 16th of November, 1272, Eleanor, then fifty years of age, became a widow, and her son Edward was proclaimed king of England by the title of Edward I.

Four years after the coronation of her son, another ceremony took place at the Church of Ambresbury, when, according to the chronicles of the times, Eleanor, the former queen of England, wearied with the cares and turmoils of a long and vexatious reign, and fast approaching the age of threescore, "laid down the diadem from her head and the purple from her shoulders," and forgetting the titles of La Belle and the Rose of Provence, and took upon her the monastic vows.

Old and gray with years, and older with grief and sorrow, she laid her heart at the foot of the Cross. One by one her sweet daughters had given up their fair young lives—Margaret, Beatrice and the little Katherine—while four young sons were laid at rest before their father. Of nine children, only the king and his brother Edmund remained. The latter, who was Earl of Lancaster and Derby, had also lost his wife, the beautiful Aveline, heiress of Albemarle, in the first year of his marriage.

That heart, which had erred and suffered so severely—the heart which, though a slave to the love of money, was yet the seat of many a kind and generous sentiment, and ever open to the tenderest love of kindred, was brought to London by the king, and reverently deposited in the tomb of the Church of the Friars Minor, usually called the Minories. And there rests still the heart, buried nearly six centuries ago, of "the daughter of the minstrel-land, the gay Provençal shore."

A BRAZILIAN RELISH.

The Brazilians had been so long and so generally inured to the practice of eating human flesh, that the missionaries found it less difficult to reform them in any other of their vices than in this. Southey, in his "History of Brazil," relates a fact of the following tenor. Not very long after the Portuguese had obtained possession of Brazil, a Jesuit undertook to christianize a Brazilian woman of a very advanced age. He catechized her, he instructed her, as he conceived it, in the nature of Christianity; and finding her at the point of death, he asked her if there was any kind of food she could take. "Granny," said he, "if I were to get you a little sugar, or a mouthful of our nice things which we get from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat and relish it?"—"Ah, my stomach goes against everything! There is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the hand of a little Tapua boy, I think I could pick the bones; but woe is me! there is no one to go out and shoot the boy for me now." So inveterate is the power of long-cherished habit.

[ORIGINAL.]

A LESSON.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

You've read about the paper boat
 Each maid of Egypt sets afloat
 Upon the current of the Nile,
 Watching its progress all the while
 With half-stayed breath and eager eye,
 As if their future in it lie.
 A lighted lamp is in each boat,
 And as they down the current float,
 If out of sight it burning goes,
 Life wears the radiance of the rose;
 The future is with promise bright
 Of sunshine and of sweet delight.
 But if the little beacon light
 Flickers and dies within the sight,
 Alas for maiden life and love,
 For sorrow shall her portion prove!
 For her no future brings its hope;
 For her no paths to pleasure slope;
 And musing on these thoughts beside
 A stream whose broad and rapid tide,
 Like yonder river fair and free,
 Sought evermore its mother sea,
 These fragments floated through my dream,
 Born of the hour, the place, the theme.

Broad the river, and strong and deep,
 With current onward flowing,
 And a fleet of shallops (in my sleep)
 I saw on its bosom going;
 Little white boats with little sails
 Freighted with love and duty,
 Catching the early blowing gales
 For ports of perfect beauty.

This was launched by a little child;
 That, by a youth of promise;
 This was risked by a maiden mild,
 And that one floating from us
 A mother launched with whispered prayer
 Of faith in the endeavor,
 That angels, hovering in the air,
 Caught up and kept forever.

Blow, breezes, blow each shallop on
 Till each its haven reaches;
 When some are lost, when some have won,
 Let the lesson that each teaches
 Be graven on the hearts that wait
 Award of praise or censure,
 If good or evil be their fate,
 Resulting from the venture.

Blow, breezes, blow—flow, current, flow!
 Keep up your onward motion,
 And safely speed the ships that go
 Toward the distant ocean.
 The hopes and fears, the smiles and tears,
 That centre in your flowing,

Shall brighten all the coming years,
 Or darken their outgoing.

Then as they went and night-time came,
 Each shallop glowed as with a flame;
 And as I watched, from upper air
 A low voice came, as if in prayer:
 It said, "O Father, safely guide
 Each spirit over life's swift tide;
 The waves are high, the stream is deep,
 The evil angels never sleep;
 Already see their beacons gleam
 Above the quicksands of the stream;
 See how they lure each shallop on
 Till life is lost and ruin won!"
 And lo! the truth burst on me then:
 These shallops bore the souls of men;
 The river was life's rapid stream.
 The tide was time—O, fruitful theme!
 And these to death or life would float,
 As sunk or sped each little boat.

The morning dawned, and then I saw,
 Scattered along the rocky shore,
 A shallop here and there, whose light
 Had gone out into sudden night;
 Wrecked on the rocks, wrecked on the sands,
 Instead of reaching distant lands;
 Lured by false lights, whose transient spark
 Glowed, and then died into the dark.
 And as the false flame faded, so
 Joy faded into utter woe!
 With not one twilight ray between,
 To glorify the fading scene;
 Swift as the lightning stroke the fall
 Of death and darkness over all.

And still the rapid river flows
 With tides of ceaseless motion;
 And still each white-sailed shallop goes,
 Seeking the distant ocean.
 Blow, breezes, blow, and fill the sails
 Of all that hither venture,
 Till, wafted on by gentle gales,
 The port of Peace they enter.

The hopes they bear, the joys they share,
 The faith that brightens duty,
 Gather in glad communion where
 Love reigns in perfect beauty.
 The bitter tears of present years
 To Lethe's confines banish,
 And bid our sorrows and our fears
 Forever from us vanish.

The lessons that the shallops teach
 To us are full of meaning;
 Beyond the present life they reach,
 To future issues leaning.
 And well for us, if hand and heart
 Are joined in the endeavor
 To gain that good, that blessed part
 That bides with man forever.

[ORIGINAL.]

UNDER THE HILL.

BY MEMO.

Under the hill—down under the hill,
You and I sat under the hill;
If I shut my eyes and listen alone,
I can fancy myself there still.

For the voice of the night-wind rustling the leaves
I hear the sad waters moan,
As they moaned and wept round the old gray rock,
In the hour when we sat there alone.

And wild as the waters that moaned as they flowed,
Were the fancies that swept through my heart;
And you never can know, for I never shall tell,
How in all of them you bore part.

While my fingers played in the soft dark hair
Of the head lying light on my knees,
And I felt the warmth of a balmy breath,
Like the spice-gales of Indian seas;

Till the night drew on with its starry dark,
And all things sank to rest,
Save the waters that moaned as they rose to our feet,
And the fancies that moaned in my breast.

[ORIGINAL.]

RETRIBUTION OF ST. PIERRE.

BY WALLACE S. HENRY.

ST. PIERRE is a small fishing village lying upon the coast of Newfoundland, just where the waters of Trinity Bay are lost in the Atlantic. Rough and rude and bold as the waves which forever break themselves into foam in their vain assault upon the rocky ramparts, the inhabitants have ventured far out to the very edge of the jagged cliffs which overhang the sea, and planted their houses upon the barren ledges. The village borrows grandeur from its surroundings—its homeliness and irregularity make it picturesque. The small brown houses are storm-worn and moss-grown. A church with the cross surmounting the steeple rises among them, showing that here is one of the outposts of the great mother church, whose centre is at Rome.

The fishermen of St. Pierre are a stalwart, fearless race of men, going out upon their perilous work, with an Ave Maria upon their lips, and often sinking to their ocean graves murmuring the same holy words.

Doubtless grand qualities are nurtured here. Heroism, self-denial, self-command, reverence grow up in the hearts of these stern men; per-

haps they dwell side by side with baser characteristics, for this life, so isolated and Heaven sustained, may yet cherish rivalries, ambitions, and ungenerous self-seeking.

But it is not the people dwelling at St. Pierre that draws thither every summer a host of pleasure lovers and tourists. You may stroll for days over the rocks, and always find something grand and beautiful enough to compensate you. Huge walls of rock, with a descent hundreds of feet sheer down to the water; beetling cliffs, with seamed, ridgy sides complexioned in rich brown and purple deepening to black in their far recesses, broad rocky slopes, washed by the ocean surges, and gleaming at sunset with opaline tints, sunny reaches of green meadow land, overgreen wooded hills where the resinous pines give up their odor to the sea winds that breathe among them, and the sea with its ever changing phases, its monotone of sound, its sunrise flashes, its moonlight glory, and its sapphire noonday splendor—these are the charms of St. Pierre.

Yet, amateur of natural beauty as one may be, the loveliest place wins a new charm when invested with a human interest. Hence it was that one dwelling, standing apart from the rest, closed, isolated, silent, in the midst of all the changeable glory and ceaseless music around it, drew to itself many eyes, became the stock subject of inquiry, and filled a large space in the thoughts of the dreaming girls, and imaginative men and women who sauntered past it on their way to the cliffs.

Now and then a woman glided out at its door, went quickly and silently to the village, and returned as quick and still. Those who saw her face by chance glimpses said it was pale and immobile, that her eyes were large and sorrowful, that it was indeed a face full of patient resignation, which wanted but little to make it most like despair. Around this solitary figure there gathered many conjectures. The people were slow to answer inquiries.

"Saint Agatha is a holy child of the blessed Madonna. She does penance night and day," one would say, crossing himself as he spoke.

"Why Saint Agatha?" we asked.

"Because she leads so holy a life. Saint Catherine was not more charitable. She gives alms constantly."

And this was all we learned by many inquiries. At last one old dame, more garrulous than the rest told us Saint Agatha's history, as she sat in the door of her house mending the fishing nets. Translated from the patois in which it was related, it runs thus:

In the house of which we have spoken once

lived Jean De Vaux and his wife, devout Catholics, immigrants from the old country. Here, fifty years ago, a new life began. Gems of grandest things lie hid in the lowliest places. Perhaps the child grew to womanhood all the braver, all the more God-reliant and trustful, for having walked the ships which were wrecked in the bay, for having seen the stars shine out after the storm-wreck was passed, and the icebergs in the distance drift down upon their unknown, wondrous way. However this may be, Agatha was distinguished above her peers. None so generous and sweet-tempered as she, none so courageous in emergencies, none so patient with the wayward. Upon that lonely point, albeit there are no romances read or poems written, love springs up in gentle hearts, and the lives of youth and maiden blend in a oneness the more deep and true that life is to these villagers something else than a holiday. So Agatha, with her soft, Madonna beauty, her quaint, simple ways, and her sweet voice, had lovers enough.

Among them were Jean Briton and Victor Gaspielle. Both were very much in love with the young maiden, and neither had need to shrink from comparing himself with the other. Bold, enterprising and manly, Jean and Victor had already made one or two voyages upon the small ships which the people of St. Pierre annually sent to the West Indies, laden with the surplus products of their nets. Both looked forward to other voyages in a higher capacity.

It was not easy to decide which found the greater favor in the eyes of the young girl. The village folk speculated much upon the subject, and it was noticeable, that while the young girls espoused the cause of Victor Gaspielle, the young men and the older people inclined to Jean Briton.

By and-by, at the opening of spring, there came a feast-day—one of the graceful and simple ceremonies of the church. The young village girls, dressed in white and with wreaths of evergreen, walked in procession. At sunset they all gathered upon the little square of grass which lay in the centre of the village, and the sacred exercises being concluded, songs and dances followed. And now it was observed that Agatha danced oftener with Victor, and that Jean stood apart grave and silent. The guesses of the young people divided the truth—Victor and Agatha were betrothed.

When Jean De Vaux and his wife learned how matters stood with the young people, they judged it best to couple their consent with certain conditions. Victor was about to sail for Jamaica as master of a vessel. This was a fair

worldly prospect. But Jean also went out at nearly the same time, captain of the ship Catherine. Victor was called shrewd and enterprising. True, but Jean was esteemed the more careful and prudent.

So the young man was bidden to look well to his worldly affairs, to see to it that business prospered, that he returned home with full hands if he wished to win Agatha.

The Catherine, Jean Briton master, and the Agatha De Vane, commanded by Victor Gaspielle, set sail from Trinity Bay on the same clear afternoon, and at sunset melted from the eyes of the watchers on shore into the same purple shadows.

Doubtless the feelings of the two young captains as they paced their decks and gazed upon the lessening shores were quite dissimilar. One went away disappointed and chagrined, with nothing sweet in the past to recall, nothing bright in the future to anticipate. But Victor's heart beat high with ambitious hopes. Not alone was the eager desire to win Agatha. Other hopes inspired him, less innocent and more selfish. Jean and he had been rivals from boyhood. In their sports, in their boyish labor, in the lessons recited to the aged priest, in the graceful exercises of youth, and lastly in love. Now they were rivals in enterprise. Who should make the swiftest voyage, who should dispose of his cargo at the highest rates, fill its place with the best articles purchased at the lowest prices, and soonest drop anchor in the waters of the bay? Victor's eyes flashed, and his face took a more resolved look as he said to himself that he would do all these things. Why was not Victor Gaspielle as good as another? Was he not as clear sighted, as well educated, as conversant with men and things as Jean Briton? Victor thought he was. So thought his men—two of them brothers, three or four more cousins of his own, and all looking up to him with that respect which mediocrity naturally feels for superior skill and prowess.

At first it seemed as though Victor was destined to achieve the success upon which he had set his heart, but presently his fortune changed. Contrary winds were encountered. He lost sight of the Catherine in a dense fog. One night, keeping steadily and cautiously upon their course in the darkness, they came into collision with a larger vessel. This escaped injury, but the Agatha was so shattered that she was forced to put into the nearest port for repairs. It happened that there was plenty of work that season of a similar kind, and the artisans made their own terms. Victor chafed and fretted. Here was he

lying in harbor, while the *Catherine* with fair weather and a smooth sea was sailing away south. This unlooked-for expense would naturally diminish his profits. If he was detained long it would ruin him. Driven to expedite matters by Victor's eager impatience, the workmen set about their task with a will, and in a reasonable time the *Agatha De Vaux* was ready for sea again.

And now Victor hoped by the superior knowledge and seamanship upon which he prided himself, to outsail the *Catherine*, and reach port before her. But again his plans were thwarted. The third day out he fell sick. Doubtless his impatience increased the violence of the fever, for he grew rapidly worse. Delirium set in, and now he no longer fretted because he lay idle in harbor while the *Catherine* was making a quick voyage, but visions of home, of the rocky coast of St. Pierre, of the odorous winds from the pines, of *Agatha's* hand, cool and soft, upon his burning forehead, of the cool, fresh water flowing over his heated lips, came to haunt him. He became so dangerously ill that the second officer, acting upon his own responsibility, stood in for the port off which they were just then passing. Here medical aid was procured, and gradually Victor amended.

With returning health ambition revived, but his hopes of success were sadly diminished. As, however, the ship steadily held on her course, and no more adverse fates were encountered, his spirits rose and his natural enthusiasm came back to him.

He was now in the tropics. A delicious sky bent over him. Land birds flying seaward alighted upon the vessel's masts. Land odors, sweet and fresh, floated out to him. Nearing the harbor, he could see that it was white with sails. An angry emotion swelled in Victor's heart. Still he stood shoreward, eagerly watching—rapidly running over the numerous ships, as one by one they grew distinct. Suddenly, those who stood near him were surprised at an abrupt, fierce exclamation from the captain. The glass he held was lowered with an angry gesture, and turning, Victor strode below. Presently from one to another the explanation passed:

"The *Catherine* is in port before us. Jean Briton is the luckier man." So it was. Rallying from his first discomfiture, Victor put off in a small boat for the landing. His gloomy face grew pale, as he recognized the person who stood upon the wharf awaiting his approach. He had scarcely stepped upon the shore before Jean Briton accosted him:

"Victor Gasprielle, you are late. Not another

quintal of fish will be sold in the islands this season."

Angrily striking aside the offered hand, Victor pushed moodily on, without a word. He found that Jean Briton had spoken the truth. The season was advanced, and the market was overstocked. He could not dispose of his cargo here. He could not buy, for now in the demand for goods, those who had goods would part with them only at a high price. An idle month passed slowly. He was forced to lie waiting for a purchaser, while the *Catherine*—her master exultant and her crew in high spirits—laid in her stock for the home market. At length, in despair of better success, Victor sailed into a neighboring port, and here, at a ruinous reduction from its value, he was able to dispose of his cargo. The few purchases which his ill luck admitted were made at a disadvantage, and with a heavy heart, the master of the *Agatha De Vaux* ordered the ship's course set for home.

It was a long and gloomy voyage, at an inclement season of the year. The crew were depressed, and the captain mortified and ill at ease. Now, when everything might have been expected to go ill, nothing occurred to delay their progress. With swift winds, they swept rapidly north, only a few miles lay between them and St. Pierre.

At this period of the voyage, the weather grew rough and unfavorable winds began to blow. One morning Victor stood upon deck watching the ship's course and bringing all his knowledge of navigation into use. It was a dangerous locality. Hidden reefs lay underneath the treacherous waves. One blow from these unseen enemies, and the *Agatha De Vaux* would never again lie at rest under the rocky walls of St. Pierre.

"Why strive to avoid this fate?" said Victor Gasprielle, gloomily, to himself. Defeated by a hated rival, baffled in the ambition which lay nearest his heart, uncertain what welcome he might receive, fearful lest even *Agatha* should turn scornfully away from one who had so poorly proved his claim to manliness and skill, sure to be condemned upon insufficient grounds by those who disliked him, liable to be blamed by that large number who consider success equivalent to merit,—why go home to encounter such scorn? Rather the quick shock, the cruel rock hiding for its victim. As he gazed and thought bitterly, an indistinct shape grew out upon the horizon. Suddenly, a low, heavy boom swept through the meanings of the wind, and thrilled to the hearts of all on board.

"A ship in distress!" was the cry which flew

from lip to lip. Victor forgot his personal grief in an instant, and the eager, natural instinct to afford relief sprang up within him.

"Up to the mast-head, Louis, and try what you can make out! Put the ship about! Head for the southwest! Quick, there!" Scarcely a moment had elapsed before the ship's course was reversed, and she stood crowding all sail for the distressed vessel.

All was life on board. Twice or thrice, at the command of the captain, the man at the mast-head made his report. Swiftly the Agatha De Vaux glided over the waves. An hour passed. Victor stood holding his glass, and intently watching the vessel they were approaching. By-and-by, he changed his position, uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and shifted the glass to the other hand. His color faded—he muttered some words to himself. At this moment, the sailor at the mast-head descended, unbidden, and touched the captain upon the arm. There is a singular look upon the man's face, and his speech is hesitating and not wholly distinct.

"It's the Catherine, sir!"

"Ay, Louis!" mutters Victor, with ashy lips.

"The Catherine—the Catherine!" he repeats, mechanically. The news reached the ears of the men. In an instant, a change passed over every face. The man at the wheel stayed his hand, the sailors dropped the ropes they held.

Victor stood motionless a moment. It seemed as if ages swept over him in that brief moment of struggle. The demon within him said, "Why go out of your course to help Jean Briton? The power that guides you guides him as well. Who asked you to interfere? Think of his triumph—think of the contempt of the village people, already more friendly to him than to you—think of Agatha shrinking from you, and Jean's look of exultation! Go your way!"

Still the angel pleaded. Contending emotions shook his frame. He grew cold and still. One way, dishonor, remorse and success—the other, disgrace, honor and self-approval. In this fierce tempest the voice of humanity was drowned. Still the sailors stood motionless. Victor slowly let fall his hand to his side. He turned stiffly, like one frozen. Hard and cold, as if from the lips of death itself, came forth the order:

"Put the ship about for St. Pierre!"

The men sprang to their work. Victor went below. Again, the sound of the signal gun smote his senses. He pressed his hands upon his ears, and, groaning aloud, threw himself upon his bed. Night settled down upon the sea, and he did not arise.

O, the terrible thoughts that haunted the mis-

erable man through those long night hours! Dreams of childhood, when he and Jean played together upon the rocky ledges of St. Pierre, tormented him. Old looks, old voices came around him. Visions of drowning men—of men with pallid faces, with hands imploringly outstretched, with trembling lips shrieking for aid, swam before his eyes. Anon, a crowd of scornful faces gathered around him. Harsh voices jeered him, skeleton fingers pointed at him, sharp hisses pierced his brain.

Women sobbed beside him. Jean's old mother groaned and wrung her hands before him. It was terrible. He shuddered, sobbed and groaned in impotent anguish.

Always now to be the prey of remorse. Never again to hold Agatha to his heart, and feel that he, too, was pure and innocent like her. Always to bear about the mark of murderer, though no human eye might see it. Never again to listen to a tale of wickedness without inwardly saying, "Out of my own heart I can match its blackness." Helpless, repentant now but vainly, Victor battled till morning with the fearful thoughts.

In the meantime, the natural reaction had asserted itself among the crew. The base, selfish impulse had passed away. In vain one said to another:

"It was the captain's fault."

Each knew his own falsehood; for had not the captain read his purpose in their faces? Who should reveal their dreadful crime? Who would dare throw blame upon another, when each man's heart accused him of the deed? Thus each was bound to the other, by his share in the common crime.

The next afternoon, the Agatha De Vaux dropped anchor in the placid waters of Trinity Bay.

Home again! Enough of welcome, tears, smiles, tender looks from Agatha, condolences in plenty,—for the Catherine had not reached port, and the villagers began to fancy that ill-luck had followed their outward bound ships, and that he was fortunate who brought his craft into the harbor, setting aside his pecuniary failure. Enough of welcome; but what was that to Victor? Weighed down by remorse, not daring to look into loving eyes lest they should penetrate the secret of his base conduct, trembling lest words muttered in a dream might reveal it, dreading every new comer, mistrusting every half-heard word, doubting the very winds, and fearing the waves might whisper it. Fearful dreams haunted him. He saw ships half-engulfed by the sea: drowning men fought the waves; shrill, heart-breaking cries rang through his brain; dead

faces frowned upon him; tender remembrances of childhood tortured him. Jean Briton became a child again. He took on numberless sweet and pleasant shapes. The hate died out of Victor's heart; the old love revived, and he sobbed like a child over the ruin of his early playmate.

By-and-by, the people of St. Pierre remarked that Victor Gasprielle had not come back the same man. Some said, kindly, that "it was ill-luck, poor fellow!" Others shook their heads gravely; and a few hinted that a conscience ill at ease makes a gloomy face. The crew of the *Agatha De Vaux* whispered to each other of the change in their late captain, and no one of them ventured to condemn him. But old Jean De Vaux said to his dame:

"The lad's down-hearted for Agatha's sake. Speak to the lad, wife. Say to him he may choose his own time for wedding the maiden. After all, a single stroke of ill luck went last a man's life-time. As for poor Jean Briton, I confess I took most kindly to him; but, the saints be praised, Jean De Vaux knows as well as another which way the needle points, and the good God guides it, to Jean's liking or not, as he wills." And the old man devoutly made the sign of the cross.

Victor took courage at the thought of making Agatha his wife at once. He imagined that the demons who tormented him would flee when her sweet presence was by him always. And Agatha, smiling and blushing, gave a willing assent. Therefore a morning early in winter was set apart for the bridal. There were feasting and congratulations, smiles and tears and prayers. The people went to their homes full of praises and blessings for the young couple. Agatha was beautiful; Victor was brave. If one was impetuous, the other was gentle. A long life and a happy one for them.

That night, the winter moon looked peacefully down upon the dwelling of Jean De Vaux. The great sea beat its endless measures upon the rocky wall close by, in a soft, soothing rhythm. Within the house there was nothing but love and peace. If remorse held any heart in its thralldom, for this night, at least, its grasp was loosed.

An hour before midnight a small boat touched the foot of one of the cliffs which surround St. Pierre, and a man slowly made his way on shore. His dress was shabby, and his manner indicated fatigue and weakness. Guided by the full moonlight, he made his way over the rocks and toward the cluster of houses which stood nearest the shore. Presently lights flashed out of the windows, doors were opened, voices rang out in exclamations of wonder and horror.

An hour later, and a loud, long, angry knocking besieged the door of Jean De Vaux. A crowd of stern, pale faces pressed around, peered through the windows, thronged up the steps. The steady tramp of many feet shook the ground around. A fierce, hoarse shout swelled out into the midnight silence, and, dying away, blended its closing murmur with the wail of the sea.

At the sound, Victor Gasprielle sprang to his feet, shaking with uncontrollable terror.

"In God's name, what is it?" shrieked Agatha.

Victor's paralyzed lips uttered no sound.

"What is it,—what is it?" cried Jean De Vaux and his wife, rushing at once into the apartment where were Victor and his bride, and which was upon that side of the sound where the strange clamor was nearest and fiercest.

"Victor Gasprielle! Victor Gasprielle!" it said.

"Victor Gasprielle, what does this mean?" asked Jean De Vaux, turning to the young man, with a face growing pale and set.

But there was no reply. Weak, helpless, doomed, the wretched man sank down cowering at Agatha's feet.

Again the shout:

"Victor Gasprielle, come forth!"

Jean De Vaux threw open a window, and faced the pale, heaving, maddened crowd.

"My friends, what do you want?" he said, bravely.

"We want Victor Gasprielle," was the sudden reply.

"What do you want with him?"

There was a pause,—then one said:

"Jean, stand forth and speak!"

The crowd swayed apart, and a stained, sea-worn man stepped forth and stood in the full moonlight.

"Jean Briton!" gasped the old man.

Lower and lower crouched the trembling figure at Agatha's feet.

"Tell your story—tell your story!" demanded the crowd, in a sharp, menacing cry.

"It is short. Victor and I were rivals. I was successful—he was not. The Catherine ran upon a hidden rock—we fired our signal gun—a ship bore towards us. When it had approached us so near that we saw it was the *Agatha De Vaux* and Captain Victor Gasprielle saw that the wrecked ship was the Catherine, it put about and sailed for St. Pierre. The Catherine broke up—I was the only man saved."

The words fell upon a dead silence.

"Victor Gasprielle, is this true?" demanded Jean De Vaux, in a low, strange tone.

"It is true," sobbed Victor.

The old man turned again to the crowd of white faces before the window :

"Friends, do your will with him. No murderer finds shelter under my roof."

A mad shout of satisfied rage went up from the crowd outside, blended with a wild shriek of agony from within. Struggling and screaming still wildly, Agatha was drawn back, and the doomed man was set among the crowd. Exultant, they dragged him down to the cliffs, tossed him with angry scorn into a frail shell of a boat moored there, took away the oars, and, with shouts and contemptuous jeering, watched it, as it drifted hither and thither, the *plaything of the merciless waves*.

A month passed, and Agatha lay white and still upon a sick bed. One day, a sailor came to her by stealth, saying :

"The captain yet lives. The sea set him ashore. I know the place."

A new light crept into Agatha's eyes ; a new strength inspired her. She rose at once, healed by the power of a holy purpose.

"Father—mother, I am going to seek my husband. If he 'is weak and wicked, so much the more need that his wife should uphold him."

"You are right, child ; you are his wife,—go," said Jean De Vaux.

A life of foreign residence, a broken, wandering life, not happy, and yet not wholly sorrowful, was theirs. When death came to sever them, Agatha went back to St. Pierre. No one now spoke harshly of Victor Gasprielle. His sin was blamed, but it was also sorrowed for, and kept in tender, forgiving silence.

THORWALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

It was in the spring of 1796, that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome ; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany, and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate *Thetis*, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride ; he took an honest, open-hearted farewell, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me ; if you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated ; and they met again many, many years afterwards, shortly before his death—she a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence, when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning, there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window—it was she, the early love of the artist.—*Andersen's Rambles*.

A NIGHTINGALE STORY.

A few days ago (says a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*), a certain merchant in Bremen had a tolerably large and very respectable company assembled at his house ; amongst the rest, a lieutenant in the Hanoverian service, who is betrothed to his daughter. The greater part of the company were sitting near the open windows, overlooking the garden. All at once the sweet notes of the nightingale were heard. Every one rushed to the windows to hear the lovely songster pour forth its song, conversation ceased as if by mutual consent, and nothing was heard from the company but exclamations of "*Ach wie schön*," "*Prachtvoll*," "*Himmlisch*," etc. After a time, the bird ceased for a few minutes, when the company gave free vent to their pent up feelings of admiration ; and never was a nightingale so bepraised as this one. This agreeable state of things only lasted a short time ; for the company were rather startled by hearing a man's voice in the garden call out, "Herr Lieutenant, just let me do the little pig ; it beats the nightingale all to pieces." The company looked at each other, and very quickly closed the windows upon this would-be speaker, respecting whom the speaker was immediately called to account, and was quickly forced to confess that the nightingale was only a lark. It appeared that the lieutenant had a private soldier in his company that was quite a proficient in imitating birds and animals ; and, thinking to oblige the company, he had engaged him to imitate the nightingale for this night, without telling him, however, that he was not to attempt anything else. He gave further specimens of his abilities, as above, to the delight and praises of the company.—*London Times*.

GOD'S PAINTING.

Imperial Napoleon refused two hundred thousand dollars for one small painting by Corregio. And yet in every careering tempest, in every moonlight night, we have a painting from God's hand, which, in comparison, sinks every effort of man's pencil into irredeemable insignificance. What is the dome of St. Peter compared with the gorgeous rotunda of the sky ! The Roman beggar kneels upon the tessellated floor of earth's most imposing fabric, as blind to all its sublimity and beauty, as is the fly which buzzes around the waxen taper. And many a man lives and dies amidst the glories of God's creation, as insensible to that glory as is the Roman mendicant or the cathedral moth. Thousands will cross the ocean, and pass through many sufferings, to see the Coliseum at Rome, or the great pyramid of Cheops. But what are these edifices, reared by feeble hands, compared with the hills and mountains God has elevated, throwing over them the embroidered drapery of forest robes, variegated with all the hues of spring, and summer, and autumn ? This is tapestry which no regal looms of Gobelins can ever rival ; which no robes of Solomon can outvie.—*John S. C. Abbott*.

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail,
In monumental mockery. SHAKESPEARE.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Dollar Monthly.]

ST. SYLVESTER'S DAY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

At the foot of the mountains which separate Bavaria from the States of Weimar, is situated a little town called Hoff, which overlooks a part of the valleys watered by the Main. Far from frequented routes, this humble village has retained its ancient customs, and one may still find there that grave simplicity, partly effaced from the rest of Germany. So Hoff is known by the name of *The Old Tribe*.

There lived, a few years since, a foreigner named Loffen. It was said he was born in Bohemia, and had formerly served in the Austrian armies with the rank of major. But the peace of 1815 had disbanded the company he commanded, and he had then arrived at Hoff, with a child called Dorothea, who had since become a beautiful young girl.

Major Loffen was a well-informed man, courageous and capable of great devotedness. But unfortunately the violence of his disposition had disturbed his whole life, and prevented his advancement in the army. The slightest opposition threw him into a passion which he regretted at a later period, but which pride and shame prevented his acknowledging. He had lost successively his best friends and his surest protectors.

Meanwhile, what neither counsels nor reproofs could accomplish, time effected. This species of inward exaltation which broke forth in sudden anger, notwithstanding all the resolutions of the major, died away by degrees; the blood circulated more slowly in his veins, experience rendered his mind less prompt to condemn others, and he could listen without impatience to an opinion contrary to his own.

Paternal love completed this conversion. Subdued by the infantile graces of Dorothea, the lion was transformed into a man; and he who had resisted for thirty years his friends and his enemies, became incessantly the submissive slave of a young girl.

Loffen was therefore no longer the same, but a new man. Scarcely did some transient irritations recall, from time to time, the past. It was like a storm dying away in the distance in faint and fainter murmurs.

Besides, a great change was preparing in the major's position; his daughter was about to be married. She was to espouse a young forester, William Munster, whom she had known ever since her arrival at Hoff, and with whom she had grown up.

The young man was educated with his father-in-law, and had just finished regulating all things for the approaching union.

"So it is agreed," said he, pushing away the accounts presented by M. de Loffen, and on which he had not even cast his eyes; "we will take the house on the banks of the water!"

"Since it pleases Dorothea," replied the major.

"Then we shall be more comfortably situated than here." Loffen sighed.

"Does this removal displease you?" asked William, earnestly; "if so, we will remain."

"No, my son," resumed the old soldier, laying his hand on that of the forester, "I do not regret this dwelling."

"What do you regret, then? For several days I have seen that you are sad. Ah! do not conceal anything from me, my father! Have I done anything with which you are dissatisfied?"

"Nothing, nothing, dear child; but this marriage recalls so many memories. Then, I am jealous of you."

"What say you?" exclaimed the forester.

"Jealous," replied the major, smiling, "for you are about to become the principal attachment of Dorothea. It should be so, and I will not complain. But habit has rendered me selfish, you see. Until now I have been the sole object of my daughter's cares, she has had but me to love and please; now her time and affection will be shared with you, I cannot have her always at my side, and I dread the hours of solitude."

"Your fears have been divined by Dorothea," said the forester; "the other day she communicated them to me with tears in her eyes."

"What say you?" interrupted Loffen; "ah! I will conceal my sadness, then; I will not disturb the happiness of Dorothea. Never speak to her of what I have said, William; it is an old man's weakness, a folly. Shall I not live near you? Shall I not see you every day? I shall only have to form new habits; I will do so."

William did not reply, and there was a silence. At last, casting on the major a stealthy look, he said, hesitatingly:

"There is one way of preventing the solitude you fear."

"What?"

"A person who was once dear to you inhabits Eggen."

"Enough, enough, William!" interrupted the major, hastily rising; "Dorothea must have told you what I have already replied to this suggestion. We must not disturb the ashes of destroyed affections. Never speak to me on that subject, William; I entreat it as a friend, and as a father, require it."

Munster bowed sorrowfully and Loffen went out.

Now the person who lived at Egra, and to whom the forester had alluded, was no other than the mother of Dorothea. Married very young to the major, whom she loved, she had at first found a thousand joys in this union; but by degrees the character of Loffen had diminished this happiness. Charlotte, proud and susceptible, had not been able to endure the violence of his passions. Far from shewing forbearance towards her husband, she had irritated him by opposition, reproaches, and discontent, until coolness had taken the place of affection. Then each remained silent, concealing their sufferings from the other, and becoming more and more exasperated. At last excess of anger occasioned a violent outbreak. Charlotte had departed for Egra, where she had relatives, and Loffen had come to live at Hoff with his daughter.

But separation seemed not to have softened his irritation. Whether the remembrance of Charlotte reminded him of wrongs at which he blushed, or whether he still retained his resentment against her, he avoided everything which could remind him of the mother of Dorothea. Her portrait had been covered with a cloth and banished to a distant closet; her piano, carefully closed, was half hid at the extremity of an unoccupied apartment; he had ever required Dorothea to study the harp, as if he had feared a reminiscence of the past. So all the attempts of the young girl to combat this species of hatred, had been until then useless; but her's was one of those hearts to whom kindness imparts courage, and who are never weary of trying to do good.

Meanwhile, the day appointed for the marriage of Dorothea had arrived. The nuptial benediction was not to take place until after midnight at the Protestant church; but the friends and neighbors of the major had been invited to assemble earlier for the wedding repast.

They arrived before nightfall, and were received by the betrothed pair. When they were assembled, Loffen wished to leave them to ascertain whether all orders had been given; Dorothea detained him.

"A thousand pardons, my father," said she, embracing him; "but I forbid your leaving us."

"And why so?" said the major, smiling.

"Because you have to-day no right to command here."

"How!"

"I am the sole mistress."

"She is right!" exclaimed the Counsellor Hotman, laughing.

"This is St. Sylvester's day."

"I had forgotten it," exclaimed Loffen.

"It is St. Sylvester's day!" repeated every voice; "you are not master in your own house, major."

St. Sylvester's day, which is throughout Bavaria a period of rejoicing, is in fact celebrated at Hoff in a peculiar manner. An ancient custom ordains that the order established in families should be reversed on this day, and that the authority exercised by the parents should pass into the hands of the children. It is a sort of a Christian imitation of those Roman saturnalia, in which the slaves recovered their liberty for a few hours, and were served, in their turn, by their masters.

The major, who had always scrupulously conformed to this old custom, replied, smilingly, to his daughter, that he left to William and herself the direction of everything.

"So," said Dorothea, "it is clearly understood that you are to submit to the laws of St. Sylvester's day?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Loffen.

"And you pledge yourself on your honor to be subject to your children all day?"

"I pledge my honor; but we will see how you use power."

"Our friends shall be judges," said Dorothea, turning towards the guests; "besides, I shall have a counsellor."

"Who?"

"A lady whose acquaintance I made on my last journey."

"You have not mentioned her to me."

"No, but she arrived this morning at Hoff, chance threw her in my way on my return from church, and I invited her."

"Without consulting me!" said the major.

"It is St. Sylvester's day, father," objected Dorothea.

Loffen could not suppress a gesture of dissatisfaction.

"And may I, at least, know the name of this stranger?"

"Here she comes," interrupted William.

Dorothea and himself hastened to meet her. The major, who was sitting near a window, rose hastily, leaned from the balcony—and recognized Charlotte.

It would be difficult to express what passed in the soul of Loffen at this sight. There was at first a mixture of surprise, trouble and anger; but the latter sentiment finally prevailed. It was evident that all had been arranged between Dorothea and her mother; they intended, doubtless, to effect a reconciliation; and had relied upon his surprise, his embarrassment, perhaps his weakness, to impose upon him. This last

idea was repulsive to him. Age had not so tranquillized his soul but that displeasure was easily transformed into indignation. His first idea was to repulse both mother and daughter, and to shut himself up in his own apartment; but the presence of the guests restrained him.

He was standing in the same place, hesitating what he should do, when Charlotte appeared, led by William and Dorothea. Her look, on entering, met that of the major, and she recoiled.

"I present to you Madame de Nagel, father," said Dorothea, without daring to raise her eyes.

Loffen started.

"Pardon me for having dared—" stammered Charlotte. "I should have given you notice."

"The major does not need previous notice in order to welcome his friends," observed William.

"Besides, it was I who wished it," returned Dorothea, "and I had a right."

Her father cast upon her a severe glance.

"This is St. Sylvester's day," continued the young girl.

The guests had approached; the major comprehended that he must conceal his vexation. Slightly bowing, therefore, he said, coldly:

"My daughter is right, madam; she is the mistress here to-day, and you her guest only."

"Let us go to the table," said William.

Each gentleman offered his arm to a lady, and the major, left alone with Madame de Nagel, was compelled to follow their example.

But on passing through the music saloon on their way to the dining-room, he perceived that everybody passed before a large picture newly suspended to the wall; it was the portrait previously banished to the dark closet, and which represented Charlotte in all the beauty of her youth.

"Who placed that picture there?" exclaimed the major, his eyes sparkling.

"I," replied Dorothea, gently.

"And who permitted you to do it?"

"No one, father. But it is St. Sylvester's day."

Loffen bit his lips.

"Fear nothing, sir," said Madame de Nagel, in a low tone; "this portrait represents me young, beautiful, happy—you see no one has recognised me."

The major did not reply. They entered the dining-room; and everybody took seats at the table.

Loffen found himself seated opposite Madame de Nagel, to whom Dorothea had resigned her place, and who was to do the honors of the dinner. The major had resolved to avoid scandal, but not to conceal his dissatisfaction; he even displayed it with the more affectation, that he felt himself, in the depths of his heart, less irri-

tated than he would have wished. In vain he repeated to himself that he was the sport of a plot arranged between Charlotte and her daughter, which his honor called upon him to render useless; a sort of indulgent tenderness seized him in spite of himself; it was the first time he had found himself too patient and too gentle!

He resolved at least to preserve a silence which should manifest his displeasure. Madame de Nagel did not attempt to interrupt it; but the major could not escape her mute attentions. Whatever he did, all his wants were anticipated, all his desires gratified; the dishes and the wines he preferred were alone offered to him, for Charlotte had forgotten none of his tastes. For the first time during fifteen years, he found around him that watchful care of the woman who has shared our life, and whom the most tender daughter cannot replace.

The repast finished, all the company passed into the music saloon. Loffen then perceived that the piano as well as the portrait had been brought down; it was open, and beside it was the music-desk of the major. Dorothea herself brought him his violin, reminding him that he had promised to play. Loffen cast a glance towards Madame de Nagel, who had approached the piano, and would have refused; but the Counsellor Hotman summoned him to obey, exclaiming that it was St. Sylvester's day; he was therefore obliged to yield.

The piece selected by Dorothea was one of the duets which her father had oftentimes played formerly with Charlotte. The latter still remembered the expression given to it by the major, so it was performed with admirable skill. Those who knew the talents of Loffen, had never heard him play with so much precision, charm and power. It seemed as if the instruments understood each other. When they ceased, all the auditors applauded with transport, and the Counsellor Hotman was in ecstasies.

"There must be but one soul in two bodies," said he, "to put so much harmony in the expression of the same sentiment!"

Loffen and Madame de Nagel bowed with embarrassment.

"Ah, you were made to understand each other," added the enthusiast, pressing their hands; "music is as it were an emanation of hearts; and to play so harmoniously together, is almost to love one another!"

Madame de Nagel smiled and blushed, and would have left the piano; but Dorothea entreated her to give them one of those German airs which she sung so well. After a little persuasion, she commenced the old ballad of *La Rose Blanche*.

As Madame de Nugel sang, all the resentment of the major seemed to die away, and he was seized with powerful emotions. This song he had heard the first time he had seen Charlotte; and later, in the days of their union, she had repeated it to him a thousand times. The voice of Madame de Nugel acted on him like that of a fairy, and rebuilt the crumbling edifice of his happiness. As he listened to it, he thought he saw again that little home surrounded by vines which they had inhabited together at Prague, that garden, with its arbor of honeysuckles and its beds of violets. He seemed to have become again young, confident, joyous. All that had been tender and happy in the past seemed revived.

Madame de Nugel had left the piano long before, and he still remained in the same spot, his arms folded and his head cast down. He was aroused from his reverie by the voice of William, who announced that it was now midnight. He offered his arm to Madame de Nugel, this time without observation, and, accompanied by the guests, they directed their steps towards the church.

There is in the important act which unites two beings together forever on earth, and which destines them to live for each other, a religious solemnity which affects every heart; but it is especially for a father that the nuptial benediction has something grave and touching. It is, as it were, an abdication of his rights over the child he has brought up, and whose happiness he henceforth confides to another.

The emotions which the major had just experienced had particularly disposed him to tenderness; so he could not restrain his tears when he heard the minister pronounce the consecrated form which gave his daughter to William. By an involuntary impulse his glance sought that of Madame de Nugel; she had concealed her head in her hands, and was sobbing aloud.

This community of emotion dispelled the little resentment which remained in the heart of the major.

"After all," thought he, "she is her mother."

This idea softened him. Her mother! and she was there as a stranger, under a feigned name! Her mother! and her presence was not even a pure and complete joy for Dorothea; for it reminded her that the most sacred ties might be broken; that all the happiness dreamed of by William and herself might terminate in isolation and hatred! The major felt his heart oppressed as with remorse, and when his daughter rose, holding the hand of the forester, he cast down his eyes to avoid her glance.

Meanwhile, the party had left the church; the

guests took leave, and, after having embraced the bridal pair, each returned home.

Dorothea had taken her father's arm, William offered his to Madame de Nugel, and all four arrived at the house of the major. They found the saloon still illuminated, the piano open, the violin suspended before the desk, and the portrait seeming to smile at these signs of festival.

Madame de Nugel then advanced towards the major; she was pale, and her voice trembled.

"It is the hour for us to separate," said she; "adieu, and thanks, sir, for having allowed me to cross your threshold. Do not think I intended to afflict you by my presence. If I came hither, it was because I could not resist the entreaties of my child. I was unwilling that she should present herself before the altar as an orphan, and that in the most solemn moment of her life she should not at least find us both near her. Pardon me, therefore, for having entered this house without your permission, and profited by the authority of a day granted to this child. St. Sylvester's day is over, sir; you are about to become again master here, and resume possession of the isolation which pleases you."

At these words she turned towards Dorothea and William, and embracing them with sobs, said:

"Adieu, O you whom I love, and whom I shall see no more! I shall bear away the memories of this day as a consolation for my whole future life—but you, seek to forget it! Close this piano which has remained so long unopened, re-cover the portrait and all the past with it; for St. Sylvester's day is over."

At these words, she tore herself from the arms of the young couple, and advanced tottering towards the door; but the major, who had just closed it, remained standing on the threshold, pale and trembling. Their eyes met, and the entire past, with its differences and sorrows, was pardoned in this glance.

"Charlotte! murmured Loffen, extending his arms towards her.

"Lacien!" replied Madame de Nugel.

And she suffered herself to be clasped to his heart.

At last, after a long embrace, the major gently released her, and, placing his hands on the foreheads of Dorothea and William, who had knelt before him, said, gratefully:

"Blessed be these children, for they have been wiser than their parents! Remain the mistress here, Dorothea; you have restored us to happiness, and I shall henceforth be always St. Sylvester's Day."

The Florist.

"A flowery crown will I compose—
I'll weave the crocus, weave the rose;
I'll weave narcissus, newly wet,
The hyacinth and violet;
The myrtle shall supply me green,
And lilacs laugh in light between;
That the rich tendrils of my beauty's hair
May burst into their crowning flowers, and light the
painted air."

Annuals.

The plants generally known as annuals, are raised from the seed, perfect their flowers, mature their seed the same season, and then perish. There are some flowers, however, cultivated as annuals, that are such only in a northern climate, being in their own more congenial region perennials, or biennials. Among them are the verbena, chrisels, or eschscholtzia, as it was formerly called, commelina, mirabilis, and many others. This class of annuals may be kept through the winter in green-houses or in any light cellars. Annuals are most appropriate for those who are changing their abode from year to year, as from these alone a fine display may be kept up the whole season, with the exception of the vernal months, and this deficiency may be supplied by having a choice collection of perennials, grown in pots, which can be plunged in the ground, and thus removed at any time when it is necessary to change the residence.

Rock-Work.

There are many plants that succeed best when planted among rocks; and, for their accommodation, and to show off their beauties to the greatest advantage, it is common in many gardens to have an appendage, called a rockery. This is made of a collection of stones, in the rough or natural state, laid up without much order, with soil, which should be concealed as much as possible by the fragments of rock. As many of the plants succeed best in the shade, a portion of the rock-work should be partly surrounded with trees or shrubs, that they may derive that advantage. Trilliums, orchis, cypripediums, and some few ferns, and a great variety of native plants which are found in our woods, with an appropriate soil, would flourish well in such a spot. The rockery should be partly, or wholly, concealed from the general flower-garden by shrubs or trees.

Perennials.

Perennials are those plants which do not in their growth form either trees or shrubs, but which lose their tops, wholly or in part, every year, after they have done flowering; the roots continuing to live and generate for several years successively. Imperfect perennials continue three or more years, and then die, as the sweet william or fox-glove, but which, with a little care in dividing the roots every year, can be kept many years. Perennials are hardy, half-hardy and tender. Hardy perennials stand the hardest winter without protection; half-hardy require to be well protected; and tender perennials must be kept through the winter in the

greenhouse. Perennials are of two kinds, bulbous and herbaceous, which, differing materially from each other in habits, require, consequently, a different kind of treatment.

Biennials.

Biennials are those plants that flower the second and sometimes the third year from the time the seeds are sown, and then perish, as the hollyhock. Sow, for the most part, in early spring, in light soil, and plant out in the following autumn in the situations where they are to flower. Many of the fine double and other varieties never produce seed.

Winged Ammobium.

This is a very pretty half-hardy annual, with composite white flowers, or with white, dry, involucreal scales, like some of the everlasting. The flowers, when gathered before they fully mature, retain their shape and brightness, and are fit companions for the globe amaranth, immortal flower, etc., for winter ornaments. It grows two feet high; in flower from June to October. The stems have a curious winged attachment their whole length.

Daphne.

Daphne mazareoon is a handsome shrub; the flowers come out before the leaves, early in the spring; they grow in clusters, all round the shoots of the former year. The flowers are succeeded by brilliant scarlet berries, which are said to be a powerful poison. Another variety, with white flowers, has yellow berries. This shrub is in bloom early in April. It is sweet-scented; and, where there are many together, they will perfume the air to a considerable distance. The best time for transplanting is in the autumn; because, as it begins to vegetate early in the spring, it should not then be disturbed. It thrives best in a dry soil; if it has too much wet, it becomes mossy, and stunted in growth, and produces fewer flowers.

Dirca Palustris.

Leather-Wood.—This is a much-branched shrub, from three to six feet high, found in wet, marshy and shady places. It is conspicuous, when in flower in April, for the number of yellow blossoms, which fade and fall rapidly as the leaves expand. The wood is very pliable, and the bark of singular toughness and tenacity. It has such strength that a man cannot pull apart so much as covers a branch of half or third of an inch in diameter. It is used by millers and others for thongs. The aborigines used it as a cordage.

English Ivy.

The ancients held ivy in great esteem, and Bacchus is represented as crowned with it to prevent intoxication. It is a highly esteemed ornamental evergreen climber, and much used in England for covering naked buildings or trees, or for training into fanciful shapes, or trained up a stake so as to form a standard.

The Housewife.

The Feet.

The feet should be washed in cold water every morning, and wiped very dry. Stockings, if too small, cripple the feet as surely as small shoes. Always be careful to give the foot room enough, and you will be rarely troubled with corns. When the toe-nails have a tendency to turn in, so as to be painful, the nail should always be scraped very thin, and as near the flesh as possible. As soon as the corner of the nail can be raised up out of the flesh, it should be kept from again entering by putting a tuft of fine lint under it.

Making Bread.

A foreign inventor offers a new method for making bread. After having boiled one-third of peeled apples, bruise them while quite warm into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of leaven, and knead the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being sufficient. When this mixture has acquired the consistency of paste, put it into a vessel, and allow it to rise for about twelve hours. By this process is obtained a very sweet bread, full of eyes, and extremely light.

Wash for Sunburn.

Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy, and one pound of ox-gall; mix and stir well together, and repeat the stirring three or four times a day, until the mixture becomes transparent; then strain it through a filtering paper, and it is fit for use.

Powder for Chaps, etc.

Take dry hemlock bark, powder it by rubbing on a fine grater; then sift this powder through gauze or muslin, and sprinkle it lightly on the part chapped. It is a safe and certain curative.

Rose-Water.

When the roses are in full bloom pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of them; put them in a cold still over a slow fire, and distil gradually; then bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

Almond Paste.

Blanch half a pound of sweet almonds and a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, and beat them to powder in a mortar with half a pound of loaf sugar; then beat them into a paste with orange-flower water.

Honey Water.

One ounce of essence of bergamot, three drachms of English oil of lavender, half a drachm of oil of cloves, half a drachm of aromatic vinegar, six grains of musk, one and a half pint of spirits of wine. Mix and distil.

A Vapor-Bath at Home.

Place strong sticks across a tub of water at the boiling point, and sit upon them entirely enveloped in a blanket, feet and all. The steam from the water will be a vapor-bath. Some people put herbs into the water. Steam-baths are excellent for severe colds, and for some disorders in the bowels. They should not be taken without the advice of an experienced nurse or physician. Great care should be taken not to renew the cold after—it would be doubly dangerous.

To remove Stains from the Hands.

Dip your hands in warm water, and rub on the stain a small portion of oxalic acid powder and cream of tartar, mixed together in equal quantities. Keep it in a box. When the stain disappears, wash the hands with fine soap or almond cream. A box of this stain-powder should always be kept on hand.

Almond Powder.

Blanch six pounds of bitter almonds, dry and beat them, and press from them one pint of oil; then beat them in an iron mortar, and pass the powder through a sieve. Keep it from air and moisture in a glass jar. Used instead of soap for washing the hands, it imparts a singular delicacy to their appearance.

Lotion for Freckles.

Take a teacupful of cold sour milk, scrape into it a quantity of horseradish. Let this stand from six to twelve hours; and then, being well strained, let it be applied two or three times a day.

For sore Feet.

The thin white skin which comes from suet is excellent to bind upon the feet for chilblains. Rubbing with castile soap, and afterwards with honey, is likewise highly recommended.

Sago.

Take two table-spoonfuls of sago and one pint of boiling water; stir together and boil gently until it thickens. Wine, sugar and nutmeg may be added, according to circumstances.

Preserving the Nails.

One ounce of oil of bitter almonds, one drachm of oil of tartar per deliquium; one ounce of prepared crabs'-eyes. Mix up with essence of lemon to scent it.

To make Milk of Roses.

To one pint of rose-water add one ounce of oil of almonds and ten drops of the oil of tartar. Let the oil of tartar be poured in last.

Canker, or Sore Mouth.

Steep blackberry leaves, sweeten with honey, sprinkle in a little burnt alum, and wash the mouth often with this decoction.

Curious Matters.

An old Watch.

A gentleman from Longmeadow has shown us an old English watch, which was purchased of Joseph Story, Clerkenwell Street, London, in 1676, by Joseph Andrews, then about the first hardware merchant in Boston. It was given to the father of the present owner for good behaviour and attention to business in his 16th year, on condition that he would never dispose of it. He died in 1803, and the present owner has had it in his possession ever since. The first time it was cleaned there were but two watchmakers in Boston, and one of them was unwilling to take it in hand lest he should injure the fine work. The watch was then sent to London, where it remained a year and was cleaned at a cost of \$5. The original watch-paper still remains in the case with the date of its purchase. This venerable ticker keeps as good time as ever, and seems likely to hold good for a hundred years more.

An extraordinary Case.

A remarkable case of recovery from a gunshot wound in the abdomen, occurred recently at St. Augustine, Florida. A soldier belonging to the New Hampshire Fourth Regiment, while on picket duty was shot by a rebel who was lurking about. A musket ball entered his abdomen, and passed entirely through his body, coming out at the back. In its passage it went through the descending colon, or large intestine, and one of the kidneys. Although every one supposed that he would die in a few hours, he persisted that he would get well. Dr. J. C. Eastman, the skilful surgeon, treated the wound, and though the orifices made in the intestines are not closed up, he is quite comfortable, the bowels performing their functions properly. We understand that Dr. Eastman will make a detailed report of this extraordinary case for publication in the medical journals.

Curious Superstitions.

In Malta, whenever a violent storm occurs, the bishop commands all the church bells to be rung for the purpose of calming it. In the interior of France, the bells are rung during a storm for the purpose of averting danger from the crops. Herodotus tells us that the Thracians, more bold, used to menace the thunder-cloud with arrows, and combated even the dread artillery of heaven.

A Piece of Stone in a Man's Eye 15 Years.

A piece of blue granite, three-eighths by two-eighths of an inch in circumference, and about a quarter of an inch in thickness, has been removed from the eye of Pascal P. Janes, of Northampton, Mass. Mr. Janes is a stonemason, and has carried the fragment in his eye for fifteen years. The wound was never probed, and the orifice where the stone entered had healed.

A Hen Story.

The Bellows Falls Times is responsible for the following story:—A hen belonging to Mr. Herrick, of Reading, having one day discovered a litter of young kittens in a crib near her own nest, forsook her own nest, and proceeded with the utmost assiduity, clucking and bristling, to brood the kittens. If at any time the kittens thrust their heads out from under her wings, she pushed them in again with her bill. When the old cat came to attend to her rightful progeny, the hen would go at her with the greatest fury; and it was not till the hen had been forcibly ejected and put in close confinement, that poor puss could have an opportunity to rescue her little ones from actual starvation.

Vitality of Seeds.

Some years ago, a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.

Melting Gold and Silver.

In melting gold at the United States mint, one hundred pounds of silver to fifty of gold is placed on each crucible, and after the two are rendered fluid, the mixed metal is dipped out and poured into a large copper vessel filled with cold water, the metal being swung round in the process. This rotary motion causes the metal to sink to the bottom in the form of flakes or grains. Hence it is called the process of granulation. The metals are afterwards separated by means of acids.

National Tunes.

The Independent informs an inquiring correspondent that "Hail Columbia" was written by Joseph Hopkinson; "Star-Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key; "The American Flag," beginning

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled his standard to the air,"

by Joseph Rodman Drake; and that the authorship of "Yankee Doodle" is unknown, or at least unsettled.

Solomon's Temple.

The contribution of the people, in the time of David, towards the building of the sanctuary was not far from £80,000,000; while David is said to have collected nearly £36,000,000. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room thirty feet square, amounted to more than thirty-eight millions sterling.

Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

With the present number we close the *sixteenth* volume of *Ballou's Dollar Magazine*, and our next issue will commence the *seventeenth* volume of the work, being the January number for 1863. We shall improve the present appearance of the Magazine, by printing it on an entirely new font of type, of new style and elegant finish, just manufactured for us by Messrs. Phelps & Dalton, of this city, and we intend that the literary character of this magazine shall also be fresh and progressive. We doubt if any other serial publication in America ever reached to such extended popularity, and so large a circulation, in an existence of eight years;—this success it shall be our aim to merit.

We trust that our friends will renew their subscriptions *at once*, as our edition is based upon the actual demand, and hundreds upon hundreds find themselves disappointed each year, who neglect to subscribe at the commencement of the volume. *We have not a back number of the Magazine at the present writing in our office.* All who subscribe promptly are sure of the work regularly and complete, but we print no more than to meet the first regular demand. Our edition has now assumed such magnitude, that no other plan can be adopted.

We stop all subscriptions at the expiration of the time paid for. Enclose *one dollar*, and secure *the cheapest magazine in the world*, for a whole year.

DIVING BELLES.—All the women of the villages on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving belles.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A celebrated naturalist says that asses are the most vilified of animals. We know that foxes are the most run down.

THINK OF THIS.—A coat out at the elbow may be buttoned over a generous breast.

THE GENTLE SEX.

It is only in America that women, of all classes receive that respect and consideration which they are so unquestionably entitled to by nature. This is so markedly the case that foreigners notice it at once on arriving from abroad. Now, rightly viewed, and its bearings properly analyzed, this is one of the strongest tokens of civilization that can be adduced, and actually amounts with us to a national characteristic. In Vienna, women dig cellars, and carry hods; in Paris, they clean the streets; in England, they drudge in the fields at manly labor, for sixpence a day; in America alone, is their task confined to the domestic circle, and about the sacred hearth of homes they render so cheerful and happy. We are led to draw these comparisons, because by each arrival from the old world we are so impressed with the misery that all the humble classes suffer under monarchy; and then we turn to contrast their deplorable lot with that of our own people. It is the natural result of a monarchical form of government to separate society into just two divisions, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. There can be no intermediate grades. Creation is a sort of seesaw, in its goings on, like the board over a barrel, which two schoolboys tilt upon; first, one is uppermost, then the other. Such has been the scene in Europe during the revolutions of 1848 and 1849. When monarchical power prevails, we see one class high up in the air basking in sunshine, while the other is sunken amid the dirt and filth. Republicanism is the only true balance. It hangs the scales in the hands of justice, and nothing can turn the beam to favor one class of humanity over another. Great reforms cannot be consummated in a day; and we do not yet despair of seeing the fires of the old world lighted upon republican altars.

QUEER.—The law in some of the Western States fixes it that where a woman attempts to kill her husband he is entitled to a divorce—provided she succeeds in the attempt, we suppose.

VERY TRUE.—There is no condition so low but may have hopes; nor any so high, that it is out of the reach of fears.

STRUGGLES OF GENIUS.

A peremptory condition of genius seems to be its early environment by adverse circumstances and oppressive influences. Few of the great men who have left their names engraven deep upon the tablets of history, have stepped without an effort into places of commanding influence. The tender flower that is born to gladden a few bright eyes, may bloom in the rich soil and carefully tended seclusion of the garden, but the giant oak, that crowns the lofty summit, and spreads abroad its leafy arms, giving shelter like a monarch, and defying the lightning, like Ajax, struggles up through storms, and hail, and mountain blast, clinging to the rude rock with fierce tenacity, and finding exulting life where the flower would perish.

So it is with the master spirits of mankind; you can scarce find a single name of note, either in literature, politics, art, arms or science, upon whose cradle fortune has smiled. It seems as if the "primrose path of dalliance" worried the feet that press it more than the rugged roads where rocks so bar the advancing step. Strife seems to be the element of genius, and success is wrung, nine times out of ten, out of a hard battle with the world. The spoiled children of what the world calls fortune, are rarely the spoiled children of fame also. Are not the proofs of this assertion multifarious? Need we specify more minutely a few examples?

Look at the father of ancient poets, blind Homer, groping his way through the world, but calling music from his harp-strings that might charm the gods. Look at Milton, living in stormy, revolutionary times, and so ill-appreciated that the copyright of his immortal poems is sold for £10. Look at Columbus, begging bread for his child at the gate of a convent, and wandering from court to court to obtain the means to give a new world to the old. Remember Oliver Goldsmith pulverizing drugs in an apothecary's mortar—he whose strains were to delight an Augustan era, and perhaps to echo to all time; Gifford, toiling on a cobbler's bench; Crabbe, stern poet of life's struggles, reduced to the verge of starvation and despair, and only relieved by the noble charity of Edmund Burke; Cervantes, the prince of humorists, rich in intellectual wealth, and poor in the world's goods; Otway, one of the finest of English dramatists, choked by the crust he eagerly swallowed at the expiration of an interval of famine. But why go through the list? Little does the casual reader, who glances over pages sparkling with wit and humor, think of the cankering care, the physical and mental suffering, by which the in-

tellect that charms him has been nurtured. Little does the crowded parquet, entertained by the apparently easy and natural grace of the smiling dancer, who bounds and undulates before it, think what physical agonies she has endured before her muscles have conquered that suppleness and airy elasticity.

Even if genius has no physical suffering to contend with, it finds its elements of effort and struggle in tempestuous passions and disturbing sensibilities. It is amidst the fury of the elements that the vivid lightning has its birth; talent may be nurtured in calm—genius expands only beneath a stormy sky. Byron inherited a peerage when a boy; famous, flattered, courted, admired—that rare thing, a noble poet and a poet-noble—his whole life was at war with himself and with the world; a painful and turbulent career. Napoleon had a rugged training; his early life was darkened by misfortune. The Duke de Reichstadt, the son and grandson of an emperor, was nurtured amid more than "Capuan delights." Mark the difference of their fortunes; one was a hero, the other—nothing!

BAD WIVES.—All the wits of all times have tried their hand at satire upon bad wives, but an essayist of the reign of King James gives us a description sharp enough to have been written by a henpecked husband—which perhaps he was—"She marries a husband for his patience, and the land adjoining. If she loves, she loves not the man, but the beast of him. Her chief commendation is, that she brings a man to repentance."

DO NOT DELAY.—Immediately on the receipt of the present number of the Dollar Magazine, enclose us *one dollar*, and thus renew the subscription for the new year. The present number closes the *sixteenth* volume. The next number will appear upon new type, and otherwise greatly improved, including an original and fresh set of illustrations from the seat of war.

RAILROAD INVENTIONS.—The Railroad Journal estimates the value of railway inventions in the last forty years in this country alone to be twelve hundred millions of dollars. Yet the career of improvement seems as far as ever from having reached a limit.

A GENTLE CORDWAINER.—The most tender-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he run his awl into a sole.

HORSEMANSHIP IN CHILI.

Darwin, in his "Researches in South America," gives the following account of the method of mastering and training the horse in Chili. The power of man over the horse, and the facility with which he is taught the most surprising and wonderful feats of skill, is truly astonishing. The Guachos are well known to be perfect riders. The idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their heads. Their criterion of a good rider is a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse fall, alights on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits. I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen times he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Guacho riding a very stubborn horse, which three times successively reared so high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off—not an instant before or after the right time; and as soon as the horse got up the man jumped on his back, and at last they started in a gallop. The Guacho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself: "Surely, if the horse start, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall." At this moment a male ostrich sprang from its nest under the horse's nose; the young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright with his horse. In Chili and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently in consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chili, a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing, in the midst of his full speed on any particular spot—for instance, on a cloak thrown upon the ground. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a forefinger and thumb, taken at full gallop across the court-yard, and then made to wheel round the post of a verandah with great speed, but at so equal a distance that the rider, with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post. Then making a *demi volte* in the air, with the other arm outstretched, he wheeled round in an opposite direction.

EUROPEAN POPULATION.—The three great powers in Europe, in respect to population, stand in the following order:—Russia is at the head, having a population of 58,470,000; next is France, with 37,372,732; and finally Austria, with 36,065,300.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Never has the power of music been more vividly portrayed than by D'Israeli in "Vivian Gray"—"A blast from thy trumpet, and thousands rush forth to die; one peal from thy organ, and tens of thousands kneel to pray." We quote the passage from memory. Every one knows the effect produced on the Swiss regiments in the French service by the performance of their national air, the "Ranz des Vaches," that hundreds deserted, braving death, in their desire to return to their mountain-homes, so vividly called up by the simple melody. On the Highlanders in colonial service, the air of "Lochaber no more" produced similar effects. The stern Scotch warriors gathered before the frowning batteries of Sebastopol were often melted to tears by the air of "Annie Laurie" played by their regimental bands. The editor of the New York Musical World says:—"A German gentleman told us a short time since, that on the previous Sunday he had chanced to attend services at Trinity Church; when, as it happened, a solid old German chorale was performed. He said he was transported literally as well as metaphorically, to hear it sung by a large choir and congregation, accompanied by a powerful organ; that he was carried instantly to his old home far away across the mighty ocean, and that he was fairly enraptured. We believed him, for his eyes glistened with recalled emotion as he narrated the circumstance." Music is undeniably a power of first-rate importance, and may be used with vast effect in the spiritual elevation of mankind. It prompts to deeds of daring, it stimulates the most ardent devotion. We would not, therefore, banish from our streets even the organ-grinders or the hurdy-gurdy men, and if they could be dissociated from tamborines and monkeys, we could regard them as a beneficial institution. Who shall say how many evil thoughts and dangerous passions have been banished or hushed by the influence of some well-known melody—some secular or sacred strain casually striking the ear in the crowded thoroughfares?

THE DEAL TRADE.—Maine is competing with the provinces in the deal trade with England, and beating them; the deals from Maine being a great deal the best.

TIME.—Time is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.

ADVICE TO A TOPER.—Don't let your spirits go down.

ON BOASTING.

There is an old saying that "barking dogs never bite," and it is applicable to human beings as well. The bravest men are the most quiet; as a certain writer says, "I ever mistrust these quiet natures; they are like still waters over volcanoes." The coward is known infallibly by his loud blustering tenes, his ferocious air, his never-ending gasconade. If all cowards are not boasters, certainly all boasters are cowards, or men of small performances. Ben Jonson, in "Every Man in his Humor," most happily hits off the peculiar features of the boaster, in the character of Captain Bobadil. With what fluent audacity he speaks of his performance at the "Leaguer of Strigonium!"

"Observe me judiciously, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverias, just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), confronts me with his linstock, and ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharge my petronel in his bosom, and, with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them all to the sword."

Who has not laughed over Sheridan's delineation of a full-blooded coward, in the person of Bob Acres, whose courage cozed out at his fingers' ends? Dickens must have had Captain Bobadil in his eye, when he delineated a kindred boaster—Captain Dowler, in the *Pickwick Papers*. Dowler is recounting his courtship:—"I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow, thus—I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me. 'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do?'—'Very good, if he remains here, I'll skin him!' I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing—and so it was. I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake; as an officer in his majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction; he saw that the rules of the service were imperative; he fled. I married her." And yet Captain Dowler runs away from Mr. Winckle, the most inoffensive creature in the universe.

The world is full of Bobadils and Dowlers; men of large words, of furious gestures, of fiery eyes, of lowering brows, as valorous as turtle-doves, and as magnanimous as mice. They are not without their uses. As travelling companions, for instance, they are inestimable; their stories of hair-breadth escapes and valorous achievements beguile many a long ride in car or stage-

coach. They hector landlords and bully waiters; threaten corporations with the vengeance of the law, and meet hackney-coachmen on their own ground. In any crisis, short of an actual collision, they behave manfully enough, for they dare do anything that requires no courage. If a boaster happens to be a married man, he is very apt to be henpecked, and may be discovered by his mysterious silence while in the presence of his better half.

Shakspeare, whose keen eye permitted no folly to escape, did not allow the boasting fraternity to go scot free. His ancient Pistol will stand to the end of time, an enduring monument of the full-mouthed braggadocio. It is true that the picture is somewhat overcharged and borders upon caricature. The boasting of Falstaff is more nicely delineated; it is tinged with the wit and humor of the fat knight. The ludicrousness of his description of his encounter with the prince and his comrades, is only equalled by the exquisite absurdity of the dramatic situation, and the peculiar relation of narrator and listener.

It would be very easy to multiply instances of happy illustrations of boasting in the writings of the English dramatists and novelists, but they will readily occur to the recollection of the readers. Sometimes whole regions and districts are infected by this boastful spirit. Thus the Gascons in France are famous for their self-laudation, whence gasconading has become a universal term for vain-glorious boasting. Captain Marryatt tells us that the inhabitants of Barbadoes are famous for this foible, and makes one of the "colored puecons" of that fortunate island give as a sentiment on a public occasion—"De native born Barbadean—he most too brave!"

Unfortunately this folly is not confined to any particular place or class of persons. The quack doctor boasts of his cures, the grazier boasts of his cattle, the fast young man boasts of his fast horse, the fowl-breeder boasts of his breed of Cochin Chinas, the handsome bachelor boasts of his conquests, and the millionaire boasts of his rent-roll. There are few persons who can boast of passing a whole day without boasting; for the "modest stillness and humility" that Henry V. commended in the private citizen, seems to be utterly disregarded in this age of brass. Barnum, that "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," should catch the first truly modest man and place him on exhibition!

UPWARD.—The same feeling which prompts the child to reach up his hand to the waxen images of the pedler, goes with us into the higher walks of art.

Foreign Miscellany.

Public drinking fountains, similar to those in England, have just been established in Brussels.

A new style of light wagon now driven by gentlemen on the road in England is called a wagonette.

Fashionable ladies now, in Paris, carry small canes, with jewelled heads, when they promenade the public thoroughfares.

The widow of a banker named Gooding (stuffing two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling) is about to marry Earl Granville.

The first grandson of Queen Victoria, the young Prince of Prussia, is just christened. He is called Albert Wilhelm Heinrich, a German name enough.

The olive crop of Greece has been attacked by several maladies, one of which is a sort of scurvy caused by an insect. The crop is seriously affected.

The frightful mortality among infants in Ceylon is attracting attention. A planter calculates that not less than seventy-five per cent. of the infants born die within the year.

The 17,000 volumes confiscated by Russia after the conquest of Poland in 1831 are to be restored to the city of Warsaw by order of the Emperor Alexander.

A new invention, called the "pendulum cannon," a new infantry musket, and a new system of breech-loading gun, invented by M. Chassepot, were tried before Louis Napoleon, who appeared very much satisfied with the result.

The smallest watch in the London Exhibition is a minute affair, smaller than a pea, set in a ring for a lady's finger; it goes for six hours, and may be purchased for the pretty little sum of £250.

Mameluke Bey, the noted Mameluke warrior, who joined Napoleon in Egypt and followed him through his subsequent campaigns, recently died at the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, aged 85 years. He was the last of Napoleon's Mamelukes.

A wild woman of the woods is the latest "sensation" in Paris. She was captured in some impracticable and unheard-of place, and has been exhibited before the learned societies. Her hair measures five feet in length, and, being thick and woolly, forms an immense mantle, giving her the appearance of enormous size.

A forger of Russian rouble notes has just been arrested at Hamburg. The extent of his forgeries is quite astounding, for it is estimated that he put in circulation some millions of forged notes. In his apartment the police found spurious notes to the value of one million roubles—about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The official organ of the Czar, the *Invalide Russe*, announces most unexpectedly a reduction of the Russian army. Sixty soldiers of every battalion of the Guards, and about twenty of the infantry, are to be immediately discharged, and about twice the number sent on furlough. The reduction will amount altogether to some fifty thousand men.

Dion Bourcieux, actor and author, has made a large fortune lately in London.

England lost by battle and sickness over 60,000 men during the last war with Russia.

The gold fields of Australia are yielding at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year.

The Russians preserve fish in hot weather for a long time by dipping them in hot wax.

There are only thirty thousand piano forte teachers in the city of Paris.

In Preston, England, there are 23,000 persons receiving parochial and charitable relief.

A police constable, in London, by a fall, forced three false teeth into his glottis and died.

Statistics show that intemperance is increasing in England. It certainly is so far as the press is concerned.

The London journals are greatly exercised over the alarming increase of crime in London and the great towns.

A feeble woman, 67 years of age, turned out of a house in Tottenham Court Road, not long since, for non-payment of rent, starved to death in the streets of London.

In Pleschen (Poland) a great wolf hunt took place a few weeks since, at which no less than three thousand and ninety-six men were engaged to beat up the game.

England exported over fifteen million gallons of beer last year, to say nothing of the vast quantity manufactured for home consumption. The total export for six years has been over one hundred and ten millions of gallons.

The yield of herrings on the English coast this year is enormous. On two nights in one week in August, three million fish were brought into a single port. Their value was £3000.

The death, in London, of Mr. John Lewis Ricardo, the eminent advocate of free trade is announced. He was born in London in 1814, and early interested himself in commercial undertakings.

The Tipperary, Ireland, correspondent of a Dublin journal, writing on the 19th ult., alleges that there are agents at present in Ireland, in connection with the Federal government, covertly recruiting for the American service.

A farm-laborer, named Caudreliez, residing at Templeuve, (Nord,) lost his life two days since by eating a plum in which a wasp was concealed. The insect stung him in the back of the mouth, and the parts swelled so much that the man died from suffocation two hours after.

There is a rebellion among the English Quakers. The youthful fair of the sect have banded together in opposition to the poke bonnet and scant skirt. Crinoline of moderate periphery now surrounds their frames, and flowers and ribbons are invading the precincts of the drab.

A new variety of flying fish was recently caught about one hundred and twenty miles from Melbourne, in Australia. It was seventeen inches long, and the back had a beautiful rose color. The flappers or wings were disproportionately large, and variegated with irregular spots.

Record of the Times.

It is said that the cramp may be mitigated, if not removed, by holding a stick of brimstone in one's hand, when it comes on.

An Amazon out West, in describing her runaway husband, says, "Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose, where I scratched him."

It is estimated that all the bounties paid and to be paid to the soldiers will make an aggregate of \$70,000,000.

A bullet, which has hung fire for seventy-seven years, was exhibited at a recent war meeting in Hartford. It had just been taken from the body of a man who received it at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Horace Vernet recently returned to Paris from his winter residence in the Isles Hyeres in the south of France. He is still as active and erect as a young man, though 73 years old.

The malignant smallpox has broken out among the sheep in several towns in Dorsetshire, England. Inoculation has been employed to advantage, and the fatality reduced thereby from sixty-five to five per cent.

Lady Franklin, during her visit to the Sandwich Islands, made a collection of native curiosities, which have just been placed in the International Exhibition in London, so that the Hawaiians have a department of their own productions in the great fair.

So frequent have been the desertions from the British army in the Provinces to the American side, that the commander-in-chief of her majesty's land forces in British North America purposes, in future, that all deserters caught in the act shall be shot, instead of being transported to a penal colony.

Tacitus says, "In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks, "When was this period of innocence? The first woman went astray. The first man that was born in the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?"

Two sisters, named Munzia and Maria Grata, fought a duel at Naples recently, from motives of jealousy. The combat took place with the national weapon, the knife, and one of the sisters was killed on the spot, while the other, who still survives, received as many as eighteen wounds. A pleasant fact for jealous people.

The production of tobacco is rapidly increasing in Algiers. This year's crop is estimated at twelve million pounds. In 1844 there were only three tobacco planters in the colony, and their plantations comprised an aggregate of only three and a half acres. The quality of the tobacco now grown is highly praised in the French journals.

The English government has at present in course of construction no fewer than fifty iron-plated ships of war of various dimensions, from 50 guns to 3; and 14 alone are of 70,000 tonnage, carrying 500 Armstrong guns. All these vessels will soon be in a fit state for launching. Independently of these 50 vessels, England has afloat nearly 700 ships of war.

The French, who lead in chemical discoveries, have added another to their list—that alcohol may be extracted from coal gas. The alcohol is said to be of a very superior quality.

A hundred millions of men toil in fields of rice and poppies, indigo and cotton, in India, sift the rivers and seas for fish, delve in the earth for minerals, or traverse the vast continent with merchandise, or traffic in the hot bazaars for gain.

Beethoven was accustomed to sit and dream of music under the shadow of an old tree between Heiligenstadt and Masedorf, near Vienna, and the people, in order to preserve the memory of the place, are about to erect a monument on the spot where the tree stood.

There is a man in Cleveland, Ohio, who announces that the world will come to an end on the 17th day of August, 1863, and on that day a mass convention of the whole earth will assemble at Cincinnati to settle up the business of the past and arrange matters for the future.

Lake Superior Copper production has now reached to an amount more than half as great as the Cornwall mines of England. The average production of the latter is about 13,000 tons; that of Lake Superior, for 1861, is 7450 tons. The increase from 1840 is 2000 tons.

The wages of the printers of Paris have just been raised, a circumstance which is regarded as indicative of a speedy advance in the wages of other workmen. Strikes in France are forbidden by law, and the printers got their advance by strong representations to the government.

Captain Hartstein, of Arctic notoriety, has recently become insane, and is now confined in a lunatic asylum in Northern Georgia. The cause of his insanity is stated to be the complete destruction of his plantation in South Carolina by the hands of his own partisans.

The drafted men of 1814 had to furnish their own equipments, including guns, cartridge box, and twenty-four rounds of ammunition. Their pay from government was \$8 per month. Offers of substitution were numerous, but very few were accepted.

A manufactory of flax cotton is about to be commenced in Lawrence. The buildings and water power on Turnpike Street, formerly used by Messrs. Stevens as a wool hat manufactory, have been purchased by S. C. Allen and others of Boston, and the works will be set going without delay.

Bread has just been made from corn eighteen hundred years old, found at Pompeii. Moreover, it is said that a batch of eighty-one loaves from a Pompeian oven, oddly preserved from the heat of the lava by a thick coating of ashes, has also been discovered in the recent explorations of the ruins.

Anthracite coal is said to have gained such favor with the lords of the admiralty, as a substitute for bituminous, that instructions have been given for supplies to be furnished at New York to British men-of-war arriving from the Bermudas. The Philadelphia Bulletin congratulates coal operators of the Lehigh, Schuylkill and Susquehanna regions upon the prospect thus opened of a large demand for the product of their mines.

Merry-Making.

Poe calls a beautiful woman "a perpetual hymn to the Deity."

Why is iron sometimes like a band of robbers? Because it is united to steel.

Musquitoes are like doctors, they never let blood without running up a bill.

Why ought students in chirography to be commended? Because they do write.

Wanted to purchase, a little of the starch with which they make "stiff winds."

What step must one take to remove the letter A from the alphabet? Behead it (B head it).

Why are there three objections to a glass of spirits? There are three scruples to a dram.

Why is a cruel man like a peach? He has a heart of stone.

The report that Powers's Greek Slave had died of cholera is totally untrue.

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragons, they charge so.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

Don't eat a fellow up," as the Cape Cod girls say when they are kissed.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

"Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess knot."

Widows have been compared to green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

A dentist in this city advertises that he will "spare no pains" in extracting people's molars. Surprising candor!

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty will soon overtake her. What a time they'll have when they get together.

Carriage accidents may be avoided in winter, by keeping the horses' shoes and the driver's bottle well corked.

The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron round it!"

A clergyman asked a sea captain his views about a future state, and was answered that he did not meddle himself with state affairs.

The Providence Journal lately contained some poetry on the death of President Wayland's cow! It has some tender lines.

A lady being asked why she did not use the medicated soap, replied that she got a plenty of soft soap from her bean, and that always put a plenty of color in her cheeks.

Editors, however much they may be biased, are fond of the word impartial. A Connecticut editor once gave an "impartial account of a hail storm."

Frederick the Great was fond of discussion, and used to cap his arguments by kicking the shins of his opponents with his military boots. Would not the same logic—just the same—prove the best to shorten congressional debates?

Why is a dinner like Spring? Because a single swallow never makes it.

On a frosty day what two fish ought we to tie together? *Skates* and *soles*.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

Why is the law like a book of surgery? Because there are a great many terrible cases in it.

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents (sense) in it.

Why are military officers the most unlucky of men? Because they are always in some mess or another.

"That's part of the sinking fund," as a chap said when a box of money went to the bottom of the river.

A highly "Candleized" editor of a western family newspaper heads his marriage notices "Lucifer Matches."

"I presume you won't charge anything for just re-membering me," said a one-legged sailor to a cork-leg manufacturer.

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six; spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera seasons, and Thomson's seasons."

Beware how you attempt to butter your bread on both sides, lest it should haply slip through your fingers altogether!

The "*Deacon's*" last conundrum: Which is the quickest, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why should a tetotalter refrain from marrying? Because if he got a wife, his principles would not allow him to sup *porter*!

Mrs. Partington is opposed to the *Home Exemption* law, because men, she says, would stay away all night. Bless her old heart!

Why is a hog the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill him and afterwards care him.

A New York preparation for the growth of the hair is called the "*Kathairon*," *Cat-hair-on* is an ominous title, certainly.

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit why there should be such difficulty in passing them?

A late writer says that the skies of Italy are bluer than anything he ever saw, with the exception of Miss Smith's eyes. Miss Smith is the young woman he sits up with.

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now—I'm married."

"Doessticks," describing a New York boarding house, says you can always tell when they get a new kitchen girl, by the color of the hair in the biscuit.

If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbors, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next to him, "She'll be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

PICTURES FROM OUR MUSEUM.

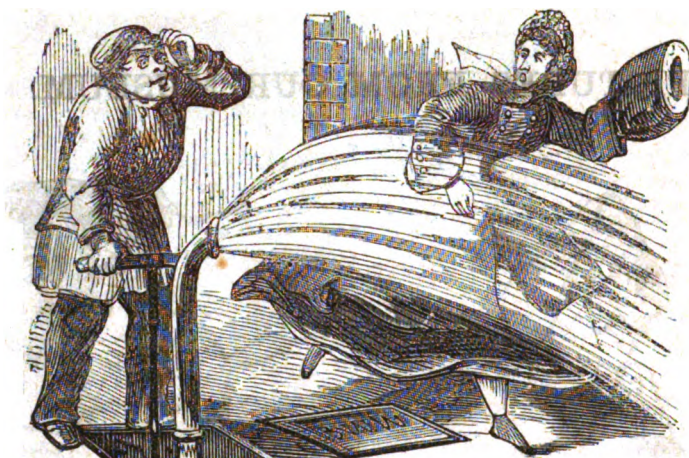


"A little lower than the angels,
A little higher than the beasts;"



BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



"I beg your pardon, ma'am! I turned on the Cochituate instead of turning it off—that's all!"



"Good gracious! what's that? I'm half killed!"—"Well, you have no business to be loafing in our back alley."



"Say, wife, couldn't you stick the scissors into his jugular vein a *little* way? That would stop him, sure!"



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